



Newsletter

Volume 3

Number 7

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







December 11, 2004

This is your Newsletter and your input is, of course, most welcome.
(Things printed in **blue type** and **underlined** are links or navigation aids.)

Please note:

Membership in the **Order of the Iron Test Pattern** is for any survivor of the Broadcast industry, not just for folks in TV. We welcome survivors from Radio, Cable, Production, Sales etc. Pass it on.

(Click on the Links below to navigate to that section of our newsletter.)

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This is our 27th Edition.

Happy Holidays



Suggested Holiday gifts

Membership Activity

(As they come in)

The New, Returning and Dignity up grading folks

Paul Schafer is a returning member and has the dignity of General having survived for over 35 years in our industry. OITP General Schafer. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is paul.schafer@thomson.net. OITP General Schafer holds court as a Training Specialist for Thomson Broadcast & Media Solutions from the “down-under” town of Notting Hill, Victoria, Australia. Welcome back mate!



Bill Naivar is a new member and has the dignity of Commodore having survived for over 25 years in our industry. OITP Commodore Naivar will also receive an endorsement on his certificate: Knight of the F-59 Connector for his work in Cable Television. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is Bill.Naivar@oit.gatech.edu. OITP Commodore Naivar holds court at Georgia Institute of Technology in the Office of Information Technology as Video Manager in Atlanta, GA. OITP Commodore Naivar will be receiving his Certificate and lapel pin shortly.



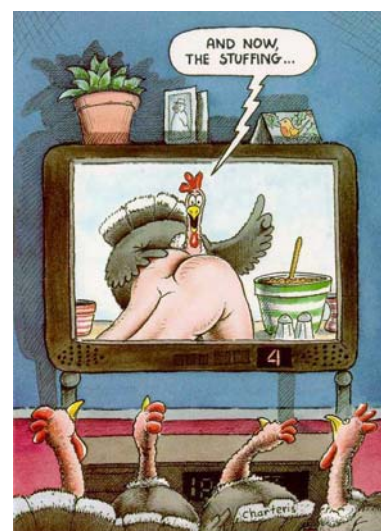
Paul J Grzebik is a new member and has the dignity of Admiral having survived for over 40 years in our industry. OITP Admiral Grzebik will also receive an endorsement on his certificate: Knight of the Final Amplifier for his work with transmittersn. If you wish to congratulate him, his E-mail address is PGrzebik@axcera.com. OITP Admiral Grzebik holds court a transmitter sales engineer/'manger for Axcera in Farmington Hills, MI. OITP Admiral Grzebik will be receiving his Certificate and lapel pin shortly.



Our Website

Not much to report. We've got our holiday animation up with music. Check it out. We **need** sponsors or it may have to go away. Anyone game?

WWW.OITP.org



Roll reversal

From your Sagacious Pixel

Harry Bloomfield

Finances

Here's the pitch again: To help defray expenses, we've found a family of affordable devices that will really help those who have VHS tapes and would like to convert them to DVD. This is all thanks to our new member, OITP Admiral Andy Marken. We'll be offering 3 models: the DVD Xpress, Instant DVD 2.0 and the Instant DVD+DV. We've used the Instant DVD+DV and gave away the DVD Xpress on the Road Show – A Taste of NAB 2004 this year and all reports say, and we confirm, they're great! Our unit has a switcher in front of it and we feed it with a Dish receiver/decoder, a VHS and Beta Tape machines and a DVD player. These devices will take nearly any kind of analog video and 2 channel audio (stereo, encoded or whatever) and convert it to an MPEG file that can be recorded as a DVD with the use of supplied ULEAD software that comes bundled with the units. The DVD MovieFactory 2SE is the workhorse and the Video Studio 7SE DVD is a fine editing tool that allows you to make your productions look like they just arrived from Hollywood.



You will need a USB 2 port and a DVD burner in your computer and we've found that a fast machine is also helpful, but not completely necessary. The slowest we have here at the Galactic Headquarters is a Pentium 3 at 800 MHz with 512 MB of RAM; the software and equipment works just fine on that machine with the USB 2 modification.

EXTERNAL USB 2.0 Video Capture

| | | DVD Xpress | Instant DVD 2.0 | Instant DVD + DV |
|--------------------------|---------------|---|--|---|
| | | | | |
| | | Basic MPEG 2 analog video transfer device for the beginner-intermediate user. | MPEG-2 video capture device with a robust editing & DVD suite for interm.-adv. user. | MPEG-2 video capture device with analog and digital inputs for interm.-adv. user. |
| Import video from | DV tapes | | | * |
| | Analog tapes | * | * | * |
| Record final movies onto | Analog tapes | | * | * |
| | *DVD/JCD Disc | * | * | * |

*hardware-based MPEG-2 capture. DVD or CD Recordable Drive Required

Since we are not a bank, all orders must be accompanied with a check or money order. The DVE Xpress is \$99.00 each, The Instant

DVD 2.0 is \$149.00 and the Instant DVD+DV is \$249.00. The State of Oregon has no sales tax. All profits from these units will go to support the Order of the Iron Test Pattern's operating expenses. Please include \$15.00 for shipping and handling. If you want more than one, call us for shipping charges.

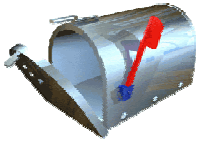


We have one returning member and two new ones since our last edition. That's great! Just think: you could do your associates and friends a true disservice – you could get them a membership in the *Order of the Iron Test Pattern*. If you fast, we could get the certificates etc. out in time for the holidays, but you have to act now. Click on the [X](#) for all the particulars. Surviving – that's what it's all about. Our best to all of you for the holidays and this coming new year.



Letters from our fellow survivors

Editor's Note: *Come on guys – drop us a line or two!*



These pictures etc. were received since our last edition.

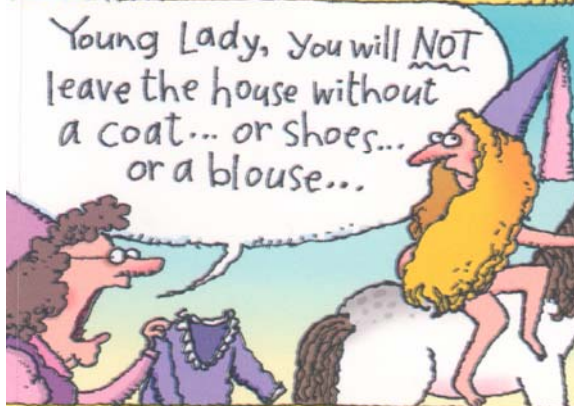


Holiday Pictures worth looking at from one of our Survivors



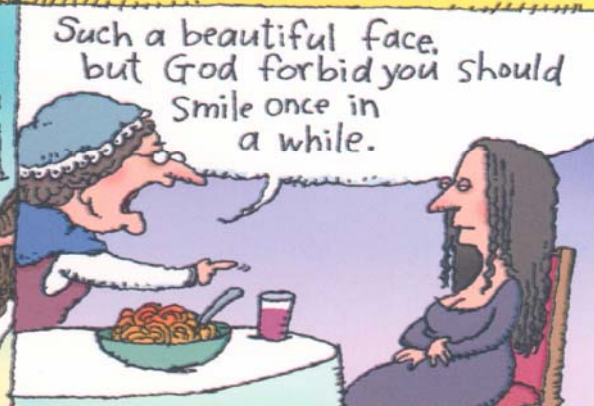
Mothers throughout History... if only they were Jewish:

Lady Godiva's Mother



Young Lady, you will NOT leave the house without a coat... or shoes... or a blouse...

Mona Lisa's Mother



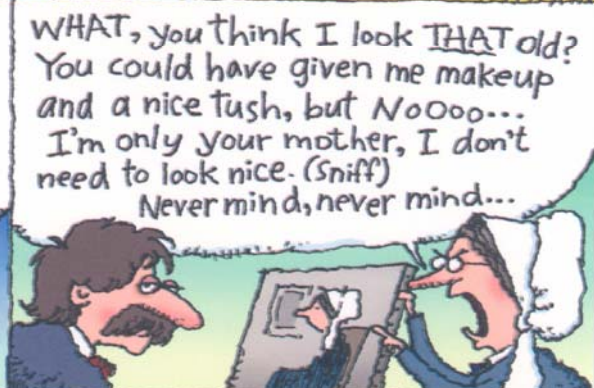
Such a beautiful face, but God forbid you should smile once in a while.

Alexander the Great's Mother



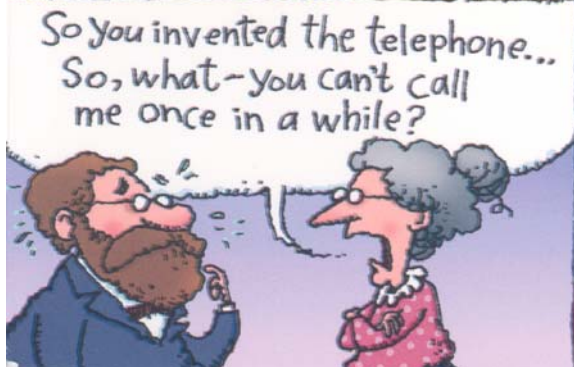
I wish you would stop running around the countryside like a Meshugenah and just settle down with a nice girl.

Whistler's Mother



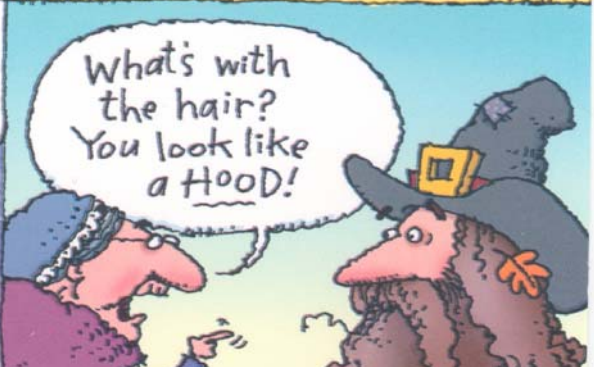
WHAT, you think I look THAT old? You could have given me makeup and a nice tush, but Noooo... I'm only your mother, I don't need to look nice. (Sniff) Never mind, never mind...

Alexander Graham Bell's Mother



So you invented the telephone... So, what - you can't call me once in a while?

Rip Van Winkle's Mother



What's with the hair? You look like a HOOD!

Happy Chanukah



From: Bill Burckhard billb@khmt.com
Subject: Worst hits

When I was in Vo-tech school many years ago, a fellow student and I were asked to wire up a sampling point so that we could look at the modulation on a 250 watt Ham transmitter. We had it all hooked up and I reached down to move the probe on the sampling terminals and got the worst electric shock that I have ever gotten. I was on the plate supply for the high level modulator and I didn't want to touch anything for a week.

The queasiest thing I think I ever did was to work on a BE radio transmitter that had lightening damage while I could hear thunder in the background.



NEWS

There is nothing worth reporting. All the news is either bad or isn't worth talking about. We need some GOOD news for a change in our lives. We need to get rid of reality shows that demean human beings and put them into situations we raise hell about if our pets were made to do.

The movie industry wants just about every kind of restriction you can imagine on our abilities to record anything, yet TiVo and other such devices are gaining market strength. Tape recorders, VCRs etc. have always permitted us to delay material so we could enjoy it when WE want to. Yet we can expect to see more and more court cases on copy write infringement. Someone, some day will realize that our society has changed and that we don't all gather around the radio and TV as a family anymore. We do, listen and watch what we want when we want to and not when some corporate entertainment executive says we have to. If this is news, then someone has had their head in the sand.

Surviving the Broadcast Industry

(Stories from today's broadcast engineers)

What follows are a series of stories from various engineers across the country about their first electrical experiences and flubs. It is also said that confession is good for the soul.



Name withheld upon request

Do you remember the days of 'yore when the mere rumor of an FCC inspector in the market would send an engineer's blood pressure rocketing upward, cause a flurry of paperwork, and warrant a hurried trip to the transmitter site? Apparently those days have come to an end - at least in this area of the country.

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Over the last couple of months, in one of the markets in which my company does business, we have had a competitor run modulation levels at over 138%. This was verified during our voluntary alternate FCC inspection by the inspector, who contacted the regional FCC office. The regional office in turn, contacted us requesting further verification, which we provided.

In addition to being over modulated, if this company has EAS equipment, they have chosen not to use it. We have had several actual EAS alerts over the course of the last few months, yet none of those alerts were broadcast by our competitor - not to mention the RWTs and RMTs.

I can almost understand the FCC's hesitation or lack of immediate action in this case since it would appear that one competitor is "ratting" on another. Perhaps they see this as some type of market squabble and not worthy of their attention. It does however bring up the question of their view of the alternate inspections, since this was originally brought to their attention by one of these alternate inspectors.

The real "tooth puller" has surfaced in the last few weeks though, when a former employee of both our stations and the competitor's station took it upon himself to start up his own station - without the approval of the FCC.

This fellow boldly signs on every day at around noon (or whenever he wakes up), and broadcasts late into the night. When he first started broadcasting he dropped "F-bombs" on a regular basis. He must have recently tapered his drug use though, because the "F-bombs" are not as prevalent as they used to be. Additionally, he has slandered both of the licensed broadcasters in the market. Meanwhile, his "advertisements" consist of ripped off ads (Budweiser: do not pay the bill!) and ads for his own business(s).

Once again the FCC field office was contacted and once again nothing was done about the pirate station, which continues its broadcasting today. On the bright side, the pirate seems to be within legal limits on his modulation levels. And since he does not have a license to lose, I guess EAS equipment is not a concern either.

According to reports, he actually does better weather forecasts than our competitor, and I am told his mix of music is better than theirs as well. All in all, he is hurting them a lot more than he is hurting us, so I perhaps we should quit complaining.

Nevertheless, the moral of this little story is: if you want to do rogue radio, move to the Plains, where it is currently the wild, wild, west of broadcasting. Pick a spot on the dial and sign on your own station. Run your modulation levels at whatever makes you happy. Forget EAS equipment and say or do anything you want on the air.

It is a little disheartening for those of us who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to assure our compliance with the Rules - but I guess that is just the way it is. Either due to budget cuts, or some other reason, the FCC does not seem interested in life on the prairie.

(a phone call this week indicates some attention has been achieved at the FCC, but they do not see a reason to visit the area, since no "interference" is occurring to any vital communications.)



MAYBE THIS WILL SAVE YOUR LIFE

From: Dr. Walter Tunick Almost Sagacious Pixel walter@tech-notes.tv

This might be a lifesaver if we can remember the three questions!

IS IT A STROKE?



Sometimes symptoms of a stroke are difficult to identify. Unfortunately, the lack of awareness spells disaster. The stroke victim may suffer brain damage when people nearby fail to recognize the symptoms of a stroke. Now doctors say a bystander can recognize a stroke by asking three simple questions:

*Ask the individual to smile.

*Ask him or her to raise both arms.

*Ask the person to speak a simple sentence.

If he or she has trouble with any of these tasks, call 9-1-1 immediately and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

After discovering that a group of non-medical volunteers could identify facial weakness, arm weakness and speech problems, researchers urged the general public to learn the three questions. They presented their conclusions at the American Stroke Association's annual meeting last February. Widespread use of this test could result in prompt diagnosis and treatment of the stroke and prevent brain damage.

HEART ATTACK SELF HELP

A cardiologist says if everyone who gets this e-mail sends it to 10 people; you can bet that at least one life will be saved. Read this – it could save your life!!

Let's say it's 6:15 p.m. and you're driving home (alone, of course) after an unusually hard day on the job. You're really tired, upset and frustrated. Suddenly you start experiencing severe pain in your chest that starts to radiate out into your arm and up into your jaw. You are only about five miles from the hospital nearest your home. Unfortunately, you

don't know if you'll be able to make it that far. You have been trained in CPR, but the guy that taught the course did not tell you how to perform it on yourself.

HOW TO SURVIVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN ALONE

Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack, without help, the person whose heart is beating improperly and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds left before losing consciousness. However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously. A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest. A breath and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without let-up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again. Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs and coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it regain normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get to a hospital.

Tell as many people as possible about this. It could save their lives!

BE A FRIEND AND SEND THIS ARTICLE TO AS MANY FRIENDS AS POSSIBLE.



PERSONAL DISASTER PREPERATIONS – ANY KIND

Tim Hershiser, Chief Engineer KLSR & KEVU TV
(Change the names and locations to your and it may well apply)

In my investigations into possible problems, it became evident that the best thing to do is to prepare for a “Generic Disaster”. Even if all our services are compliant, they are still not “Ice Storm or Earthquake” compliant. In other words, even if nothing happens it is still prudent to be prepared to help yourself and your unprepared neighbor in the event of any disaster. I add “neighbor” because in a disaster the unprepared will look to the prepared for help. If half the people are unprepared and the other half are set up to help themselves and a neighbor, we should be O.K.

First let’s talk about the potential problems

POWER: Bonneville Power, which supplies power to EWEB and other power companies in the Pacific Northwest, says it will be compliant in time and it also has a backup plan in case things go awry. (There is an advantage to having older Electro-mechanical equipment that is not computer controlled to fall back on) EWEB is expected to be compliant in time. If they can not get power from Bonneville for what ever reason, EWEB can supply 10% of Eugene’s power requirements with locally owned generators, which is enough to keep the water plant and other vital services going. PP&L, The most effective way I have heard to see what you need in the event of a power outage is, on a weekend, turn off and unplug appliances such as computers, TVs, stereos, refrigerator, etc. Then shut off the main breaker to your house and find

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out what it takes to see at night, stay warm, and be entertained. You might find out that you need a battery-operated clock and that you have the wrong size batteries for your portable radio. If you are on a well, you might find you have no water or at least no hot water. You may find that your cordless phone does not work and you need a cord type phone to make calls. You may determine that you need some candle holders to keep from burning down your dwelling. Young kids usually love doing the power test although you might want to have a Game Boy on hand in case the child suffers “Nintendo withdrawal”.

FOOD, WATER and PRODUCTS: I believe there will be spot outages of things. There may be weeks where you can’t find oranges, disposable propane cylinders, and #10 screws. The next week the oranges come back but the lemonade and Tang are all gone because everyone switched to that from orange juice. In other words, things will probably be very annoying but not life threatening. Now on the other hand if you get a monster ice storm (such as happened in Canada) and you or the delivery trucks can not get to the store for a while, plus you have no water to drink or to flush the toilet because your pipes froze, then your situation (and bathroom) could really stink. Make a list of everything you consume in a week (food, drinks, TOILET PAPER, medicine). I recommend multiplying the list times 4 and storing that amount of consumables but if space and finances do not permit, at least go for a week’s worth. Don’t forget prescription medicine and remember to “rotate the stock”. Use up old supplies and replenish them with new. Store up an amount that makes you feel comfortable. Some people are purchasing a year’s worth of dehydrated food. As soon as I can pay cash for a house, I’ll do the same.

FINIANCES: Always keep hard copies of bank statements, house payments, income taxes, etc. The Social Security administration told me there was a 3-year gap in my work history. I had to fill in the gap and it wasn’t even 1999 yet. It would be a good idea to have one month’s operating capitol (cash) readily available. Here again, store whatever makes you feel comfortable. NOTE: “under the mattress” does not work with waterbeds.

COMMUNICATIONS: The local phone company may not be ready. I do not think the phones will all be dead but you may get a lot of “all circuits are busy” messages, still does not make phone cables impervious to natural disasters. A Rogue Valley Task Force recommends that people purchase full power (4-watt) Citizen’s Band radios for emergency communication and setting up radio networks. 4-watt CB radios have a range of about 5 miles. Some law enforcement agencies and amateur radio operators monitor CB frequencies. I further recommend that the radios be in the form of walkie-talkies because they have self-contained power (batteries) and antennas. They can be stored in car trunks to be used for emergency road service at any time.

Travel: I don’t think airplanes will be falling out of the sky, but sections of the air traffic control system may fail increasing the likelihood of collisions. If you plan to visit friends, try to get them to follow these guidelines.

IMBEDDED CHIPS: There will probably be some problems with devices that have imbedded chips. Many of those devices are no longer “in sync” with the rest of the world. This means that the devices that are going to fail will not all fail right away; some will fail sporadically during the following hours, days, months, which will be annoying.

BOTTOM LINE: As stated in the beginning of this report, all people should make some sort of minimum preparations for any natural disaster or other “disaster”. If there is indeed a major problem, the worst you can do is be totally unprepared and panic. The best you can do is be prepared to help yourself and others.



Pictures of the Month



Obituaries

Mike Takacs

Los Angeles Engineer, Dies

From John Russell, Engineering Manager, KTLA-TV 5/31

A Valuable Asset to the Broadcast Industry has been lost. Mike Takacs passed away of unknown causes at his home in late November.

Mike started his career as Director of Television for Fontana Unified School District in the early 60s after gradating from school. There, he built and maintained the in-house system with playback facilities. He then moved to the Pasadena Unified School District through the late 60s where he built an ITFS designed by his good friend Bob Bullock.

His next challenge was to come up with a distribution system for the Los Angeles Unified School District in 1973. He successfully campaigned for them to move from an ITFS concept to a full power UHF station (KLCS today). He also convinced the school board to equip the station with cameras and editing facilities instead of the helical tape playback-only model some had contemplated. As such, KLCS produced many award-winning educational productions and inspired many live broadcasts.

During this time, Mike was also consulting for the Catholic Arch Diocese, Z-channel, and built transmitters for KSCI and KCET. He helped put Harris on the map as a provider to broadcasters and got Andrew involved in making broadcast antennas for VHF and UHF.

Mike became involved with Galavision and SIN (Univision) as a consultant, and then moved on to become Corporate Director of Engineering for Univision in the mid 80s. He sustained a serious head injury on a waveguide feed line in Florida in the early 90s, collapsed into a coma just a week later and lay in the hospital for three months.

The prognosis for recovery was not good, but Mike beat the odds and recovered. The resulting medical problems brought an early end to his vibrant career in broadcasting. He took a medical retirement and lived by himself in his Upland home. He was sixty two years old when he passed away. His many friends will miss him.



CHARLIE ABEL

W6QAK, 1915-2004, SILENT KEY

SBE Chapter 36 Life Member and San Diego television broadcasting pioneer Charles Abel died November 13 at age 88 at his home. He had recently been diagnosed with cancer.

Charlie had helped put KFMB-TV on the air in May of 1949 and became chief engineer of the KFMB stations shortly thereafter.



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His many accomplishments included remote 6 GHz transmission of Mexican Jai Alai tournaments in 1949, overseeing the installation of a first-of-its-kind one-hop CBS network video microwave link from Mt. Wilson to Mt. Soledad in 1955, moving KFMB(AM) to Santee a few years later, and moving all of the KFMB studios to Kearny Mesa in 1976. He retired shortly thereafter. Charlie was active on ham radio through the years as W6QAK, often speaking in German to friends around the world.

The foregoing text was adapted from a Nov. 18 SBE Chapter 36 e-mail. Following is a more detailed story on Charlie that Gary Stigall wrote about his friend several years ago. Don't miss the architectural rendering of the "Secret Mt. Soledad rotating tower apartment project," including provisions for Channel 8 and 10 broadcast antennas.

http://www.sbe36.org/1999/0509_kfmbtv50.html



Intelligence can be measured by certificates on your wall or books
you have read, but, in the end, all of that knowledge pales in
comparison to the wisdom gained when you truly participate in life.



Some humor or attempts at it

*(For those who don't like this section, now is the time to hit the delete key.
There is at least one thing in here that is guaranteed to offend at least someone.)*

Lawyer Joke

**From: Robert Vendeland rvendeland@cox.net
Our Founding Father**

Why Lawyers should never ask a witness a question if they aren't prepared...

In a trial, a Southern small town prosecuting attorney called his first witness to the stand-a-grandmotherly, elderly woman. He approached her and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?" She responded, "Why, yes I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've know you since you were a young boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife...you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."



The Lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked, "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?" She again replied, "Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women, one of them was your wife. Yes, I know him." The defense attorney almost died.

After this response, the judge asked both counselors to approach the bench, and in a very quiet voice, said, "If either of you bastards asks that bitch if she knows me, I'll throw your sorry asses in jail for contempt."



Santa Claus: An Engineer's Perspective

From: "Cowboy" curt@gwis.com



There are approximately two billion children (persons under 18) in the world. However, since Santa does not visit children of Muslim, Hindu, Jewish or Buddhist (except maybe in Japan) religions, this reduces the workload for Christmas night to 15% of the total, or 378 million (according to the Population Reference Bureau). At an

average (census) rate of 3.5 children per household, that comes to 108 million homes, presuming that there is at least one good child in each. Santa has about 31 hours of Christmas to work with, thanks to the different time zones and the rotation of the earth, assuming he travels east to west (which seems logical). This works out to 967.7 visits per second. This is to say that for each Christian household with a good child, Santa has around 1/1000th of a second to park the sleigh, hop out, jump down the chimney, fill the stockings, distribute the remaining presents under the tree, eat whatever snacks have been left for him, get back up the chimney, jump into the sleigh and get on to the next house. Assuming that each of these 108 million stops is evenly distributed around the earth (which, of course, we know to be false, but will accept for the purposes of our calculations), we are now talking about 0.78 miles per household; a total trip of 75.5 million miles, not counting bathroom stops or breaks. This means Santa's sleigh is moving at 650 miles per second--3,000 times the speed of sound. For purposes of comparison, the fastest man-made vehicle, the Ulysses space probe, moves at a poky 27.4 miles per second, and a conventional reindeer can run (at best) 15 miles per hour.

The payload of the sleigh adds another interesting element. Assuming that each child gets nothing more than a medium sized Lego set (two pounds), the sleigh is carrying over 500 thousand tons, not counting Santa himself. On land, a conventional reindeer can pull no more than 300 pounds. Even granting that the "flying" reindeer could pull ten times the normal amount, the job can't be done with eight or even nine of them--Santa would need 360,000 of them. This increases the payload, not counting the weight of the sleigh, another 54,000 tons, or roughly seven times the weight of the Queen Elizabeth (the ship, not the monarch). 600,000 tons traveling at 650 miles per second creates enormous air resistance--this would heat up the reindeer in the same fashion as a spacecraft re-entering the earth's atmosphere. The lead pair of reindeer would absorb 14.3 quintillion joules of energy per second each. In short, they would burst into flames almost instantaneously, exposing the reindeer behind them and creating deafening sonic booms in their wake. The entire reindeer team would be vaporized within 4.26 thousandths of a second, or right about the time Santa reached the fifth house on his trip. Not that it matters, however, since Santa, as a result of accelerating from a dead stop to 650 m.p.s. in .001 seconds, would be subjected to acceleration forces of 17,500 g's. A 250 pound Santa (which seems ludicrously slim) would be pinned to the back of the sleigh by 4,315,015 pounds of force.



RULES FOR CUTTING YOUR OWN FIREWOOD

From: Tim Hershiser thershiser@klsrtvfox.com

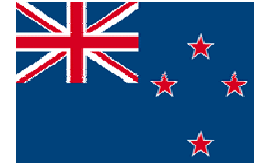
1. Park twice as far from the tree as the tree is tall.
2. It helps to notch the tree away from the truck.
3. The fact that you live within driving distance of a forest does not make you a lumberjack. And
4. Just to be on the safe side, always borrow your buddy's truck.



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Humor (non-tech): Gender of non-living things

From: Taylor, Vaughan taylorv@sentech.co.za



You may not know that many non-living things have a gender:

For example...

- 1) Ziploc Bags- They are Male, because they hold everything in, but you can see right through them.
- 2) Copiers- They are Female, because once turned off, it takes a while to warm them up again. It's an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed, but can wreak havoc if the wrong buttons are pushed.
- 3) Tyres- Male, because they go bald and are often over-inflated.
- 4) Hot Air Balloon- Male, because, to get it to go anywhere you have to light a fire under it, and of course, there's the hot air part.
- 5) Sponges- Female, because they're soft, squeezable and retain water.
- 6) Web Page- Female, because it's always getting hit on.
- 7) Subway- Male, because it uses the same old lines to pick people up.
- 8) Hourglass- Female, because over time, the weight shifts to the bottom.
- 9) Hammer- Male, because it hasn't changed much over the last 5,000 years, but it's handy to have around.
- 10) Remote Control- Female..... Ha! You thought it'd be male. But consider this-it gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it, and while he doesn't always know the right buttons to push, he keeps trying.



Why you're not allowed to play in the cockpit!!

(With pictures)

From: d.morse@insightbb.com

FLIGHT DATA RECORDER (FDR) TRANSCRIPTS:

Cleaner #1: "Hey Bob I really don't think were supposed to be up here."

Cleaner #2: "Tony, you're such a worry wart. Anyhow, we're suppose to be up here remember, were cleaning this bird."

Cleaner #1: "Are you sure? I thought they told us to stay out of the cockpit"

Cleaner #2: ""Hey look at me I'm a pilot!!!...(Deep Voice) Ladies and Gentlemen this is your captain speaking were at an altitude of 30,000 feet and Oh my, watch out for that mountain.....Ahhhhhhhhh (laughter).

Cleaner #1: Hey man cut it out....Hey don't touch that it says "engine start" on it...

Cleaner #2: Don't worry....they always turn these things off while they're at the gate.
(Engine sounds in background....cleaners unaware)

Cleaner #2: Ready for takeoff.....VRRRRRROOOOM VRRRRRROOOOM
(Throttles rapidly moved from idle to full and back to idle and full again) WEEEEEEEEEE!

Cleaner #1: OH no we're moving!!!

Cleaner #2: WERE GOING TO HIT THE WALL
RUN

(Cockpit door opens and slams shut. Occupants heard running to back of the airplane screaming and yelling)

30 seconds later..... Throttles pulled back to idle.

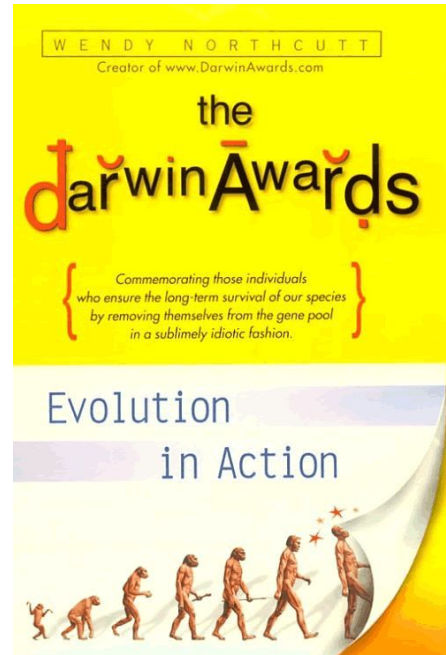


THE DARWIN AWARDS 2004

From: JIM WELMAN welmansmtn@oregonfast.net

It's that time again! The Darwin Awards this year are classic. These awards are given each year to bestow upon (the remains of) that individual, who through single-minded self-sacrifice, has done the most to remove undesirable elements from the human gene pool.

5th RUNNER-UP Goes to a San Anselmo, California man who died when he hit a lift tower at the Mammoth Mountain ski area while riding down the slope on a foam pad. The 22-year old David Hubal was pronounced dead at Central Mammoth Hospital. The accident occurred about 3 a.m., the Mono County Sheriff's department said. Hubal and his friends apparently had hiked up a ski run called Stump Alley and undid some yellow foam protectors from lift towers, said Lt. Mike Donnelly of the Mammoth Lakes Police Department. The pads are used to protect skiers who might hit towers. The group apparently used the pads to slide down the ski slope and Hubal crashed into a tower. It has since been investigated and determined the tower he hit was the one with its pad removed.



4th RUNNER-UP Goes to Robert Puelo, 32, who was apparently being disorderly in a St. Louis market. When the clerk threatened to call the police, Puelo grabbed a hot dog, shoved it into his mouth and walked out without paying. Police found him unconscious in front of the store. Paramedics removed the six-inch wiener from his throat where it had choked him to death.

3rd RUNNER-UP Goes to poacher Marino Malerba of Spain, who shot a stag standing above him on an overhanging rock and was killed instantly when it fell on him.

2nd RUNNER-UP "Man loses face at party" is what the headline read: A man at a West Virginia party (probably related to the winner last year, a man in Arkansas who used the .22 bullet to replace the fuse in his pickup truck) popped a blasting cap into his mouth and bit down, triggering an explosion that blew off his lips, teeth, and tongue. Jerry Stromyer, 24, of Kincaid, bit the blasting cap as a prank during the party late Tuesday night, said Cpl. M.D. Payne. "Another man had it in an aquarium hooked to battery and was trying to explode it. It wouldn't go off and Stromyer said: 'I'll show you how to set it off.' He put it into his mouth, bit down and it blew all his teeth out and his lips and tongue off", Payne added. Stromyer was listed in guarded condition Wednesday with extensive

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facial injuries, according to a spokesperson at Charleston Area Medical Division. "I just can't imagine anyone doing something like that," Payne said.

1st RUNNER-UP Doctors at Portland University Hospital said an Oregon man shot through the skull by a hunting arrow is lucky to be alive and will be released soon from the hospital. Tony Roberts, 25, lost his right eye last weekend during an initiation into a men's rafting club, Mountain Men Anonymous in Grant's Pass, Oregon. A friend tried to shoot a beer can off his head, but the arrow entered Robert's right eye. Doctors said that had the arrow gone 1 millimeter to the left, a major blood vessel would have been cut and Roberts would have died instantly. Neurosurgeon Doctor Johnny Delashaw at the University Hospital in Portland said the arrow went through 8 to 10 inches of brain with the tip protruding at the rear of his skull, yet somehow managed to miss all major blood vessels. Delashaw also said that had Roberts tried to pull the arrow out on his own he surely would have killed himself. Roberts admitted afterwards that he and his friends had been drinking that afternoon. Said Roberts, "I feel so dumb about this." No charges have been filed, but the Josephine County district attorney's office said the initiation stunt is under investigation.

THIS YEAR'S WINNER:

The late John Pernicky and his friend, the late Sal Hawkins, of the great state of Washington, decided to attend a local Metallica concert at the George Washington amphitheater. Having no tickets (but having had 18 beers between them), they thought it would be easy to "hop" over the nine foot fence and sneak into the show. They pulled their pickup truck over to the fence and the plan was for Mr. Pernicky, who was 100-pounds heavier than Mr. Hawkins to hop the fence and then assist his friend over. Unfortunately for Mr. Pernicky, there was a 30-foot drop on the other side of the fence. Having heaved himself over, he found himself crashing through a tree. His fall was abruptly halted (and broken, along with his arm) by a large branch that snagged him by his shorts. Dangling from the tree with a broken arm, he looked down and saw some bushes below him. Possibly figuring the bushes would break his fall, he removed his pocket knife and proceeded to cut away his shorts to free himself from the tree. Finally free, Mr. Pernicky crashed into holly bushes. The sharp leaves scratched his entire body and worse, without the protection of his shorts, a holly branch penetrated his rectum. To make matters worse still, on landing, his pocket knife penetrated his thigh. Mr. Hawkins, seeing his friend in considerable pain and agony, threw him a rope and tried to pull him to safety by tying the rope to the pickup truck and slowly driving away. However, in his drunken haste/state, he put the truck into reverse and crashed through the fence, landing 30 feet below atop his friend, killing him. Police arrived to find the crashed pickup with its driver thrown 100 feet from the truck and dead from massive internal injuries. Upon moving the truck, they found John under it half-naked, scratches on his body, a holly stick in his rectum, a knife in his thigh, and his shorts dangling from a tree branch 25-feet in the air.

Hearty congratulations gentlemen, you win.



Fodder

From: JIM WELMAN welmansmtn@oregonfast.net

I recently got this from the fella who keeps all of his former classmates up to date on happenings----he happens to lean a little to the left---but even still--has a great sense of humor!

And YES, I do have some liberal friends and relatives!

I hate to send ammunition to a conservative, but this just had to be shared.

Napa Latte Liberal

The flood of American liberals sneaking across the border into Canada has intensified in the past week, sparking calls for increased patrols to stop the illegal immigration.

The re-election of President Bush is prompting the exodus among left leaning citizens who fear they'll soon be required to hunt, pray and agree with Bill O'Reilly.

Canadian border farmers say it's not uncommon to see dozens of sociology professors, animal rights activists and Unitarians crossing their fields at night.

"I went out to milk the cows the other day, and there was a Hollywood producer huddled in the barn," said Manitoba farmer Red Greenfield, whose acreage borders North Dakota.

The producer was cold, exhausted and hungry.

"He asked me if I could spare a latte and some free-range chicken. When I said I didn't have any, he left. Didn't even get a chance to show him my screenplay, eh?"

In an effort to stop the illegal aliens, Greenfield erected higher fences, but the liberals scaled them. So he tried installing speakers that blare Rush Limbaugh across the fields.

"Not real effective," he said. "The liberals still got through, and Rush annoyed the cows so much they wouldn't give milk."

Officials are particularly concerned about smugglers who meet liberals near the Canadian border, pack them into Volvo station wagons, drive them across the border and leave them to fend for themselves.

"A lot of these people are not prepared for rugged conditions," an Ontario border patrolman said. "I found one carload without a drop of drinking water. They did have a nice little Napa Valley cabernet, though."

When liberals are caught, they're sent back across the border, often wailing loudly that they fear retribution from conservatives. Rumors have been circulating about the Bush administration establishing re-education camps in which liberals will be forced to drink domestic beer and watch NASCAR.

In the days since the election, liberals have turned to sometimes ingenious ways of crossing the border. Some have taken to posing as senior citizens on bus trips to buy cheap Canadian prescription drugs. After catching a half-dozen young vegans disguised in powdered wigs, Canadian immigration authorities began stopping buses and quizzing the supposed senior-citizen passengers.

"If they can't identify the accordion player on The Lawrence Welk Show, we get suspicious about their age," an official said.

Canadian citizens have complained that the illegal immigrants are creating an organic-broccoli shortage and renting all the good Susan Sarandon movies.

"I feel sorry for American liberals, but the Canadian economy just can't support them," an Ottawa resident said. "How many art-history majors does one country need?"

In an effort to ease tensions between the United States and Canada, Vice President Dick Cheney met with the Canadian ambassador and pledged that the administration would take steps to reassure liberals, a source close to Cheney said.

"We're going to have some Peter, Paul & Mary concerts. And we might put some endangered species on postage stamps. The president is determined to reach out."



You Are What You Eat

From: Norine Fisher norfish@hotmail.com

God & Fat

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth and populated the Earth with broccoli and cauliflower and spinach, green and yellow and red vegetables of all kinds, so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's great gifts, Satan created Ben and Jerry's and Krispy Kreme Donuts. And Satan said, "You want Chocolate with that?" And Man said "Yeah." And Woman said, "And another one with sprinkles." And they gained 10 pounds. And the stockholders were very happy. And Satan smiled.

And God created the healthful yogurt that Woman might keep the figure that Man found so fair. Satan brought forth white flour from the wheat and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from size 6 to size 24.

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So God said, "Try my fresh green salad." And Satan presented Thousand-Island Dressing, Buttery croutons and garlic toast on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said, "I have sent you heart healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them." And Satan brought forth deep fried fish and chicken-fried Steak so big it needed its own platter. Hilltop Steak House thrived! And man gained more weight and his cholesterol went through the roof.

God created a light, fluffy white cake, named it "Angel Food Cake," and said "It is good." Satan then created chocolate cake and named it "Devil's Food."

God then brought running shoes so that his children might lose those extra pounds. And Satan gave cable TV with a remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels. And Man and Woman laughed and cried before the flickering blue light and gained pounds.

Then God brought forth the potato, naturally low in fat and brimming with nutrition. And Satan peeled off the healthful skin and sliced the starchy center into chips and deep-fried them. And Man gained pounds.

God then gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite. And Satan created McDonald's and its 99-cent double Cheeseburger. Then said "You want fries with that?" And Man replied, "Yeah! And super size 'em." And Satan said "It is good." And Man went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple bypass surgery.

Then Satan created HMOs.



Jesus v. Satan

From: Jim Pratt jpratt@stny.rr.com

Jesus and Satan were having an on-going argument about who was better on the computer. They had been going at it for days, and frankly God was tired of hearing all the bickering. Finally fed up, God said, "THAT'S IT! I have had enough. I am going to set up a test that will run for two hours, and from those results, I will judge who does the better job."

So Satan and Jesus sat down at the keyboards and typed away. They moused. They faxed. They e-mailed. They e-mailed with attachments. They downloaded. They did spreadsheets. They wrote reports. They created labels and cards. They created charts and graphs. They did some genealogy reports. They did every job known to man.

Jesus worked with heavenly efficiency and Satan was faster than hell. Then, ten minutes before their time was up, lightning suddenly flashed across the sky, thunder rolled, rain poured, and, of course, the power went off.

Satan stared at his blank screen and screamed every curse word known in the underworld. Jesus just sighed.

Finally the electricity came back on, and each of them restarted their computers. Satan started searching frantically, screaming: "It's gone! It's all GONE! "I lost everything when the power went out!"

Meanwhile, Jesus quietly started printing out all of his files from the past two hours of work. Satan observed this and became irate. "Wait!" he screamed. "That's not fair! He cheated! How come he has all his work and I don't have any?" God just shrugged and said, "Jesus saves."



Fender Skirts:

Name withheld by request

Someone forwarded this to me, and I thought some of us of a "certain age" would remember most of these

What a great blast from the past! I haven't thought about "fender skirts" in years. When I was a kid, I considered it such a funny term. Made me think of a car in a dress.

Thinking about "fender skirts" started me thinking about other words that quietly disappear from our language with hardly a notice.

Like "curb feelers" and "steering knobs." Since I'd been thinking of cars, my mind naturally went that direction first. Any kids will probably have to find some elderly person over 50 to explain some of these terms to you.

Remember "Continental kits?" They were rear bumper extenders and spare tire covers that were supposed to make any car as cool as a Lincoln Continental.

When did we quit calling them "emergency brakes?" At some point "parking brake" became the proper term. But I miss the hint of drama that went with "emergency brake"

I'm sad, too, that almost all the old folks are gone who would call the accelerator the "foot feed."

Didn't you ever wait at the street for your daddy to come home, so you could ride the "running board" up to the house?

Here's a phrase I heard all the time in my youth but never anymore "store-bought." Of course, just about everything is store-bought these days. But once it was bragging material to have a store-bought dress or a store-bought bag of candy.

"Coast to coast" is a phrase that once held all sorts of excitement and now means almost nothing. Now we take the term "worldwide" for granted. This floors me.

On a smaller scale, "wall-to-wall" was once a magical term in our homes. In the '50s, everyone covered his or her hardwood floors with, wow, wall-to-wall carpeting! Today, everyone replaces their wall-to-wall carpeting with hardwood floors. Go figure.

When's the last time you heard the quaint phrase "in a family way?" It's hard to imagine that the word "pregnant" was once considered a little too graphic, a little too clinical for use in polite company. So we had all that talk about stork visits and "being in a family way" or simply "expecting."

Apparently "brassiere" is a word no longer in usage. I said it the other day and my daughter cracked up. I guess it's just "bra" now. "Unmentionables" probably wouldn't be understood at all.

It's hard to recall that this word was once said in a whisper - "divorce." And no one is called a "divorcee" anymore. Certainly not a "gay divorcee." Come to think of it, "confirmed bachelors" and "career girls" are long gone, too.

I always loved going to the "picture show," but I considered "movie" an affectation.

Most of these words go back to the '50s, but here's a pure-'60s word I came across the other day - "rat fink." Ooh, what a nasty put-down!

Here's a word I miss - "percolator." That was just a fun word to say. And what was it replaced with? "Coffeemaker." How dull. Mr. Coffee, I blame you for this.

I miss those made-up marketing words that were meant to sound so modern and now sound so retro. Words like "DynaFlow" and "ElectraLuxe." Introducing the 1963 Admiral TV, now with "SpectraVision!"

Food for thought - Was there a telethon that wiped out lumbago? Nobody complains of that anymore. Maybe that's what castor oil cured, because I never hear mothers threatening their kids with castor oil anymore.

Some words aren't gone, but are definitely on the endangered list. The one that grieves me most - "supper." Now everybody says "dinner." Save a great word. Invite someone to

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supper. Discuss fender skirts.



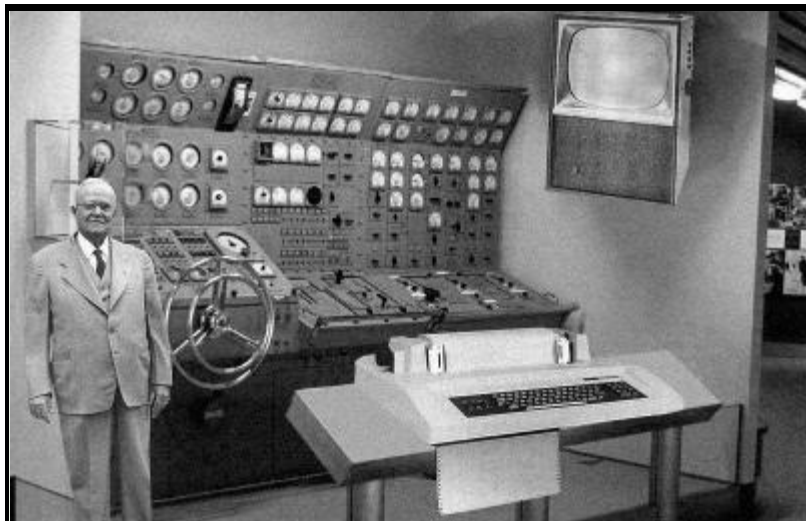
Correction

Does Not Compute

Claim: Photograph shows RAND Corporation's 1954 design for a home computer.

Status: *False.*

Example: *[Collected on the Internet, 2004]*



Scientists from RAND Corporation have created this model to illustrate how a "home computer" could look in the year 2004. However the needed technology will not be economically feasible for the average home. Also the scientists readily admit that the computer will require not yet invented technology to actually work, but 50 years from now scientific progress is expected to solve these problems. With teletype interface and the Fortran language, the computer will be easy to use and only

Variations:

A November 2004 version of this piece opens with: "This article is from an issue of 1954 Popular Mechanics magazine forecasting the possibility of 'home computers' in 50 years. It appears that the 'mouse' replaced the steering wheel . . ."

Origins:

Many a prognosticator who has tried to envision the future has been tripped up by a failure to correctly anticipate the direction of technological change. Those who would forecast the world of tomorrow have often made the mistaken of simply

taking the technologies of their day and assuming that in the future those technologies would be bigger, faster, and more powerful — what escaped their vision was that science and society might come up with new and different ways of manufacturing and using those technologies.

One case in point is the computer. Predictions from several decades ago failed to foresee that computers would become much smaller and cheaper; that these changes would enable nearly every business and home to have its own computer to be used for a variety of applications, and that those machines would be linked together in a world-wide network. Instead, futurist scenarios frequently presented a world of very few, very expensive all-powerful computers the size of large buildings, used only for divining answers to complex problems beyond the ability of man to solve on his own.

Although the photograph displayed could represent what some people in the early 1950s contemplated a "home computer" might look like (based on the technology of the day), it isn't, as the accompanying text claims, a RAND Corporation illustration from 1954 of a prototype "home computer." The picture is actually an entry submitted to an image modification [competition](#), taken from an original photo of a [submarine](#) maneuvering room console found on [U.S. Navy](#) web site, converted to grayscale, and modified to replace a modern display panel and TV screen with pictures of a decades-old [teletype/prINTER](#) and television (as well as to add the gray-suited man to the left-hand side of the photo):



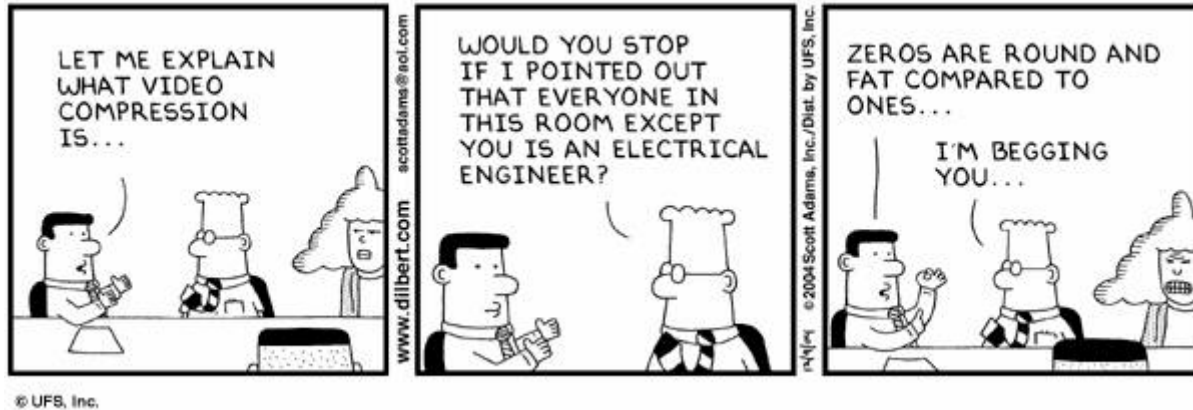
The color picture above was taken in 2000 at the Smithsonian Institution exhibit "Fast Attacks and Boomers: Submarines in the Cold War" and depicts: A full-scale mock-up of a typical nuclear-powered submarine's maneuvering room in which the ship's engineers control the power plant and electrical and steam systems
Last updated: 23 November 2004



Happy Holiday
from the guys at
the power
company



I told Santa he was too low.



Humor (non-tech): Gender of non-living things..

From: Dwayne Walker dwayne@ktig.org

You may not know that many non-living things have a gender:

For example...

- 1) Ziploc Bags- They are Male, because they hold everything in, but you can see right through them.
- 2) Copiers- They are Female, because once turned off, it takes a while to warm them up again. It's an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed, but can wreak havoc if the wrong buttons are pushed.
- 3) Tyres- Male, because they go bald and are often over-inflated.
- 4) Hot Air Balloon- Male, because, to get it to go anywhere you have to light a fire under it, and of course, there's the hot air part.
- 5) Sponges- Female, because they're soft, squeezable and retain water.
- 6) Web Page- Female, because it's always getting hit on.
- 7) Subway- Male, because it uses the same old lines to pick people up.
- 8) Hourglass- Female, because over time, the weight shifts to the bottom.
- 9) Hammer- Male, because it hasn't changed much over the last 5,000 years, but it's handy to have around.
- 10) Remote Control- Female..... Ha! You thought it'd be male. But consider this-it gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it, and while he doesn't always know the right buttons to push, he keeps trying.

Then our news director doesn't have too much free time but quickly came up with these:

- Toasters...male, because when they're not correctly set, they just burn up bread and smell up the house, but when used properly provide warm food.
- Frying pans....female, because they need to be warmed up before use.
- Lawn mowers...male, because they're noisy, smelly, and frequently get dull.
- Book shelves...female, because after several years they sag, but they're still quite useful, and will last a long time with proper care.



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On the Beam

By OITP Commodore Bill C. Bean bill.c.bean@exgate.tek.com

(Editor's Note: Finally a picture!)



Teachers, former teachers and grandparents everywhere should be able to relate to this "West"

Boots

Did you hear about the Texas teacher who was helping one of her kindergarten students put on his cowboy boots? He asked for help and she could see why. Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on. Finally, when the second boot was on, she had worked up a sweat.

She almost cried when the little boy said, "Teacher, they're on the wrong feet." She looked and sure enough, they were. It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the boots back on – this time on the right feet.

He then announced, "These aren't my boots." She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, "Why didn't you say so?" like she wanted to. And, once again she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet. No sooner they got the boots off and he said, "They're my brother's boots My Mom made me wear 'em."

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But, she mustered up the grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots on his feet again. Helping him into his coat, she asked, "Now, where are your mittens?" He said, "I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots."

Her trial starts next month.



Little Known Naval History



The U.S.S. Constitution (Old Ironsides) as a combat vessel carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for her crew of 475 officers and men. This was sufficient to last six months of sustained operations at sea. She carried no evaporators (fresh water distillers).

However, let it be noted that according to her log, "On July 27, 1798, the U.S.S. Constitution sailed from Boston with a full complement of 475 officers and men, 48,600 gallons of fresh

water, 7,400 cannon shot, 11,600 pounds of black powder and 79,400 gallons of rum."

Her mission: "To destroy and harass English shipping."

Making Jamaica on 6 October, she took on 826 pounds of flour and 68,300 gallons of rum.

Then she headed for the Azores, arriving there 12 November.! She provisioned with 550 pounds of beef and 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine.

On 18 November, she set sail for England.

In the ensuing days she defeated five British men-of-war and captured and scuttled 12 English merchantmen, salvaging only the rum aboard each.

By 26 January, her powder and shot were exhausted. Never-the less, and though unarmed, she made a night raid up the Firth of Clyde in Scotland. Her landing party captured a whiskey distillery and transferred 40,000 gallons of single malt Scotch aboard by dawn.

Then she headed home.

The U.S.S. Constitution arrived in Boston on 20 February 1799, with no cannon shot, no food, no powder, NO rum, NO wine, NO whiskey and 38,600 gallons of stagnant water.



GO NAVY!



Burt's Humor

From: Burt I. Weiner biwa@earthlink.net

Christmas tree...



Okay, Santa fans.... line up again

One particular Christmas a long time ago, Santa was getting ready for his annual trip....but there were problems everywhere. Four of his elves got sick, and the trainee elves did not produce the toys as fast as the regular ones, so Santa was beginning to feel the pressure of being behind schedule. Then, Mrs. Claus told him that her Mom was coming to visit. This stressed Santa even more.

Then when he went to harness the Reindeer, he found three of them were about to give birth and two had jumped the fence and were out, heaven knows where. More stress. Then when he began to load the sleigh one of the boards cracked and the toy bag fell to the ground, and scattered the toys. So, frustrated, Santa went back into the house for a cup of coffee and a shot of whiskey.

When he went to the cupboard, he discovered the elves had hid the liquor and there was nothing to drink. In his frustration, he accidentally dropped the coffee pot and it broke into hundreds of little pieces all over the kitchen floor. He went to get the broom and found that mice had eaten the straw it was made from.

Just then, the doorbell rang and Santa cursed his way to the door. He opened the door and there was a little angel with a great big Christmas Tree. The angel said, very cheerfully, "Merry Christmas Santa. Isn't it just a lovely day? I have a beautiful tree for you, Isn't it just a lovely tree? Where would you like me to stick it?"

Thus began the tradition of the little angel on top of the Christmas Tree



The big bounty

Two feeble old gentlemen in a Tel Aviv nursing home decide that they want to go out on the town for a while but don't have any way to finance their escape. One day Shlomo reads in the paper that a bounty is being offered for captured Arab arms and POWs.

Shlomo tells his buddy Moshe about the bounty and they decide to strike out for the Suez Canal to see if they can cash in on the bounty. The two alters spend the night camped out along the canal. Early the next morning, Shlomo is awakened by a gurgling noise. A big Egyptian submarine has surfaced in the canal and its crew is unlimbering the deck gun. Behind it are dozens of assault boats loaded with soldiers. A flight of Syrian MiGs buzzes the campsite and a long column of Arab tanks and motorized infantry approaches from the East, covered by helicopter gun ships.

Shlomo gasps and his eyes bulge from his head. He dashes back into the tent 1and violently shakes Moshe: "Wake up, wake up, how can you sleep at a time like this? We're rich! We're rich!"



ANNUAL NEOLOGISM CONTEST

Once again, The Washington Post has published the winning submissions to its yearly contest, in which readers are asked to supply alternate meanings for common words.

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And the winners are:

1. Coffee (n.), the person upon whom one coughs.
2. Flabbergasted (adj.), appalled over how much weight you have gained.
3. Abdicate (v.), to give up all hope of ever having a flat stomach.
4. Esplanade (v.), to attempt an explanation while drunk.
5. Willy-nilly (adj.), impotent.
6. Negligent (adj.), describes a condition in which you absentmindedly answer the door in your nightgown.
7. Lymph (v.), to walk with a lisp.
8. Gargoyle (n.), olive-flavored mouthwash.
9. Flatulence (n.) emergency vehicle that picks you up after you are run over by a steamroller.
10. Balderdash (n.), a rapidly receding hairline.
11. Testicle (n.), a humorous question on an exam.
12. Rectitude (n.), the formal, dignified bearing adopted by proctologists.
13. Pokemon (n), a Rastafarian proctologist.
14. Oyster (n.), a person who sprinkles his conversation with Yiddishisms.
15. Frisbeetarianism (n.), The belief that, when you die, your Soul flies up onto the roof and gets stuck there.



COWS, CONSTITUTION AND TEN COMMANDMENTS

COWS

Is it just me, or does anyone else find it amazing that our government can track a cow born in Canada almost three years ago, right to the stall where she sleeps in the state of Washington. And they tracked her calves to their stalls. But they are unable to locate 11 million illegal aliens wandering around our country. Maybe we should give them all a cow.

CONSTITUTION

They keep talking about drafting a Constitution for Iraq. Why don't we just give them ours? It was written by a lot of really smart guys, it's worked for over 200 years and we're not using it anymore.

TEN COMMANDMENTS

The real reason that we can't have the Ten Commandments in a Courthouse! You cannot post "Thou Shalt Not Steal," "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery" and "Thou Shall Not Lie" in a building full of lawyers, judges and politicians! It creates a hostile work environment!



You don't know Bubba???...

Bubba was bragging to his boss one day, "You know, I know everyone there is to know. Just name someone, anyone, and I know them."

Tired of his boasting, his boss called his bluff, "OK, Bubba how about Tom Cruise?"

"Sure, yes, Tom and I are old friends, and I can prove it."

So Bubba and his boss fly out to Hollywood and knock on Tom Cruise's door, and sure enough, Tom Cruise, shouts, "Bubba! Great to see you! You and your friend come right in and join me for lunch!" Although impressed, Bubba's boss is still skeptical. After they leave Cruise's house, he tells Bubba that he thinks Bubba's knowing Cruise was just lucky.

"No, no, just name anyone else," Bubba says. "President George Bush," his boss quickly retorts. "Yes," Bubba says, "I know him, let's fly out to Washington." And off they go. At the White House, Bush spots Bubba on the tour and motions him and his boss over, saying, "Bubba, what a surprise, I was just on my way to a meeting, but you and your friend come on in and let's have a cup of coffee first and catch up."

Well, the boss is very shaken by now, but still not totally convinced. After they leave the White House grounds, he expresses his doubts to Bubba, who again implores him to name anyone else.

"The Pope," his boss replies. "Sure!" says Bubba. "I've known the Pope a long time."

So off they fly to Rome. Bubba and his boss are assembled with the masses in St. Peter's Square when Bubba says, "This will never work. I can't catch the Pope's eye among all these people."

Tell you what, I know all the guards so let me just go upstairs and I'll come out on the balcony with the Pope."

And Bubba disappears into the crowd. Sure enough, half an hour later Bubba emerges with the Pope on the balcony. But, by the time Bubba returns, he finds that his boss has had a heart attack and is surrounded by paramedics. Working his way to his boss's side, Bubba asks him, "What happened?"

His boss looks up and says, "I was doing fine until you and the Pope came out on the balcony and the Japanese tourist next to me asked, 'Who's that on the balcony with Bubba?'"



The Drug Problem in America

The other day, someone at a store in our town read that a methamphetamine lab had been found in an old farm house in the adjoining county and he asked me a rhetorical question, "Why didn't we have a drug problem when you and I were growing up?" I replied: I had a drug problem when I was young:

I was drug to church on Sunday morning. I was drug to church for weddings and funerals. I was drug to family reunions and community socials no matter the weather.

I was drug by my ears when I was disrespectful to adults. I was also drug to the woodshed when I disobeyed my parents, told a lie, brought home a bad report card, did not speak with respect, spoke ill of the teacher or the preacher. Or, if I didn't put forth my best effort in everything that was asked of me.

I was drug to the kitchen sink to have my mouth washed out with soap if I uttered a profane four letter word.

I was drug out to pull weeds in mom's garden and flower beds and cockleburs out of dad's fields.

I was drug to the homes of family, friends, and neighbors to help out some poor soul who had no one to mow the yard, repair the clothesline, or chop some fire wood, and if my mother had ever known that I took a single dime as a tip for this kindness, she would have drug me back to the wood shed.

Those drugs are still in my veins; and they affect my behavior in everything I do, say, and think. They are stronger than cocaine, crack, or heroin, and if today's children had this kind of drug problem, America would be a better place.



Far out Farrar

From: "Floyd Farrar" farrfl@comcast.net



CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR THE PSYCHIATRICALY CHALLENGED

- Schizophrenia: Do You Hear What I Hear?
- Multiple Personality Disorder: We Three Kings Disoriented Are
- Dementia: I Think I'll Be Home For Christmas
- Narcissistic: Hark The Herald Angels Sing About Me

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- Manic: Deck the Halls and Walls and Houses and Lawns and Streets and Stores and Offices and Towns and Cars and Busses and Trucks and Trees and Fire Hydrants and...
- Paranoid: Santa Claus is Coming to Get Me
- Borderline Personality Disorder: Thoughts of Roasting on an Open Fire
- Personality Disorder: You Better Watch Out, I'm Going to Cry, I'm Going to Pout, Maybe I'll Tell You Why
- Obsessive Compulsive Disorder: Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells...



Canadian jokes...

An American, a Scot and a Canuck were in a terrible car accident. They were all brought to the same emergency room, but all three of them died before they arrived. Just as they were about to put the toe tag on the American, he stirred and opened his eyes. Astonished, the doctors and nurses present asked him what happened.

"Well," said the American, "I remember the crash, and then there was a beautiful light, and then the Canadian and the Scot and I were standing at the gates of heaven. St. Peter approached us and said that we were all too young to die, and that for a donation of \$100, we could return to the earth."

He continued, " So of course, I pulled out my wallet and gave him the \$100, and the next thing I knew I was back here."

"That's amazing!" said one of the doctors, "But what happened to the other two?"

"Last I saw them," replied the American, "the Scot was haggling over the price and the Canadian was waiting for the government to pay for his."

An American and his wife were on a lovely drive in Canada when they got lost. After hours of driving around, they finally pulled into a city. Noticing a man walking down the sidewalk, the husband pulled over and told his wife to ask where they were. "Excuse me, sir, but where are we?" the wife asked.

The man on the street replied, "Saskatoon, Saskatchewan."

The wife rolled up her window and turned to her husband. "We really are lost," she said. "They don't even speak English here!"

Two guys go ice fishing. They get their small axes out of their backpacks and begin furiously striking at the ice. A few minutes later they hear a deep voice from above: "There's no fish under that ice."

The two guys are surprised; they look around and when they see no one nearby, they continue their work with the ax. A few minutes later they again hear the deep voice from above: "There's no fish under the ice!"

Now the two are bewildered because when they look around, there's no one in sight.

So they resume axing the ice at an even more furious pace. And once again they hear the deep voice from above: "There's no fish under the ice!"

Now totally frustrated and scared, one of the guys shouts back: "Who is there? Who is talking to us...?"

And the deep voice from above said: "This is the Arena Manager speaking.....!"

Ottawa's leading newspaper once had a contest for readers to complete the sentence, "As Canadian as_____".

And the winning entry was, "As Canadian as possible under the circumstances."

Definition of a Canadian: An unarmed American with health care....

A Quebecer, staying in a hotel in Edmonton phoned room service for some pepper.

"Black pepper, or white pepper?" asked the concierge.

"Toilette pepper!"



Dear Abby,

My husband is not happy with my mood swings. The other day, he bought me a mood ring so he would be able to monitor my moods. When I'm in a good mood it turns green. When I'm in a bad mood it leaves a big huge red mark on his forehead!

Maybe next time the asshole will buy me a diamond.

Sincerely, Bitchy in Boston



Medical news release

Dr. Calvin Rickson, a scientist from Texas A&M University has invented a bra that keeps women's breasts from jiggling and prevents the nipples from pushing through the fabric when cold weather sets in.

At a news conference announcing the invention, a large group of men took Dr. Rickson outside and kicked the s...t out of him.



Save Boy Scouts

From: Senator Bill Frist via Floyd

On Saturday I introduced a bill S. 3026 (³Save Our Scouts²) that I ask you to spread the word about. It reflects good ole commonsense. Last week the Pentagon directed American military bases worldwide to forego officially sponsoring the Boy Scouts of America (BSA). This was in part a response to a lawsuit filed by the ACLU, which accuses the U.S. government of improperly supporting the BSA because ³God² is mentioned in the oath.

This is merely the first salvo by the ACLU to end all federal support for the Boy Scouts of America. In their view, where there is government there cannot be faith.

I was a Boy Scout. Harrison, Jonathon, and Bryan were Scouts. The BSA is congressionally chartered. It serves a patriotic, charitable, and educational purpose, and the federal government's support to the Boy Scouts is embodied in law. The Save Our Scouts bill reaffirms our longstanding commitment to the tradition of scouting by stating that no federal law, rule, regulation, or order shall limit any Federal agency from providing support to the Boy Scouts of America (or the Girl Scouts of America) -- including meetings, jamborees, camporees, or other scouting activities on federal property.

I encourage each and every one of you that believes in Scouting or takes offense at the actions of the ACLU, to write your Senator or Representative urging them to support S. 3026, the Frist ³Save Our Scouts² bill.

I leave you with the wise words of George Washington in the first Thanksgiving Proclamation, October 3, 1789: "Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the Providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor, and whereas both Houses of Congress have by their joint committee requested me to commend to the people of United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity

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peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness, now therefore I do recommend and assign Thursday the 26th day of November next, to be devoted by the People of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being, Who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or will be."

Karyn and I and our three boys wish you and your family joyful Holidays.

Bill Frist .



THE LOST CHAPTER OF GENESIS:

Adam was hanging around the Garden of Eden feeling very lonely. So, God asked him, "What's wrong with you?" Adam said he didn't have anyone to talk to.

God said that He was going to make Adam a companion and that it would be a woman.

He said, "This pretty lady will gather food for you, she will cook for you, and when you discover clothing, she will wash it for you. She will always agree with every decision you make and she will not nag you, and will always be the first to admit she was wrong when you've had a disagreement. She will praise you! She will bear your children and never ask you to get up in the middle of the night to take care of them. "She will NEVER have a headache and will freely give you love and passion whenever you need it."

Adam asked God, "What will a woman like this cost?"

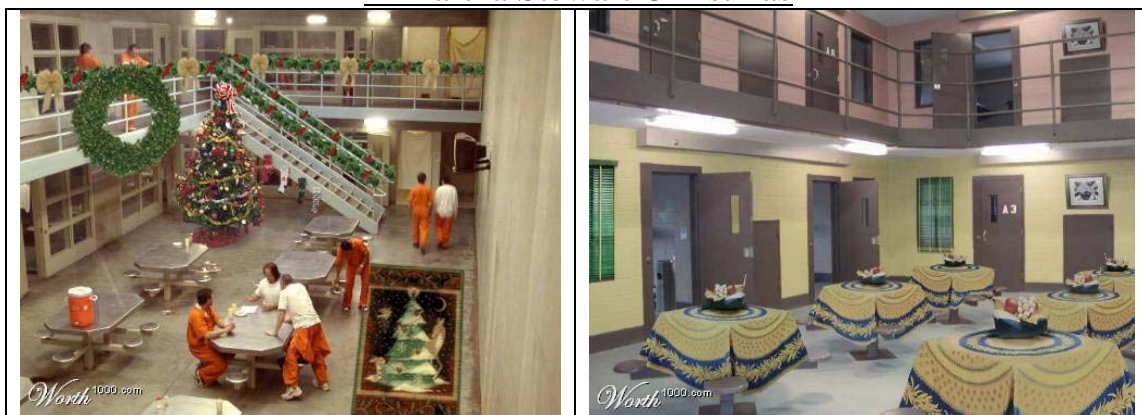
God replied, "An arm and a leg."

Then Adam asked, "What can I get for a rib?"

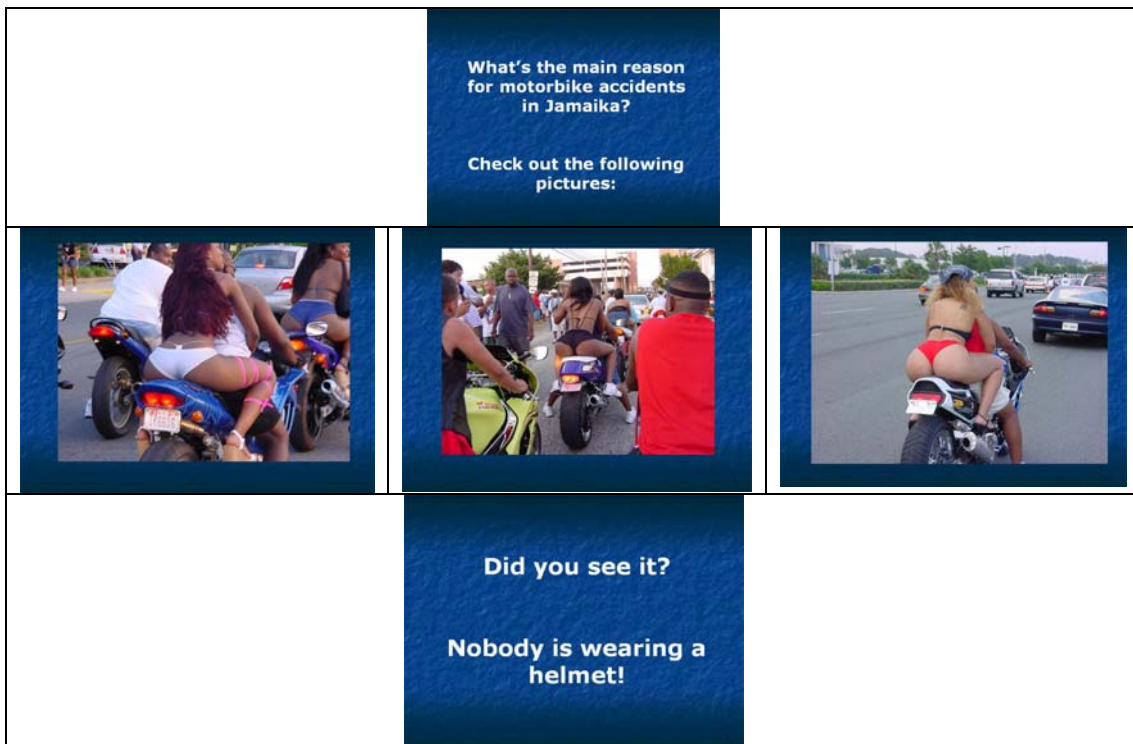
Of course the rest is history.



A Martha Stewart Christmas







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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