

Dear Mom and Dad,

We are having a great time.. Scoutmaster Webb is making us all write to our parents in case you saw the flood on TV and worried. We are OK.

Only one of our tents and two sleeping bags got washed away, with most of our food. Luckily, none of us got drowned because we were all up on the mountain looking for Chad when it happened. Oh yes, please call Chad's mother and tell her he is OK. He can't write because of the cast. I got to ride in one of the search and rescue jeeps. It was neat. We never would have found him in the dark if it hadn't been for the lightning.

Scoutmaster Webb got mad and yelled at Chad for going on the hike alone without telling anyone. Chad said he did tell him, but it was during the fire so he probably didn't hear him. Did you know that if you put gas on a fire, the gas can will blow up? The wet wood still didn't burn, but another one of our tents did. Also some of our clothes. And John is going to look kind of weird until his eyebrows grow back.

We will be home on Saturday, or maybe sooner, if Scoutmaster Webb gets the car fixed. It wasn't his fault about the wreck. The brakes worked OK when we left. Scoutmaster Webb said that with a car that old you have to expect something to break down; that's probably why he can't get insurance on it

We think it's a neat car. He doesn't care if we get it dirty, and when it got hot he let us ride on the bumper. The air conditioner didn't work, and it got pretty hot with 10 of us in the car. We were getting pretty thirsty and there weren't any sodas in the ice chest, so we asked Scoutmaster Webb for a drink of his beer, but he said we weren't old enough yet. He let us take turns riding in the trailer until the highway patrolman stopped us and talked to him.

Scoutmaster Webb is a neat guy. Don't worry, he is a good driver. In fact, he taught Terry how to drive, but he only let him drive on the mountain roads where there isn't any traffic. All we ever see up there are logging trucks. It's pretty exciting when we pass one.

This morning all of the guys were diving off the rocks and swimming out in the lake. Scoutmaster Webb wouldn't let me because I can't swim and Chad was afraid he would sink because of this cast, but he let us take the canoe across the lake. It was great. You can still see the tops of trees sticking out of the water from the flood. Scoutmaster Webb isn't crabby like some scoutmasters. He didn't ever get mad about us not wearing the life jackets. He has to spend a lot of time working on the car so we are trying not to cause him any trouble.

Guess what? We have all earned our first aid merit badges. And when Dave dove in the lake and hit the rock, we got to see how a tourniquet works. Also Wade and I threw up. Scoutmaster Webb said it probably was just food poisoning from the leftover chicken.

I have to go now. We are going to hike into town to mail our letters and buy bullets. Don't worry about anything. We are fine. Love, Cole

PS How long has it been since I had a tetanus shot?

From Bill Lyle of 1st Presbyterian Church PCA in Montgomery, AL

John had been in a coma for days, with no hope for coming out. His son was at his side while his wife was making apple strudel in the kitchen, to take her mind off his illness. John woke up and told his son he had a dream that his wife was making his favorite home made apple strudel. His son told him that she was making apple strudel in the kitchen. The son went to the kitchen and told his mother that his father had woken up and wanted some of the apple strudel. She replied that the apple strudel was for the funeral and he could not have any.

****THINGS THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN ON STAR TREK****

- The ensigns survive a visit to the planet's surface.
- A power surge on the bridge is diagnosed as a faulty capacitor by the competent engineering staff.
- A power surge on the bridge fails to shock the user of a computer panel, due to a sophisticated, 24th century surge-protection feature called a "fuse."

- The crew of the Enterprise is struck by an alien plague, and the cure is found in the well-stocked sick bay.
- Kirk utters a full sentence without pauses.
- Picard walks up to the replicator and says, "Coke, on ice."
- Scotty doesn't mention the laws of physics.
- The episode ends without Bones & Kirk laughing at Spock's inability to understand the joke; and Spock doesn't raise his eyebrow.

Fire what to do

During a recent ecumenical gathering, a secretary rushed in shouting, "The building is on fire!"

The Methodists gathered in the corner and prayed.

The Baptists cried, "Where is the water?"

The Quakers quietly praised God for the blessings that fire brings.

The Lutherans posted a notice on the door declaring the fire was evil.

The Roman Catholics passed the plate to cover the damage.

The Jews posted symbols on the doors hoping the fire would pass.

The Congregationalists shouted, "Every man for himself!"

The Fundamentalists proclaimed, "It's the vengeance of God!"

The Christian Scientists Concluded that there was no fire.

The Presbyterians appointed a chairperson who was to appoint a committee to look into the matter and submit a written report.

The secretary grabbed the fire extinguisher and put the fire out.

Famous dog Quotes

"Some days you're the dog; some days you're the hydrant." ----- Unknown

"Whoever said you can't buy happiness forgot about puppies." ----- Gene Hill

"In dog years, I'm dead." ----- Unknown

"Dogs feel very strongly that they should always go with you in the car, in case the need should arise for them to bark violently at nothing in your ear." ----- D. Barry

"Outside of a dog, a book is probably man's best friend; inside of a dog, it's too dark to read." ----- Groucho Marx

"To his dog, every man is Napoleon; hence the constant popularity of dogs." ----- A. Huxley

"A dog teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance, and to turn around three times before lying down." ----- Robert Benchly

"Did you ever walk into a room and forget why you walked in? I think that's how dogs spend their lives." ----- Sue Murphy

"I loathe people who keep dogs. They are cowards who haven't got the guts to bite people themselves." ----- August Strindberg

"No animal should jump on the dining room furniture unless absolutely certain that he can hold his own in the conversation." ----- Fran Lebowitz

?Ever consider of what they must think of us? I mean, here we come back from the grocery store with most amazing haul ?chicken, pork and a half a cow. They must think we're greatest hunters on earth!?
----- Anne Tyler

"I wonder if other dogs think poodles are members of a weird religious cult.? ----- R. Rudner

?My dog is worried about the economy because Alpo is up to 99 cents a can. That's almost \$7.00 in dog money.? ----- Joe Wienstein

?If I have any beliefs about immortality, it is that certain dogs I have known will go to heaven, and very, very few persons.? ----- James Thumber

?You enter a certain amount of madness when you marry a person with pets.? ----- N. Ephron

?Don't except your dogs admiration as conclusive evidence that you are wonderful.? ----- Ann Landers

?Women and cats do as they please, and men and dogs should relax and get used to the idea." -----
Robert A. Heinlein

?In order to keep a true perspective of one's importance, everyone should have a dog that will worship him and a cat to ignore him.? ----- Dereke Bruce, Taipei, Taiwan

?Of all the things I miss from veterinary practice, puppy breath is one of the most fond memories!?!? ----
- Dr. Tom Cat

?There is no psychiatrist in the world like a puppy licking your face? ----- Ben Williams

?When a mans best friend is his dog, that dog has a problem.? ----- Ed Abbey

?Cat?s motto: No matter what you have done wrong, always try to make it look like the dog did it.? ---
-- Unknown

?Money will buy a pretty good dog, but it won?t buy you the wag of his tail.?:

?No one appreciates the very special genius of your conversation as the dog does.? ----- Christopher
Morley

?A dog is the only thing on earth that loves you more than himself.? ----- Josh Billings

?Man is a dog?s idea of what God should be.? ----- Holbrook Jackson

?The average dog is a nicer person that the average person.? ----- Andrew Rooney

?He is your friend, your partner. your defender, your dog. You are his life, his love, his leader. He will be yours, faithful and true, to the last beat of his heart. You owe it to him to be worthy of such devotion.? ----- Unknown

?If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you; That is the principal difference between a dog and man.? ----- Mark Twain

?Things that upset a terrier may pass virtually unnoticed by a Great Dane.? ----- Smily Blanton

?I've seen a look in dogs' eyes, a quickly vanishing look of amazed contempt, and I am convinced that basically dogs think humans are nuts.? ----- John Steinbeck

Subject: Who is Jack Schitt?

The lineage is revealed. Many people are at a loss for a response when someone says, "You don't know Jack Schitt." Now you can handle the situation.

Jack is the only son of Awe Schitt and O. Schitt. Awe Schitt, the fertilizer magnate, married O. Schitt, the owner of Kneedeep N. Schitt Inc. In turn, Jack Schitt married Noe Schitt, and the deeply religious couple produced 6 children: Holie Schitt, Fulla Schitt, Giva Schitt, Bull Schitt and the twins: Deap Schitt and Dip Schitt.

Against her parents' objections, Deep Schitt married Dumb Schitt, a high school drop out. After being married 15 years, Jack and Noe Schitt divorced.

Noe Schitt later married Mr. Sherlock. and because her kids were living with them, she wanted to keep her previous name. She was then known as Noe Schitt-Sherlock.

Dip Schitt married Loada Schitt and they produced a nervous son, Chicken Schitt. Fulla Schitt and Giva Schitt were inseparable throughout childhood and subsequently married the Happens brothers in a dual ceremony. The wedding announcement in the newspaper announced the Schitt-Happens weddings. The Schitt-Happens children were Dawg, Byrd, and Hoarse. Bull Schitt the prodigal son, left home to tour the world. He recently returned from Italy with his new bride, Pisa Schitt.

So now when someone says, "You don't know jack schitt" you can correct them.

Two of the most recognizable equations to most students are $C^2 = A^2 + B^2$ and $E = mc^2$. Most students know the integer solutions 3, 4, 5 and 5, 12, 13 form a right triangle. How do you use the other equation? To prevent confusion I am using large M for mass in kilogram and small m for meter.

$$E = M * c^2$$

M = mass in kilogram = set equal to 1 Kg

m = meters

s = seconds

c = speed of light rounded off to. = 300,000,000 m / s

N = Newton = Kg * m / s²

Joule = N * m = Newton meter = Kg * m² / s²

Watt = Joule / s ?watts are measured in reference to time

meter reading = watt hour = Joule hour / s = Joule * 3600 s / s = 3600 * Joule

4.184 * 10⁹ Joules = 1 explosive ton of TNT

$$E = M * c^2 = 1 * (3 * 10^8)^2 = 9 * 10^{16} \text{ Kg m}^2 / \text{s}^2 = 9 * 10^{16} \text{ Joules}$$

21,500,000 tons of TNT or 21,500 mega tons of TNT or 1,000 Hiroshimas

Average home, excluding industry, uses 500 KW hour, $1.8 * 10^9$ Joules, per month and there are about 100,000,000 house hold in the US this is $1.8 * 10^{17}$ watts. per month or $2.16 * 10^{18}$ watts per year at this rate it would take 24 Kg of matter per year. In 1996 the US used $6.75 * 10^{14}$ watts hours, $2.43 * 10^{18}$ Joules of electricity generated by nuclear energy, which was only 21% of the total electricity generated by all forms.

Creating Policy

Start with a cage containing five apes. In the cage, hang a banana on a string and put stairs under it. Before long, an ape will go to the stairs and start to climb towards the banana. As soon as he touches the stairs, spray all of the apes with cold water. After a while, another ape makes an attempt with the same result - all the apes are sprayed with cold water. This continues through several more attempts. Pretty soon, when another ape tries to climb the stairs, the other apes all try to prevent it. Now, turn off the cold water. Remove one ape from the cage and replace it with a new one. The new ape sees the banana and wants to climb the stairs. To his horror, all of the other apes attack him. After another attempt and attack, he knows that if he tries to climb the stairs, he will be assaulted. Next, remove another of the original five apes and replace it with a new one. The newcomer goes to the stairs and is attacked. The previous newcomer takes part in the punishment with enthusiasm. Again, replace a third original ape with a new one. The new one makes it to the stairs and is attacked as well. Two of the four apes that beat him have no idea why they were not permitted to climb the stairs, or why they are participating in the beating of the newest ape. After replacing the fourth and fifth original apes, all the apes, which have been sprayed with cold water, have been replaced. Nevertheless, no ape ever again approaches the stairs. Why not? Because that's the way they've always done it and that's the way it's always been around here. And that's how policy begins....

Subject : Vanilla & chocolate ice cream

As a member of the Customer Focus Team our charter is to assist you in dealing with our customers. With that in mind I'd like to tell you a short story:

A man takes his car into the dealer for service. The "service adviser"(SA) meets him and asks what the problem is. The man says, "every time I go to the store to buy vanilla or chocolate ice cream my car won't start when I get back into it." The SA says, "What???" The man goes on to say, "If I buy strawberry, rocky road, San Francisco mint, or any other flavor my car starts with no problem. But when I buy vanilla or chocolate it won't start." The SA looks at the man like he's crazy. Never the less the man insists that the dealer fix his car. The SA takes the car into the service bay and has a mechanic look at it. Nothing can be found wrong and the SA gives the car back to the man. A few days later the man returns with the same story. "My car won't start if I buy vanilla or chocolate ice cream." The dealer again looks at the car. Nothing can be found wrong. The man returns a few days later with the same story, "If I buy vanilla or chocolate ice cream my car won't start. If I buy any other flavor it starts fine. I want it fixed and I won't accept any excuses. I've been here three times now and you haven't fixed my car!"

The SA still thinks this guy is a nut, but thinks that something may indeed be wrong with the car. So, he asks the man to come back after work and pick him up so he can go to the store with the man to buy

ice cream. The man returns, picks up the SA and they go to the store. The man buys strawberry ice cream. He returns and the car starts fine. The next day the man picks up the SA after work and they go to the store. The man buys vanilla ice cream and when he gets into the car it won't start. The SA can't believe it. Why doesn't the car start just because the man bought vanilla ice cream? The next day the man picks up the SA, they go to the store and the man buys chocolate ice cream. The car won't start. The next day the man buys rocky road and the car starts. The SA is now a believer. When the man buys vanilla or chocolate the car won't start. BUT WHY? Ice cream has nothing to do with the car! What difference does it make?

The next day the SA goes into the store with the man. He notices that the vanilla and chocolate ice cream are kept in a different freezer than all the other flavors. What could this have to do with the problem with the mans car? It makes all the difference in the world!

Vanilla and chocolate ice cream are the most popular flavors at this store, so the owner installed a special freezer at the front of the store so his customers could just walk in the door, grab a box, pay for it and leave. The other freezer was in the back of the store and all the other flavors were all mixed up and the customers had to look for what they wanted. It took much longer for them find what they wanted, pay for it, and leave.

This is the clue the SA was looking for. The man was only in the store for a very short time whenever he bought vanilla or chocolate ice cream, and a much longer time for any other flavor. When the mans car sat for a short period of time it wouldn't start. If it was idle for a longer period of time it would start fine. The problem was determined to be vapor lock in the fuel system. With this knowledge the SA was able to have his mechanics fix the problem.

www.darwinawards.com

Some people have more problems with there car!!!!

"Darwin Award" Nominee: You all know about the Darwin Awards -- it's an annual honor given to the person who did the gene pool the biggest service by killing themselves in the most extraordinarily stupid way.

Last year's winner was the fellow who was killed by a Coke (tm) machine, which toppled over on top of him as he was attempting to tip a free soda out of it.

And now there are warnings on Coke machines; you've seen 'em?

This year's award winner:

The Arizona (U.S.) Highway Patrol came upon a pile of smoldering metal imbedded into the side of a cliff rising above the road, at the apex of a curve.

The wreckage resembled the site of an airplane crash, but it was a car. The type of car was unidentifiable at the scene.

The boys in the lab finally figured out what it was, and what had happened.

It seems that a guy had somehow got hold of a JATO unit, (Jet Assisted Take Off, actually a solid-fuel rocket) that is used to give heavy military transport planes an extra 'push' for taking off from short

airfields. He had driven his Chevy Impala out into the desert, and found a long, straight stretch of road. Then he attached the JATO unit to his car, jumped in, got up some speed, and fired off the JATO!!

Best as they could determine, he was doing somewhere between 250 and 300 mph (350-420 kph) when he came to that curve....

The brakes were completely burned away, apparently from trying to slow the car.

NOTE: Solid-fuel rockets don't have an 'off'... once started, they burn at full thrust 'till the fuel is all gone.

Subject : Civic Duty ---

Gentlemen and Ladies,

As all of you may know, via the evening news last night, Colorado was being hit with a winter snow storm. Most of you probably remarked to yourselves or others around you "so what", or "sure glad it's in Colorado and not where I live". I'm sure you also realize that the rise and fall of barometric pressure can have strange affects on some animals and some people. Well this last storm was not without it's strange affects.

I'm one of a group of technicians that service the greater part of the Denver Metro area. I had just completed a rather lengthy repair of an "800" microfiche reader/printer and was headed for a lunch break when I just happened to pass a somewhat middle aged man running through the snow carrying a gasoline container. (You are no doubt saying to yourself "SOOO WHAT!!!". I had the same thought until it dawned on me that this guy was STARK NAKED... except of a ski stocking cap which he had on his head.

I immediately took the next side street to come back and make sure what I thought I saw was what I really saw. Sure enough he was as naked as a new born baby and running along a main thoroughfare carrying a gasoline container which appeared to be empty. Well according to our fleet manual we're not allowed to pick up riders, so I grabbed my cellular phone and dialed 911. Needless to say, when I explained the situation to the lady who responded to my call for help, it caused a rather loud outburst of laughter which only got more intense when I was asked to describe the person and I responded with "how much detail do you want?" I was finally able to give a location and heading of the guy and hung up. However I had to recall 911 when the guy decided to change direction. That call taker also lost all control when I again had to explain the reason for my call.

By this time traffic was beginning to get a bit snarled with the Rubber-necks etc., and just when I thought I could break off my civic responsibility and go for lunch, he changed direction again. Well he had gotten this far without being stopped by police and I felt I could stand another call to 911. You guessed it, another call taker who couldn't control her laughter when I explained the reason for the call and gave her the present location of the runner and his heading. Just as I was hanging up the first patrol car came on the scene and took the runner into custody. As I watched the officers it was obvious the man didn't have to be searched but there seemed to be a rather humorous dilemma for the officers, do they cuff him with his hands in back of him, leaving him helplessly exposed, or do they cuff him with his hands in front, which is not according to the book but at least a bit more dignified? I felt that problem could be handled by the congregation of Denver's finest, which grew to 4 patrol cars and 6 officers, so I left.

My only problem, that has me scratching my head and searching my Service Reporting Guide, HOW DO I CODE THE TIME SPENT DOING MY CIVIC DUTY???

Regards,

Bob vonSpiegel, Denver

I hope no one takes this in any way except to bring a smile....

Jesus and satan were having an ongoing argument about who was better on his computer. They had been going at it for days, and God was tired of hearing all of the bickering.

Finally God said, "Cool it. I am going to set up a test that will run two hours and I will judge who does the better job."

So down satan and Jesus sat at the keyboards and typed away.

They moused.

They did spreadsheets.

They wrote reports.

They sent faxes.

They sent e-mail.

They sent out e-mail with attachments.

They downloaded.

They did some genealogy reports.

They made cards.

They did every known job.

But ten minutes before their time was up, lightning suddenly flashed across the sky, thunder rolled, the rain poured and, of course, the electricity went off.

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

The electricity finally flickered 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.

Satan observed this and became irate. "Wait! He cheated, how did he do it?"

God shrugged and said, "Jesus saves"

Thanks to Cynthia Moore for today's "Smiley"

A man is driving along a highway and sees a rabbit jump out across the middle of the road. He swerves to avoid hitting it, but unfortunately the rabbit jumps right in front of the car. The driver, a sensitive man as well as an animal lover, pulls over and gets out to see what has become of the rabbit. Much to his dismay, the rabbit is dead. The driver feels so awful that he begins to cry. A beautiful blonde woman driving down the highway sees a man crying on the side of a road and pulls over. She steps out of the car and asks man what's wrong. "I feel terrible," he explains, "I accidentally hit this rabbit and killed it," The blonde says, "don't worry." She runs to her car and pulls out a spray can. She walks over to the limp, dead rabbit, bends down, and sprays the contents onto the rabbit. The rabbit jumps up, waves its paw at the two of them and hops off down the road. Ten feet away the rabbit stops, turns around and waves again, he hops down the road another 10 feet, turns and waves, hops another ten feet, turns and waves, and repeats this again and again and again, until he hops out of sight. The man is astonished. He runs over to the woman and demands, "What in the world is in that can? What did you spray on that rabbit?" The woman turns the can around so that the man can read the label. It says: (Are you ready for this?) (Are you sure?) (This is bad!) (You know you could just click off and not read the punch line) (You know you're gonna be sorry) (Last chance)

(OK, here it is) It says, "Hair Spray - Restores life to dead hair, adds permanent wave

May your hair, your teeth, your face-lift, your abs and your stocks not fall; and May your blood pressure, your triglycerides, your cholesterol, your white blood count and your mortgage interest not rise.

May you get a clean bill of health from your dentist, your cardiologist, your gastro-endocrinologist, your urologist, your proctologist, your podiatrist, your psychiatrist, your plumber and the IRS.

Safety information for any one who uses a microwave oven to heat water:

My 26-year old son decided to have a cup of instant coffee. He took a cup of water and put it in the microwave to heat it up (something that he had done numerous times before). I am not sure how long he set the timer for but he told me he wanted to bring the water to a boil.

When the timer shut the oven off, he removed the cup from the oven. As he looked into the cup he noted that the water was not boiling but instantly the water in the cup "blew up" into his face. The cup remained intact until he threw it out of his hand but all the water had flown out into his face due to the build-up of energy.

His whole face is blistered and he has 1st and 2nd degree burns to his face which may leave scarring. He also may have lost partial sight in his left eye.

While at the hospital, the doctor who was attending to him stated that this a fairly common occurrence and water (alone) should never be heated in a microwave oven. If water is heated in this manner, something should be placed in the cup to diffuse the energy such as a wooden stir stick, tea bag, etc. It is however a much safer choice to boil the water in a tea kettle.

Here is what our local science teacher had to say on the matter:

"Thanks for the microwave warning. I have seen this happen before. It is caused by a phenomenon known as super heating. It can occur anytime water is heated and will particularly occur if the vessel that the water is heated in is new, or when heating a small amount of water (less than half a cup).

What happens is that the water heats faster than the vapor bubbles can form. If the cup is very new then it is unlikely to have small surface scratches inside it that provide a place for the bubbles to form. As the bubbles cannot form and release some of the heat that has built up, the liquid does not boil, and the liquid continues to heat up well past its boiling point.

What then usually happens is that the liquid is bumped or jarred, which is just enough of a shock to cause the bubbles to rapidly form and expel the hot liquid. The rapid formation of bubbles is also why a carbonated beverage spews when opened after having been shaken."

Christmas is just around the corner. Here are some handy tips:

Rules For Buying Gifts For Men

Rule 1 When in doubt - buy him a cordless drill. It does not matter if he already has one. I have a friend who owns 17 and he has yet to complain. As a man, you can never have too many cordless drills. No one knows why.

Rule 2 If you cannot afford a cordless drill, buy him anything with the word ratchet or socket in it. Men love saying these words: "Hey George, can I borrow your ratchet?" "OK. By-the-way, are you through with my 3/8" socket yet?" Again, no one knows why.

Rule 3 If you are really, really broke, buy him anything for his car, a 99-cent ice scraper, a small bottle of de-icer or something to hang from his rear view mirror. Men love gifts for their cars. No one knows why.

Rule 4 Do not buy men socks. Do not buy men ties. And never buy men bathrobes. Once I was told that if God had wanted men to wear bathrobes, he wouldn't have invented Jockey shorts.

Rule 5 You can buy men new remote controls to replace the ones they have worn out. If you have a lot of money buy your man a big-screen TV with the little picture in the corner. Watch him go wild as he flips, and flips, and flips....

Rule 6 Do not buy a man any of those fancy liqueurs. If you do, it will sit in a cupboard for 23 years. Real men drink whiskey or beer.

Rule 7 Do not buy any man industrial-sized canisters of after-shave or deodorant. I'm told they do not stink - they are earthy.

Rule 8 Buy men label makers. Almost as good as cordless drills. Within a couple of weeks there will be labels absolutely everywhere. "Socks. Shorts. Cups. Saucers. Door. Lock. Sink." You get the idea. No one knows

Rule 9 Never buy a man anything that says "some assembly required" on the box. It will ruin his Special Day and he will always have parts left

Rule 10 Good places to shop for men include Northwest Iron Works, Menards, Home Depot, Knox Lumber, John Deere, Valley RV Center, and Fred's Tire. (NAPA Auto Parts and Sear's Tool Departments are also excellent men's stores. It doesn't matter if he doesn't know what it is. "From NAPA Auto, eh? Must something I need. Hey! Isn't this a starter for a '68 Ford Fairlane? Wow! Thanks!")

Rule 11 Men enjoy danger. That's why they never cook - but they will barbecue. Get him a monster barbecue with a 100-pound propane tank. Tell him the gas line leaks. "Oh the thrill! The challenge! Who wants a hamburger?"

Rule 12 Tickets to a Seahawks game are a smart gift. However, he will not appreciate tickets to "A Retrospective of 19th Century Quilts." Everyone knows why.

Rule 13 Men love chainsaws. Never, ever, buy a man you love a chainsaw. If you don't know why - please refer to Rule #8 and what happens when he gets a label maker.

Rule 14 It's hard to beat a really good wheelbarrow or an aluminum extension ladder. Never buy a real man a stepladder. It must be an extension ladder. No one knows why.

Rule 15 Rope. Men love rope. It takes us back to our cowboy origins, or at least the Boy Scouts. Nothing says love like a hundred feet of 3/8" manila rope. No one knows why.

TERMS TO ADD TO YOUR VOCABULARY IN THE EARLY 2000s OFFICE

BLAMESTORMING- Sitting around in a group discussing why a deadline was missed or a project failed-and who is responsible.

SEAGULL MANAGER - A manager who flies in, makes a lot of noise, craps over everything and then leaves.

SALMON DAY - The experience of spending an entire day swimming upstream, only to get screwed and die in the end.

CLM - Career Limiting Move - Used among microsers to describe ill-advised activity. Trashing your boss while he or she is within earshot is a huge CLM.

OHNO-SECOND - That minuscule fraction of time in which you realize that you've just made a BIG mistake.

PERCUSSIVE MAINTENANCE - The fine art of whacking the crap out of an electronic device to get it to work again.

UMFRIEND - A sexual relation of dubious standing or a concealed intimate relationship, as in "This is Bridget, my ... um, friend."

BODY NAZIS: Hard-core exercise and weightlifting fanatics who look down on anyone who doesn't work out obsessively.

CUBE FARM: An office filled with cubicles.

IDEA HAMSTERS: People who always seem to have their idea generators running.

MOUSE POTATO: The on-line, wired generation's answer to the Couch Potato.

PRAIRIE DOGGING: When someone yells or drops something loudly in a cube farm, and people's heads pop up over the walls to see what's going on.

SITCOMS: What yuppies turn into when they have children and one of them stops working to stay home with the kids. Stands for: Single Income, Two Children, Oppressive Mortgage.

STARTER MARRIAGE: A short-lived first marriage that ends in divorce with no kids, no property and no regrets.

STRESS PUPPY: A person who seems to thrive on being stressed out and whiny.

SWIPED OUT: An ATM or credit card that has been rendered useless because the magnetic strip is worn away from extensive use.

TOURISTS: People who take training classes just to get a vacation from their jobs. Example: "We had three serious students in the class; the rest were just tourists."

GOING POSTAL: Euphemism for being totally stressed out, for losing it. Makes reference to the unfortunate track record of postal employees who have snapped and gone on shooting rampages.

CHIPS AND SALSA - Chips = hardware, salsa = software. i.e.: "Well, first we gotta figure out if the problem's in your chips or your salsa."

G.O.O.D. Job - A "Get-Out-Of-Debt" job. A well-paying job people take in order to pay off their debts, one that they will quit as soon as they are solvent again.

IRRITAINMENT - Entertainment and media spectacles that are annoying but you find yourself unable to stop watching them. The O.J. trials, Ally McBeal, Monica Lewinsky, etc.

DE-INSTALLED - Euphemism for being fired. Heard on the voicemail of a Vice President at a downsizing computer firm: "You have reached the number of a de-installed vice president. Please dial our main number and ask the operator for assistance."

VULCAN NERVE PINCH - The taxing hand position required to reach all the appropriate keys for certain commands. For instance, the warm re-boot for a Mac II computer involves simultaneously pressing the Control key, the Command key, the Return key and the Power On key. Sometimes referred to as the **THREE-FINGERED SALUTE**.

YUPPIE FOOD STAMPS - The ubiquitous \$20 bills spewed out of ATMs everywhere. Often used when trying to split the bill after a meal: "We owe \$8 each, but all anybody's got are yuppie food stamps."

ASSMOSIS - The process by which some people seem to absorb success and advancement by kissing up.

RETIREMENT IN A TRAILER PARK THRU THE EYES OF A CHILD

This is just toooo cute!

After a spring break, a teacher asked her young pupils how they spent the holidays. One child wrote the following:

We always used to spend the holidays with Grandma and Grandpa. They used to live here in a big brick house, but Grandpa got retarded and they moved to Arizona. Now they live in a place with a lot

of other retarded people. They live in a tin box and have rocks painted green to look like grass. They ride around on big tricycles and wear name tags because they don't know who they are anymore.

They go to a building called a wrecked center, but they must have got it fixed, because it is all right now. They play games and do exercises there, but they don't do them very well. There is a swimming pool too, but they all jump up and down in it with their hats on. I guess they don't know how to swim.

At their gate, there is a doll house with a little old man sitting in it. He watches all day so nobody can escape. Sometimes they sneak out. Then they go cruising in their golf carts.

My Grandma used to bake cookies and stuff, but I guess she forgot how. Nobody there cooks, they just eat out. And they eat the same thing every night, "Early Birds".

Some of the people can't get past the man in the doll house to go out. So the ones who do get out bring food back to the wrecked center and call it pot luck.

My Grandma says Grandpa's worked all his life to earn his retardment and says I should work hard so I can be retarded some day too.

When I earn my retardment I want to be the man in the doll house. Then I will let people out so they can visit their grandchildren.

At the Rainbow's End

Are you one of those fellows who always want
A different job than they've got?
Are you one of the kind that always look
Across at their brother's lot?

The world's just full of folks like this ?
Forever changing 'round;
They kill the chance that might be theirs
By never gaining around.

There's a pot of gold at the rainbow's end
For the man who sticks to his work;
And chances galore are right at your door,
But they pass by those who shirk.

Stick to your job, fellows ? climb to the top;
The world needs men who will lead;
The reward you'll find at the rainbow's end
Is greater than gold, indeed.

Edward C. Sterry
Wilmette Announcements (a small local news paper)
December 16, 1922

Bit Decay Is the Silent Data Killer

Updated 11:20 AM ET April 16, 2001

By LARRY BLASKO, Associated Press Writer

Never mind the budget, Congress or the People's Republic of China. The Bush administration seems to be ignoring a serious problem of global dimensions.

A search of the White House Web site (<http://www.whitehouse.gov>) and the United Nations Web site (<http://www.un.org>) revealed not a single reference to the problem.

The problem, as millions of personal computer users know, is bit decay. That's the decay and disappearance of binary digits without any obvious or explicable cause, resulting in lost work and frustration.

One symptom is when an application program or a function that worked flawlessly suddenly stops working.

Or when the Internet service that automatically logged you on with your user name and password 10 minutes ago now insists it doesn't know you. (That's OK, you wrote down that information on a piece of paper, right? If you could only remember where you put it.)

Or when your financial software whines "File Not Found" when you try to double-check the bills you paid yesterday.

Bit decay knows no operating-system boundaries. Apple bits have been known to rot just as regularly as Windows bits.

Trained software specialists will insist that there is no such thing as bit decay, which confirms the suspicion that they never actually use the stuff they develop and sell.

For the rest of us, the condition needs no more explanation. But with the governments of the world tied up in passing each other notes and playing hide and seek, it's up to individuals to take protective measures. Here are some tips:

-Keep only the current version of your applications handy for reinstallation. If you keep all the CDs in the same stack, you might mistakenly install an older version.

-Back up all important data files regularly. The method of choice is a CD-making drive, although there are other methods. Label the CD and remember to include the date.

-Keep in touch with operating system and application vendors for product updates.

-Keep log-ons, passwords, serial numbers and registration and vendor phone numbers in a brightly colored binder. It's a much better retrieval method than the stuff-it-in-the-desk-drawer method.

Questions and comments are welcome. Send them to Larry Blasko, AP, 50 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020-1666. Or e-mail [lblasko\(at\)ap.org](mailto:lblasko(at)ap.org).

This is from the 1990 census numbers. The first column is the age group each is five years. The second column is the number of living males for that age group. The third column is the number of living females for that age group. The last column is the percent of males living males to all living for that age group.

Age group	Males	Females	% Males
Under 5 years	9,603,000	9,162,000	51.18
5 to 9 years	9,236,000	8,806,000	51.19
10 to 14 years	8,742,000	8,325,000	51.22
15 to 19 years	9,178,000	8,714,000	51.30
20 to 24 years	9,749,000	9,394,000	50.93
25 to 29 years	10,708,000	10,629,000	50.19
30 to 34 years	10,866,000	10,973,000	49.76
35 to 39 years	9,837,000	10,014,000	49.55
40 to 44 years	8,679,000	8,914,000	49.33
45 to 49 years	6,741,000	7,006,000	49.04
50 to 54 years	5,494,000	5,821,000	48.56
55 to 59 years	5,009,000	5,480,000	47.75
60 to 64 years	4,947,000	5,679,000	46.56
65 to 69 years	4,508,000	5,559,000	44.78
70 to 74 years	3,400,000	4,581,000	42.60
75 to 79 years	2,389,000	3,714,000	39.14
80 to 84 years	1,356,000	2,554,000	34.68
85 to 89 years	606,000	1,429,000	29.78
90 to 94 years	184,000	564,000	24.60
95 to 99 years	44,000	159,000	21.67
100 years and over	8,000	28,000	22.22

This is an approximate population distribution based on the 1990 census. Pick the year you were born and check how many are alive in your age group. The last column is the percent of males for that age group. Note how men start out at 51% and by age 27 they drop below 50%. It is a continuous slide there after. Note the two peaks at 1985 and 1960 a 25 year generation. At the present there is a decline in the birth rate due in part to couples waiting later in life to starting their families. Note there were fewer listed for 1990 in this table than for 1990 in the 2000 table. The increase in population is not all from new births, there are more from immigration.

Born	Males	Females	% Males
1990	1947800	1858600	51.17
1989	1937700	1848900	51.17
1988	1926500	1838100	51.17
1987	1914400	1826400	51.18
1986	1901200	1813700	51.18
1985	1926700	1837200	51.19
1984	1892500	1804600	51.19
1983	1861500	1774900	51.19
1982	1833700	1748200	51.19
1981	1809100	1724500	51.20
1980	1763400	1685100	51.14
1979	1755500	1675000	51.17
1978	1750100	1667600	51.21
1977	1747200	1663000	51.23
1976	1746800	1661200	51.26
1975	1763600	1675600	51.28
1974	1804300	1712700	51.30

1973	1824200	1731600	51.30
1972	1847900	1755100	51.29
1971	1875600	1783100	51.26
1970	1878700	1783900	51.29
1969	1893700	1809400	51.14
1968	1931300	1855700	51.00
1967	1968100	1901800	50.86
1966	2004200	1947900	50.71
1965	2038800	1993800	50.56
1964	2087500	2054900	50.39
1963	2124600	2103200	50.25
1962	2157500	2147200	50.12
1961	2186000	2186800	49.99
1960	2224300	2236500	49.86
1959	2199700	2213500	49.84
1958	2183400	2202400	49.78
1957	2161500	2185100	49.73
1956	2134000	2161600	49.68
1955	2081700	2111900	49.64
1954	2030800	2062700	49.61
1953	1989900	2024300	49.57
1952	1943400	1979800	49.54
1951	1891400	1929300	49.50
1950	1870700	1911500	49.46
1949	1836200	1881000	49.40
1948	1769400	1815700	49.35
1947	1702000	1749700	49.31
1946	1634000	1683200	49.26
1945	1556600	1607800	49.19
1944	1461200	1512800	49.13
1943	1385400	1437900	49.07
1942	1311400	1365000	49.00
1941	1239200	1294100	48.92
1940	1171400	1228700	48.81
1939	1153700	1214400	48.72
1938	1115800	1179500	48.61
1937	1083000	1150200	48.50
1936	1055100	1126500	48.36
1935	1019100	1094400	48.22
1934	1009200	1091800	48.03
1933	1003700	1093900	47.85
1932	1000400	1098800	47.66
1931	999200	1106500	47.45
1930	995900	1108700	47.32
1929	991600	1117500	47.02
1928	990500	1130100	46.71
1927	987800	1141000	46.40
1926	983400	1150200	46.09
1925	987900	1172700	45.72
1924	949900	1145800	45.33
1923	918300	1123800	44.97
1922	884200	1099000	44.58

1921	847600	1071300	44.17
1920	801200	1025800	43.85
1919	748200	974000	43.44
1918	703100	936200	42.89
1917	656400	895500	42.30
1916	608100	852000	41.65
1915	569300	819700	40.99
1914	542000	802400	40.32
1913	498900	762700	39.55
1912	456800	722700	38.73
1911	415700	682300	37.86
1910	374300	641800	36.84
1909	329900	584900	36.06
1908	290400	535500	35.16
1907	252400	486100	34.18
1906	215900	436700	33.08
1905	181900	392200	31.68
1904	159000	352000	31.12
1903	133200	307300	30.24
1902	109700	264700	29.30
1901	88700	224100	28.36
1900	70000	185500	27.40
1899	55700	157100	26.17
1898	42500	126800	25.10
1897	31700	99400	24.18
1896	23300	74900	23.73
1895	17400	53300	24.61
1894	11300	46400	19.58
1893	9100	35800	20.27

This is from the 2000 census numbers. The first column is the age group each is five years. The second column is the number of living males for that age group. The third column is the number of living females for that age group. The last column is the percent of males living males to all living for that age group.

Age group	Males	Females	% Males
Under 5 years	9,682,000	9,263,000	51.11
5 to 9 years	10,070,000	9,611,000	51.17
10 to 14 years	10,252,000	9,765,000	51.22
15 to 19 years	10,226,000	9,668,000	51.40
20 to 24 years	9,531,000	9,162,000	50.99
25 to 29 years	8,769,000	8,855,000	49.76
30 to 34 years	9,674,000	9,890,000	49.45
35 to 39 years	10,956,000	11,087,000	49.70
40 to 44 years	11,296,000	11,473,000	49.61
45 to 49 years	9,856,000	10,202,000	49.14
50 to 54 years	8,577,000	9,049,000	48.66
55 to 59 years	6,461,000	6,992,000	48.03
60 to 64 years	5,087,000	5,670,000	47.29

65 to 69 years	4,330,000	5,084,000	46.00
70 to 74 years	3,886,000	4,872,000	44.37
75 to 79 years	3,109,000	4,316,000	41.87
80 to 84 years	1,896,000	3,072,000	38.16
85 to 89 years	900,000	1,834,000	32.92
90 to 94 years	326,000	871,000	27.23
95 to 99 years	83,000	286,000	22.49
100 years and over	12,000	56,000	17.65

This is an approximate population distribution based on the 2000 census. Pick the year you were born and check how many are alive in your age group. The last column is the percent of males for that age group. Note how men start out at 51% and by age 27 they drop below 50%. It is a continuous slide there after. Note the two peaks at 1985 and 1960 a 25 year generation. At the present there is a decline in the birth rate due in part to couples waiting later in life to starting their families. Note there were fewer listed for 1990 in the 1990 table than for 1990 in the 2000 table. The increase in population is not all from new births, there are more from immigration.

Born	Males	Females	% Males
2000	1882200	1803300	51.07
1999	1905100	1824200	51.08
1998	1926400	1843500	51.10
1997	1946000	1861300	51.11
1996	1964000	1877600	51.12
1995	1980200	1890100	51.16
1994	1995000	1904300	51.16
1993	2008100	1916600	51.17
1992	2019500	1927300	51.17
1991	2029200	1936100	51.17
1990	2025800	1939400	51.09
1989	2037800	1946500	51.15
1988	2046900	1951400	51.19
1987	2053100	1954000	51.24
1986	2056400	1954300	51.27
1985	2070000	1964000	51.31
1984	2065400	1954800	51.38
1983	2052500	1940900	51.40
1982	2037200	1925900	51.40
1981	2019300	1909600	51.40
1980	2026000	1910000	51.47
1979	1976000	1877700	51.28
1978	1928800	1846700	51.09
1977	1884100	1818800	50.88
1976	1841900	1793900	50.66
1975	1774500	1748900	50.36
1974	1759800	1753900	50.08
1973	1754500	1764100	49.86
1972	1754400	1778900	49.65
1971	1759500	1798300	49.45
1970	1761500	1816000	49.24

1969	1846400	1891600	49.40
1968	1904600	1948700	49.43
1967	1965700	2007700	49.47
1966	2029800	2068500	49.53
1965	2078500	2112000	49.60
1964	2113900	2144800	49.64
1963	2167000	2194700	49.68
1962	2213800	2238500	49.72
1961	2254400	2276100	49.76
1960	2320300	2338300	49.81
1959	2295500	2323400	49.70
1958	2273000	2305700	49.64
1957	2243600	2281800	49.58
1956	2207500	2251700	49.50
1955	2132400	2183400	49.41
1954	2054800	2113300	49.30
1953	2000700	2066300	49.19
1952	1940000	2012800	49.08
1951	1872800	1952800	48.95
1950	1844900	1932300	48.84
1949	1823200	1912100	48.81
1948	1751300	1843900	48.71
1947	1679500	1775600	48.61
1946	1607900	1707100	48.50
1945	1521300	1625400	48.35
1944	1413000	1517800	48.21
1943	1332100	1437800	48.09
1942	1252600	1359300	47.96
1941	1174500	1282300	47.81
1940	1102500	1210300	47.67
1939	1082000	1193100	47.56
1938	1037800	1152500	47.38
1937	998000	1116700	47.19
1936	962700	1085900	46.99
1935	920300	1048000	46.76
1934	894300	1032200	46.42
1933	875000	1021400	46.14
1932	857300	1012600	45.85
1931	841200	1005900	45.54
1930	825600	995500	45.34
1929	804900	984800	44.97
1928	786700	978300	44.57
1927	767300	970000	44.17
1926	746700	960000	43.75
1925	733400	958100	43.36
1924	685300	917600	42.75
1923	643300	882000	42.18
1922	599800	843700	41.55
1921	554900	802600	40.88
1920	509000	758800	40.15
1919	454600	697200	39.47
1918	404200	642300	38.62

1917	354300	586200	37.67
1916	304900	529100	36.56
1915	257600	476000	35.11
1914	231100	438500	34.51
1913	196400	390200	33.48
1912	164200	343700	32.33
1911	134600	299000	31.04
1910	107600	256000	29.59
1909	91700	225100	28.95
1908	73300	190500	27.79
1907	57800	158500	26.72
1906	45400	129100	26.02
1905	36000	102400	26.01
1904	24200	84400	22.28
1903	18500	65500	22.02

From Ann Landers, April 15, 2001, Easter and therefor was not tax day.

Dear Sirs:

I am responding to your letter denying my deduction of two of the three dependents I claimed on my federal tax return. Thank you. I have questioned for years whether or not these are my children. They are ill-behaved and expensive. I am happy to give them to you. Please do not reassign them to me next year and reinstate the deduction.

Since they are no longer my responsibility it is only fair that the government know something about them. The oldest Kirsten is now 17. She is brilliant. If you don't believe me, just ask her. I suggest you put her to work in your office, where she can answer people's questions about their returns. While she has no formal training, it has not hampered her mastery of any subject you can name. Next year she is going to college. I think it is wonderful that you will now be responsible for that little expense. Kristen also has a boyfriend. You will like him a lot. Her mother and I have occasionally reminded her of the virtues of abstinence, or at the very least, safe sex. This is always uncomfortable, and I am quite relieved that you will be handling these discussions in the future.

Patrick is 14. I have had my suspicions about him. His eyes are a little closer together than those of normal people. He may be a tax examiner himself one day if he is not incarcerated first. His hair is purple, and he is sitting out a few days of school after instigating a food fight in the cafeteria. I have taken the liberty of filling you with the principal for future use. Do not leave him or his friends unsupervised with girls, explosives, inflammables, inflatables or telephones. They find telephones a source of unimaginable amusement. Be sure to lock out the 900 numbers. Please let me know if you would like them delivered to the local IRS branch or the main office.

Heather is an alien. She did through a time warp and appeared as if by magic. She is 10 going on 21, wears tie-dyed clothes, beads and sandals. I know you will be raising my taxes to help offset the pinch of her remedial reading courses. It is quite obvious that we were terrible parents (ask the other two), because Heather cannot speak English. She has a curious style of expression - a cross between valley girl, yuppie talk and political double speak. The school sends her to a speech pathologist who has taught her to roll her 'r's. This has added a refreshing Hispanic-Irish touch to her speech. Heather wears her hat backwards, likes baggy pants and wants one of her ears pierced four more times. She has a fascination with tattoos that worries me, but I am sure you can handle it.

Since you have denied two of the three exemptions, it is only fair that you get to pick which tow. I prefer that you take Patrick and Heather, I still will go bankrupt with Kristen's college education, but then I am free. Of course, if you take the two older children, I will have time for intensive counseling before Heather becomes a teenager. If you decide to take the two girls, I will not object, since I can put Patrick in a military academy. Please let me know of your decision as soon as possible. Yours Truly
Bob

This story comes through Patricia Morehead <patmorehead@21stcentury.ney Nov. 16, 2000

Computers masculine or feminine

From Valerie Raeburn, my flute friend from Toronto for your amusement

A language instructor was explaining to her class that in French, nouns, unlike their English counterparts, are grammatically designated as masculine or feminine.

"House," in French is feminine ? "la maison."

"Pencil," in French, is masculine "le crayon."

One puzzled student asked, "What gender is "computer"?"

The teacher did not know, and the word wasn't in her French dictionary. So for fun she split the class into two groups appropriately enough, by gender and asked them to decide whether "computer" should be a masculine or feminine noun.

Both groups were required to give four reasons for their recommendation.

The men's group decided that computers should definitely be of the feminine gender ("la computer?"), because:

1. No one except their creator understands their internal logic;
2. The native language they use to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else;
3. Even the smallest mistakes are stored in long-term memory for possible later retrieval; and
4. As soon as you make a commitment to one, you find yourself spending half your paycheck on accessories for it.

The women's group, however, concluded that computers should be masculine ("le computer?"), because:

1. In order to get their attention, you have to turn them on;
2. They have a lot of data, but they are still clueless;
3. They are supposed to help you solve problems, but half the time they ARE the problem, and
4. As soon as you commit to one, you realize that if you'd waited a little longer, you could have gotten a better model.

Actual epitaphs from gravestones ...

On the grave of Ezekiel Aikle in East Dalhousie Cemetery, Nova Scotia:

Here lies
Ezekiel 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.

(ed: guess they did not have personnal ads then)

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"

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.

In a cemetery in England:

Remember man, as you walk by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, so shall you be,
Remember this and follow me.

To which someone replied by writing on the tombstone:

To follow you I'll not consent,
Until I know which way you went.

Subject: Barbie

READ ALL THE WAY TO THE END-THERE'S A TRICK TO IT.

Finally a Barbie I can relate to! At long last, here are some NEW Barbie dolls to coincide with her and OUR aging gracefully. These are a bit more realistic...

1. Bifocals Barbie. Comes with her own set of blended-lens fashion frames in six wild colors (half-frames too!), neck chain and large-print editions of Vogue and Martha Stewart Living.

2. Hot Flash Barbie. Press Barbie's bellybutton and watch her face turn beet red while tiny drops of expiration appear on her forehead. Comes with hand-held fan and tiny tissues.

3. Facial Hair Barbie. As Barbie's hormone levels shift, see her whiskers grow. Available with teensy tweezers and magnifying mirror.

4. Flabby Arms Barbie. Hide Barbie's droopy triceps with these new, roomier-sleeved gowns. Good news on the tummy front ,too-muumuus with tummy-support panels are included.
5. Bunion Barbie. Years of disco dancing in stiletto heels have definitely taken their toll on Barbie's dainty arched feet. Soothe her sores with the pumice stone and plasters, then slip on soft terry mules.
6. No-More-Wrinkles Barbie. Erase those pesky crow's-feet and lip lines with a tube of Skin Sparkle-Spackle, from Barbie's own line of exclusive age-blasting cosmetics.
7. Soccer Mom Barbie. All that experience as a cheer-leader is really paying off as Barbie dusts off her old high school megaphone to root for Babs and Ken, Jr. Comes with minivan in robin-egg blue or white and cooler filled with doughnut holes and fruit punch.
8. Mid-life Crisis Barbie. It's time to ditch Ken. Barbie needs a change, and Alonzo(her personal trainer) is just what the doctor odered, along with Prozac. They're hopping in her new red Miata and heading for the Napa Valley to open a B&B. Includes a real tape of "Breaking Up Is Hard to Do."
9. Divorced Barbie. Sells for \$199.99. Comes with Ken's house, Ken's car, and Ken's boat.
10. Recovery Barbie. Too many parties have finally caught up with the ultimate party girl. Now she does Twelve Steps instead of dance steps. Clean and sober, she's going to meetings religiously. Comes with a little copy of The Big Book and a six-pack of Diet Coke.
11. Post-Menopausal Barbie. This Barbie wets her pants when she sneezes, forgets where she puts things, and cries a lot. She is sick and tired of Ken sitting on the couch watching the tube, clicking through the channels. Comes with Depends and Kleenex. As a bonus this year, the book "Getting In Touch with Your Inner Self" is included.

Things said in 1955

- (1) "I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a weeks groceries for \$20." 2) "Have you seen the new cars coming out next year? It won't be long when \$5000 will only buy a used one."
- (3) "If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. A quarter a pack is ridiculous."
- (4) "Did you hear the post office is thinking about charging a dime just to mail a letter?"
- (5) "If they raise the minimum wage to \$1, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store."
- (6) "When I first started driving, who would have thought gas would someday cost 40 cents a gallon."
- (7) "Kids today are impossible. Those duck tail hair cuts make it impossible to s! tay groomed. Next thing you know, boys will be wearing their hair as long as girls."
- (8) "Also, their music drives me wild. This 'Rock Around The Clock' thing is nothing but racket."
- (9) "I'm afraid to send my kids to the movies any more. Ever since they let Clark Gable get by with saying 'damn' in 'Gone With The Wind,' it seems every movie has a 'hell' or a 'damn' in it."
- (10) "Soon you won't be able to buy a good 10 cent cigar."
- (11) "Did you see where some baseball player just signed a contract for \$75,000 a year just to play ball? It wouldn't surprise me if someday they'll be making more than the president." 12) "Do you suppose television will ever reach our part of the country?"
- (13) "I never thought I'd see the day all our kitchen appliances would be electric. They are even making electric typewriters now."
- (14) "I'll tell you one thing. If my kid! ever talks back to me, they won't be able to sit down for a week."
- (15) "Did you know the new church in town is allowing women to wear slacks to their service?"

- (16) "The drive-in restaurant is convenient in bad weather, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on." 17) "There is no sense going Ohio anymore for a weekend. It costs nearly \$15 a night to stay in a hotel."
(18) "No one can afford to be sick any more, \$35 a day in the hospital is too rich for my blood."
(19) "If they raise the price of coffee to 15 cents, I'll just have to drink mine at home."

Thought you might enjoy this, although in some ways, it's fairly depressing.
Susan

This says alot.

Remember when grandparents, great-grandparents, and such stated that they only had an 8th grade education? Well, check this out. Could any of us have passed the 8th grade in 1895? This is the eighth-grade final exam from 1895 Salina, KS. USA. It was taken from the original document on file at the Smokey Valley Genealogical Society and Library in Salina, KS and reprinted by the Salina Journal.
8th Grade Final Exam: Salina, KS - 1895

.....
Grammar (Time, one hour)

1. Give nine rules for the use of Capital Letters.
2. Name the Parts of Speech and define those that have no modifications.
3. Define Verse, Stanza and Paragraph.
4. What are the Principal Parts of a verb? Give Principal Parts of do, lie, lay and run.
5. Define Case. Illustrate each Case.
6. What is Punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of Punctuation.
7. Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

Arithmetic (Time, 1.25 hours)

1. Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic.
2. A wagon box is 2 feet deep, 10 feet long and 3 feet wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold?
3. If a load of wheat weighs 3942 lbs., what is it worth at 50 cts. bushel, deducting 1050 lbs. for tare?
4. District No. 33 has a valuation of \$35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at \$50 per month, and have \$104 for incidentals?
5. Find cost of 6720 lbs. coal at \$6.00 per ton.
6. Find the interest of \$512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 percent.
7. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at \$20 per metre?
8. Find bank discount on \$300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 percent.
9. What is the cost of a square farm at \$15 per are, the distance around which is 640 rods?
10. Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, and a Receipt.

US History (Time, 45 minutes)

1. Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided.
2. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus.
3. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War.
4. Show the territorial growth of the United States.
5. Tell what you can of the history of Kansas.
6. Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion.
7. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe?
8. Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800 1849, 1865.

Orthography (Time, one hour)

1. What is meant by the following: Alphabet, phonetic, orthography, etymology, syllabication?
 2. What are elementary sounds? How classified?
 3. What are the following, and give examples of each: Trigraph, subvocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals?
 4. Give four substitutes for caret 'u'.
 5. Give two rules for spelling words with final 'e'. Name two exceptions under each rule.
 6. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each.
 7. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: Bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, sup
 8. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and name the sign that indicates the sound: Card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last.
 9. Use the following correctly in sentences: cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane, vain, vein, raze, raise, rays.
 10. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.
-

Geography (Time, one hour)

1. What is climate? Upon what does climate depend?
2. How do you account for the extremes of climate in Kansas?
3. Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean?
4. Describe the mountains of North America.
5. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall and Orinoco.
6. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S.
7. Name all the republics of Europe and give capital of each.
8. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude?
9. Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers.
10. Describe the movements of the earth. Give inclination of the earth..

*****Gives the saying of an early 20th century person that "she/he only had an 8th grade education" a whole new meaning. And we wonder what is wrong with the world today.....

What is life?

Life is a Challenge Meet it
Life is a gift accept it
Life is an adventure dare it
Life is a sorrow overcome it
Life is a tragedy face it
Life is a duty perform it
Life is a gem play it
Life is a mystery unfold it
Life is a sorry sing it
Life is an opportunity take it
Life is a journey complete it
Life is a promise fulfill it
Life is a beauty praise it

Life is a struggle fight it
Life is a goal achieve it
Life is a puzzle solve it
Life is a love love it

This, from a Canadian newspaper, is worth sharing.

America: The Good Neighbor.

Widespread but only partial news coverage was given recently to a remarkable editorial broadcast from Toronto by Gordon Sinclair, a Canadian television commentator. What follows is the full text of his trenchant remarks as printed in the Congressional Record:

"This Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people on all the earth.

Germany, Japan and, to a lesser extent, Britain and Italy were lifted out of the debris of war by the Americans who poured in billions of dollars and forgave other billions in debts. None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debts to the United States.

When France was in danger of collapsing in 1956, it was the Americans who propped it up, and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris. I was there. I saw it.

When earthquakes hit distant cities, it is the United States that hurries in to help. This spring, 59 American communities were flattened by tornadoes. No one volunteered any aid.

The Marshall Plan and the Truman Policy pumped billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now > newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, warmongering > Americans.

I'd like to see just one of those countries that is gloating over the erosion of the United States dollar build its own airplane. Does any other country in the world have a plane to equal the Boeing Jumbo Jet, the Lockheed Tri-Star, or the Douglas DC10? If so, why don't they fly them? Why do all the International lines except Russia fly American Planes?

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the moon? You talk about Japanese technocracy, and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy, and you get automobiles. You talk about American technocracy, and you find men on the moon - not once, but several times and safely home again.

You talk about scandals, and the Americans put theirs right in the store window for everybody to look at. Even their draft-dodgers are not pursued and hounded. They are here on our streets, and most of them, unless they are breaking Canadian laws, are getting American dollars from ma and pa at home to spend here.

When the railways of France, Germany, and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central went broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name you 5000 times when the Americans raced to the help of other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone, and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them get kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their nose at the lands that are gloating of those."

Stand proud, America! This is one of the best editorials that I have ever read regarding the United States. It is nice that one man realizes it. I only wish that the rest of the world would realize it. We are always blamed for everything, and never even get a thank you for the things we do.

Sad News

It is with the saddest heart that I pass on the following news. Please join me in remembering a great icon - the veteran Pillsbury Spokesman. The Pillsbury Doughboy died yesterday of a yeast infection and complications from repeated pokes in the belly. He was 71.

Doughboy was buried in a lightly greased coffin. Dozens of celebrities turned out to pay their respects, including Mrs. Butterworth, Hungry Jack, the California Raisins, Betty Crocker, the Hostess Twinkies and Captain Crunch. The gravesite was piled high with flours.

Long time friend Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, describing Doughboy as a man who never knew how much he was kneaded. Doughboy rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Despite being a little flaky at times, he still was a crusty old man, and was considered a roll model for millions. Toward the end it was thought he would rise again, but alas, he was no tart.

Doughboy is survived by his wife, Play Dough, two children, John Dough and Jane Dough, plus one in the oven. He is also survived by his elderly father, Pop Tart.

The funeral was held at 3:50 for about twenty minutes.

Rob Guglielmetti
709 Willow Avenue #5-S
Hoboken, NJ 07030
201.653.7638
rpg777@earthlink.net

September 12, 2001

This is the second time I have tried to write about what happened yesterday. I couldn't concentrate well enough to form complete sentences yesterday, but for the last 26 hours my mind has played over and over the horrific events that took place Tuesday, September 11, 2001. My sometime overactive imagination is unfortunately working quite well at the moment, and I am able to envision far too much of what was perhaps the final moments of so many innocent people. So here I sit once again, in therapy at my keyboard.

Living in Hoboken NJ, I am fortunate to have a truly spectacular view of the Manhattan skyline. Being a private pilot, I also spend much of my time looking up at the many planes that pass through the area, in what is known as the Hudson River VFR corridor. All manner of private planes, large and small, regularly fly through the area directly over the Hudson River and below 1,100'. I myself have done it many times. I had just taken a co-worker 'down the Hudson' two weeks ago, and we had both marveled at the view, and at the idea that we could freely embark on such a journey. Suffice to say, I

spend a lot of time watching the planes fly by, and can clearly identify the various altitudes and speeds used by the traffic: smaller private planes down low, and the turboprop "puddle-jumpers" fly by a little faster at around 1500'. Never does one see a large passenger jet flying at these altitudes, along this track. Occasionally I see a plane flying lower, higher or faster than usual, and wonder if they are having some problem. This always turns out to be my overactive imagination.

Yesterday, walking to the train, I saw something in the corridor that looked wrong. Unfortunately this time it was not my imagination.

About 8:40AM, my wife dropped me off near the Hoboken PATH station. The brilliant blue sky was reflecting off the faces of the World Trade Center buildings, and it gave me a lift as I walked toward the newsstand. Weather like we had yesterday brings out the best in the NYC skyline. As I approached the newsstand, heading east and facing Manhattan, I saw an airplane, so I looked up. It's an instinctive thing; when I see movement in the sky, I look up at it. For years I have been doing just that, every morning, usually to see a sightseeing helicopter, private plane or commuter prop plane. This time I saw something much larger, much faster. This is where my own mental continuous tape loop begins:

A large jetliner is flying left to right. It appears black, silhouetted against the early morning sun. It's going too fast. It's too low. A plane like that doesn't belong in that area. The engines are howling. It must have a problem! The plane suddenly banks hard left and disappears from my view, obscured by the newsstand. I just know this isn't right. I begin to run, to get around the building blocking my view. It must be going to Newark, it must have a problem. I hope it can even make it that far, but then there's always the bay, the bay is right there. They could ditch in the water if they have to.

And then the sound.

A second later, I am clear of the newsstand. The World Trade Center is in full view, less than a mile southeast from the spot where I am standing, which is now vibrating. Or is it my chest? I feel something. There is a tangible feeling around me, ON me. There is a large oval hole in the north face of the north world trade center tower. The hole is on an angle, sloping up from left to right, mimicking the bank angle of the plane as I last saw it.

There is a hole in the building. A large hole. A hole in the building.

A huge fireball spews out of the north face. The sound is still rumbling. Flames and debris are now cascading down like a waterfall. Oh my god. Oh my god. A stranger asks what just happened. I hear the words "a plane just crashed into the World Trade Center" come out of my mouth. People are noticing the plume of smoke now; a crowd is gathering. Some people stop to look at the hole -- the black smoke is now pouring out like a liquid that defies gravity -- and then proceed down the stairs to the subway. That seems more surreal than the current view of south Manhattan. People are asking me if I'm sure. I'm sure. "I saw it?". I did not see it, but then again I did see it, in my mind's eye. I'm already beginning to see it again, in instant replay.

That sudden bank left is bothering me. This isn't right.

I take pictures. So do others around me. I call my wife, who must surely be able to see this now:

"Hello!?" She answers.

"Honey??"

?Yeah!? I know she knows.

?Are you seeing this?? She asks.

?I SAW it!!! A fu&*ing jet just hit the World Trade Center! And it looked deliberate!?

?Oh my God. Oh my God! That?s what they?re saying, but they?re not sure.?

The radio is speculating about a bomb, a small plane crash - an accident, possibly. I?m telling my wife about the sudden bank left. It was trying to hit the building. It looked like a 737. Something much bigger than what is supposed to be at that altitude. I don?t know, maybe a bigger plane. I don?t know, maybe nine hundred feet. Coming right down the Hudson River. Oh my God. Be careful, drive safe, babe.

Strangers heard my phone call. What do I mean, it was deliberate? I explain there is water all around, lots of places to go and land or even crash, a million-to-one shot to hit those towers by mistake. Replaying the scene for the strangers. Using my right hand as an airplane, demonstrating the sudden last-minute bank. Reviewing the events. Looking at the hole.

There were desks behind that hole. I look at my watch; it?s around nine-o?clock. Someone was taking the lid off his coffee cup when this happened. Sitting at a desk. Yes. People are dead. This is really happening. There is a hole in the building and there were people behind that wall. The plane went in right there. The airplane hit the crowded building right there. Yes. That?s why there?s a hole there now. This is really happening. There is smoke coming out, I see flames now. It seems small. No, that?s an entire floor engulfed in flames. Two floors. From here it seems small. And yet I could feel it when it hit. I could feel it. And that sound. That horrible sound. This is really happening.

More discussion with more strangers. No it wasn?t like a Cessna. A big jet. A passenger jet. I?m wondering how a person steals a jet. Suddenly, another plane appears. The whole sequence happens much more quickly:

There?s another plane; boy, that one?s flying fast; oh my god, that?s another jet, it?s too fast, it?s too low. Words come out of my mouth: ?Here comes another one; this one?s too low too?. People saying ?where? where? I see it, oh my god?? I?m pointing at it. I watch it. It appeared from the vicinity of the Statue of Liberty, passed right to left, and headed straight for the World Trade Center. A black silhouette, moving fast. Very fast. It disappeared behind the north tower. It did not appear from the other side. A second rumble. A second sound. Flames now appear from the other side. People around me let out a collective gasp. People are screaming. The man next to me grabs me. He looks at me. His look says ?you were right?. His look says ?I?m frightened?. He runs away.

I keep looking. I have had nightmares about plane crashes; they sounded like this. I call my wife to tell her of the second crash. I don?t know why, surely she knows already. I?m glad she?s driving away from the city. I?m going home. My cell phone no longer works. Everyone around me is calling someone. Everyone wants to tell someone. Tell them what they saw. What I saw. Let me try to call the office again. My hands are shaking.

What is going on here? People are dead now.

I pass a man on his cell phone. He?s on his way to the train. He is getting the news. His face fluidly changes from an inquisitive, smiling mask to one displaying incredulous, bug-eyed, wrinkle-

foreheaded, fear. His gait quickened simultaneously. He doesn't know yet. He's been told, but he doesn't believe it. He will round the corner in a moment and he too will know.

Back home I can only get a couple of TV channels. My phones do not work. I sit staring at the TV. The BBC says the planes were hijacked. That makes sense now. That's scary. Other planes are unaccounted for. The Pentagon has been hit. One less plane unaccounted for. This is really happening. It's happening fast.

Suddenly, the turbine whine of a jet grows very loud. It sounds like what I just heard down at the train station, but it's over my apartment. I am frightened. Looking out my bedroom window, I see it is a military jet, an F-15, now banking sharply over Manhattan. It is pulling contrails from the wingtips, those condensation trails that happen when the conditions are right. Momentarily I get lost in the beauty of the plane against the sky, but then remember why it's there, why I'm at home on a Tuesday, and catch the smoke plume out of the corner of my eye. Airplanes are beautiful; I love the sounds they make. But the only planes I have seen or heard recently are connected with tragedy. I fear I may never get to fly a plane down the Hudson River again, after this. I feel guilty for thinking of that right now.

One of my firm's clients is the Port Authority. We work with the architects. I was at a meeting there, in the north tower once. The eighty-something floor, I think. There is a hole there now. That's where I once stood. I admired the view they had. I can imagine seeing a plane coming right at me. People are dead. People I know. I hear their voices on the phone. I remember them. They might be dead. No, if they were at their desks, they are dead. This is really happening.

I sit watching the television. I'm able to log on to my internet service provider, and begin sending emails and instant messages to friends and family. I'm OK, I tell people. I watch the video replays of these planes plunging into the buildings on the TV screen. It feels like a dream again. The sound is not there, the feeling is not there. But I remember it an hour ago. It really happened. The south tower is now collapsing in front of me, on television. The massive hulking structure is instantaneously crumbling upon itself. This too is really happening. I feel helpless, transfixed on the television.

They want people to donate blood. For whom, I'm wondering. No one is getting out. Friends have friends missing. I can't talk to my office. Again I see the plane hit the building, on the replay. Who is the blood for?

I'm watching the images now. The towers depicted in the video clips are no longer standing. I am but a few years older than those towers; I can remember them on the skyline for most of my life, and now they are gone. I go to my window again, to look. There is a massive cloud of smoke where lower Manhattan is.

I now have a mental catalogue of the video footage to date. As the image first comes up on the screen, I know exactly which amateur video it is, and from what vantage point I will now once again witness this painful destruction. I know to watch for the 767 from the left. This is the one from Brooklyn. This is the one from south of the tower. This is the one from ground zero. I watch.

How are people doing down there, I wonder? Looking north out my bedroom window, one can forget that any of this is going on. The Empire State Building is majestically standing sentry over all this carnage. The Empire State Building is once again the tallest building in New York City. This is really happening.

For the last 24 hours, I have paced my home, watching TV, logging on to the internet; sending email, sending instant messages, making phone calls. Family, friends and co-workers are all present and accounted for, but questions about clients and friends of friends remain.

I feel anger, fear, disgust, hopelessness, and hope all at the same time. I feel guilty for being so devastated by what I saw. My pain simply cannot come close to that which thousands of families are experiencing right now. But somehow, every time the home videos are replayed, I feel a deeper connection to what happened yesterday. It hurts, but every time I watch the events replayed, I gain a little more clarity to what happened when I was standing by the river yesterday. Details come into sharper focus, what I felt, what I saw, what I heard. I can fill in the details better each time. It only hurts more, but somehow, it helps. I feel more connected to this tragedy each time I see it. A little more of the horror of being there comes back to me each time. I don't know why I crave this.

I am trying to convey how disgusting it was to witness this horrifying act, how gruesome this is. Body counts & videos, pictures of the rubble and the twisted metal simply do not do this justice. The sheer amplitude of the destruction, the seeming instantaneous change in the course of history, and the unparalleled shock that it was all happening, here, to us, to America, right now before my eyes, was and remains indescribable, despite my attempts to do so here. And yet, I know it was and continues to be so much worse for so many people trapped, their families, and for those trying to help them.

This was an act of mass murder; a swift and decisive commitment of murder, violation and grave disrespect. I am but one person peripherally affected by this tragedy; there are millions of us. My heart goes out to the thousands that are more directly affected.

Yesterday was a sad day.

High Alert

Office Security-Special Bulletin

We've been notified by Building Security that there have been 4 suspected terrorists working at our office. Three of the four have been apprehended. Bin Sleepin, Bin Loafin, and Bin Drinkin have been taken into custody. Security advised us that they could find no one fitting the description of the fourth cell member, Bin Workin, in the office. Police are confident that anyone who looks like he's Bin Workin will be very easy to spot.

Thanks,
Human Resources

NEW YORK ... The Year 2032.

A man is walking down the streets of Manhattan with his kid. All of a sudden they stop in front of a park, and the man comments to his son... "Just think, not too long ago the Twin Towers used to be here..." So the son asks him with an intrigued look in his face... "Dad, what were the Twin Towers?" "They were two very tall buildings with lots of offices, but 31 years ago a bunch of terrorists from the middle east crashed a plane into each one and they collapsed." "Dad, what was the middle east?"

Naming for 10^k.

k American European SI--Prefix

-33			revo
-30			tredo
-27			syto
-24			fito
-21			ento
-18	quintillionth		atto
-15	Quadrillionth		femto
-12	trillionth		pico
-9	Billionth		nano
-6	Millionth		micro
-3	Thousandth		milli
-2	Hundredth		centi
-1	Tenth		deci
1	Ten		deca
2	Hundred		hecto
3	Thousand		kilo
4	Myriad		
6	Million	Million	mega
9	Billion	Milliard	giga
12	Trillion	Billion	tera
15	Quadrillion	Billiard	peta
18	Quintillion	Trillion	exa
21	Sextillion	Trilliard	hepa
24	Septillion	Quadrillion	otta
27	Octillion	Quadrilliard	nea
30	Nonillion	Quintillion	dea
	(Noventillion)		
33	Decillion	Quintilliard	una
36	Undecillion	Sextillion	
39	Duodecillion	Sextilliard	
42	tredecillion	Septillion	
45	quattuordecillion	Septilliard	
48	quindecillion	Octillion	
51	sexdecillion	Octilliard	
54	septendecillion	Nonillion	
	(Noventillion)		
57	octodecillion	Nonilliard	
	(Noventilliard)		
60	novemdecillion	Decillion	
63	VIGINTILLION	Decilliard	

6*n (2n-1)-illion n-illion

6*n+3 (2n)-illion n-illiard

100 Googol Googol

303 CENTILLION

600 CENTILLION

10^100 Googolplex Googolplex

This is pretty neat how it works out. This is cool chocolate math!!!!!! DON'T CHEAT BY SCROLLING DOWN FIRST! It takes less than a minute. Work this out as you read. Be sure you don't read the bottom until you've worked it out! This is not one of those waste of time things, it's fun.

1. First of all, pick the number of times a week that you would like to have chocolate. (try for more than once but less than 10)
2. Multiply this number by 2 (Just to be bold)
3. Add 5. (for Sunday)
4. Multiply it by 50 I'll wait while you get the calculator.
5. If you have already had your birthday this year add 1752.... If you haven't, add 1751
6. Now subtract the four digit year that you were born. You should have a three digit number

The first digit of this was your original number (i.e., how many times you want to have chocolate each week).

The next two numbers are YOUR AGE! (Oh YES, it IS!!!!!!)

THIS IS THE ONLY YEAR (2002) IT WILL EVER WORK, SO SPREAD IT AROUND WHILE IT LASTS.

So how does it work? Remember the 2 from step 2 which is multiplied by your starting number, which is multiplied by 50 from step 4 which is 100 or moving it up to the 100 position.

The 5 you added in step 3 is also multiplied by 50 which is 250 and added to the 1752, which give 2002, or this year. By subtracting the year you were born gives your age.

In 2003 use the constant numbers of 1753 and 1752.

Dear Tech Support,

Last year I upgraded from Girlfriend 7.0 to Wife 1.0 and noticed that the new program began unexpected child processing that took up a lot of new space and valuable resources. No mention of this phenomenon was included in the product brochure.

In addition, Wife 1.0 installs itself into all other programs and launches during system initialization, where it monitors all other system activity. Applications such as Poker Night 10.3, Drunken Boys Night 2.5 and Saturday Football 5.0 no longer run, crashing the system whenever selected. I cannot seem to keep wife 1.0 in the background while attempting to run some of my other favorite applications. I am thinking about going back to Girlfriend 7.0, but the uninstall does not work on this program.

Can you please help me !!!???

Thanks, A TROUBLED USER

Dear TROUBLED USER,

This is a very common problem men complain about, but is mostly due to a primary misconception. Many people upgrade from Girlfriend 7.0 to Wife 1.0 with the idea that Wife 1.0 is merely a UTILITIES & ENTERTAINMENT program. Wife 1.0 is an OPERATING SYSTEM and designed by it's creator to run everything.

It is highly unlikely you would be able to purge Wife 1.0 and still convert back to Girlfriend 7.0. Hidden operating files within your system would cause Girlfriend 7.0 to emulate Wife 1.0 so nothing

is gained. It is impossible to uninstall, delete, or purge the program files from the system once installed. You cannot go back to Girlfriend 7.0 because Wife 1.0 is not designed to do this.

Some have tried to install Girlfriend 8.0 or Wife 2.0 but end up with more problems than the original system. Look in your manual under "Warnings-Alimony/Child support". I recommend you keep Wife 1.0 and deal with the situation.

I suggest installing background application program C:\YES DEAR to alleviate software augmentation. Having installed Wife 1.0 myself, I might also suggest you read the entire section regarding General Partnership Faults (GPFs). You must assume all responsibility for faults and problems that might occur, regardless of their cause. The best course of action will be to enter the command C:\APOLOGIZE. In any case avoid excessive use of C:\YES DEAR because ultimately you may have to give the APOLOGIZE command before the operating system will return to normal. The system will run smoothly as long as you take the blame for all the GPFs.

Wife 1.0 is a great program, but very high-maintenance. Consider buying additional software to improve the performance of Wife 1.0. I recommend Flowers 3.1, Chocolates 3.5 and Diamonds 2K. Do not, under any circumstances install Secretary with Short Skirt 3.3. This is not a supported application for Wife 1.0 and is likely to cause irreversible damage to the operating system.

Best of Luck,

Tech Support

"Thus says the LORD: 'Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, let not the mighty man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches; but let him who glories glory in this, that he understands and knows Me, that I am the LORD, exercising loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth. For in these I delight,' says the LORD' " (Jeremiah 9:23-24)

[Non-text portions of this message have been removed]

"A man's mind stretched to a new idea never goes back to its original dimensions."

Oliver Wendell Holmes

"I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

Thomas Jefferson*

"For the rest of my life I want to reflect on what Light is."

Albert Einstein

Tape a chocolate bar to the outside of your microwave. If the chocolate melts you will know that the microwaves are escaping and it is time to have the oven serviced.

A mouse trap, placed on top on of your alarm clock will prevent you from rolling over and going back to sleep.

Old telephone books make ideal personal address books. Simply cross out the names and addresses of people you don't know.

Before attempting to remove stubborn stains from a garment always circle the stain in permanent ink pen so that when you remove the garment from the washing machine you can easily locate the area of the stain and check that it has gone.

Lose weight quickly by eating raw pork and rancid tuna. I found that the subsequent food poisoning enabled me to lose 12 pounds in only 2 days.

Avoid parking tickets by leaving your windshield wipers turned to fast wipe whenever you leave your car parked illegally.

High blood pressure sufferers: Simply cut yourself and bleed for a while, thus reducing the pressure in your veins.

Olympic athletes. Conceal the fact that you have taken performance enhancing drugs by simply running a little slower and letting someone else win.

Heavy smokers: Don't throw away those filters from the end of your cigarettes. Save them up and within a few years you'll have enough to insulate your ceiling.

Create instant designer stubble by sucking a magnet and dipping your chin in a bowl of iron fillings.

X Files fans: Create the effect of being abducted by aliens by drinking two bottles of vodka. You'll invariably wake up in a strange place the following morning, having had your memory mysteriously 'erased'.

A sheet of sandpaper makes a cheap and effective substitute for costly maps when visiting the Sahara desert.

Convince neighbors that you have invented a 'SHRINKING' device by ruffling your hair, wearing a white laboratory coats and parking a digger outside your house for a few days. Then dim and flicker the lights in your house during the night and replace the digger unseen with a Tonka toy of the same description. Watch their faces in the morning!

Nissan Micra drivers: Attach a lighted sparkler to the roof of your car before starting a long journey. You drive the things like dodgem cars anyway, so it may as well look like one.

Fool other drivers into thinking you have an expensive car phone by holding an old TV or video remote control up to your ear and occasionally swerving across the road and mounting the curb.

A Woman's Dictionary...

Airhead (er*hed) n. What a woman intentionally becomes when pulled over by a policeman.

Argument (ar*gyou*ment) n. A discussion that occurs when you're right but he just hasn't realized it yet.

Balance the checkbook (bal*ens da chek*buk) v. To go to the cash machine and hit "inquire".

Bar-be-que (bar*bi*q) n. You bought the groceries, washed the lettuce, chopped the tomatoes, diced the onions, marinated the meat, cleaned everything up, but he "made the dinner".

Blonde jokes (blond joks) n. Jokes that are short so men can understand them.

Cantaloupe (kant*e*lope) n. Gotta get married in a church.

Childbirth (child*brth) n. You get to go through 36 hours of contractions; he gets to hold your hand and say, "Focus...breath...push...Good Girl!"

Diet Soda (dy*it so*da) n. A drink you buy at a convenience store to go with a pound of M&M chocolate covered peanuts.

Eternity (e*ter*ni*tee) n. The last two minutes of a football game.

Exercise (ex*er*siz) v. To walk up and down a mall, occasionally resting to make a purchase.

Hair Dresser (hare dres*er) n. Someone, who is able to create a style, you will never be able to duplicate again. See also "Magician".

Lipstick (lip*stik) n. On your lips, coloring to enhance the beauty of your mouth. On his collar, coloring only a tramp would wear.

Valentine's Day (val*en*tinez dae) n. A day ,when you have dreams of a candlelight dinner, diamonds, and romance, but consider yourself lucky to get a card.

Waterproof Mascara (wah*tr*pruf mas*kar*ah) n. Comes off if you cry, shower, or swim, but will not come off if you try to remove it.

Zillion (zil*yen) n. The number of times you ask someone to take out the trash, then end up doing it yourself anyway.

Clemson Wedding -- Revenge Is Sweet A Hilarious, True Story

This is a true story about a recent wedding that took place at Clemson University. This was a huge wedding with over 300 guests. After the wedding at the reception, the groom got up on stage and took the microphone to talk to the crowd.

He said that he wanted to thank everyone for coming, many from long distances, to support them at their wedding. He especially wanted to thank the bride's and groom's families for coming and to thank his new father-in-law for providing such a fabulous reception.

To thank everyone for coming and bringing gifts and everything, he said he wanted to give everyone a special gift from just him. Taped to the bottom of everyone's chair (even the chairs of the wedding party) was a manila envelope. He said that was his gift to everyone, and told everyone to open their envelopes.

Inside each manila envelope was an 8x10 picture of his best man getting it on with the bride. (He had gotten suspicious of the two of them and hired a private detective to trail them weeks prior to the wedding.)

After he stood there and watched the people's reactions for a couple of minutes, he turned to the best man and said "Screw you!" he then turned to the bride and said "Screw you!" and then he turned to the dumbfounded crowd and said..... "Thanks, I'm out of here."

He had the marriage annulled first thing that Monday morning. While most of us would have broken off the engagement immediately after finding out about the affair, this guy goes through with it anyway as if nothing was wrong. His revenge:

- 1) Making the bride's parents pay over \$32,000 for a 300 guest wedding and reception.
 - 2) Letting everyone know exactly what did happen.
 - 3) And best of all, trashing the bride's and best man's reputations in front of all of their friends, their parents, brothers, sisters, grandparents, nieces and nephews, etc....
- Ya gotta love this guy.

A Woman's 3 Wishes

Three women were out golfing one day and one of them hit her ball into the woods. She went into the woods to look for it and found a frog in a trap. The frog said to her, "If you release me from this trap, I will grant you three wishes."

The woman freed the frog and the frog said, "Thank you, but I forgot to mention that there was a condition to your wishes - that whatever you wish for, your husband will get 10 times more or better." The woman said, "That would be fine." For her first wish she wanted to be the most beautiful woman in the world. The frog warned her, "You do realize that this wish will also make your husband the most handsome man in the world, an Adonis, that women will flock to him." The woman replied, "That will be okay, because I will be the most beautiful woman and he will only have eyes for me."

So she's the most beautiful woman in the world.

For her second wish, she wanted to be the richest woman in the world. The frog said, "That will make your husband the richest man in the world, and he will be 10 times richer than you." The woman said, "That will be okay, because what is mine is his, and what is his is mine..."

So she's the richest woman in the world.

The frog then inquired about her third wish, and she answered,

"I'd like a mild heart attack."

A History of Teaching Math"

Teaching Math in 1950: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1960: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is $\frac{4}{5}$ of the price, or \$80. What is his profit?

Teaching Math in 1970: A logger exchanges a set "L" of lumber for a set "M" of money. The cardinality of set "M" is 100. Each element is worth one dollar. Make 100 dots representing the elements of the set "M." The set "C", the cost of production contains 20 fewer points than set "M." Represent the set "C" as a subset of set "M" and answer the following question: What is the cardinality of the set "P" of profits?

Teaching Math in 1980: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$80 and his profit is \$20. Your assignment: Underline the number 20.

Teaching Math in 1990: By cutting down beautiful forest trees, the logger makes \$20. What do you think of this way of making a living? Topic for class participation after answering the question: How did the forest birds and squirrels feel as the logger cut down the trees? There are no wrong answers.

Teaching Math in 2002: A logger sells a truckload of lumber for \$100. His cost of production is \$120. How does Arthur Andersen determine that his profit margin is \$60?

Children Learn What They Live

If a child lives with criticism, he learns to condemn.

If a child lives with hostility, he learns to fight.

If a child lives with ridicule, he learns to be shy.

If a child lives with shame, he learns to feel guilty.

If a child lives with tolerance, he learns to be patient.

If a child lives with encouragement, he learns confidence.

If a child lives with praise, he learns to appreciate.

If a child lives with fairness, he learns justice.

If a child lives with security, he learns to have faith.

If a child lives with approval, he learns to like himself

If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,
He learns to find love in the world.

Dorothy Law Nolte

Rabbi Sam Gordon, of Congregation Sukkat Shalom, meets at our church every Friday night. During one of their Friday night Sabbath Shabuoth services had a dialog with the congregation. Sam was talking about the Sabbath Bride which they welcome in as the sun is setting, the start of the Sabbath. The conversation turned to weddings and who were the two most important people in the wedding party. A very young girl wanted to answer the question. She blurted out that they were the bride and flower girl. The congregation broke out into laughter at her answer.

Sam after the congregation settled down he added that the lesser important person was the groom.

Art Linkletter said it best ?Kids will say the darnedest things.? Strange

The first couple to be shown in bed together on prime time TV were Fred and Wilma Flintstone.

Every day more money is printed for Monopoly than the US Treasury.

Men can read smaller print than women can; women can hear better.

Coca-Cola was originally green.

It is impossible to lick your elbow.

The state with the highest percentage of people who walk to work: Alaska

The percentage of Africa that is wilderness: 28% (now get this...)The percentage of North America that is wilderness: 38%

The cost of raising a medium-size dog to the age of eleven: \$6,400

The average number of people airborne over the US any given hour: 61,000

Intelligent people have more zinc and copper in their hair.

The world's youngest parents were 8 and 9 and lived in China in 1910.

The youngest pope was 11 years old.

The first novel ever written on a typewriter: Tom Sawyer.

Those San Francisco Cable cars are the only mobile National Monuments.

Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history: Spades - King David, Hearts - Charlemagne, Clubs -Alexander, the Great, Diamonds - Julius Caesar

$111,111,111 \times 111,111,111 = 12,345,678,987,654,321$

If a statue in the park of a person on a horse has both front legs in The air, the person died in battle. If the horse has one front leg in The air the person died as a result of wounds received in battle. If the Horse has all four legs on the ground, the person died of natural causes.

Only two people signed the Declaration of Independence on July 4th, John Hancock and Charles Thomson. Most of the rest signed on August 2, but the last signature wasn't added until 5 years later.

"I am." is the shortest complete sentence in the English language.

Hershey's Kisses are called that because the machine that makes them Looks like it's kissing the conveyor belt.

Q. What occurs more often in December than any other month?

A. Conception.

Q. Half of all Americans live within 50 miles of what?

A. Their birthplace

Q. Most boat owners name their boats. What is the most popular boat name requested?

A. Obsession

Q. If you were to spell out numbers, how far would you have to go until you would find the letter "A"?

A. One thousand

Q. What do bulletproof vests, fire escapes, windshield wipers, and laser printers all have in common?

A. All invented by women.

Q. What is the only food that doesn't spoil?

A. Honey

Q. There are more collect calls on this day than any other day of the year?

A. Father's Day

Q. What trivia fact about Mel Blanc (voice of Bugs Bunny) is the most ironic?

A. He was allergic to carrots.

Q. What is an activity performed by 40% of all people at a party?

A. Snoop in your medicine cabinet.

In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. Hence the phrase "goodnight, sleep tight".

It was the accepted practice in Babylon 4,000 years ago that for a month after the wedding, the bride's father would supply his son-in-law with All the mead he could drink. Mead is a honey beer and because their calendar was lunar based, this period was called the honey month we know today as the honeymoon.

In English pubs, ale is ordered by pints and quarts. So in old England, when customers got unruly, the bartender would yell at them mind their own pints and quarts and settle down. It's where we get the phrase "mind your P's and Q's" Another meaning for the "mind your P's and Q's" was during the days or movable type when the type was replaced back into the separated bins the small p and q were easy to mix-up.

Many years ago in England, pub frequenters had a whistle baked into the Rim or handle of their ceramic cups. When they needed a refill, they Used the whistle to get some service. "Wet your whistle" is the phrase Inspired by this practice.

In Scotland, a new game was invented. It was entitled Gentlemen Only Ladies Forbidden.... and thus the word GOLF entered into the English language.

AND FINALLY

At least 75% of people who read this will try to lick their elbow!

LOOK AT YOUR FAMILY HERITAGE

In recent years, our families have undergone great change. Our society has forced us all to look at families in a different way than our ancestors did. We may no longer live in the ancestral home town, as families did in years past. Our grandparents may not live with us, as was once the case in many families. More important, drastic changes in the average family size, with fewer children or a single parent, have changed what we now see as a "family unit." This has affected our traditions.

Traditions are any events, rituals or ways of doing things repeated time after time. It could be the way a family approaches a holiday or the way a special occasion is handled at home. We've always had hard cooked eggs for dinner the Saturday night before Easter. As a child I didn't realize this was one of my family's traditions. It could have resulted because Mom needed hard cooked eggs to color for

Easter morning or it could have been rooted still farther back in my German Ancestry. It is one of my precious memories.

Even though rituals are repeated, preserving traditions take a good deal of our time. Because of the time involved, many traditions have fallen away from families as schedules get busier in the home. Many people today may feel that they do not have the time to preserve the old traditions or to discover new ones. However, in family living, rituals are important. They give a sense of purpose, respect and security.

Traditions are an important part of strong families. Christine Devault and Bryan Strong suggested, in a recent edition of "Family Life Educator" magazine, there are eight characteristics successful families have in common. One of these characteristics was Traditions and Family History. This was given as being important because it does link the past and present. Old family stories, daily and seasonal rituals, photo albums and mementoes provide a nurturing link to the past. Strong families also need a link to the future. This link is formed when families create their new traditions.

Discovering traditions can open lines of communications among family members. Imagine grandfather teaching twelve-year-old John the games the family played at home for fun when money was short during the Depression. Or nine-year-old Mary asking her mom why we always tell that one special story at Christmas and why we serve both turkey and ham. Small as they may seem, these are great ways for all generations to share ideas and learn.

One of the stories about Traditions, that I have enjoyed, is about a young bride and cooking ham. When her husband observed her cutting off the end of a ham, he asked why she did that. Her reply, "My mother always did it this way." Not satisfied with this, he questioned her mother. Her reply was "My mother always did it this way." Being very persistent, he questioned the grandmother. She responded with, "I never seemed to have a pan big enough to cook the ham in, so I had to cut the end off so the ham would fit in the pan." Out of necessity a tradition was born that no one later in life knew the reason why. Many of our traditions have the same sort of history. We do it because our family always did it this way. Our actions become so automatic we put little thought into the action. It is our tie to the past. Traditions, the link between the past and today and a connection to the future.

Another important benefit to helping young people enjoy tradition is the respect they gain for their own past, no matter who they are. Many youngsters have serious family problems. When we help children think positively about their heritage, they learn that they as individuals are important, too. It helps them discover a sense of worth and pride, no matter how difficult things are in family life.

When we speak of family traditions, we are not talking about genealogy. In genealogy, we study "who" the people are in our roots. Our relatives' names, dates of birth and other factual information are included. In discovering our family traditions, we are looking more for the "why" people do what they do in families. We are looking for the personal aspect of the past, the little thing passed on for generation to make a family truly one unit. This is, however, a part of Family Research.

What if a family has no traditions? We can't ignore the fact that some may not. Perhaps they were lost somewhere through the generations. However, it's never too late for a family to start traditions. Present-day family can invent new rituals to pass on to their children's children.

Mary Fouts, C.H.E.

Advisers, Home Economics

Tazewell C. II.

1988

To: The Beautiful Women I'm privileged to know!!

IT'S BEAUTIFUL WOMAN MONTH & TAG YOU'RE IT!

Go, girl, go!!!!

Did you know that it's Beautiful Women Month?

Well, it is and that means you and me. I'm supposed to send this to FIVE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN, and you are one of them!!!

Facts on Figures;

There are 3 billion women who don't look like supermodels and only eight who do.

Marilyn Monroe wore a size 14.

If Barbie was a real woman, she'd have to walk on all fours due to her proportions.

The average woman weighs 144 lb. and wears between a 12-14.

One out of every four college aged women has an eating! disorder.

The models in the magazines are airbrushed -- not perfect!

A psychological study in 1995 found that three minutes spent looking at a fashion magazine caused 70% of women to feel depressed, guilty, and shameful.

Models twenty years ago weighed 8% less than the average woman. Today they weigh 23% less.

Beauty of a Woman~

The beauty of a woman is not in the clothes she wears,

The figure she carries, or the way she combs her hair.

The beauty of a woman must be seen from her eyes,

Because that is the doorway to her heart,

The place where love resides.

The beauty of a woman Is not in a facial mole,

But true beauty in a woman is reflected in her soul.

It is the caring that she lovingly gives,

The passion that she shows.

The beauty of a woman

With passing years -- only grows. (Lord, help me grow in this kind of beauty!! Shine through me and all my friends)

An English professor wrote the words, "Woman without her man is nothing," on the blackboard and directed the students to punctuate it correctly.

The men wrote: "Woman, without her man, is nothing."
The women wrote: "Woman! Without her, man is nothing."

The Images of Mother

4 YEARS OF AGE ~ My Mommy can do anything!
8 YEARS OF AGE ~ My Mom knows a lot! A whole lot!
12 YEARS OF AGE ~ My Mother doesn't really know quite everything.
14 YEARS OF AGE ~ Naturally, Mother doesn't know that, either.
16 YEARS OF AGE ~ Mother? She's hopelessly old-fashioned.
18 YEARS OF AGE ~ That old woman? She's way out of date!
25 YEARS OF AGE ~ Well, she might know a little bit about it.
35 YEARS OF AGE ~ Before we decide, let's get Mom's opinion.
45 YEARS OF AGE ~ Wonder what Mom would have thought about it?
65 YEARS OF AGE ~ Wish I could talk it over with Mom.

***Please send this to at least five phenomenal women today in celebration of Women's History Month. If you do, something good will happen.... YOU will boost another woman's self-esteem!

May God bless you and meet you at the point of your need. He is faithful!!!

Thank you for not being this enept

Great Male Minds Awash in Dirty Laundry

Dave Barry

August 12, 2002

Today we present: Laundry Tips for Guys.

Many guys have trouble with laundry, because of the technical complexity involved. Even a very "high-tech" guy, a guy who can build a working nuclear submarine using only staples, is reluctant to attempt to do laundry, because there are so many variables: You have your lights and your darks, of course, but you also have your stripes, some of which could be delicates, or even hand-washables, not to mention your bleach and your fabric softener, and of course all your washer/dryer options: Do you want warm wash and cold rinse? Hot wash and warm rinse? Wet rinse and dry wash? And what about "static cling"? This is why laundry has baffled top guy minds for decades. Albert Einstein was working on this problem right up until his death. His last words were: "OK, say a shirt is yellow, which is a light color, but it's a dark yellow, does that mean ... ack" (thud).

It is this technical complexity - not laziness! - that keeps guys from doing the household laundry. We worry that if we get just one variable wrong, we will find ourselves facing a wrathful spouse, who is

holding up a garment that was once a valued brassiere of normal dimensions, but is now suitable only as a sun hat for a small, two-headed squirrel.

This is why guys everywhere will be grateful for an excellent laundry tip sent in by Bob Rundquist of Northhampton, Mass. Bob's tip can be summarized in three words: "Buy more underpants." As Bob explains in his letter: "My wife and I share housework on a random basis. For instance, sometimes she does laundry, sometimes I do. I figured out that laundry gets done when one of us is out of underwear. So I bought six new pairs of underpants. Now my stack never runs out before my wife does the laundry." Somewhere in Physicist Heaven, Albert Einstein is smacking himself in the forehead.

Bob's only concern is that his wife will find out, which could result in "a nuclear war of underpants purchases." But that is a risk we guys are willing to take, because we know, in our hearts, that Nuclear Underpants would be an excellent name for a rock band.

This leads us to a related laundry tip for guys, sent in by a Wisconsin woman who asks that we identify her only as Alice. Alice states that her husband, Bob, came home one day complaining that he lost his office keys and had been looking for them all day.

"While standing in the kitchen telling me his problem," Alice relates, "he started scratching his posterior - and finally noticed something was in there. Now bear in mind he had been sitting at his desk all afternoon and drove an hour to get home and is first noticing this now." So, reports Alice, Bob felt around inside his underpants, and guess what he found? Correct: a small, two-headed squirrel.

No, he found his office keys. "He's a government employee," observes Alice.

So our second Household Hint for Guys is: Before you put your underpants into the laundry for somebody else to launder, it's a good idea to check them, as well as your general buttular region, for any items you may have misplaced. Especially you government employees! This could be what has happened to all those millions of missing taxpayer dollars that have somehow fallen between the cracks!

Our third laundry-related Household Hint for Guys is based on a news story from the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel, sent in by many alert readers, concerning an incident several years ago in Chippewa Falls, Wis. What happened was, a man became angry at his washing machine, which wasn't working right. So, following the recommended procedure in the Guy Book of Troubleshooting, he pushed it down a flight of stairs.

Incredibly, this did not solve the problem. So the man (we are not making this up) shot the washer five times with a .25-caliber revolver.

We know what you're thinking. You're thinking: "What a moron! Bullets that small are only going to annoy a major appliance, possibly causing it to go berserk and threaten innocent people!" Good point.

We ourselves have seen a washing machine, with no provocation, shake its way violently halfway across a room.

Fortunately, the Chippewa Falls washer did not attack. The man was arrested and wound up on probation after pleading guilty to shooting a gun within 100 yards of a building. So our final laundry tip for guys is: Before shooting your washer, always check around for buildings! There you have it, guys! Good luck, and good laundering! Note to government employees: You can keep those dollars. Copyright (c) 2002, Newsday, Inc.

Improved archives!

Absolutely True Stories:

Fire authorities in California found a corpse in a burned-out section of forest, while assessing the damage done by a forest fire. The deceased male was dressed in a full wet suit, complete with scuba tanks on his back, flippers, and facemask. A post-mortem revealed that the man died not from burns, but from massive internal injuries. Dental records provided a positive identification. Investigators then set about to determine how a fully-clad diver ended up in the middle of a forest fire. It was revealed that on the day of the fire, the man went diving off the coast, some 20 miles from the forest. The fire fighters, seeking to control the fire as quickly as possible, had called in a fleet of helicopters with very large dip buckets. Water was dipped from the ocean and emptied at the site of the forest fire. You guessed it. One minute our diver was making like Flipper in the Pacific, the next, he was doing the breast stroke in a fire dip bucket 300 feet in the air. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. Still having a bad day? Just remember, it could be worse...

The average cost of rehabilitating a seal after the Exxon Valdez oil spill in Alaska was \$80,000. At a special ceremony, two of the most expensively saved animals were being released back into the wild amid cheers and applause from onlookers. A minute later, in full view, a killer whale ate them both. Still think you are having a bad day?

A woman came home to find her husband in the kitchen shaking frantically, with some kind of wire running from his waist towards the electric kettle. Intending to jolt him away from the deadly current, she whacked him with a handy plank of wood, breaking his arm in two places. Until that moment, he had been happily listening to his Walkman CD Player.

STILL think you're having a bad day?

Two animal rights protesters were protesting at the cruelty of sending pigs to a slaughterhouse in Bonn, Germany. Suddenly, all two thousand pigs broke loose and escaped through a broken fence, stampeding madly. The two hapless protesters were trampled to death.

What?! STILL having a bad day??

Iraqi terrorist Khay Rahnajet didn't pay enough postage on a letter bomb. It came back with "return to sender" stamped on it. Forgetting it was the bomb, he opened it and was blown to tiny bits.

There, Feeling better?

and then from Paul J, my aunt's husband....

this is true, all of it!!!

A man died here in Yellville, died of Lung cancer. Three others in his family have cancer. At his funeral one family member was heard to brag "Yes, he had his last cigarette an 1/2 hour before he passed away"

He was buried in a new set of bib overalls and there was a full pack of cigarettes in his breast pocket. Given the givens, assuming the assumptions...

Buy American

Please pass this along, makes you want to buy American!

CNN Headline News did a short news listing regarding Ford and GM's contributions to the relief and recovery efforts in New York and Washington. The findings are as follows.....

1. Ford- \$1 million to American Red Cross matching employee contributions of the same number plus 10 Excursions to NY Fire Dept. The company also offered ER response team services and office space to displaced government employees.

2. GM- \$1 million to American Red Cross matching employee contributions of the same number and a fleet of vans, SUV's, and trucks.

3. Daimler Chrysler- \$10 million to support of the children and victims of the Sept. 11 attack.
4. Harley Davidson motorcycles- \$1 million and 30 new motorcycles to the New York Police Dept.
5. Volkswagen- Employees and management created a Sept. 11 Foundation, funded initial with \$2 million, for the assistance of the children and victims of the WTC
6. Hyundai- \$300,000 to the American Red Cross.
7. Audi- Nothing.
8. BMW- Nothing.
9. Daewoo- Nothing.
10. Fiat- Nothing.
11. Honda- Nothing despite boasting of second best sales month ever in August 2001
12. Isuzu- Nothing.
13. Mitsubishi- Nothing.
14. Nissan- Nothing.
15. Porsche- Nothing. Press release with condolences via the Porsche website.
16. Subaru- Nothing.
17. Suzuki- Nothing.
18. Toyota- Nothing despite claims of high sales in July and August 2001. Condolences posted on the website

I can only express hope that this infuriates and sickens each of you like it did me. Whenever the time may be for you to purchase or lease a new vehicle, keep this information in mind. I ask that you choose a product made by an American-owned and based company. Apart from Hyundai and Volkswagen, the foreign car companies contributed nothing at all to the citizens of the United States. It's OK for these companies to take money out of this country, but not acceptable to return some in a time of crisis.

David W. Clifton
Kodak Polychrome Graphics
Discovery-3D-66
Phone: 651-704-6900 Fax: 651-704-2881
E-Mail Internet/Lotus Notes: dwclifton@imation.com
www.kpgraphics.com

This is an army marching song with the platoon leader sings the first line and the platoon singing the response line. It came from a movie from the late sixties. The larger space between some of the numbers means a longer pause between those numbers which is made up during the next two.

You had g good home, but you left.

Your right

Your Jody was there when you left.

Your right

Your baby was there when you left.

Your right

Sound off

1 2

Sound off

3 4

Cadence count

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

Your baby was as lonely as can be

Your joined the finenesses company

An?t it great to have a pale

Who works so hard to keep us around?

Sound off

1 2

Sound off

3 4

Cadence count

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

You an?t got nothing to worry about

You?ll keep her happy until I get out

You won?t be lonesome to the end of the war in ?19 74?

Subject: 30 years difference

1972: Long hair

2002: Longing for hair

1972: The perfect high

2002: The perfect high yield mutual fund

1972: KEG

2002: EKG

1972: Acid rock

2002: Acid reflux

1972: Moving to California because it's cool

2002: Moving to California because it's warm

1972: Growing pot

2002: Growing pot belly

1972: Trying to look like Marlon Brando or Liz

Taylor

2002: Trying NOT to look like Marlon Brando or Liz

Taylor

1972: Seeds and stems

2002: Roughage

1972: Killer weed

2002: Weed killer

1972: Hoping for a BMW

2002: Hoping for a BM

1972: The Grateful Dead

2002: Dr. Kevorkian

1972: Going to a new, hip joint

2002: Receiving a new hip joint

1972: Rolling Stones

2002: Kidney Stones

1972: Being called into the principal's office

2002: Calling the principal's office

1972: Screw the system

2002: Upgrade the system

1972: Disco

2002: Costco

1972: Parents begging you to get your hair cut

2002: Children begging you to get their heads shaved

1972: Passing the drivers' test

2002: Passing the vision test

1972: Whatever

2002: Depends

Just in case you weren't feeling too old today, this will certainly change things. Each year the staff at Beloit College in Wisconsin puts together a list to try to give the faculty a sense of the mindset of this year's incoming freshmen. Here's this year's list:

The people who are starting college this fall across the nation were born in 1983. They are too young to remember the space shuttle blowing up.

Their lifetime has always included AIDS.

Bottle caps have always been screw off and plastic.

The CD was introduced the year they were born.

They have always had an answering machine.

They have always had cable.

They cannot fathom not having a remote control.

Jay Leno has always been on the Tonight Show.

Popcorn has always been cooked in the microwave.

They never took a swim and thought about Jaws.

They can't imagine what hard contact lenses are.

They don't know who Mork was or where he was from.

They never heard: "Where's the Beef?", "I'd walk a mile for a Camel", or "de plane Boss, de plane".

They do not care who shot J. R. and have no idea who J. R. even is.

McDonald's never came in Styrofoam containers.

They don't have a clue how to use a typewriter.

Do you feel old yet? Pass this on to the other old fogies in your life.

Count the "F's" in the following text:

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RE-
SULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIF-
IC STUDY COMBINED
WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS

Managed it ? Scroll down only after you have counted them, okay?

How many ? 3? Wrong, there are 6 !!--no joke. Read it again. The reasoning behind is further down.

The brain cannot process "OF". Incredible or what ? Anyone who counts all 6 "F's" on the first go is a genius (or has payed more attention to one of my previous E-mails). Three is normal, four is quite rare. Send this to your friends--it drives them crazy.

You'll feel brilliant after you read these quotes...

Question: If you could live forever, would you and why? Answer: "I would not live forever, because we should not live forever, because if we were supposed to live forever, then we would live forever, but we cannot live forever, which is why I would not live forever,"
--Miss Alabama in the 1994 Miss USA contest.

"Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean I'd love to be skinny like that, but not with all those flies and death and stuff,"
--Mariah Carey

"Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life,"
--Brooke Shields, during an interview to become spokesperson for federal anti-smoking campaign.

"I've never had major knee surgery on any other part of my body,"
--Winston Bennett, University of Kentucky basketball forward.

"Outside of the killings, Washington has one of the lowest crime rates in the country,"
--Mayor Marion Barry, Washington, DC.

"I'm not going to have some reporters pawing through our papers. We are the president,"
--Hillary Clinton commenting on the release of subpoenaed documents.

"That lowdown scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'm just the one to do it,"
--A congressional candidate in Texas.

"I don't feel we did wrong in taking this great country away from them. There were great numbers of people who needed new land, and the Indians were selfishly trying to keep it for themselves."
--John Wayne

"Half this game is ninety percent mental."
--Philadelphia Phillies manager, Danny Ozark

"It isn't pollution that's harming the environment. It's the impurities in our air and water that are doing it."
--Al Gore, Vice President

"I love California. I practically grew up in Phoenix."
--Dan Quayle

"It's no exaggeration to say that the undecideds could go one way or another"
--George Bush, US President

"We've got to pause and ask ourselves: How much clean air do we need?"
--Lee Iacocca

"I was provided with additional input that was radically different from the truth. I assisted in furthering that version,"
--Colonel Oliver North, from his Iran-Contra testimony.

"The word "genius" isn't applicable in football. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein,"
--Joe Theisman, NFL football quarterback & sports analyst.

"We don't necessarily discriminate. We simply exclude certain types of people."
--Colonel Gerald Wellman, ROTC Instructor.

"If we don't succeed, we run the risk of failure."
--Bill Clinton, President

"We are ready for an unforeseen event that may or may not occur."

--Al Gore, VP

"Traditionally, most of Australia's imports come from overseas."

--Keppel Enderbery

"Your food stamps will be stopped effective March 1992 because we received notice that you passed away. May God bless you. You may reapply if there is a change in your circumstances."

--Department of Social Services, Greenville, South Carolina

"If somebody has a bad heart, they can plug this jack in at night as they go to bed and it will monitor their heart throughout the night. And the next morning, when they wake up dead, there'll be a record."

--Mark S. Fowler, FCC Chairman

...Feeling brilliant yet?

Subject Turn on your speakers. This is beautiful and wonderfully done!! Enjoy!

Big Mud Puddles and Sunny Yellow Dandelions

Author Unknown

When I look at a patch of dandelions, I see a bunch of weeds that are going to take over my yard.
My kids see flowers for Mom and blowing white fluff you can wish on.

When I look at an old drunk and he smiles at me, I see a smelly, dirty person who probably wants money and I look away.

My kids see someone smiling at them and they smile back.

When I hear music I love, I know I can't carry a tune and don't have much rhythm so I sit self-consciously and listen.

My kids feel the beat and move to it. They sing out the words. If they don't know them, they make up their own.

When I feel wind on my face, I brace myself against it. I feel it messing up my hair and pulling me back when I walk.

My kids close their eyes, spread their arms and fly with it, until they fall to the ground laughing.

When I pray, I say thee and thou and grant me this, give me that.

My kids say, "Hi God! Thanks for my toys and my friends. Please keep the bad dreams away tonight. Sorry, I don't want to go to Heaven yet. I would miss my Mommy and Daddy."

When I see a mud puddle I step around it. I see muddy shoes and dirty carpets.

My kids sit in it. They see dams to build, rivers to cross, and worms to play with.

I wonder if we are given kids to teach or to learn from? No wonder God loves the little children!
Enjoy the little things in life, for one day you may look back and realize they were the big things.

I wish you Big Mud Puddles and Sunny Yellow Dandelions!!!

"Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take but by the moments that take our breath away."

1. Who was the first person to look at a cow and say, "I think I'll squeeze these dangly things here, and drink whatever comes out"?
2. Why do toasters always have a setting that burns the toast to a horrible crisp which no decent human being would eat?
3. Why is there a light in the fridge and not in the freezer?
4. If Jimmy cracks corn and no one cares, why is there a song about him?
5. Can a hearse carrying a corpse drive in the carpool lane?
6. If the professor on Gilligan's Island can make a radio out of coconut, why can't he fix a hole in a boat?
7. Why do people point to their wrist when asking for the time, but don't point to their crotch when they ask where the bathroom is?
8. Why does your OB-GYN leave the room when you get undressed if they are going to look up there anyway?
9. Why does Goofy stand erect while Pluto remains on all fours? They're both dogs!
10. What do you call male ballerinas?
11. Can blind people see their dreams? Do they dream??
12. Why ARE Trix only for kids?
13. If Wile E. Coyote had enough money to buy all that Acme crap, why didn't he just buy dinner?
14. Why is a person that handles your money called a 'Broker'?
15. If quizzes are quizzical, what are tests?
16. If corn oil is made from corn, and vegetable oil is made from vegetables, then what is baby oil made from?
17. If a man is talking in the forest, and no woman is there to hear him, is he still wrong?
18. Why is it that when someone tells you that there are over a billion stars in the universe, you believe them, but if they tell you there is wet paint somewhere, you have to touch it to make sure?
19. If electricity comes from electrons, does morality come from morons?
20. Is Disney World the only people trap operated by a mouse?
21. Why do the Alphabet song and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star have the same tune?

22. Do illiterate people get the full effect of Alphabet Soup

The Piano Story

I am a former elementary school music teacher from Des Moines, Iowa. I've always supplemented my income by teaching piano lessons--something I've done for over 30 years. Over the years I found that children have many levels of musical ability. I've never had the pleasure of having a protege though I have taught some talented students. However I've also had my share of what I call "musically challenged" pupils.

One such student was Robby. Robby was 11 years old when his mother (a single Mom) dropped him off for his first piano lesson. I prefer that students (especially boys!) begin at an earlier age, which I explained to Robby. But Robby said that it had always been his mother's dream to hear him play the piano. So I took him as a student. Well, Robby began with his piano lessons and from the beginning I thought it was a hopeless endeavor. As much as Robby tried, he lacked the sense of tone and basic rhythm needed to excel. But he dutifully reviewed his scales and some elementary pieces that I require all my students to learn

. Over the months he tried and tried while I listened and cringed and tried to encourage him. At the end of each weekly lesson he always say, "My mom's going to hear me play some day." But it seemed hopeless. He just did not have any inborn ability. I only knew his mother from a distance as she dropped Robby off or waited in her aged car to pick him up. She always waved and smiled but never stopped in.

Then one day Robby stopped coming to our lessons. I thought about calling him but assumed, because of his lack of ability, that he had decided to pursue something else. I also was glad that he stopped coming. He was a bad advertisement for my teaching! Several weeks later I mailed to the student's homes a flyer on the upcoming recital

. To my surprise Robby (who received a flyer) asked me if he could be in the recital. I told him that the recital was for current pupils and because he had dropped out he really did not qualify. He said that his Mom had been sick and unable to take him to piano lessons but he was still practicing. "Miss Hondorf...I've just got to play!" he insisted. I don't know what led me to allow him to play in the recital. Maybe it was his persistence or maybe it was something inside of me saying that it would be all right.

The night for the recital came. The high school gymnasium was packed with parents, friends and relatives. I put Robby up last in the program before I was to come up and thank all the students and play a finishing piece. I thought that any damage he would do would come at the end of the program and I could always salvage his poor performance through my "curtain closer." Well, the recital went off without a hitch. The students had been practicing and it showed.

Then Robby came up on stage. His clothes were wrinkled and his hair looked like he' run an eggbeater through it. "Why didn't he dress up like the other students?" I thought. "Why didn't his mother at least make him comb his hair for this special night?"

Robby pulled out the piano bench and he began. I was surprised when he announced that he had chosen Mozart's Concerto #21 in C Major. I was not prepared for what I heard next. His fingers were light on the keys, they even danced nimbly on the ivories. He went from pianissimo to fortissimo...from allegro to virtuoso. His suspended chords that Mozart demands were magnificent! Never had I heard Mozart played so well by people his age. After six and a half minutes he ended in a grand crescendo and everyone was on their feet in wild applause.

Overcome and in tears I ran up on stage and put my arms around Robby in joy. "I've never heard you play like that Robby! How'd you do it?" Through the microphone Robby explained: "Well Miss Hondorf...remember I told you my Mom was sick? Well, actually she had cancer and passed away this morning. And well....she was born deaf so tonight was the first time she ever heard me play. I wanted to make it special."

There wasn't a dry eye in the house that evening. As the people from Social Services led Robby from the stage to be placed into foster care, I noticed that even their eyes were red and puffy and I thought to myself how much richer my life had been for taking Robby as my pupil. No, I've never had a protege but that night I became a protege...of Robby's. He was the teacher and I was the pupil. For it is he that taught me the meaning of perseverance and love and believing in yourself and maybe even taking a chance in someone and you don't know why. This is especially meaningful to me since after serving in Desert Storm Robby was killed in the senseless bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City in April of 1995, where he was reportedly....playing the piano.

A.A.A.D.D. is Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder

This is how it manifests:

I decided to wash my car. As I start toward the garage, I notice that there is mail on the hall table. I decide to go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay my car keys down on the table, put the junk mail in the trashcan under the table, and notice that the trash can is full. So, I decide to put the bills back on the table and takeout the trash first. But then I think, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the trash any way, I may as well pay the bills first. I take my checkbook off the table, and see that there is only one check left. My extra checks are in my desk in the study, so I go to my desk where I find the can of Coke that I had been drinking. I'm going to look for my checks, but first I need to push the Coke aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. I notice the Coke is getting warm, and decide I should put it in the refrigerator to keep it cold. As I head toward the kitchen with the Coke, a vase of flowers on the counter catches my eye. They need to be watered. I set the Coke down on the counter, and I discover my reading glasses that I've been searching for all morning. I decide I better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers. I set the glasses back down on the counter, fill a container with water and suddenly I spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. I realize that tonight when we want to watch TV, we will be looking for the remote, but nobody will remember that it's on the kitchen table, so I decide to put it back in the den where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I splash some water on the flowers, but most of it spills on the floor. So, I set the remote back down on the table, get some towels and wipe up the spill. Then I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do. At the end of the day the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, the trash hasn't been taken out, there is a warm can of Coke sitting on the counter, the flowers aren't watered, there is still only one check in my checkbook, I can't find the remote, I can't find my glasses, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys. Then when I try to figure out why nothing got done today, I'm really baffled because I know I was busy all day long, and I'm really tired. I realize this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it, but first I'll check my e-mail.

Dr. Seuss Sees AMERICA, 2003

The Whos down in Whoville liked people a lot,
But the Grinch in the White House most certainly did not.
He didn't arrive there by the will of the Whos,
But stole the election that he really did lose.

Vowed to "rule from the middle," then installed his regime.

(Did this really happen, or is it just a bad dream?)

He didn't listen to voters, just his friends he was pleasin'
Now, please don't ask why, who knows what's the reason.
It could be his heart wasn't working just right.
It could be, perhaps, that he wasn't too bright.

But I think that the most likely reason of all,
Is that both brain and heart were two sizes too small.
Whatever the reason its very bad news,
To have a someone in power who ignores the Whos' views.

But the Whos shrugged their shoulders, went on with their work,
Their duties as citizens casually shirked.
They shopped at the mall and watched their T.V.s
They drove about town in their big S.U.Vs.,

They read the same papers that ran the same leads,
Reporting what only served corporate needs.
(For the policies affecting the lives of all nations
Were made by the giant U.S. Corporations.)

Big business grew fatter, fed by its own greed,
Paying millions of dollars to those without need.
But amidst all the apathy came signs of unrest,
The Whos began asking 'what's fouling our nest.'

And the people who cared for the ideals of this nation
Began to discuss and exchange information:
They learned the truth missed by the corporate press
By using the internet and alternate press.

They learned about NAFTA and CIA schemes,
About huge expense for changing regimes.
They publish, create Websites, and use their e-mail
(Though Homeland Security might send them to jail!)

What began as a whisper now grows to a roar,
These things going on they could no longer ignore.
In their thousands they gather to voice their dissent
Of the bully-boy tactics of their "President."
The Whos came together, sang "Not in our name!"
Challenging power that causes them shame.
One by one from their sleep and their slumber they woke
The old and the young, all kinds of folk,

The black, brown and white, the gay, bi- and straight,
All united to sing, "Feed our hope, not our hate!"

Stop enriching the rich and start feeding the poor!
Stop stockpiling weapons and aiming for war!

Stop storming the deserts to fuel SUV's!
Stop telling us lies on the mainstream T.V.'s!

Stop treating our children as a market to sack!
Stop feeding them junk food like the Big Mac!
Stop trying to addict them to lifelong consuming,
In a time when we think global warming is looming!

Stop sanctions that are killing the kids in Iraq!
Start dealing with ours that are strung out on crack!"
A mighty sound started to rise and to grow,
"The old way of thinking simply must go!

Enough of God versus Allah, Muslim vs. Jew
With what lies ahead, it simply won't do.
The American dream cared for more than wealth
It has always included community health.

The rivers and forests are facing decay,
If we're to survive, we must walk a new way.
No more excessive and mindless consumption
Let's sharpen our minds and garner our gumption.

For the ideas are simple, but the practice is hard,
And not to be won by a poem on a card.

It needs the ideas and the acts of each Who,
So let's get together and plan what to do!"
And so they all gathered from all 'round the Earth
And from it all came a virtual birth.

With each passing day the standard of wealth,
Was whatever nurtured Whos' spiritual health.
Although our story has Grinches 'gainst Whos,
The true battle lies in what we daily choose.

For inside each Grinch is a tiny small Who,
And inside each Who is a tiny Grinch too.
One thrives on love and one thrives on greed.
Who will win out? Depends which one you feed!

Author: Unknown

Good ole days

PEOPLE OVER 30 SHOULD BE DEAD

According to today's regulators and bureaucrats, those of us who were kids in the 40's, 50's, 60's or even maybe the early 70's probably shouldn't have survived.

Our baby cribs were covered with bright colored lead-based paint.

We had no childproof lids on medicine bottles, doors or cabinets, and when we rode our bikes, we had no helmets. (Not to mention the risks we took hitchhiking.)

As children, we would ride in cars with no seat belts or air bags. Riding in the back of a pickup truck on a warm day was always a special treat.

We drank water from the garden hose and not a from a bottle. Horrors! We ate cupcakes, bread and butter, and drank soda pop with sugar in it, but we were never overweight because we were always outside playing.

We shared one soft drink with four friends, from one bottle, and no one actually died from this.

We would spend hours building our go-carts out of scraps and then rode down the hill, only to find out we forgot the brakes. After running into the bushes a few times, we learned to solve the problem.

We would leave home in the morning and we play all day, as long as we were back when the street lights came on.

No one was able to reach us all day. No cell phones. Unthinkable!

We did not have Playstations, Nintendo64, X-Boxes, no video games at all, no 99 channels on cable, video tape movies, surround sound, DVD's, personal cell phones, personal computers, or Internet chat rooms.

We had friends! We went outside and found them. We played dodge ball, and sometimes, the ball would really hurt. We fell out of trees, got cut and broke bones and teeth, and there were no lawsuits from these accidents. They were accidents. No one was to blame but us. Remember accidents?

We had fights and punched each other and got black and blue and learned to get over it. We made up games with sticks and tennis balls and ate worms, and although we were told it would happen, we did not put out very many eyes, nor did the worms live inside us forever.

We rode bikes or walked to a friend's home and knocked on the door, or rang the bell or just walked in and talked to them.

Little League had tryouts and not everyone made the team. Those who didn't had to learn to deal with disappointment.

Some students weren't as smart as others, so they failed a grade and were held back to repeat the same grade. Horrors! Tests were not adjusted for any reason. Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected.

The idea of a parent bailing us out if we broke the law was unheard of. They actually sided with the law. Imagine that! This generation has produced some of the best risk-takers and problem solvers and inventors, ever.

The past 50 years have been an explosion of innovation and new ideas. We had freedom, failure, success and responsibility, and we learned to deal with it all. And you're one of them!

Congratulations.

Please pass this on to others who have had the luck to grow up as kids, before lawyers and government regulated our lives, for our own good...

Kind of makes you want to run through the house with scissors?

If Airlines Sold Paint...

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Customer: Hi. How much is your paint?

Clerk: Well, sir, that all depends on quite a lot of things.

Customer: Can you give me a guess? Is there an average price?

Clerk: Our lowest price is \$12 a gallon, and we have 60 different prices up to \$200 a gallon.

Customer: What's the difference in the paint?

Clerk: Oh, there isn't any difference; it's all the same paint.

Customer: Well, then I'd like some of that \$12 paint.

Clerk: When do you intend to use the paint?

Customer: I want to paint tomorrow. It's my day off.

Clerk: Sir, the paint for tomorrow is the \$200 paint.

Customer: When would I have to paint to get the \$12 paint?

Clerk: You would have to start very late at night in about 3 weeks. But you will have to agree to start painting before Friday of that week and continue painting until at least Sunday.

Customer: You've got to be *&%^#@* kidding!

Clerk: I'll check and see if we have any paint available.

Customer: You have shelves FULL of paint! I can see it!

Clerk: But it doesn't mean that we have paint available. We sell only a certain number of gallons on any given weekend. Oh, and by the way, the price per gallon just went to \$16. We don't have any more \$12 paint.

Customer: The price went up as we were talking?

Clerk: Yes, sir. We change the prices and rules hundreds of times a day, and since you haven't actually walked out of the store with your paint yet, we just decided to change. I suggest you purchase your paint as soon as possible. How many gallons do you want?

Customer: Well, maybe five gallons. Make that six, so I'll have enough.

Clerk: Oh no, sir, you can't do that. If you buy paint and don't use it, there are penalties and possible confiscation of the paint you already have.

Customer: WHAT?

Clerk: We can sell enough paint to do your kitchen, bathroom, hall and north bedroom, but if you stop painting before you do the bedroom, you will lose your remaining gallons of paint.

Customer: What does it matter whether I use all the paint? I Already paid you for it!

Clerk: We make plans based upon the idea that all our paint is used, every drop. If you don't, it causes us all sorts of problems.

Customer: This is crazy!! I suppose something terrible happens if I don't keep painting until after Saturday night!

Clerk: Oh yes! Every gallon you bought automatically becomes the \$200 paint.

Customer: But what are all these "Paint on sale from \$10 a litre" signs?

Clerk: Well that's for our budget paint. It only comes in half-gallons. One \$5 half-gallon will do half a room. The second half-gallon to complete the room is \$20. None of the cans have labels, some are empty and there are no refunds, even on the empty cans.

Customer: I can't believe this! I'll buy what I need somewhere else!

Clerk: I don't think so, sir. You may be able to buy paint for Your bathroom and bedrooms, and your kitchen and dining room from someone else, but you won't be able to paint your connecting hall and stairway from anyone but us. And I should point out, sir, that if you paint in only one direction, it will be \$300 a gallon.

Customer: I thought your most expensive paint was \$200!

Clerk: That's if you paint around the room to the point at which You started. A hallway is different.

Customer: And if I buy \$200 paint for the hall, but only paint in one direction, you'll confiscate the remaining paint.

Clerk: No, we'll charge you an extra use fee plus the difference on your next gallon of paint. But I believe you're getting it now, sir.

Customer: You're insane!

Clerk: Thanks for painting with United.

Donald G. Jones

Read this slowly and let it sink in, we all need this at times. We don't need to get a miracle just take the words to heart....

THE BRICK

A young and successful executive was traveling down a neighborhood street, going a bit too fast in his new Jaguar. He was watching for kids darting out from between parked cars and slowed down when he thought he saw something. As his car passed, no children appeared. Instead, a brick smashed into the Jag's side door! He slammed on the brakes and backed the Jag back to the spot where the brick had been thrown. The angry driver then jumped out of the car, grabbed the nearest kid and pushed him up against a parked car shouting, "What was that all about and who are you? Just what the heck are you doing? That's a new car and that brick you threw is going to cost a lot of money. Why did you do it?"

The young boy was apologetic. "Please, mister...please, I'm sorry but I didn't know what else to do," He pleaded. "I threw the brick because no one else would stop..." With tears dripping down his face and off his chin, the youth pointed to a spot just around a parked car. "It's my brother," he said. "He rolled off the curb and fell out of his wheelchair and I can't lift him up." Now sobbing, the boy asked the stunned executive, "Would you please help me get him back into his wheelchair? He's hurt and he's too heavy for me."

Moved beyond words, the driver tried to swallow the rapidly swelling lump in his throat. He hurriedly lifted the handicapped boy back into the wheelchair, then took out a linen handkerchief and dabbed at the fresh scrapes and cuts. A quick look told him everything was going to be okay.. "Thank you and may God bless you," the grateful child told the stranger.

Too shook up for words, the man simply watched the boy push his wheelchair-bound brother down the sidewalk toward their home. It was a long, slow walk back to the Jaguar. The damage was very noticeable, but the driver never bothered to repair the dented side door. He kept the dent there to remind him of this message "Don't go through life so fast that someone has to throw a brick at you to get your attention!" God whispers in our souls and speaks to our hearts. Sometimes when we don't have time to listen,

He has to throw a brick at us.

It's our choice to listen or not.

If God brings you to it, He will bring you through it.

WHY ENGLISH IS HARD TO LEARN:

- 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) I did not object to the object.
- 9) There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
- 10) They were too close to the door to close it.

- 11) Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
- 12) How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?
- 13) I shed my clothes in the shed.

Let's face it - English is a ridiculous language.

There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in a hamburger; neither apple nor pine in a pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England, nor French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.

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 bakers bake, but grocers don't groce? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth? In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? We 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.

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race (which, of course, isn't a race at all). That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

And finally, how about when you want to shut down your computer you have to hit "START".

Burma Shave

For those of you who never saw the Burma Shave signs, here is a quick lesson in our history of the 1930's, 1940's and early 1950's. Before the Interstate highways, when everyone drove the old 2 lane roads, Burma Shave signs would be posted all over the countryside in farmers' fields. They were small red signs with white letters. Five signs, about 100 feet apart, each containing 1 line of a 4 line couplet - the obligatory 5th sign advertising Burma Shave, a popular shaving cream of the time.

BROTHER SPEEDER

LET'S REHEARSE,

ALL TOGETHER

GOOD MORNING NURSE

Burma Shave

DON'T LOOSE YOUR HEAD

TO GAIN A MINUTE

YOU NEED YOUR HEAD

YOUR BRAINS ARE IN IT

Burma Shave

DROVE TOO LONG

DRIVER SNOOZING

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

IS NOT AMUSING

Burma Shave

HUGGING ON HIGHWAY

FAVORITE SPORT

TRADE IN YOUR CAR

FOR A DAVENPORT

Burma Shave

CAUTIOUS RIDER

TO HER RECKLESS DEAR

LET'S HAVE LESS BULL

AND MORE STEER

Burma Shave

SPEED WAS HIGH

WEATHER WAS NOT

TIRES WERE THIN

X MARKS THE SPOT

Burma Shave

THE MIDNIGHT RIDE

OF PAUL FOR BEER
LED TO A WARMER
HEMISPHERE

Burma Shave

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

Burma shave

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

*** Burma Shave***

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

Burma Shave

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

Burma Shave

BOTH HANDS ON THE WHEEL

EYES ON THE ROAD

THAT'S THE SKILLFUL

DRIVER'S CODE

Burma Shave

THE ONE WHO DRIVES WHEN

HE'S BEEN DRINKING

DEPENDS ON YOU

TO DO HIS THINKING

Burma Shave

CAR IN DITCH

DRIVER IN TREE

THE MOON WAS FULL

AND SO WAS HE.

Burma Shave

DRUNKEN DRIVERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

TO HOBBLE HOME

IN AN AMBULANCE

Burma Shave

And my all time favorite

PASSING SCHOOL ZONE

TAKE IT SLOW

LET OUR LITTLE

SHAVERS GROW

Burma Shave

Did any of these bring back memories?

Subject Microsoft vs GM ... this is priceless!

For all of us who feel only the deepest love and affection for the way computers have enhanced our lives, read on.

At a recent computer expo (COMDEX), Bill Gates reportedly compared the computer industry with the auto industry and stated, "If GM had kept up with technology like the computer industry has, we would all be driving \$25 cars that got 1,000 miles to the gallon".

In response to Bill's comments, General Motors issued a press release stating: If GM had developed technology like Microsoft, we would all be driving Cars with the following characteristics:

1. For no reason whatsoever, your car would crash twice a day.
2. Every time they repainted the lines in the road, you would have to buy a new car.
3. Occasionally your car would die on the freeway for no reason. You would have to pull over to the side of the road, close all of the windows, shut off the car, restart it, and reopen the windows before you could continue. For some reason you would simply accept this.
4. Occasionally, executing a maneuver such as a left turn would cause your car to shut down and refuse to restart, in which case you would have to reinstall the engine.
5. Macintosh would make a car that was powered by the sun, was reliable, five times as fast and twice as easy to drive - but would run on only five percent of the roads.
6. The oil, water temperature, and alternator warning lights would all be replaced by a single "This Car Has Performed An Illegal Operation "warning light.
7. The airbag system would ask "Are you sure?" before deploying.
8. Occasionally, for no reason whatsoever, your car would lock you out and refuse to let you in until you simultaneously lifted the door handle, turned the key and grabbed hold of the radio antenna.
9. Every time a new car was introduced car buyers would have to learn how to drive all over again because none of the controls would operate in the same manner as the old car.
10. You'd have to press the "Start" button to turn the engine off.

Please share this with your friends who love - but sometimes hate their computer!

Some additional comments

If Microsoft built a car: A particular model year of car wouldn't be available until after that year instead of before it.

If Microsoft built a car: Every time they repainted the lines on the road, you'd have to buy a new car.

If Microsoft built a car: Occasionally your car would just die for no reason, and you'd have to restart it. For some strange reason, you'd just accept this.

If Microsoft built a car: You could only have one person in the car at a time, unless you bought a Car 95 or a Car NT. But then you'd have to buy more seats.

If Microsoft built a car: Sun Motorsystems would make a car that was powered by the sun, twice as reliable, and five times as fast-but it would only run on 5 percent of the roads.

If Microsoft built a car: The oil, engine, gas, and alternator warnings lights would be replaced with a single "General Car Fault" warning light.

If Microsoft built a car: People would get excited about the "new" features in Microsoft cars, forgetting completely that they had been available in other cars for years.

If Microsoft built a car: We'd all have to switch to Microsoft gas.

If Microsoft built a car: The U.S. government would be getting subsidies from an automaker, instead of giving them.

If Microsoft built a car: New seats would force everyone to have the same-size butt.

If Microsoft built a car: You would need a separate license for each of the Windows you looked out of, and each passenger would need their own set of licenses for your car.

Posted by Evil E on April 16, 2003 at 21:18:22:

Dr. Seuss Sees AMERICA, 2003

The Whos down in Whoville liked people a lot, But the Grinch in the White House most certainly did not. He didn't arrive there by the will of the Whos, But stole the election that he really did lose.

Vowed to "rule from the middle," then installed his regime. (Did this really happen, or is it just a bad dream?)

He didn't listen to voters, just his friends he was pleasin' Now, please don't ask why, who knows what's the reason. It could be his heart wasn't working just right. It could be, perhaps, that he wasn't too bright. But I think that the most likely reason of all, Is that both brain and heart were two sizes too small. In times of great turmoil, this was bad news, To have a government that ignores its Whos.

But the Whos shrugged their shoulders, went on with their work, Their duties as citizens so casually did shirk. They shopped at the mall and watched their T.V. They drove a gas-guzzling big S.U.V., Oblivious to what was going on in D.C., Ignoring the threats to democracy. They read the same papers that ran the same leads, Reporting what only served corporate needs. (For the policies affecting the

lives of all nations Were made by the giant U.S. Corporations.) Big business grew fatter, fed by its own greed, And by people who shopped for the things they didn't need.

But amidst all the apathy came signs of unrest, The Whos came to see we were fouling our nest. And the people who cared for the ideals of this nation Began to discuss and exchange information: The things they couldn't read, in the corporate-owned news, Of FTAA meetings and CIA coups, Of drilling for oil and restricting rights. They published some books, created Websites, Began to write letters, and use their e-mail (Though Homeland Security might send them to jail!)

What began as a whisper soon grew to a roar, These things going on they could no longer ignore. They started to rise up and reach out to all Let their voices be heard, they rose to the call, To vote, to petition, to gather, dissent, To question the policies of the "President."

As greed gained in power and power knew no shame The Whos came together, sang "Not in our name!" One by one from their sleep and their slumber they woke The old and the young, all kinds of folk, The black, brown and white, the gay, bi- and straight, All united to sing, "Feed our hope, not our hate! Stop stockpiling weapons and aiming for war! Stop feeding the rich, start feeding the poor! Stop storming the deserts to fuel SUV's! Stop telling us lies on the mainstream T.V.'s! Stop treating our children as a market to sack! Stop feeding them Barney, Barbie and Big Mac! Stop trying to addict them to lifelong consuming, In a time when severe global warming is looming! Stop sanctions that are killing the kids in Iraq! Start dealing with ours that are strung out on crack!"

A mighty sound started to rise and to grow, "The old way of thinking simply must go! Enough of God versus Allah, Muslim vs. Jew With what lies ahead, it simply won't do. No American dream that cares only for wealth Ignoring the need for community health The rivers and forests are demanding their pay, If we're to survive, we must walk a new way. No more excessive and mindless consumption Let's sharpen our minds and garner our gumption. For the ideas are simple, but the practice is hard, And not to be won by a poem on a card. It needs the ideas and the acts of each Who, So let's get together and plan what to do!"

And so they all gathered from all 'round the Earth And from it all came a miraculous birth. The hearts and the minds of the Whos they did grow, Three sizes to fit what they felt and they know. While the Grinches they shrank from their hate and their greed, Bearing the weight of their every foul deed.

From that day onward the standard of wealth, Was whatever fed the Whos spiritual health. They gathered together to revel and feast, And thanked all who worked to conquer their beast. For although our story pits Grinches 'gainst Whos, The true battle lies in what we daily choose. For inside each Grinch is a tiny small Who, And inside each Who is a tiny Grinch too. One thrives on love and one thrives on greed. Who will win out? It depends who you feed!

Subject: Country Wisdom

Don't name a pig you plan to eat.
Country fences need to be horse high, pig tight, and bull strong.
Life is not about how fast you run, or how high you climb, but how well you bounce.
Keep skunks and lawyers at a distance.
Life is simpler when you plow around the stumps.
A bumble bee is faster than a John Deere tractor.
Trouble with a milk cow is she won't stay milked.
Don't skinny dip with snapping turtles.
Words that soak into your ears are whispered, not yelled.
Meanness don't happen overnight.

To know how country folks are doing, look at their barns, not their houses.
Never lay an angry hand on a kid or an animal, it just ain't helpful.
Teachers, Moms, and hoot owls sleep with one eye open.
Forgive your enemies. It messes with their heads.
Don't sell your mule to buy a plow.
Two can live as cheap as one if one don't eat.
Don't corner something meaner than you.
You can catch more flies with honey than vinegar, assuming you want to catch flies.
Man is the only critter who feels the need to label things as flowers or weeds.
It don't take a very big person to carry a grudge.
Don't go huntin' with a fellow named Chug-A-Lug.
You can't unsay a cruel thing.
Every path has some puddles.
Don't wrestle with pigs: You'll get all muddy and the pigs will love it.
The best sermons are lived, not preached.
Most of the stuff people worry about never happens.
Don't shoot anything unless you're going to eat it or unless it's going to eat you!

The Yellow shirt

The baggy yellow shirt had long sleeves, four extra-large pockets trimmed in black thread and snaps up the front. It was faded from years of wear, but still in decent shape. I found it in 1963 when I was home from college on Christmas break, rummaging through bags of clothes Mom intended to give away. "You're not taking that old thing, are you?" Mom said when she saw me packing the yellow shirt. "I wore that when I was pregnant with your brother in 1954!"

"It's just the thing to wear over my clothes during art class, Mom. Thanks!" I slipped it into my suitcase before she could object. The yellow shirt became a part of my college wardrobe. I loved it. After graduation, I wore the shirt the day I moved into my new apartment and on Saturday mornings when I cleaned.

The next year, I married. When I became pregnant, I wore the yellow shirt during big-belly days. I missed Mom and the rest of my family, since we were in Colorado and they were in Illinois. But that shirt helped. I smiled, remembering that Mother had worn it when she was pregnant, 15 years earlier. That Christmas, mindful of the warm feelings the shirt had given me, I patched one elbow, wrapped it in holiday paper and sent it to Mom. When Mom wrote to thank me for her "real" gifts, she said the yellow shirt was lovely. She never mentioned it again.

The next year, my husband, daughter and I stopped at Mom and Dad's to pick up some furniture. Days later, when we uncrated the kitchen table, I noticed something yellow taped to its bottom. The shirt!

And so the pattern was set.

On our next visit home, I secretly placed the shirt under Mom and Dad's mattress. I don't know how long it took for her to find it, but almost two years passed before I discovered it under the base of our living-room floor lamp. The yellow shirt was just what I needed now while refinishing furniture. The walnut stains added character.

In 1975 my husband and I divorced, with my three children, prepared to move back to Illinois. As I packed, a deep depression overtook me. I wondered if I could make it on my own. I wondered if I would find a job. I paged through the Bible, looking for comfort. In Ephesians, I read, "So use every

piece of God's armor to resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will be standing up."

I tried to picture myself wearing God's armor, but all I saw was the stained yellow shirt. Slowly, it dawned on me. Wasn't my mother's love a piece of God's armor? My courage was renewed.

Unpacking in our new home, I knew I had to get the shirt back to Mother. The next time I visited her, I tucked it in her bottom dresser drawer.

Meanwhile, I found a good job at a radio station. A year later I discovered the yellow shirt hidden in a rag bag in my cleaning closet. Something new had been added. Embroidered in bright green across the breast pocket were the words "I BELONG TO PAT."

Not to be outdone, I got out my own embroidery materials and added an apostrophe and seven more letters. Now the shirt proudly proclaimed, "I BELONG TO PAT'S MOTHER." But I didn't stop there. I zig-zagged all the frayed seams, then had a friend mail the shirt in a fancy box to Mom from Arlington, VA. We enclosed an official looking letter from "The Institute for the Destitute," announcing that she was the recipient of an award for good deeds. I would have given anything to see Mom's face when she opened the box. But, of course, she never mentioned it.

Two years later, in 1978, I remarried. The day of our wedding, Harold and I put our car in a friend's garage to avoid practical jokers. After the wedding, while my husband drove us to our honeymoon suite, I reached for a pillow in the car to rest my head. It felt lumpy. I unzipped the case and found, wrapped in wedding paper, the yellow shirt. Inside a pocket was a note: "Read John 14:27-29. I love you both, Mother."

That night I paged through the Bible in a hotel room and found the verses: "I am leaving you with a gift: peace of mind and heart. And the peace I give isn't fragile like the peace the world gives. So don't be troubled or afraid. Remember what I told you: I am going away, but I will come back to you again. If you really love me, you will be very happy for me, for now I can go to the Father, who is greater than I am. I have told you these things before they happen so that when they do, you will believe in me."

The shirt was Mother's final gift. She had known for three months that she had terminal Lou Gehrig's disease. Mother died the following year at age 57.

I was tempted to send the yellow shirt with her to her grave. But I'm glad I didn't, because it is a vivid reminder of the love-filled game she and I played for 16 years. Besides, my older daughter is in college now, majoring in art. And every art student needs a baggy yellow shirt with big pockets.

Lotus Totus There's some mighty fine advice in these words, even if you're not superstitious. This Lotus Totus has been sent To you for good luck from the Anthony Robbins organization. It has been sent around the world ten times so Far. You will receive good luck within four days of relaying this Lotus Totus.

ONE. Give people more than they expect and do it cheerfully.

TWO. Marry a man/woman you love to talk t o. As you get older, their conversational skills will be as Important as any other.

THREE. Don't believe all you hear, spend all you have or sleep all you want.

FOUR. When you say, "I love you," mean it.

FIVE. When you say, "I'm sorry," look the person in the eye.

SIX. Be engaged at least six months before you get married.

SEVEN. Believe in love at first sight.

EIGHT. Never laugh at anyone's dreams. People who don't have dreams don't have much.

NINE. Love deeply and passionately. You might get hurt but it's the only way to live life completely.

TEN.. In disagreements, fight fairly. No name calling.

ELEVEN. Don't judge people by their relatives

TWELVE. Talk slowly but think quickly.

THIRTEEN. When someone asks you a question you don't want to answer, smile and ask, "Why do you want to know?"

FOURTEEN. Remember that great love and great achievements involve great risk.

FIFTEEN. Say "bless you" when you hear someone sneeze.

SIXTEEN. When you lose, don't lose the lesson

SEVENTEEN. Remember the three R's: Respect for self; Respect for others; and Responsibility for all your actions.

EIGHTEEN. Don't let a little dispute injure a great friendship.

NINETEEN. When you realize you've made a mistake, take immediate steps to correct it.

TWENTY. Smile when picking up the phone. The caller will hear it in your voice.

TWENTY-ONE. Spend some time alone.

A true friend is someone who reaches for your hand and touches your heart.

A little toot can cause bodily harm.

This is a story about a couple who had been happily married for years. The only friction in their marriage was the husband's habit of farting loudly every morning when he awoke. The noise would wake his wife, the smell would make her eyes water and make her gasp for air. Every morning she would plead with him to stop ripping them off because it was making her sick. He told her he couldn't stop it and that it was perfectly natural. She told him to see a doctor; she was concerned that one day he would blow his guts out! The years went by and he continued to rip them out!

Then, one Thanksgiving morning as she was preparing the turkey for dinner and he was upstairs sound asleep, she looked at the bowl where she had put the turkey innards and neck, gizzard, liver and all the spare parts and a malicious thought came to her.

She took the bowl and went upstairs where her husband was sound asleep and , gently pulling back the bed covers, she pulled back the elastic waistband of his underpants and emptied the bowl of turkey guts into his shorts.

Some time later she heard her husband waken with his usual trumpeting which was followed by a blood curdling scream and the sound of frantic footsteps as he ran into the bathroom.

The wife could hardly control herself as she rolled on the floor laughing, tears in her eyes! After years of torture she reckoned she had got him back pretty good.

About twenty minutes later, her husband came downstairs in his bloodstained underpants with a look of horror on his face. She bit her lip as she asked him what was the matter.

He said, "Honey, you were right. All the years you have warned me and I didn't listen to you." "What do you mean?" asked his wife. "Well, you always told me that one day I would end up farting my guts out, and today it finally happened

but, by the Grace of God, some Vaseline, and two fingers, I think I got most of them back in."