

BOSSES NIGHT

At an annual Bosses Night dinner in Helena, Montana, where legal secretaries sponsored their lawyer bosses; it was time to announce the Boss of the Year.

The master of ceremonies began: "First of all, our winner is a graduate of the University of Montana. So that already eliminates some of you as candidates."

"Our winner also is a partner in a downtown Helena law firm. That eliminates some more of you. "Our nominee is honest, upright, dedicated..."

A voice from the audience cut in: "Well, there go the rest of us!"

PRONOUNS

Teacher: Billy, name two pronouns.

Billy: Who, me?

Teacher: Very good!

TITLE SEARCH

As most of you receiving this know, New Orleans residents are challenged often with the task of tracing home titles back potentially hundreds of years. With a community rich with history stretching back over two centuries, houses have been passed along through generations of family, making it quite difficult to establish ownership.

Here's a great letter an attorney wrote to the FHA on behalf of a client that I thought was absolutely priceless!! This is one lawyer you gotta love!! It's too good not to share!

A New Orleans lawyer sought an FHA loan for a client. He was told the loan would be granted, if he could prove satisfactory title to a parcel of property being offered as collateral. The title to the property dated back to 1803, which took the lawyer three months to track down. After sending the information to the FHA, he received the following reply

(Actual letter):

Upon review of your letter adjoining your client's loan application, we note that the request is supported by an Abstract of Title. While we compliment the able manner in which you have prepared and presented the application, we must point out that you have only cleared title to the proposed collateral property back to 1803. Before final approval can be accorded, it will be necessary to clear the title back to its origin.'

Annoyed, the lawyer responded as follows:

(Actual letter)

Your letter regarding title in Case No. 189156 has been received. I note that you wish to have title extended further than the 194 years covered by the present application. I was unaware that any educated person in this country, particularly those working in the property area, would not

know that Louisiana was purchased, by the U.S., from France in 1803, the year of origin identified in our application. For the edification of uninformed FHA bureaucrats, the title to the land prior to U.S. ownership was obtained from France, which had acquired it by Right of Conquest from Spain. The land came into the possession of Spain by Right of Discovery made in the year 1492 by a sea captain named, Christopher Columbus, who had been granted the privilege of seeking a new route to India by the Spanish monarch, Isabella. The good queen, Isabella, being a pious woman and almost as careful about titles as the FHA, took the precaution of securing the blessing of the Pope before she sold her jewels to finance Columbus expedition.

Now the Pope, as I'm sure you may know, is the emissary of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and God, it is commonly accepted, created this world. Therefore, I believe it is safe to presume that God also made that part of the world called Louisiana. God, therefore, would be the owner of origin and His origins date back, to before the beginning of time, the world as we know it AND the FHA.

I hope you find God's original claim to be satisfactory. Now, may we please have our damn loan?'

The loan was approved.

MANAGERS AND ENGINEERS

A group of managers were given the assignment to measure the height of a flagpole. So they go out to the flagpole with ladders and tape measures, and they're falling off the ladders, dropping the tape measures -- the whole thing is just a mess.

A group of engineers arrive and see what the managers are trying to do. They walk over to the flagpole, pull it out of the ground and lay it flat on the ground. They measure it from end to end, give the measurement to one of the managers, and then walk away.

After the engineers have gone, one manager turns to another and laughs. "Isn't that just like engineers? We're looking for the height and they give us the length."

POLITICALLY CORRECT NFL

The National Football League recently announced a new era. From now on, no offensive team names will be permitted. While the owners of the teams rush to change uniforms and such, the National Football League announced, yesterday, its name changes and schedules for the upcoming season:

The Washington Native Americans will host the New York Very Tall People on opening day.

Other key games include the Dallas Western-Style Laborers hosting the St. Louis Wild Endangered Species, and the Minnesota Plundering Norsemen taking on the Green Bay Meat Industry Workers.

In Week 2, there are several key matchups, highlighted by the showdown between the San Francisco Precious Metal Enthusiasts and the New Orleans Pretty Good People.

The Atlanta Birds of Prey will play host to the Philadelphia Birds of Prey, while the Seattle Birds of Prey will visit the Phoenix Male Finches.

The Monday night game will pit the Miami Pelagic Percoid Food Fishes against the Denver Untamed Beasts of Burden.

The Cincinnati Large Bangladeshi Carnivorous Mammals will travel to Tampa Bay for a clash with the West Indies Free Booters later in Week 9.

And the Detroit Large Carnivorous Cats will play the Chicago Large Mountain Mammals.

Week 9 also features the Indianapolis Young Male Horses at the New England Zealous Lovers of Country.

FROM BRITISH NEWSPAPERS

(I'm not sure how true these are but the humor remains.....)

Commenting on a complaint from a Mr. Arthur Purdey about a large gas bill, a spokesman for North West Gas said, "We agree it was rather high for the time of year. It's possible Mr. Purdey has been charged for the gas used up during the explosion that destroyed his house." (The Daily Telegraph)

Irish police are being handicapped in a search for a stolen van because they cannot issue a description. It's a Special Branch vehicle and they don't want the public to know what it looks like. (The Guardian)

At the height of the gale, the harbor master radioed a coast guard (member) and asked him to estimate the wind speed. He replied he was sorry, but he didn't have a gauge. However, if it was any help, the wind had just blown his Land Rover over the cliff. (Aberdeen Evening Express)

A list of actual announcements that London Tube train drivers have made to their passengers:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I do apologize for the delay to your service. I know you're all dying to get home, unless, of course, you happen to be married to my ex-wife, in which case you'll want to cross over to the Westbound and go in the opposite direction."

"Your delay this evening is caused by the line controller suffering from E & B syndrome: not knowing his elbow from his backside. I'll let you know any further information as soon as I'm given any."

"Do you want the good news first or the bad news? The good news is that last Friday was my birthday and I hit the town and had a great time. The bad news is that there is a points failure somewhere between Stratford and East Ham, which means we probably won't reach our destination."

"We are now traveling through Baker Street. As you can see, Baker Street is closed. It would have been nice if they had actually told me, so I could tell you earlier, but no, they don't think about things like that".

"Beggars are operating on this train. Please do NOT encourage these professional beggars. If you have any spare change, please give it to a registered charity. Failing that, give it to me."

During an extremely hot rush hour on the Central Line, the driver announced in a West Indian drawl: "Step right this way for the sauna, ladies and gentleman. Unfortunately, towels are not provided."

"Let the passengers off the train FIRST!" (...pause). Oh go on then, stuff yourselves in like sardines, and see if I care - I'm going home."

"Please allow the doors to close. Try not to confuse this with 'Please hold the doors open.' The two are distinct and separate instructions."

DOG CALLS

Bernard, who is noted for his gracious manners, was awakened one morning at four forty four AM by his ringing telephone.

"Your dog's barking, and it's keeping me awake," said his angry neighbor.

Bernard thanked the caller politely.

The next morning at precisely four forty four AM Bernard called his neighbor back.

"Good morning, Mr. Williams, just called to say that I don't *have* a dog."

A MAN'S DISEASE

The man told his doctor that he wasn't able to do all the things around the house that he used to do. When the examination was complete, he said, "Now, Doc, I can take it. Tell me in plain English what is wrong with me."

"Well, in plain English," the doctor replied, "you're just lazy."

"Okay," said the man. "Now give me the medical term so I can tell my wife."

WHAT MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

My mother taught me TO APPRECIATE A JOB WELL DONE.

'If you're going to kill each other, do it outside. I just finished cleaning.'

My mother taught me RELIGION.'

'You better pray that will come out of the carpet.'

My mother taught me about TIME TRAVEL.

'If you don't straighten up, I'm going to knock you into the middle of next week!'

My mother taught me LOGIC.

'Because I said so, that's why.'

My mother taught me MORE LOGIC.

'If you fall out of that swing and break your neck, you're not going to the store with me.'

My mother taught me FORESIGHT.

'Make sure you wear clean underwear, in case you're in an accident.'

My mother taught me IRONY.

'Keep crying, and I'll give you something to cry about.'

My mother taught me about the science of OSMOSIS.

'Shut your mouth and eat your supper.'

My mother taught me about CONTORTIONISM.

'Will you look at that dirt on the back of your neck!'

My mother taught me about STAMINA.

'You'll sit there until all that spinach is gone.'

My mother taught me about WEATHER.

'This room of yours looks as if a tornado went through it.'

My mother taught me about HYPOCRISY.

'If I told you once, I've told you a million times. Don't exaggerate!'

My mother taught me the CIRCLE OF LIFE.

'I brought you into this world, and I can take you out.'

My mother taught me about BEHAVIOR MODIFICATION.

'Stop acting like your father!'

My mother taught me about ENVY.

'There are millions of less fortunate children in this world who don't have wonderful parents like you do.'

My mother taught me about ANTICIPATION.

'Just wait until we get home.'

My mother taught me about RECEIVING.

'You're going to get it when you get home!'

My mother taught me MEDICAL SCIENCE.

'If you don't stop crossing your eyes, they are going to get stuck that way.'

My mother taught me ESP.

'Put your sweater on; don't you think I know when you are cold?'

My mother taught me HUMOR.

'When that lawn mower cuts off your toes, don't come running to me.'

My mother taught me HOW TO BECOME AN ADULT.

'If you don't eat your vegetables, you'll never grow up.'

My mother taught me GENETICS.
'You're just like your father.'

My mother taught me about my ROOTS.
'Shut that door behind you. Do you think you were born in a barn?'

My mother taught me WISDOM.
'When you get to be my age, you'll understand.'

And my favorite: My mother taught me about JUSTICE.
'One day you'll have kids, and I hope they turn out just like you!'

PAID IN FULL

A woman was getting swamped with calls from strangers. The reason? A billing service had launched an 800 number that was identical to hers. When she called to complain, she was told to get a new number.

"I've had mine for twenty years," she pleaded. "Couldn't you change yours?"

The company refused, so she said, "Fine. From now on, I'm going to tell everyone who calls that their bill is paid in full."

The company got a new number the next day.

BATH NOTE

Dear Kids,

Don't be alarmed, the world isn't coming to an end. I am simply taking a bath. It will take about thirty minutes and will involve soap and water. Yes, I know how to swim. Even if I didn't, forcing myself to drown in a half-inch of lukewarm water is more work than I've got energy for. (Which reminds me, I'm all for science projects, but the next time you want to see if Play-Doh floats, use cold water.)

Don't panic if I'm not out right on time. I've heard that people don't dissolve in water and I'd like to test the theory. While I'm in the tub, I'd like you to remember a few things. The large slab of wood between us is called a door. Do not bang to hear my voice. I promise that even though you can't see me, I *am* on the other side. I'm not digging an escape tunnel and running for the border, no matter what I said a while ago. I didn't mean it. Honest. There will be plenty of time later to tell me about your day.

"Later" means at a time when I am no longer naked, wet, and contemplating bubble gum in the blow dryer. I know you have important things to tell me. Please let one of them be that you have invented a new way to blow bubbles, not a new way to add gum to your hair.

Believe it or not, shouting, "TELEPHONE!" through the closed bathroom door will *not* make the phone stop ringing. Answer it and take a message. Since Amazing Mind-Reading Mom has the day off, you'll need to write that message down. Use paper and a pencil. Do not use your brother and the laundry marker. We can't send him to school with telephone number tattoos.

Water makes me wet, not deaf. I can still tell the difference between the sound of "nothing" and the sound of a child playing the piano with a basketball. I can also hear you tattling at the top of your lungs. I'm *choosing* NOT to answer you.

Don't call your dad at work and tell him I am unconscious in the bathroom. He didn't appreciate it last time. He won't appreciate it more this time. Trust me.

No matter how much I would like it, water does not make me forgetful. I remember who you are and why you are grounded. No, you can't go to Shelby's house to play. No, you can't go to Shelby's house to use the bathroom. If someone is in our other bathroom, you will just have to think dry thoughts and wait. Unless you have four feet and a tail, do not think of going outside to "water" the lawn. I know the dog does it. The neighbors don't feel the need to call me when the dog does it.

Unless the house catches on fire, stay inside and keep the doors locked. Do not go outside and throw rocks at the bathroom window to get my attention. I know it works in the movies. This is reality, the place where people don't like to sit in a tub while rocks and broken glass rain in on them. Do not set the house on fire. Call me if there is an emergency.

Emergencies ARE:

1. Dad has fallen off the roof.
2. Your brother and/or sister is bleeding.
3. There's a red fire truck in front of our house.

Emergencies are NOT:

1. Dad has fallen asleep.
2. Someone on TV is bleeding.
3. There's a red pickup truck in front of our house.

One other thing: Being forced to use the last roll of toilet paper for a towel does not make me happy. In the future, when the tub overflows, use a mop to clean up the water instead of every towel in the house. For my sanity's sake, let's pretend it was the tub, Okay? No, I don't want to hear the real story. Ever. Especially not while I'm standing in the pool of water you missed.

By the way, all Play-Doh experiments are hereby canceled.

Be good. Entertain yourselves. Yes, you can do both at the same time. Try coloring, playing a game, or paying that stack of bills on the coffee table.

I'll be out soon. Maybe.

Love,
Your Mom

DIVORCE!

An old lady goes into a lawyer's office. "I need your help in arranging a divorce."

"A divorce? "Tell me, how old are you?"

"I'm eighty-four."

"Eighty-four! And how old is your husband?"

"My husband is eighty-seven."

"My, my, and how long have you been married?"

"Next September will be sixty-two years."

"Married sixty-two years?! Why would you want a divorce now?"

"Because ... enough is enough."

SKIM MILK

To help a friend lose weight, I told her that she should switch to lower-fat foods, including skim milk. When she said her family would only drink whole milk, I suggested that she keep their regular container and refill it with skim milk. This worked for quite a while, until her daughter asked, one morning, whether the milk was okay.

"Sure, it's fine," my friend answered, fearing she had been found out. "Why do you ask?"

"Because according to the bottle," the daughter explained, "this milk expired two years ago."

GIFT DISAPPOINTMENT

The rich aunt was disappointed and said to her nephew, "I'm sorry you don't like your gift. I asked you if you preferred a large check or a small check."

"I know, Auntie," the nephew said contritely, "but I didn't know you were talking about neckties."

THE END IS NEAR

A local priest and pastor stood by the side of the road holding up a sign that said, "The End is Near! Turn yourself around now before it's too late!" They planned to hold up the sign to each passing car.

"Leave us alone, you religious nuts!" yelled the first driver as he sped by.

From around the curve they heard a big splash.

"Do you think," said one clergyman to the other, "we should just put up a sign that says 'bridge out' instead?"

COMMIT THE HUSBAND

A woman went to her doctor and said, "I want to have my husband committed."

"Well, it's not that simple. You need proof that he's mentally incompetent."

"He goes ice fishing."

"Okay. Close enough for me."

FIRST KISS

At the end of their first date, a young man takes his favorite girl home. Emboldened by the night, he decides to try for that important first kiss.

With an air of confidence, he leans with his hand against the wall and, smiling, he says to her, "Darling, how 'bout a goodnight kiss?"

Horrified, she replies, "Are you mad? My parents will see us!"

"Oh come on! Who's gonna see us at this hour?"

"No, please. Can you imagine if we get caught?"

"Oh come on, there's nobody around, they're all sleeping!"

"No way. It's just too risky!"

"Oh please, please, I like you so much!!"

"No, no, and no. I like you too, but I just can't!"

"Oh yes you can. Please?"

"NO, no. I just can't."

"Pleeeeeeease?"

Out of the blue, the porch light goes on, and the girl's sister shows up in her pajamas, hair disheveled. In a sleepy voice the sister says: "Dad says to go ahead and give him a kiss. Or I can do it. Or if need be, he'll come down himself and do it. But for crying out loud tell him to take his hand off the intercom button!"

GALAXIES

The New York Times, among other papers, has published a new Hubble photograph of distant galaxies colliding.

Of course, astronomers have had pictures of colliding galaxies for quite some time now, but with the vastly improved resolution provided by the Hubble Space Telescope, you can actually see the galaxies rushing to the scene.