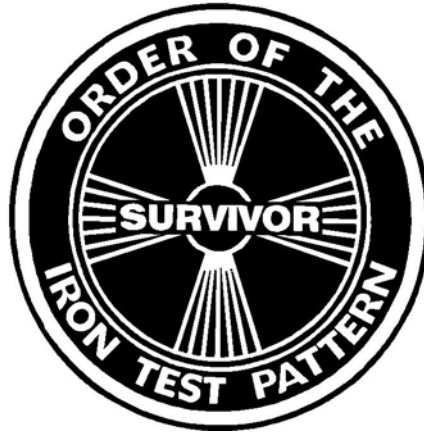
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Order of the Iron Test Pattern



Newsletter

Volume 2

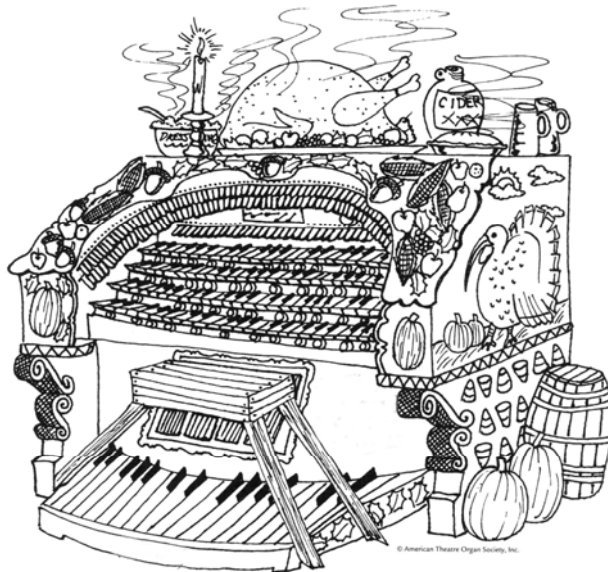
Number 10

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

November 17, 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.)



Happy Thanksgiving

(Thanks to the American Theatre Organ Society of the use of this picture.)

New, Upgraded or Reinstated Members

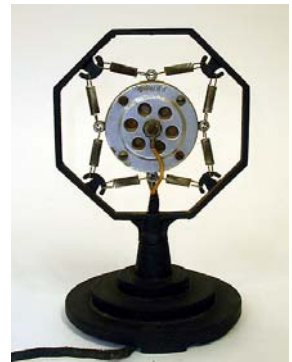
After a very nice group of new members and changes in status last month, we have only one to report this month and it smacks of nepotism.

Is everyone asleep?

Lawrence V. Bloomfield is a new member and has the dignity of Commander. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is Larry@Evertz.com. OITP Commander Bloomfield is a sales associate with Evertz in their Burbank, CA office. Yes, if the name looks familiar, Larry is the son of your Sagacious Pixel. You might wish to check out Larry's website: www.DLCreations.com. He has been very instrumental in the design of our Order's website and Papa Sagacious Pixel is quite proud of him and the gun that was at his forehead had nothing to do with his joining us.

Just think what a nice gift you would make of a certificate to some poor unsuspecting survivor of the broadcast industry. Contact your [Sagacious Pixel](#) for more information.

By the authority invested in me (what ever that is or means), as you Sagacious Pixel, I here by dub each and every one of you reading this as a recruiter. All you've got to due is convince some poor unsuspecting soul that their best interests would be served if they joined the rest of us survivors of the broadcast industry. All we need is for them to fill in this PDF form ([click here for link](#)) and send it to us by mail, fax, e-mail or carrier pigeon. Remember there are no initiation fees or dues. This is probably the best deal to hit the broadcast industry since the carbon microphone. The only requirement is that the body of the new member must still be warm and breathing. At last count, we have 394 on the books. As we said last month, that's a far cry from 2000 to 3000 members we once had.



To qualify for consideration as a member of the **Order of The Iron Test Pattern**, the would be applicant must have been actively engaged in the radio, television, satellite and/or cable industries in a technical or management capacity. Surviving in technical sales, management of technical employees, working as a radio/television/cable engineer or technician, manufacturing radio or television products or any kind of technical writing meets the "technical capacity" requirement. Radio folks of all kinds, shapes and sizes, Video engineers, Colorists, folks involved in the digital aspects of the industry, including all technical aspects of satellite television, also qualify. Those not meeting these qualifications may apply for Associate Membership and then we'll have to figure out what to do with you. Here's a list of dignities.



Here's our latest list of dignities:

Page - 15 minutes	Brigadier - 30 years
Squire - 5 years	General - 35 years
Ensign - 10 years	Admiral - 40 years
Lieutenant - 15 years	Galactic Tycoon - 45 years
Commander - 20 years	Monochrome Mogul - 50 years
Commodore - 25 years	Tenacious Electron – 75 years

Perhaps you qualify for an up grade. Let us know.

We also offer endorsements for those who have worked in any or all of the following disciplines:

Digital Cinema - Knight of the Cinematic Bit-keeper	Radio - Knight of the Wooden Tower
Satellite - Knight of the Geosynchronous Stuff	Translators - Knight of the Hip-pity-Hop Signal
Cable - Knight of the F59 Connector	Sales - Knight of the Order Pad
Transmitters - Knight of the Final Amplifier	IT - Knight of the Ones & Zeros

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In case you consider our newsletters as something you must read and not be without. You can go back and read some of our previous prose.

[Links to previous editions are now available here and on the website.](#)

Website Status Report

Check out the number of visitors to our website: 6860 plus. That's over five hundred since our last edition. Remember that this counter service only counts a visiting IP address once. If we could get some of these folks to join and invest in a certificate to hang on their wall, get 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 well on our way to a very big bash at NAB this next year.

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From your Sagacious Pixel

Larry Bloomfield

The computer problems are now put to bed. Several very well deserved up-grades were done and some computer equipment older than many of us has been retired. All seems to be working fine now. ATI and ADS sent us some parts that should allow us to transfer some of our archival videotapes over to DVD. So far all we've only been partially successful. VHS tapes, which is what we're using as a source still looks just as bad on DVD as it did from the original. The whole purpose of this experimentation is to find a cheap and easy of transferring old tapes onto DVD to save storage space and then write a story about it for Tech-Notes. We have some 200 tapes we'd like to condense down into a much smaller format and keep whatever quality is on the tapes. If nothing else, we'll have fun.

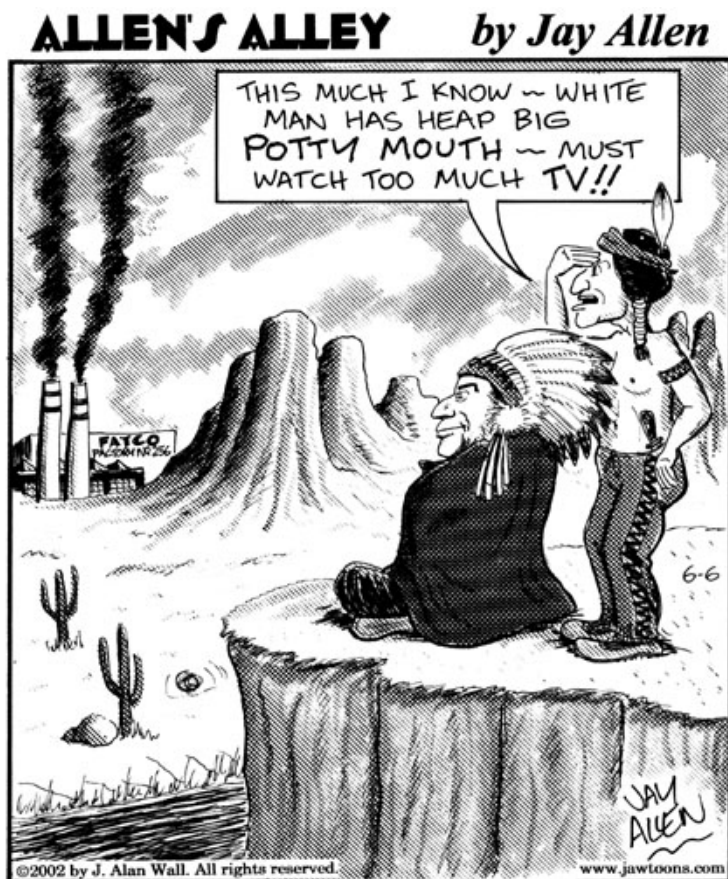
Seminar LPFM, LPTV, Translator and the move to digital was very successful. The Power Point presentations are posted, if you'd like to see them. [Click here.](#)

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FCC: Stations may use F-word and more.

By Larry Bloomfield, Sagacious Pixel

And concrete old coot!



To say that it's not the same broadcast industry as when we all got our start in many years ago is certainly an understatement. We engineers have, in many instances, engineered our selves out of jobs, but that's not what this story is about. As part of when I have my "writing hat" on, I monitor any number of engineering reflectors and forums on the internet for potential stories. What follows, after I make a few comments, is nothing more than another mile stone on what may seem to some as our escalating ride on the road to perdition.

All you have to do is listen to the radio and watch TV, and you'll hear language and story plots that were unthinkable only a few years back. Notice I haven't even mentioned motion pictures, which went off the "decency deep end" many years ago. You pay to see a motion picture; so that kind of puts it in a

different category, but there is still no excuse for using language that would make a sailor blush (I'm an expert on that having served sixteen years in Uncle Sam's canoe club, the USN) when it does nothing to enhance the story line or plot.

The same is true of radio and television, but it would appear that we are headed in the same direction that the motion picture industry took some time ago. Since you can say and do anything you wish on Cable and Satellite, it was only a matter of time when FREE, OVER THE AIR BROADCAST would find itself working its way into these same sewers as well, not that I would have an opinion on this.

One more thing: I do believe and support freedom of speech and our US Constitution. I believe anyone has the right to say and do anything so long as it doesn't harm anyone else and I do not believe our government should be our moral watchdogs or moral guardians – there in lies the true separation of church and state (or where ever else you choose to get your moral guidance from).

One such e-mail that I received stated: "I was listening to KGO (San Francisco) yesterday and the local midday talk host said '\$hit happens' twice within a few minutes. I nearly drove off the road! I remember when saying 'damn' could get you fired. At the station I started at in 1965, there was a cut on a Frank Sinatra album where you could *almost* hear him say "hot damn" during a big instrumental part, and we were told that we would be fired instantly if we ever played it on the air!"

All I can say is that we'd better get use to it. What brought this all to light, once again, were the comments made by a recipient of a Golden Globe Award.

According to a story by Todd Dukart, a group filed complaints against stations that aired this year's Golden Globe Awards because a performer used the F-word, the Federal Communications Commission said its okay to use it on television, as long as it's done properly.

Trash is trash irrespective of weather it is done "properly" or not. I don't care what you or I say in a personal street conversation when we are not invited guest in someone's home, but I would expect guests, when they come into in my home, to treat me and my family with a modicum of respect and that includes using language mores set by me or my host.

Perhaps that's not the way things are done today. Perhaps part of our problem is our lack of respect for each other. Perhaps this is what contributes to the distain religious zealots in other parts of the world have for us. Yet, if we don't respect ourselves, how can we be expected respect others?

The argument that children might hear such language is really a laugh today. Most kids hear much worse, but then if it is morally wrong for kids to hear it, then it should be equally wrong for an adult to hear it. No where have I ever seen anything that says the Ten Commandments has an age clause in any of them. That being said, it would be safe to say that morality is not something condition by age.

Yes, we do take liberties here in this newsletter. There are times when I'm not sure really where to draw the line between just plane foul language and something that is funny. You'd be surprised how much input I get that gets the ax.

Back to this latest wrinkle: During the Golden Globes, the performer Bono uttered either the phrase "this is really, really, f***ing brilliant" or "this is f***ing great," according to the FCC's Memorandum Opinion and Order. Because of that, 234 complaints were filed against television stations across the country.

The FCC denied that the use of the F-word was indecent. "The word 'f***ing' may be crude and offensive, but, in the context presented here, did not describe sexual or excretory organs or activities," they wrote. "Rather, the performer used the word 'f***ing' as an adjective or expletive to emphasize an exclamation." In similar circumstances, they wrote, offensive language like that used as an insult was not indecent.

One other source said, "With Bono using the F word on the Grammy's this year forced the FCC to issue some sort of advisement in that regards. They said in essence that as long as the words are used as an adjective and not as a verb, in addition to the usual titillation and prurient lean, the words in and of itself are not obscene. (The F word is actually an acronym from old England.)

"The same can be said for the other 7 words, though only the F word carries the stigma far greater than the rest which have been on the lips of most shock jocks for several years. So....if someone used the S (or even the C) word on the air (the only two other really nasty words) and the context wasn't referring to the bodily excretion, the function, or the above referenced classifications, then it's not considered patently obscene. Like if I called my old GM a C**T as a matter of expression rather than gender, it passes muster."

This all boils down to the fact that the Supreme Court ruled (actually several times) a number of factors needs to be considered when determining whether a word (or phrase) is patently obscene. That being said, the application of that standard actually increases the number of "words" or "phrases" which would and could be actionable. But rarely is it done. Perhaps it's time.

Ever since the court rulings in the Pacifica cases during the 1970s, the Supreme Court has repeatedly held that the test applied to indecency and obscenity are "media-specific." In other words, you may be able to clearly get away with calling your GM a patently offensive word (whether it's an adjective, noun or verb), in one electronic forum (depending on the time, place and manner), but not in another forum.

It is also worth mentioning that indecent speech is generally protected under the Constitution's First Amendment, but obscene speech or an expression thereof is never granted protection under the First Amendment. For example, standing in a public right-of-way and shouting racially-offensive speech which is intended to incite a reasonable person, would likely fall under the rubric of "hate speech," and has been held to be an unprotected form of speech or expression in a public or governmental forum.

And just because the FCC has set guidelines with respect to what it deems to be indecent speech, shouldn't be cause for the morning teams around the country to be uttering offensive language under their breath. The FCC has its view; the courts also their own. When it comes to interpreting the law, the federal courts will trump the FCC every time.

Read the FCC ruling (uses of explicit language)

<http://www.fcc.gov/eb/Orders/2003/DA-03-3045A1.html>

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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 (so far) 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. David Corley has renewed his sponsorship of our main page for a second year.. If you need any kind of test charts, please give him a ring: they are the best in the business. Thanks Dave!

If you'd like to do something similar, 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](#), [Bloomfield Enterprises](#) and [DL Creations*](#) Many of these are coming up for renewal also. Click on any of the names (above) and it will either take you to their website or give you an e-mail forum so you can e-mail them. Check these folks 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.

If you wish to put your business card on our site, contact us. Sagacious_Pixel@OITP.org.

* Recently renewed for a second year.

It's time to start thinking about ridiculous awards that we can give out to some poor unsuspecting souls. Drop me a note and let me know what you've come up with for an Iron of the "whatever" award (fill in the blank) and who should get it. All suggestions will be very carefully scrutinized.

We're starting to put together the Tech-Notes Taste of NAB 2004 Road Show, which will start right after NAB this next year. We'd like to know who'd like to have us visit their town with all the goodies we can bring with us. It's kind of fun to introduce our membership at the various venues who are part of the audiences.



Letters from our fellow survivors

From: OITP Admiral Danny G. Swope

Thank you for your prompt posting of my membership in the Order. But for the record, it's Danny. G. Swope, not B, as listed. Thanks and I look forward to the newsletters. I just celebrated my 60th birthday recently and am in the process of moving into a new house, so I am a bit disorganized right now. I do not remember if I mentioned it, but while unpacking I found my Society of Broadcast Engineers membership certificate and the one for my membership in Alpha Epsilon Rho, the national honorary radio and television fraternity. I think that takes care of it. Just thought I would mention it. Right now, my station is looking for a new chief engineer, so I guess I'll go update my resume and see what happens.

Good day to you and yours,
Danny

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Quotes, A Little Humor (Very little) & More

An Engineer



An Engineer is one who passes as an exacting expert on being able to turn out with prolific fortitude strings of incomprehensible formulae calculated with micrometric precision from extremely vague assumptions that are based on debatable figures acquired from inconclusive tests and quite incomplete experiments carried out with instruments of problematic accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and rather dubious mentality with the particular anticipation of disconcerting everyone outside his own fraternity.

- Source Unknown

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Pardon Me, Miss

This comes from the Robert X. Cringely column in InfoWorld:

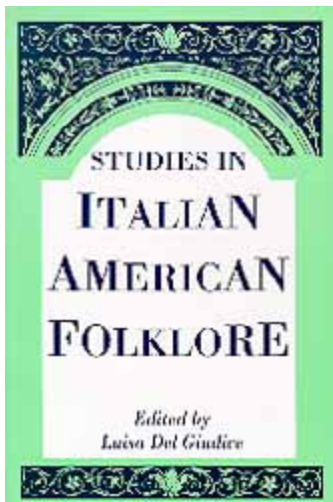
My mailbag is bulging with complaints about English-challenged support techies. The best one: A reader spent an hour talking to an off-shore Dell tech who kept calling him "madam," despite numerous attempts to convince the tech that he was in fact a 56-year-old man. After madam explained his problem (his PC failed to boot due to mismatched RAM chips), the tech offered to send him a new optical mouse. He must have heard the saying, "Are you a man or do you need a mouse?"



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A Bit on Italians

You know you're Italian when...



You can bench press 325 pounds, shave twice a day and still cry when your mother yells at you.

You carry your lunch in a produce bag because you can't fit two cappicola sandwiches, 4 oranges, 2 bananas and pizzelles into a regular lunchbag.

Your mechanic, plumber, electrician, accountant, travel agent and lawyer are all your cousins.

You have at least 5 cousins living in the same town or street and all five of those cousins are named after your grandmother or grandfather.

You are on a first name basis with at least 8 banquet hall owners.

You only get one good shave from a disposable razor.

If someone in your family grows beyond 5'9", it is presumed his mother had an affair.

There are more than 28 people in your bridal party.

You netted more than \$50,000 on your first communion.

And you REALLY, REALLY know you're Italian when:

Your grandfather had a fig tree.

You eat Sunday dinner at 2:00PM



CitiBank: "The account was never closed and the late fees and charges still apply."

Me: "Maybe, you should turn it over to collections..."

CitiBank: "Since it is 2 months past due, it already has been."

Me: "So, what will they do when they find out she is dead?"

CitiBank: "Either report her account to the frauds division, or report her to the credit bureau...maybe both!"

Me: "Do you think God will be mad at her?"

CitiBank: "...excuse me .?"

Me: "Did you just get what I was telling you.... the part about her being dead?"

CitiBank: "Sir, you'll have to speak to my supervisor!"

(Supervisor gets on the phone)

Me: "I'm calling to tell you, she died in January."

CitiBank: "The account was never closed and the late fees and charges still apply."

Me: "You mean you want to collect from her estate?"

CitiBank: ".....(stammer)"

CitiBank: "Are you her lawyer?"

Me: "No, I'm her great nephew." (Lawyer info given...)

CitiBank: "Could you fax us a certificate of death?"

Me: "Sure." (Fax number is given)

(After they get the fax.)

CitiBank: "Our system just isn't setup for death..."

Me: "Oh..."

CitiBank: "I don't know what more I can do to help..."

Me: "Well... if you figure it out, great! If not, you could just keep billing her...I suppose...don't really think she will care...."

CitiBank: "Well...the late fees and charges do still apply."

Me: ""Would you like her new billing address?"

CitiBank: "That might help."

Me: "(Odessa Memorial Cemetery ##### Hwy 129 and plot number given.)

CitiBank: "Sir, that's a cemetery!"

Me: ""What do you do with dead people on your planet???"



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A timeless lesson on how consultants can make a difference for an organization:

Last week, we took some friends out to a new restaurant and noticed that the waiter who took our order carried a spoon in his shirt pocket. It seemed a little strange. When the busboy brought our water and utensils, we noticed he also had a spoon in his shirt pocket. Then I looked around and saw that all the staff had spoons in their pockets. When the waiter came back to serve our soup I asked, "Why the spoon?" Well," he explained, "the restaurant's owners hired Andersen Consulting to revamp all our processes.



After several months of analysis, they concluded that the spoon was the most frequently dropped utensil. It represents a drop frequency of approximately 3 spoons per table per hour. If our personnel are better prepared, we can reduce the number of trips back to the kitchen and save 15 man-hours per shift." As luck would have it, I dropped my spoon and he was able to replace it with his spare. "I'll get another spoon next time I go to the kitchen instead of making an extra trip to get it right now."

I was impressed.

I also noticed that there was a string hanging out of the waiter's fly. Looking around, I noticed that all the waiters had the same string hanging from their flies. So before he walked off, I asked the waiter, "Excuse me, but can you tell me why you have that string right there?"

"Oh, certainly!" Then he lowered his voice. "Not everyone is so observant. That consulting firm I mentioned also found out that we can save time in the restroom. By tying this string to the tip of you know what, we can pull it out without touching it and eliminate the need to wash our hands, shortening the time spent in the restroom by 76.39%."

"Yes, but after you get it out, how do you put it back in?" "Well," he whispered, "I don't know about the others, but I use the spoon."

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Do Not Call list hung up in court -- This is what our leaders do for us:

Judge hangs up do-not-call registry



A federal court in Oklahoma ruled the Federal Trade Commission does not have the authority to block telemarketing calls by creating a national do-not-call list.

The decision came in a lawsuit brought by telemarketers challenging the list of 50.6 million numbers submitted by people who do not want to receive business solicitation calls. The ban on calls was slated to take effect Oct. 1.

The FTC filed a motion for a stay to the judge's ruling pending an appeal.

In the ruling, U.S. District Judge Lee R. West said Congress gave the power to the Federal Communications Commission to operate "a single national database to compile a list of telephone numbers of residential subscribers who object to receiving telephone solicitations."

FCC Chairman Michael Powell said consumers who appear to overwhelming support a ban on unsolicited sales calls will eventually see no-call regulation. "Despite the court's decision, we will work closely with the FTC and Congress to ensure that the do-not-call registry becomes a reality and American consumers can control the calls that come into their homes," Powell said.

Several members of Congress also promised to nullify the ruling with new legislation.



Newlyweds



A newlywed couple had only been married for two weeks. The husband, although very much in love, couldn't wait to go out on the town and party with his old buddies. So, he said to his new wife, "Honey, I'll be right back..."

"Where are you going, coochy cooh?" asked the wife. "I'm going to the bar, pretty face. I'm going to have a beer."

The wife said, "You want a beer, my love?" She opened the door to the refrigerator and showed him 25 different kinds of beer, brands from 12 different countries: Germany, Holland, Japan, India, etc. The husband didn't know what to do and the only thing that he could think of saying was, "Yes, lollypop...but at the bar...you know...they have frozen glasses..."

He didn't get to finish the sentence, because the wife interrupted him by saying, "You want a frozen glass, puppy face?" She took a huge beer mug out of the freezer, so frozen that she was getting chills just holding it.

The husband, looking a bit pale, said, "Yes, tootsie roll, but at the bar they have those hors d'oeuvres that are really delicious... I won't be long. I'll be right back. I promise. OK?"

"You want hors d'oeuvres, poochi pooh?" She opened the oven and took out 15 dishes of different hors d'oeuvres: chicken wings, pigs in blankets, mushroom caps, pork strips, etc.

"But my sweet honey... at the bar... you know... there's swearing, dirty words and all that..."

"You want dirty words, cutie pie?..."

"LISTEN UP, MEATHEAD! DRINK YOUR DAMN BEER IN YOUR DAMN FROZEN MUG AND EAT YOUR STUPID SNACKS, BECAUSE YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE! GOT IT, BUDDIE?"

....and, they lived happily ever after.

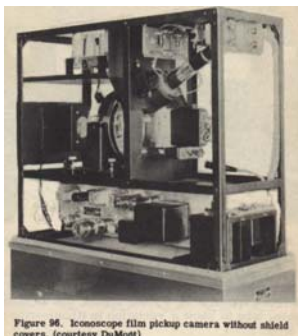


Figure 96. Iconoscope film pickup camera without shield covers. (courtesy DuMont)

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MUST SEE WEBSITES

www.despair.com

Here's a good challenge for you!

www.njagoyouth.org/colortest.swf

Billed as: “a joke that should bring you luck”

An elderly woman walked into the Bank of Canada one morning with a purse full of money. She wanted to open a savings account and insisted on talking to the president of the Bank because, she said, she had a lot of money. After many lengthy discussions (after all, the client is always right), an employee took the elderly woman to the president's office.



The president of the Bank asked her how much she wanted to deposit. She placed her purse on his desk and replied, "\$165,000". The president was curious and asked her how she had been able to save so much money. The elderly woman replied that she made bets. The president was surprised and asked, "What kind of bets?" The elderly woman replied, "Well, I bet you \$25,000 that your private parts are square."

The president started to laugh and told the woman that it was impossible to win a bet like that. The woman never batted an eye. She just looked at the president and said, "Would you like to take my bet?" "Certainly", replied the president. "I bet you \$25,000 that my private parts are not square."

"Done", the elderly woman answered. "But given the amount of money involved, if you don't mind I would like to come back at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning with my lawyer as a witness."

"No problem", said the president of the Bank confidently. That night, the president became very nervous about the bet and spent a long time in front of the mirror examining his private parts, turning them this way and that, checking them over again and again until he was positive that no one could consider his private parts as square and reassuring himself that there was no way he could lose the bet.

The next morning at exactly 10 o'clock the elderly woman arrived at the president's office with her lawyer and acknowledged the \$25,000 bet made the day before that the president's private parts were square.

The president confirmed that the bet was the same as the one made the day before. Then the elderly woman asked him to drop his pants so that she and her lawyer could see clearly. The president was happy to oblige.

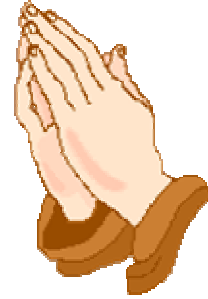
The elderly woman came closer so she could see better and asked the president if she could touch them. "Of course", said the president. "Given the amount of money involved, you should be 100% sure." The elderly woman did so with a little smile. Suddenly the president noticed that the lawyer was banging his head against the wall. He asked the elderly woman why he was doing that and she replied, "Oh, it's probably because I bet him \$100,000 that around 10 o'clock in the morning I would be holding the private parts of the President of the Bank of Canada!"

The origin of this Canadian story is unknown but it brings luck to everyone to whom it is sent.

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PRAYERS FOR.

A handyman - "Unto thee I repair."
A carpenter - "Make firm our steps."
A baker - "I have risen this morning."
A whale watcher - "Reveal to them thy great porpoise."
A dating agency - "I am single, alone and lovely."
Siamese twins - "I have detached myself from my kindred."
Cannibals - "Thou hast created all humanity from the same stock."
Short-sighted - "Magnified be Thy name."
The homeless - "I have wakened in Thy shelter."
A weary traveler - "...and his flight is very slow."
The jilted - "Many a chilled heart."
A night watchman - "How can I choose to sleep?"
An angler - "From the sweet scented streams."



Gifts

For the Carpenter who has everything - The Golden Rule
For the Pot smoker - High Endeavours
For the Alchemist - From Copper to Gold
For the Obsessive Compulsive - Counsels of Perfection
For the Mountain Climber - Dawn over Mount Hira
For the Archeologist - Quest for Eden
For the Museum Curator - Ministry of the Custodians
For the Astronomer - The Heavens are Cleft Asunder
For policeman - "Guard us from the evils of self and passion..."
For Aspiring actor " ...Make me a brilliant star!".....
For the dry cleaner - ...Blessed is the spot
For the candy maker (also known as the lollipop prayer)...Thy name is my healing and my succor

Books as gifts

A doctor - Prescription for living
A clown - God loves laughter
Firefighter - Fire on the Mountain Top
Deep sea diver - Not Every Sea Hath Pearls
Jeweler - Priceless pearl
Gardener - New garden
Handyman - All Things Made New
Physicist - Release the Sun
Prisoner - Thief in the Night
Hitch hiker - The Chosen Highway
Sailors: Portals to Freedom
Pet shop owners: "Lo, the Nightingale of Paradise singeth"
Travel Agents: Traveler's Narrative



Jaded Judges: Advent of Divine Justice
 Bi-Polars: Crisis and Victories
 Serious Sunbathers: Dawn of a New Day
 Lagging Students: Excellence in All Things
 Junk Collectors: Gleanings
 Scrabble Players: Hidden Words
 Asian Firefighters: Japan Will Turn Ablaze
 Miners: Lights of Guidance
 French Gossip Columnists: Paris Talks
 Electricians: The Power of Divine Assistance
 Gamblers: The Promised Day Is Come
 Hikers: The Seven Valleys
 Psychics: Unfolding Destiny
 Arsonists: A Flame of Fire
 Lapidaries: Gems of Divine Mysteries

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Jokes to offend everyone

What do you call two Mexicans playing basketball?
 Juan on Juan.

What is the difference between a Harley and a Hoover?
 The position of the dirt bag.

Why is divorce so expensive?
 Because it's worth it.

Why is air a lot like sex?
 Because it's no big deal unless you're not getting any.

What do you call a smart blonde?
 A golden retriever.

What do attorneys use for birth control?
 Their personalities.

What's the difference between a girlfriend and wife?
 45 lbs.

What's the difference between a boyfriend and husband?
 45 minutes.



Why do men want to marry virgins?
They can't stand criticism.

Why is it so hard for women to find men that are sensitive, caring, and good-looking?
Because those men already have boyfriends.

What's the difference between a new husband and a new dog?
After a year, the dog is still excited to see you.

What makes men chase women they have no intention of marrying?
The same urge that makes dogs chase cars they have no intention of driving.

What's the difference between a porcupine and BMW?
A porcupine has the pricks on the outside.

What did the blonde say when she found out she was pregnant?
"Are you sure it's mine?"

Why does Mike Tyson cry during sex?
Mace will do that to you.

Why did O.J. Simpson want to move to West Virginia?
Everyone has the same DNA.

Why do men find it difficult to make eye contact?
Breasts don't have eyes.

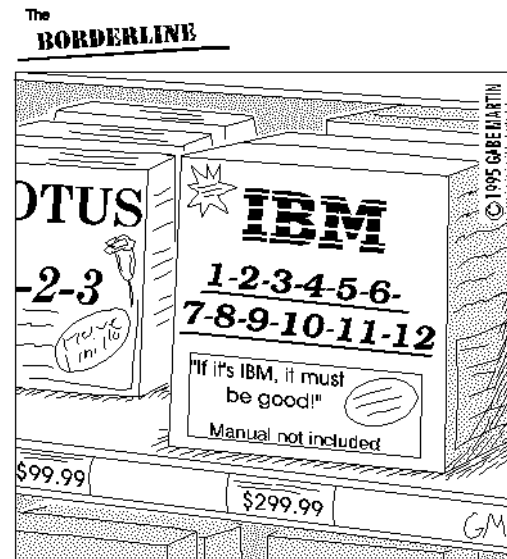
Did you hear about the dyslexic Rabbi?
He walks around saying "Yo."

Why do drivers' education classes in Redneck schools use the car only on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays?
Because on Tuesday and Thursday, the Sex Ed class uses it.

Where does an Irish family go on vacation?
A different bar.

Did you hear about the Chinese couple that had a retarded baby?
They named him "Sum Ting Wong"

What would you call it when an Italian has one arm shorter than the other?
A speech impediment.



Shortly after the release of "Lotus 1-2-3", IBM attempted to market it's largely ignored competitor program.

What does it mean when the flag at the Post Office is flying at half-mast?
They're hiring.

What's the difference between a southern zoo and a northern zoo?
A southern zoo has a description of the animal on the front of the cage along with... "a recipe".

How do you get a sweet little 80-year-old lady to say the F word?
Get another sweet little 80-year-old lady to yell *BINGO*!

What's the difference between a northern fairytale and a southern fairytale?
A northern fairytale begins "Once upon a time..." A southern fairytale begins "Y'all ain't gonna believe this s--t..."

Why is there no Disneyland in China?
No one's tall enough to go on the good rides.

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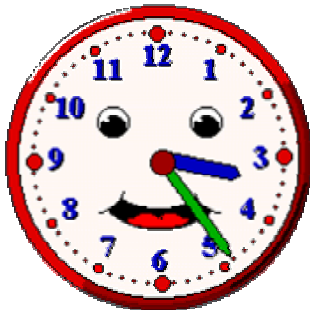
Shoulder Ride

My husband and I took our two-year-old out one day. Madison got tired of walking, so my husband let her ride on his shoulders. As he walked, Madison began pulling his hair. Although he asked her to stop several times, she kept on. Getting annoyed, he scolded, "Madison! Stop that!" "But, Daddy," she replied, "I'm just trying to get my gum back."



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TALKING CLOCK



Proudly showing off his new apartment to a couple of his friends late one night the drunk led the way to his bedroom where there was a big brass gong.

"What's that big brass gong for?" one of the guests asked. "It's not a gong. It's a talking clock" the drunk replied. A talking clock? Seriously?" asked his astonished friend. "Yup" replied the drunk. "How's it work?" the second guest asked, squinting at it. "Watch" the man said. He picked up a hammer, gave it an ear shattering pound and stepped back. The three stood looking at one another for a moment. Suddenly, someone on the other side of the wall screamed "For god sake, you jerk; it's ten past three in the morning!"

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This Pastor has guts!!

Thought you might enjoy this interesting prayer given in Kansas at the opening session of their Senate. It seems prayer still upsets some people. When Minister Joe Wright was asked to open the new session of the Kansas Senate, everyone was expecting the usual generalities, but this is what they heard:



"Heavenly Father, we come before you today to ask your forgiveness and to seek your direction and guidance. We know Your Word says, 'Woe to those who call evil good,' but that is exactly what we have done. We have lost our spiritual equilibrium and reversed our values. We confess that we have ridiculed the absolute truth of Your Word and call it Pluralism. We have exploited the poor and called it the lottery. We have rewarded laziness and called it welfare. We have killed our unborn and called it choice. We have shot abortionists and called it justifiable. We have neglected to discipline our children and called it building

self esteem. We have abused power and called it politics. We have coveted our neighbor's possessions and called it ambition. We have polluted the air with profanity and pornography and called it freedom of expression. We have ridiculed the time-honored values of our forefathers and called it enlightenment. Search us, Oh, God, and know our hearts today; cleanse us from every sin and set us free. Guide and bless these men and women who have been sent to direct us to the center of Your will and to openly ask these things in the name of Your Son, the living Savior, Jesus Christ.

Amen!"

The response was immediate. A number of legislators walked out during the prayer in protest.

In 6 short weeks, Central Christian Church, where Rev. Wright is pastor, logged more than 5,000 phone calls with only 47 of those calls responding negatively.

The church is now receiving international requests for copies of this prayer from India, Africa and Korea. Commentator Paul Harvey aired this prayer on his radio program, "The Rest of the Story," and received a larger response to this program than any other he has ever aired.

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English



Figure this one out!!

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; but the plural of ox became oxen, not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, yet the plural of moose should never be meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice; yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

If the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? If I spoke of my foot and show you my feet, and I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?

Then one may be that, and three would be those, yet hat in the plural would never be hose, and the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren, but though we say mother, we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him, but imagine the feminine, she, shis and shim.

Some reasons to be grateful if you grew up speaking English:

- 1) The bandage was wound around the wound.
- 2) The farm was used to produce produce.
- 3) The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
- 4) We must polish the Polish furniture.
- 5) He could lead if he would get the lead out.
- 6) The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
- 7) Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
- 8) At the Army base, a bass was painted on the head of a bass drum.
- 9) When shot at, the dove that dove into the bushes.
- 10) I did not object to the object.
- 11) The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
- 12) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 13) They were too close to the door to close it.
- 14) The buck does funny things when the does are present.
- 15) A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
- 16) To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
- 17) The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
- 18) After a number of Novocain injections, my jaw got number.
- 19) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 20) I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
- 21) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?
- 22) I spent last evening evening out a pile of dirt.

Screwy pronunciations can mess up your mind! For example...If you have a rough cough, climbing can be tough when going through the bough on a tree!

Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England.

We take English for granted, but if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig. And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend?

If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught?

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat?

Sometimes I think all the folks who grew up speaking English should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane.

In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell? How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm goes off by going on.

Go figure!!

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Left over from Halloween - One Liners !

How does the witch know what time it is?
She looks at her witch-watch!

What did the Mommy ghost say to the baby ghost?
Don't spook until your spooked to!

How do vampires get around on Halloween night?
By blood vessels!

What happened to the guy who couldn't keep up payments to his exorcist?
He was repossessed!

Do monsters eat popcorn with their fingers?
NO, they eat the fingers separately!

What's the part of a restaurant where vampires don't suck blood?
The non-Suckers section!



"WHY CAN'T THEY MAKE A SPELL CHECKER
THAT KNOWS HOW TO CHECK SPELLS???"

What's the ratio of a pumpkin's circumference to its diameter?
Pumpkin Pi!

What kind of ship does Dracula own?
Blood vessel!

Why do ghosts and demons get along so well?
Because demons are a ghosts best friend!

Where do ghosts go on vacation?
The Eerie canal!

Where do ghosts buy their food?
At the ghost-ery store!

Why doesn't anyone like Count Dracula?
He's a pain in the neck!

Where do ghosts mail their letters?
At the ghost office!

What's a ghosts favorite ride at the carnival?
The roller ghoster

What do you get if you cross sleeping beauty & Dracula?
Iron poor blood!

What's a ghosts favorite fruit?
Booberries!

How do you mend a broken Jack-o-lantern?
With a pumpkin patch!

What is a witch's favorite subject in school?
Spelling!

When does a skeleton laugh?
When something tickles his funny bone!

Why didn't the skeleton dance at the Halloween party?
It had no body to dance with!

What kind of fruit does Dracula like?
Neckterines!

What kind of shoes do baby ghosts wear?
Boo-ties!

How many witches does it take to change a light bulb?
Depends on what you want to change it into...

What did one vampire say to the other as they were passing the morgue?
Let's stop in for a cool one!

Why does Arkansas no longer have Halloween or Thanksgiving?
Because the witch took the turkey to Washington!

How can you tell if a vampire has a cold?
By his 'coffin'!

How can you tell if the Boogy Man is in your house?
All your tissues are gone!

Why can't mummies go on vacation?
Because they're afraid they'll relax and unwind!

Why shouldn't you try to goose a ghost?
Because all you get is a handful of sheet!

What goes "Ha-ha-ha-ha!" thud?
A monster laughing its head off!

Why didn't the skeleton cross the road?
Because he didn't have any guts!

Why couldn't the mummy answer the phone?
Because he was all wrapped up!

How do vampires invite each other out for lunch?
Do you want to go for a bite?

Why did the witches cancel their baseball game?
Because they ran out of bats!

What did the lesbian vampire say to the other lesbian?
See you next month!

Why didn't the Jack-O-Lantern go to the dance?
He wasn't lit and didn't have a match!

What do you call a man who lures women into his place and turns them into ghastly freaks?
A hairdresser!

Why can't witches have babies?
Because their husbands have "Hollow-Weenies"!

What do skeletons say before eating?
Bone Appetite!

What's the difference between a mummy and an Indian?
An Indian lives in a teepee, and a mummy lives in T.P.!

What do blondes and Jack-O-Lanterns have in common?
Both have blank expressions and are hollow inside!

Why did the vampire get fired from the blood bank?
He was caught drinking on the job!

Why do ghosts have so much trouble dating?
Women can see right through them!

Why are vampires Democrats?
They wanted Gore in 2000!

What kind of clothes do zombies wear?
Decay NY!

Why aren't there more famous skeletons?
They're a bunch of no bodies!

What kind of music do mummies listen to?
Wrap!

What do you call a guy turned on by a witch?
Scared stiff!

What do you call a gay guy turned on by a witch?
Scared straight!

What is Dracula's blood type?
The same as his lunch!

Did you hear about the Grim Reaper's new job?
CEO of FIRESTONE!



How do you know your doctor is a vampire?
He draws your blood with a straw!

How do you rid a Ghost from your house?
Ask him to split the rent!

How do you piss off a vampire?
Go to his house and install a skylight!

Why did Dracula move to England?
'Cause he bloody felt like it!

What is a vampire's pet peeve?
A Tourniquet!

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Hospital records

A sweet grandmother telephoned Mount Sinai Hospital. She timidly asked, "Is it possible to speak to someone who can tell me how a patient is doing?" The operator said "I'll be glad to help, dear. What's the name and room number?" The grandmother in her weak tremulous voice said, "Miss Holly Finkel in room 302." The Operator replied, "Let me check. Oh, good news. Her records say that Holly is doing very well. Her blood pressure is fine; her blood work just came back as normal and her physician, Dr. Cohen, has scheduled her to be discharged on Tuesday."

The Grandmother said, "Thank you. That's wonderful! I was so worried! God bless you for the good news." The operator replied, "You're more than welcome. Is Holly your daughter?" The Grandmother said, "No, I'm Holly Finkel in 302. Dr. Cohen doesn't tell me squat."



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If someone has your phone number, do you want him/her to be able to find your house?



This has been tested -- and it is real.

Google has implemented a new feature where you can type someone's telephone number into the search bar and hit enter and then you will be given a map to their house. Before forwarding this, I tested it by typing my telephone number in google.com. My phone number came up, and when I clicked on the MapQuest link, it actually mapped out where I live. Scary!

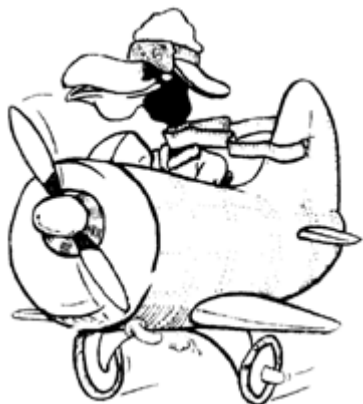
Read below for details. Think about it--if a child, single person, ANYONE gives out his/her phone number, someone can actually now look it up to find out where he/she lives. The safety issues are obvious, and alarming. MapQuest will put a star on your house on your street. In order to test whether your phone number is mapped, go to: www.google.com

Type your phone number in the search bar with dashes (i.e. 555-555-1212) (dashes & not spaces very important) and hit enter. [I also got the same result using just the 10 digits.

This will divulge your name and address. You will see a link option to the right for MapQuest and Yahoo maps (click on it), which will use the address to provide a map to your home. If you want to BLOCK Google from divulging your private information, simply click on the telephone icon next to your phone number. It opens a window with a form; scroll down and fill out to block your info from showing up. It takes 48-hours. If you are unlisted in the phone book, you might not be in there, but it is a good idea just to check.

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Pilot speak



Q: What's the difference between God and fighter pilots?

A: God doesn't think he's a fighter pilot.

Q: How do you know if there is a fighter pilot at your party?

A: He'll tell you.

Fighter Pilot to Airman: "Airman, do you have change for a dollar?"

Airman: "Sure, pal...."

Fighter Pilot: "HEY! That's no way to address an officer! Now Let's try that again - Airman, do you have change for a dollar?"

Airman: "No, SIR!"

On some air bases the Air Force is on one side of the field and civilian aircraft use the other side of the field, with the control tower in the middle.

One day the tower received a call from an aircraft,

"What time is it?"

"Who's calling?"

"What difference does it make?"

"It makes a lot of difference.

If this is an American Airlines flight, it is 3 o'clock.

If it is an Air Force plane, it is 1500 hours.

If it is a Navy aircraft, it is 6 bells.

If it is an Army aircraft, the big hand is on the 12 and the little hand is on the 3.

If it is a Marine Corps aircraft, it's Thursday afternoon and 120 minutes to Happy Hour!

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Sears and the military

Assume you have all seen the reports about how Sears is treating its reservist employees who are called up? By law, they are required to hold their jobs open and available, but nothing more. Usually, people take a big pay cut and lose benefits as a result of being called up...



Sears is voluntarily paying the difference in salaries and maintaining all benefits, including medical insurance and bonus programs, for all called up reservist employees for up to two years. I submit that Sears is an exemplary corporate citizen and should be recognized for its contribution.

Suggest we all shop at Sears, and be sure to find a manager to tell them why we are there so the company gets the positive reinforcement it well deserves.



Someone who received this decided to check it out before forwarding and sent the following email to the Sears Customer Service Department:

I received this email and I would like to know if it is true. If it is, the internet may have just become one very good source of advertisement for your store. I know I would go out of my way to buy products from Sears instead of another store for a like item even if it was cheaper at the other store.

Here is their answer to that email.....

Dear Customer,

Thank you for contacting Sears.

The information is factual. We appreciate your positive feedback. Sears regards service to our country as one of greatest sacrifices our young men and women can make. We are happy to do our part to lessen the burden they bear at this time.

Bill Thorn webcenter@sears.com
1-800-349-4358

Sears needs to be recognized for this outstanding contribution and we need to show them as Americans, we do appreciate what they are doing for our military.

ALSO VERIFIED AT <http://www.snopes.com/politics/military/sears.asp>

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In the eyes of the beholder

Have you been guilty of looking at others your own age and thinking; surely I cannot look that old? You may enjoy this short story....

While waiting for my first appointment in the reception room of a new dentist, I noticed his certificate, which bore his full name. Suddenly, I remembered that a tall, handsome boy with the same name had been in my high school class some 30 years ago. Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man with the deeply lined face was way too old to have been my classmate.



After he had examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended the local high school. "Yes," he replied.

"When did you graduate?" I asked.

He answered, "In 1971. Why?"

"You were in my class!" I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely and then asked, "What did you teach?"

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A Thousand Marbles

The older I get the more I enjoy Saturday mornings. Perhaps it's the quiet solitude that comes with being the first to rise, or maybe it's the unbounded joy of not having to be at work. Either way, the first few hours of a Saturday morning are most enjoyable.

A few weeks ago, I was shuffling toward the kitchen with a steaming cup of coffee in one hand and the morning paper in the other. What began as a typical Saturday morning turned into one of those lessons that life seems to hand you from time to time.

Let me tell you about it.

I turned the volume up on my radio in order to



listen to a Saturday morning talk show. I heard an older sounding chap with a golden voice. You know the kind, he sounded like he should be in the broadcasting business himself.

He was talking about "a thousand marbles" to someone named "Tom." I was intrigued and sat down to listen to what he had to say.

"Well, Tom, it sure sounds like you're busy with your job. I'm sure they pay you well but it's a shame you have to be away from home and your Family so much. Hard to believe a young fellow should have to work sixty or seventy hours a week to make ends meet. Too bad you missed your daughter's dance recital."

He continued, "Let me tell you something Tom, something that has helped me keep a good perspective on my own priorities."

And that's when he began to explain his theory of a "thousand marbles."

"You see, I sat down one day and did a little arithmetic. The average person lives about seventy-five years. I know, some live more and some live less, but on average, folks live about seventy-five years."

"Now then, I multiplied 75 times 52 and I came up with 3900 which is the number of Saturdays that the average person has in their entire lifetime. Now stick with me Tom, I'm getting to the important part." "It took me until I was fifty-five years old to think about all this in any detail," he went on, "and by that time I had lived through over twenty-eight hundred Saturdays. I got to thinking that if I lived to be seventy-five, I only had about a thousand of them left to enjoy." "So I went to a toy store and bought every single marble they had; 1000 marbles. I took them home and put them inside of a large, clear plastic container right here in my workshop next to the radio. Every Saturday since then, I have taken one marble out and thrown it away."

"I found that by watching the marbles diminish, I focused more on the really important things in life. There is nothing like watching your time here on this earth run out to help get your priorities straight."

"Now let me tell you one last thing before I sign-off with you and take my lovely wife out for breakfast. This morning, I took the very last marble out of the container. I figure if I make it until next Saturday then God has blessed me with a little extra time to be with my loved ones....."

"It was nice to talk to you Tom, I hope you spend more time with your loved ones, and I hope to meet you again someday. Have a good morning!"

You could have heard a pin drop when he finished. Even the show's moderator didn't have anything to say for a few moments. I guess he gave us all a lot to think about. I had planned to do some work that morning, and then go to the gym. Instead, I went upstairs and woke my wife up with a kiss. "C'mon honey, I'm taking you and the kids to breakfast."

"What brought this on?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh, nothing special," I said. "It has just been a long time since we spent a Saturday together with the kids. Hey, can we stop at a toy store while we're out? I need to buy some marbles."

MAY ALL SATURDAYS BE SPECIAL AND MAY YOU HAVE MANY HAPPY YEARS
AFTER YOU LOSE ALL YOUR MARBLES.

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Things to ponder

"Bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night."

Rodney Dangerfield

"Having sex is like playing bridge. If you don't have a good partner, you'd better have a good hand."

Woody Allen

"There are a number of mechanical devices which increase sexual arousal, particularly in women, chief amongst which is the Mercedes-Benz 380SL."

Lynn Lavner

"Sex at age 90 is like trying to shoot pool with a rope."

Camille Paglia

"Sex is one of the 9 reasons for reincarnation. The other 8 are unimportant."

George Burns

"Women might be able to fake orgasms, but men can fake a whole relationship."

Sharon Stone

"Hockey is a sport for white men, Basketball is a sport for black men.

Golf is a sport for white men dressed like black pimps."

Tiger Woods

"My mother never saw the irony in calling me a son-of-a-bitch."

Jack Nicholson

"Clinton lied. A man might forget where he parks or where he lives, but he never forgets oral sex, no matter how bad it is."

Barbara Bush (Former U.S. First Lady, and you didn't think Barbara had a sense of humor)

"Ah, yes, divorce, from the Latin word meaning to rip out a man's genitals through his wallet."

Robin Williams



"Women need a reason to have sex.
Men just need a place."
Billy Crystal

"According to a new survey, women say they feel more comfortable undressing in front of men than they do undressing in front of other women. They say that women are too judgmental, whereas, of course, men are just grateful."
Robert De Niro

"There's a new medical crisis. Doctors are reporting that many men are having allergic reactions to latex condoms. They say they cause severe swelling. So what's the problem?"
Dustin Hoffman

"There's very little advice in men's magazines because men think: 'I know what I'm doing. Just show me somebody naked.'"
Jerry Seinfeld

"Instead of getting married again, I'm going to find a woman I don't like and just give her a house."
Rod Stewart

"See, the problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis, and only enough blood to run one at a time."

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Tombstone Epitaphs

On the grave of Ezekial Aikle
in East Dalhousie Cemetery,
Nova Scotia:
Here lies Ezekial Aikle
Age 102
The Good
Die Young.



In a London, England
cemetery:
Ann Mann
Here lies Ann Mann,
Who lived an old maid
But died an old Mann.
Dec. 8, 1767

In a Ribbesford, England, cemetery:
Anna Wallace

The children of Israel wanted bread
And the Lord sent them manna,
Old clerk Wallace wanted a wife,
And the Devil sent him Anna.

Playing with names in a Ruidoso, New Mexico,
cemetery:
Here lies
Johnny Yeast
Pardon me
For not rising.

Memory of an accident in a Uniontown, Pennsylvania
cemetery:
Here lies the body
of Jonathan Blake
Stepped on the gas
Instead of the brake.

In a Silver City, Nevada, cemetery:
Here lays Butch,
We planted him raw.
He was quick on the trigger,
But slow on the draw.

A widow wrote this epitaph in a Vermont cemetery:
Sacred to the memory of my husband John Barnes
who died January 3, 1803
His comely young widow, aged 23, has many
qualifications of a good wife, and
yearns to be comforted.

A lawyer's epitaph in England:
Sir John Strange
Here lies an honest lawyer,
And that is Strange.

Someone determined to be anonymous in Stowe, Vermont:
I was somebody.
Who, is no business
Of yours.

Lester Moore was a Wells, Fargo Co. station agent for Naco, Arizona in the
cowboy days of the 1880's.
He's buried in the Boot Hill Cemetery in Tombstone, Arizona:
Here lies Lester Moore



Four slugs from a .44
No Les No More.

In a Georgia cemetery:
"I told you I was sick!"

John Penny's epitaph in the Wimborne, England, cemetery:
Reader if cash thou art
In want of any
Dig 4 feet deep
And thou wilt find a Penny.

On Margaret Daniels grave at Hollywood Cemetery Richmond, Virginia:
She always said her feet were killing her
but nobody believed her.

In a cemetery in Hartscombe, England:
On the 22nd of June
- Jonathan Fiddle -
Went out of tune.

Anna Hopewell's grave in Enosburg Falls, Vermont has an epitaph that sounds like something from
a Three Stooges movie:
Here lies the body of our Anna
Done to death by a banana
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low
But the skin of the thing that made her go.

More fun with names with Owen Moore in Battersea, London, England:
Gone away
Owin' more
Than he could pay.

Someone in Winslow, Maine didn't like Mr. Wood:
In Memory of Beza Wood
Departed this life
Nov. 2, 1837
Aged 45 yrs.
Here lies one Wood
Enclosed in wood
One Wood
Within another.
The outer wood
Is very good:
We cannot praise
The other.

On a grave from the 1880's in Nantucket, Massachusetts:
Under the sod and under the trees
Lies the body of Jonathan Pease.
He is not here, there's only the pod:
Pease shelled out and went to God.

The grave of Ellen Shannon in Girard, Pennsylvania is almost a consumer
tip:
Who was fatally burned
March 21, 1870
by the explosion of a lamp
filled with "R.E. Danforth's
Non-Explosive Burning Fluid"

Oops! Harry Edsel Smith of Albany, New York:
Born 1903--Died 1942
Looked up the elevator shaft to see if
the car was on the way down. It was.

In a Thurmont, Maryland, cemetery:
Here lies an Atheist
All dressed up
And no place to go.

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Two cows updated for 2003!

DEMOCRAT
You have two cows.
Your neighbor has none.
You feel guilty for being successful.
Barbara Streisand sings for you.

REPUBLICAN
You have two cows.
Your neighbor has none.
So?

SOCIALIST You have two cows.
The government takes one and gives it
to your neighbor.
You form a cooperative to tell him how
to manage his cow.



COMMUNIST

You have two cows.

The government seizes both and provides you with milk.

You wait in line for hours to get it.

It is expensive and sour.

CAPITALISM, AMERICAN STYLE

You have two cows.

You sell one, buy a bull, and build a herd of cows.

DEMOCRACY, AMERICAN STYLE

You have two cows.

The government taxes you to the point where you have to sell both cows to support a man in a foreign country who has only one cow, which was a gift from your government.

BUREAUCRACY, AMERICAN STYLE

You have two cows.

The government takes them both, shoots one, milks the other, pays you for the milk, and then pours the milk down the drain.

AMERICAN CORPORATION

You have two cows.

You sell one, lease it back to yourself, and do an IPO on the 2nd one.

You force the two cows to produce the milk of four cows.

You are surprised when one cow drops dead.

You spin an announcement to the analysts stating you have down-sized and so are reducing your expenses.

Your stock goes up.

FRENCH CORPORATION

You have two cows.

You go on strike because you want three cows.

You go to lunch and drink wine.

Life is good.

JAPANESE CORPORATION

You have two cows.

You redesign them so they are one-tenth the size of an ordinary cow and produce twenty times the milk.

They learn to travel on unbelievably crowded trains.

Most are at the top of their class at cow school.

GERMAN CORPORATION

You have two cows.

You engineer them so they are all blond, drink lots of beer, give excellent quality milk, and run a hundred miles an hour.

Unfortunately they also demand 13 weeks of vacation per year.

ITALIAN CORPORATION

You have two cows, but you don't know where they are.
While ambling around, you see a beautiful woman.
You break for lunch.
Life is good.

RUSSIAN CORPORATION

You have two cows.
You have some vodka.
You count your cows and learn you have five.
You have some more vodka.
You count them again and learn you have 42 cows.
The Mafia shows up and promptly takes however many cows
you really have.

TALIBAN CORPORATION

You have all the cows in Afghanistan, which are two.
You don't milk them because you cannot touch any creature's
private parts.
Then you kill them and claim a US bomb blew them up while
they were in the
hospital.



IRAQI CORPORATION

You have two cows.
They go into hiding.
They send radio tapes of their mooing.

POLISH CORPORATION

You have two bulls.
Employees are regularly maimed and killed attempting to milk them.

FLORIDA CORPORATION

You have a black cow and a brown cow.
Everyone votes for the best-looking one.
Some of the people, who like the brown one best, vote for the black one.
Some people vote for both.
Some people vote for neither.
Some people can't figure out how to vote at all.
Finally, a bunch of guys from out-of-state tell you which is the best-looking cow.

CALIFORNIAN

You have a cow and a bull.
The bull is depressed.

It has spent its life living a lie.
 It goes away for two weeks.
 It comes back after a taxpayer-paid sex-change operation.
 You now have two cows.
 One makes milk; the other doesn't.
 You try to sell the transgender cow.
 Its lawyer sues you for discrimination.
 You lose in court.
 You sell the milk-generating cow to pay the damages.
 You now have one rich, transgender, non-milk-producing cow.
 You change your business to beef. PETA pickets your farm.
 Jesse Jackson makes a speech in your driveway.
 Cruz Bustamante calls for higher farm taxes to help "working cows".
 Hillary Clinton calls for the nationalization of 1/7 of your farm "for the children."
 Gray Davis signs a law giving your entire farm to Mexico.
 The L.A. Times quotes five anonymous cows claiming you groped their teats.
 You declare bankruptcy and shut down all operations.
 The cow starves to death.
 The L.A. Times' analysis shows your business failure is Bush's fault.

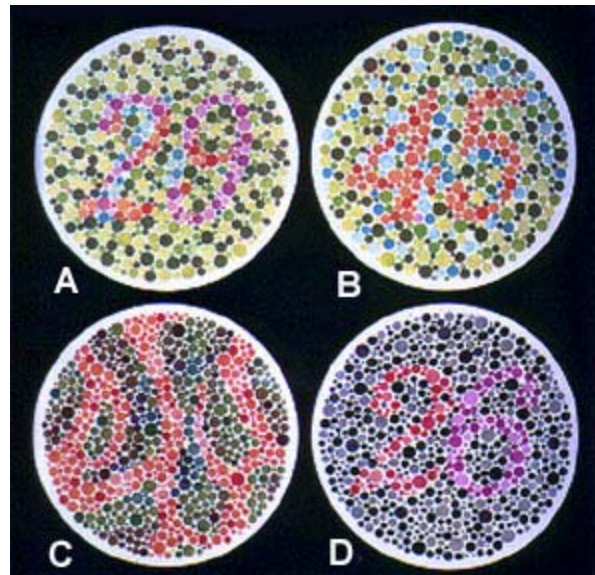
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Color blind Colored Folks?

(This was written by a black guy in Texas. What a great sense of humor and creativity!!!)

When I born, I black,
 when I grow up, I black,
 when I go in sun, I black,
 when I cold, I black,
 when I scared, I black,
 when I sick, I black,
 and when I die, I still black.

You white folks....
 when you born, you pink,
 when you grow up, you white,
 when you go in sun, you red,
 when you cold, you blue,
 when you scared, you yellow,
 when you sick, you green,
 when you bruised, you purple,
 and when you die, you gray.
 So who you callin' colored ???



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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/> 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! ☺ .

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