

During a radio interview the host brings up his Swedish guests past

achievements as a fighter pilot. "So Admiral, I understand you were an Ace fighter pilot during World War

The Admiral replies, "Ya Sure, Dis is true, I shot down 9 of those Fokkers"

The Host says, "At this point I think we should inform our listening audience that a "Fokker" is a type of German airplane used during the war."

The Admiral states, "Oh ya sure, I know what type of airplanes those Germans were flying, those Fokkers were flying Messerschmitts!"



It got crowded in heaven, so, for one day it was decided only to accept people who had really had a bad day on the day they died. St. Peter was standing at the pearly gates and said to the first man, "Tell me about the day you died."

The man said, "Oh, it was awful. I was sure my wife was having an affair, so I came home early to catch her with him. I searched all over the apartment but couldn't find him anywhere. So I went out onto the balcony, we live on the 25th floor, and found this man hanging over the edge by his fingertips. I went inside, got a hammer, and started hitting his hands. He fell, but landed in some bushes. So, I got the refrigerator and pushed it over the balcony and it crushed him. The strain of the act gave me a heart attack, and I died."

St. Peter couldn't deny that this was a pretty bad day, and since it was a crime of passion, he let the man in.

He then asked the next man in line about the day he died. "Well, sir, it was awful," said the second man. "I was doing aerobics on the balcony of my 26th floor apartment when I twisted my ankle and slipped over the edge. I managed to grab the balcony of the apartment below, but some maniac came out and started pounding on my fingers with a hammer. Luckily I landed in some bushes. But, then the guy dropped a refrigerator on me!"

St. Peter chuckled, let him into heaven and decided he could really start to enjoy this job.

"Tell me about the day you died?", he said to the third man in line.

"OK, picture this, I'm naked, hiding inside a refrigerator....'



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A handsome young lad went into the hospital for some minor surgery, and the day after the procedure a friend stopped by to see how the guy was doing. His friend was amazed at the number of nurses who entered the room in short intervals with refreshments,

offers to fluff his pillows, make the bed, give back rubs,

"Why all the attention?" the friend asked, "You look fine to me."

"I know!" grinned the patient. "But the nurses kind of formed a little fan club when they all heard that my circumcision required twenty-seven stitches."



Four expectant fathers were in a Minneapolis hospital waiting room while their wives were in labor. The nurse arrived and proudly announced to the first man,

"C ongratulations, sir. You're the father of twins!"

"What a coincidence! I work for the Minnesota Twins Baseball team!"

Later the nurse returned and congratulated the second father on the birth of his triplets.

"Wow! That's incredible! I work for the 3M Corporation."

An hour later, the nurse returned to congratulate the third man on the birth of his quadruplets. Stunned, he barely could reply, "I don't believe it! I work for the Four Seasons Hotel!"

After this, everyone turned to the fourth guy who had just fainted. The nurse rushed to his side. As he slowly gained consciousness, they could hear him mutter over and over, "I should never have taken that job at 7-Eleven. I should never have taken that job at 7-Eleven. I should never have taken that job....

A blonde, a brunette, and a redhead were walking Along the beach. A seagull flies over and craps all Over the blonde.

The brunette says in a disgusted voice, "Hang on. The bathroom is just up the hill. I'll go get Some toilet

After she leaves the blonde begins to laugh.

The Redhead says, "What's so funny?"

The blonde says, "Well, blondes are supposed to be so dumb and look at her! By the time she gets back with That toilet paper that seagull will be miles away!"

Having reached the age of 65, I went to apply for Social Security last week. After waiting in line for a very long time, I finally got to the counter.

The woman there asked me fo r my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized, to my great dismay, that I had left my wallet on the nightstand in my bedroom. I told the lady that I was very sorry, but I seemed to have left my wallet at home.

"I'll have to go get it and come back later," I said.

At that point, she said to me, "Unbutton your shirt." I was confused, but I opened my shirt, revealing lots of curly silver hair. She said, "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me," and, with that, she promptly processed my application.

When I got home, I couldn't wait to tell my wife about my experience at the Social Security office. She listened to the whol e story and then said, "You should have dropped your pants . . . you might have gotten disability, too."



The RIGHT (R) and WRONG (W) things to say to a man after sex:

R: You're the one

W: Next.

R: You really know how to satisfy a woman.

W: What the hell was that? Do you have to catch a plane?

R: You're the best I've ever had.

W: You're almost as good as my cousin Earl.

R: What color are your eyes?

W: Is my discharge still brown?

R: You make me forget my problems.

W: You make me forget I'm just 15.

R: I think we should go away for the weekend.

W: I think we should go to the clinic.

R: I love you.

W: I love you.



My Dad and I were talking the other night about love and marriage.

He told me that he knew as early as their wedding what marriage to my Mom would be like.

It seems the minister asked my Mom, "Do you take this man to be your husband."

And she said, "I do."

Then the minister asked my Dad, "Do you take this woman to be your wife," and my Mom said, "He does."