

Why does "slow down" and "slow up" mean the same thing?

Why does "fat chance" and "slim chance" mean the same thing?

Why are a 'wise man' and a 'wise guy' opposites?

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Season Greetings

In these troubled times, I thought it would be a good idea to devote a newsletter to humor. We always can use more humor in our hectic lives. We did this several years ago, and most everyone seemed to enjoy it. So here goes, enjoy.

Birds and the Bees

A man was helping one of his cows give birth, when he noticed his 4-year-old son standing wide-eyed at the fence, soaking in the whole event. The man thought, "Great...he's 4 and I'm gonna have to start explaining the birds and bees. No need to jump the gun - I'll just let him ask, and I'll answer."

After everything was over, the man walked over to his son and said, "Well son, do you have any questions?"

"Just one." gasped the still wide-eyed lad. "How fast was that calf going when he hit that cow?"

What does it say

A mother was reading a book about animals to her 3 year old daughter:

Mother: "What does the cow say?"

Child: "Mooooo!"

Mother: "Great! What does the cat say?"

Child: "Meow."

Mother: "Oh, you're so smart! What does the frog say?" The wide-eyed little three-year-old looked up at her mother and replied, "Bud....Wise.....Er."

Headlines that missed the point

- Include Your Children when Baking Cookies
- Police Begin Campaign to Run Down Jaywalkers
- Safety Experts Say School Bus Passengers Should Be Belted
- Panda Mating Fails; Veterinarian Takes Over
- Teachers Strike Idle Kids
- Never Withhold Herpes Infection from Loved One
- War Dims Hope for Peace
- Red Tape Holds Up New Bridges
- Man Struck By Lightning Faces Battery Charge
- New Study of Obesity Looks for Larger Test Group
- Astronaut Takes Blame for Gas in Spacecraft
- Kids Make Nutritious

Snacks

- Chef Throws His Heart into Helping Feed Needy
- Local High School Drop-outs Cut in Half
- New Vaccine May Contain Rabies

Value of Time

To realize the value of time for

- **one year:** Ask a student who has failed a final exam.
- **one month:** Ask a mother who has given birth to a premature baby.
- **one week:** Ask an editor of a weekly newspaper.
- **one hour:** Ask the lovers who are waiting to meet.
- **one minute:** Ask a person who has missed the train, bus or plane.
- **one second:** Ask a person who has survived an accident.
- **one millisecond:** Ask the person who has won a silver medal in the Olympics.

Oxymoron's

- Act naturally.
- Found missing.
- Resident alien.
- Genuine imitation.
- Airline food.
- Good grief.
- Same difference.
- Almost exactly.
- Sanitary landfill.
- Alone together.
- Legally drunk.
- Small crowd.
- Soft rock.
- Military Intelligence.
- New classic.
- Sweet sorrow.
- Childproof.
- Passive aggression.
- Taped live.
- Peace force.
- Extinct life.
- Plastic glasses.
- Terribly pleased.
- Political science.
- Tight slacks.
- Definite maybe.
- Pretty ugly.
- 12oz pound cake.
- Diet ice cream.
- Working vacation.
- Religious tolerance.
- Jump start
- Film critic
- Artificial intelligence
- Religious Right
- Near miss
- Legal ethics
- Postal service
- Jumbo shrimp
- Half naked
- Freezer burn
- Old news
- White chocolate
- Original copy
- Dull roar
- Plastic silverware
- Fresh frozen
- Service station
- Moral Majority
- Deficit spending
- Social Security
- Half full
- Exxon cleanup
- Truthful tabloids
- Holy war
- Clean coal
- Friendly fire

Preacher's Ass

A preacher wanted to raise money for his church and on being told that there was a fortune in horse racing, decided to purchase one and enter it in the races. However at the local auction, the going price for horses was so high that he ended up buying a donkey instead. He figured that since he had it, he might as well go ahead and enter it in the races. To his surprise, the donkey came in third! The next day the local paper carried this headline: PREACHER'S ASS SHOWS

The preacher was so pleased with the donkey that he entered it in the race again, and this time it won. The paper read: PREACHER'S ASS OUT IN FRONT

The Bishop was so upset with this kind of publicity that he ordered the preacher not to enter the donkey in another race. The paper headline read: BISHOP SCRATCHES PREACHER'S ASS

This was too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the preacher to get rid of the donkey. The preacher decided to give it to a nun in a nearby convent. The paper headline the next day read: NUN HAS BEST ASS IN TOWN

The Bishop fainted. He informed the nun that she would have to get rid of the donkey, so she sold it to a farmer for \$10.00. Next day the headline read: NUN SELLS ASS FOR \$10.00

This was too much for the Bishop, so he ordered the nun to buy back the donkey, lead it to the plains where it could run wild and free. Next day, the headline in the paper read: NUN ANNOUNCES HER ASS IS WILD AND FREE

The Bishop was buried the next day.

Gifts that Don't Cost a Cent

- GIFT OF LISTENING But you must REALLY listen. No interrupting, no day-dreaming, no planning your response. Just listening.
- GIFT OF AFFECTION Be generous with appropriate hugs, kisses, pats on the back and handholds. Let these small actions demonstrate the love you have for family and friends.
- GIFT OF LAUGHTER Clip cartoons. Share articles and funny stories. Your gift will say, "I love to laugh with you".
- GIFT OF A WRITTEN NOTE It can be a simple "Thanks for the help" note or a full sonnet. A brief, handwritten note may be remembered for a lifetime, and may even change a life.
- GIFT OF A COMPLIMENT A simple and sincere, "You look great in red", "You did a super job" or "That was a wonderful meal" can make someone's day.
- GIFT OF A FAVOR Every day, go out of your way to do something kind.
- GIFT OF SOLITUDE There are times when we want nothing better than to be left alone. Be sensitive to those times and give the gift of solitude to others.
- GIFT OF A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION The easiest way to feel good is to extend a kind word to someone, really it's not that hard to say, Hello or Thank You

Twelve Days of Christmas

Day 1: Dear Boudreaux,
Thanks for de bird in de Pear tree. I fix it las' night with dirty rice. I doan tink de pear tree will grow in de swamp, so I swap it for a Satsuma. *Marie*

Day 2: Dear Boudreaux,
You letter say you sent two turtle doves, but all I got was two scrawny pigeons. Anyway, I mixed dem with andouille an made some gumbo out of dem. *Marie*

Day 3: Dear Boudreaux,
Why doan you sent some crawfish? I'm tired of eating dem darn birds. I gave two of dose prissy French chickens to Marie Trahan over at Grans Bayou an fed the tird one to my dog Phideaux. Marie needed some sparring partners for her fighting rooster. *Marie*

Day 4: Dear Boudreaux,
Mon Dieux! I tol you no more birds. Deez four, what you call dem "calling birds" were so noisy you could hear dem all de way to Napoleonville. I used dere necks for my crab traps, an fed de rest of dem to de gators. *Marie*

Day 5: Dear Boudreaux,
You finally sen' somethin useful. I like dem golden rings. I hocked dem at da pawn shop in Thibodeaux and got enuf money to fix da shaft on my shrimp boat an buy a round for da boys at de Raisin' Cane Lounge. Merci Beaucoup! *Marie*

Day 6: Dear Boudreaux,
Back to da birds, you Cajun turkey! Poor egg suckin' Phideaux is scared to death at dem six geeses. He tried to eat dems eggs and dey peck de heck out ah his snout. Dey good at eating cockroaches, though. I may stuff one of dem wit erster dressing on Christmas day. *Marie*

Day 7: Dear Boudreaux,
I'm gonna wring your fool neck next time I see you. Thibeau, da mailman, is ready to kill ya. The merde from all dem birds is stinkin' up his mailboat. He afraid someone will slip on dat stuff and sue him good. I let those seven swans loose to swim on de bayou and some duck hunters from Mississippi blasted dem out of de water. Talk to you tomorrow. *Marie*

Day 8: Dear Boudreaux,
Poor ole Thibeau, he had to make tree trips on his mailboat to deliver dem 8 maids a milkin and their cows. One of dem cows got spooked by da alligators and almost tipped over da boat. I doan like dem shiftless maids, me no. I tolt dem to get to work guttin fish and sweeping the shack but dey say it wasn't in dair contract. Dey probably think dey too good ta skin nutrias I caught las night. *Marie*

Day 9: Dear Boudreaux,
What you trying to do huh? Thibeau had to borrow the Lutcher ferry to carry dem jumpin twits you call Lords-a-Leaping across the bayou. As soon as dey gots here dey wanted a tea break with crumpets. I doan know what dat means but I says, "Well La Di Da. You get Chicory coffee or nuttin." Mon Dieu, Emile. What I'm gonna feed all dese bozos? Dey too snooty for fried nutria, and de cows done eat my turnip greens. *Marie*

Day 10: Dear Boudreaux,
You got to be outs you mind! If de mailman don't kill you, I will fo sure. Today he deliver 10 half nikid floozies from Bourbon Street. Dey said dey be "Ladies Dancin" but dey doan act like ladies in front of dose Limey twits. Dey almos left after one of dem got bit by a water moccasin over by da out-house. I had to butcher 2 cows to feed toute lemonde an had to get toilet paper; the Sears catalog wasn't good enuf fer dose hoity toity Lords' royal behin'. *Marie*

Day 11: Dear Boudreaux,
Where y'at? Cheerio an pip pip. Your 11 pipers piping arrives today from the House of Blues. We fixed stuffed goose and beef jambalaya and we having a fais-do-do. Da new mailman he having a good time, yeah, dancing with de floozies. Thibeau he jump off de Sunshine Bridge yesterday, screaming your name. If you get a mysterious, ticking package in de mail, doan open it. *Marie*

Day 12: Dear Boudreaux,
I sorry to tell ya but I not your true love anymore, no. After da fais-do-do, I spent de night with Jacque, de head piper. We decide to open a restaurant and gentleman's club on de bayou. The floozies, pardon me, Ladies dancing can make \$20 for a table dance, and de Lords can be waiters an valet park de boats. Since de maids doan have no more cows ta milk, I trained dem ta set my crab traps, watch my trotlines, an run my shrimping business. We will probably gross a million nex year. *Marie*

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Beer and Ice Cream Diet

It takes 1 calorie to heat 1 gram of water 1 degree centigrade. This means that if you eat a very cold dessert (generally consisting of water in large part), the natural processes which raise the consumed dessert to body temperature during the digestive cycle literally sucks the calories out of the only available source, your body fat.

For example, a dessert served and eaten at near 32.2deg.F will in a short time be raised to the normal body temperature of (98.6 deg. F. For each gram of dessert eaten, that process takes approximately 37 calories as stated above. The average dessert portion is 6 oz, or 168 grams. Therefore, by operation of thermodynamic law, 6,216 calories (1 cal./gm/deg. x 37 deg. x 168 gms) are extracted from body fat as the dessert's temperature is normalized. Allowing for the 1,200 latent calories in the dessert, the net calorie loss is approximately 5,000 calories. Obviously, the more cold dessert you eat, the better off you are and the faster you will lose weight, if that is your goal.

This process works equally well when drinking very cold beer in frosted glasses. Each ounce of beer contains 16 latent calories, but extracts 1,036 calories (6,216 cal. per 6 oz. portion) in the temperature normalizing process. Thus the net calorie loss per ounce of beer is 1,020 calories. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to calculate that 12,240 calories (12 oz. X 1,020 cal./oz.) are extracted from the body in the process of drinking a can of beer.

Frozen desserts, e.g., ice cream, are even more beneficial, since it takes 83 cal./gm to melt them (i.e., raise them to 0 deg. C) and an additional 37 cal./gm to further raise them to body temperature. The results here are really remarkable, and it beats running hands down.

Unfortunately, for those who eat pizza as an excuse to drink beer, pizza (loaded with latent calories and served above body temperature) induces an opposite effect. But, thankfully, as the astute reader should have already reasoned, the obvious solution is to drink a lot of beer with pizza and follow up immediately with large bowls of ice cream.

We could all be thin if we were to adhere religiously to a pizza, beer, and ice cream diet.