

It seems that when the Creator was making the world, he called man aside and gave him 10 years of normal sex life.

Man was horrified, only 10 years??? But the Creator would not budge, that was all.

Then he called the monkey and gave him 20 years. The monkey said "I don't need 20, 10 years is plenty!" Man spoke up and asked the monkey for the other 10.

Then he called the lion and gave him 20 years, but the lion protested, saying he only needed 10, so the Creator gave the extra ten to man.

Then came the donkey and he was given 20 years, but like the others, he only wanted 10, so the Creator gave the other 10 to man.

This explains why man has 10 years of normal sex life, 10 years of monkey around, 10 years of "lion" about it, and 10 years of making an ass of himself.

HOW TO KNOW YOU'RE GROWING OLDER

Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt, doesn't work.

The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals.

You feel like the night before, and you haven't been anywhere.

Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D.

You get winded playing chess.

Your children begin to look middle aged.

You finally reach the top of the ladder, and find it leaning against the wrong wall.

You join a health club and don't go.

You begin to outlive enthusiasm.

You decide to procrastinate but then never get around to it.

You're still chasing women, but can't remember why.

Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet.

A dripping faucet causes an uncontrollable bladder urge.

You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.

You look forward to a dull evening.

You walk with your head held high trying to get used to your bifocals.

Your favorite part of the newspaper is "25 Years Ago Today."

You turn out the light for economic rather than romantic reasons.

You sit in a rocking chair and can't make it go.

Your knees buckle and your belt won't.

You regret all those mistakes resisting temptation.

You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist, and 96 around the golf course.

You stop looking forward to your next birthday.

After painting the town red, you have to take a long rest before applying second coat.

Dialing long distance wears you out.

You're startled the first time you are addressed as old timer.

You remember today, that yesterday was your wedding anniversary.

You just can't stand people who are intolerant.

The best part of your day is over when your alarm clock goes off.

You burn the midnight oil after 9 p.m.

Your back goes out more than you do.

A fortune teller offers to read your face.

Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you watch a pretty girl go by.

The little gray haired lady you help across the street is your wife.

You get exercise acting as a pallbearer for your friends who exercise.

You have too much room in the house and not enough in the medicine cabinet.

You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

THE B. C.

My friend is a rather old-fashioned lady, always quite delicate and elegant, especially in her language. She and her husband were planning a week's vacation in Florida, so she wrote to a particular campground and asked for a reservation.

She wanted to make sure the campground was fully equipped, but didn't quite know how to ask about the toilet facilities. She just couldn't bring herself to write the word "toilet" in her letter. After much deliberation she finally came up with the old-fashioned word "bathroom commode." But when she wrote that down, she still thought she was being too forward. So she started all over again, rewrote the entire letter and referred to the bathroom commode merely as "B.C." "Does the Campground have its own B.C.?" is what she actually wrote.

Well, the campground owner wasn't old-fashioned at all, and when he got the letter just couldn't figure out what the woman was talking about. That B.C. business really stumped him.

After carrying it about for awhile, he showed the letter to several campers, but they couldn't imagine what the lady meant either. So the campground owner, finally coming to the conclusion that the lady must be asking about the location of the local Baptist Church, sat down and wrote the following reply:

Dear Madam:

I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but now I take the pleasure of informing you that a B.C. is located nine miles north of the campground and is capable of seating 250 people at one time. I admit it is quite a distance away if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be pleased to know that a great number of people take their lunches along and make a day of it. They usually arrive early and stay late. The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and it was so crowded we had to stand up the whole time we were there. It may interest you to know that right now there is a supper being planned to raise money to buy more seats. They're going to hold it in the basement of the B.C. I would like to say it pains me very much not to be able to go more regularly, but it surely is no lack of desire on my part. As we grow older, it seems to be more of an effort, particularly in cold weather.

If you do decide to come down to our campground, perhaps I could go with you the first time you go, sit with you and introduce you to all the other folks. Remember this is a friendly community.

MAY 11 - 1987

MY DEAR BOB AND ROSAMOND

MY SON DANIEL GAVE ME THIS EPISTLE - THOUGHT YOU WOULD ENJOY IT - GAVE IT FOR POSTERITY - THANK YOU FOR YOUR LOVING GENEROSITY - REALLY APPRECIATE SUCH A WONDERFUL FAMILY

ROSE
KEITH
FLEMING

HE THAT SITTETH ON A TACK
SHALL SURELY RISE

The Match

The early morning sun shone through the large maple trees in front of the Shoemaker house as Jay woke up to the smell of fresh pancakes wafting up the stairs from the kitchen. "You're up early as usual, *sonny boy*," Esther said. "Yea, I'm ready to go to 1011 to play with all my cousins," Jay replied. "I wish we didn't have to go," said a grumpy Charles, overhearing the conversation as he descended the stairs.

"Oh Charles," Esther said, "You always have a good time." "Why can't you be pleasant for once?" "I'm always pleasant," Charles retorted, "but your brothers and sisters kids act like wild animals". "And besides that, I have to listen to the same ole stories all the time". "Like you kids only got to eat the rotten bananas at the store so your customers could have the good ones." Charles was on a roll.

"Who cares if Edith hoity toyts with the queen of HiWhyEE, or Ed knows the governor of Ioway?" "The only person with any sense is Howard." "He knows about cars n' things; the rest of em couldn't fix a leaky faucet if they had to."

"Oh Charles," Esther said, "don't ruin the day for the rest of us." "Yea Dad," Jay piped up, with his face getting all smirky, "you know you like it when I punch Frank in the nose during the boxing matches." Joan was walking into the kitchen; over hearing the conversation. Sarcastically she said, "Yea you little twerp, you're not smart enough to duck Edie's sucker punch when your not looking, because you hit her brother."

"Don't call Jay names," Esther said, "*we should love our family*." "He is a twerp as long as he keeps calling my boyfriend pimples Peters," Joan shot back. Jay started

dancing around the room so his sister couldn't catch him.
"Well, jus cause he's a big football player doesn't mean he's special, and he does have a lot of pimples on his face."
"Mooooom!," Joan yelled, " see, I told you he's a twerp!"

Later that day at 1011, the high balls were flowin, the cigarettes were glowin, and the church keys were busy popping the tops off Black Labels. "Time to box," Grandpa Fienning said, "you know this always reminds me of when I was a little boy back in Germany." Grandpa was in high gear, poorly fitting false teeth fighting for escape, his voice picking up an octave and increasing in tempo as he began to reminisce about his childhood some words coming out in English and some in German. Before Grandpa could continue however, the kids had already paired up, and the contests had begun.

After the youngsters had finished, the ever flowing assortment of adult beverages were having their affect on the effervescent Fienning clan. "Hey ya'll," Ruby said, a drink in one hand , a half smoked cigarette held tightly between her lips with a long ash threatening to fall in her drink in her other hand. "Why ain't we ever had Ed & Bob fight? "Yea," Vera yelled, "my family always fought; let's see what yer guys are made of."

The two fathers full of pride and perhaps a little too much liquid fortification knew they couldn't back out or they would face the ridicule at every family reunion for years. While the boxing gloves were being tied on, the uncles were looking at each other, wondering what they had gotten themselves into. Hoots and sarcastic words of wisdom were coming from all sides. "I sell insurance" Vern offered, "where's my camera?" Charles said, "of all the gal dern tricks these two have pulled, this is the craziest," Hóward commented. "I think I better go get some bandages," Martha chimed in.

“Don’t hurt im,” Rosamond said, “you know how sales types are soft in the belly.” “Don’t worry,” Bob said turning away from Ed towards Rosamond. Thwack! A solid left jab thrown by Ed landed squarely on Bob’s cheek, sending him spiraling and stumbling, almost falling into Grandma Fienning’s South flower bed. “Don’t you mess up my tunias or step in the coffee grounds or you’ll have to warsh your shoes in the zink!” Grandma yelled from her chair in the shade. Her hose rolled down to her calves, threatening to sink on down her pudgy legs to her large black shoes that had never seen shoe polish. “And Dana, take that gum outa yer mouth, you know I can’t stand the smell of peppermint.”

“Hey, that hurt!” Bob cried out. “But not half as much as this.” Lunging forward, Bob caught Ed with a full shot to the stomach. Bourbon and coke - better known as a high ball - came close to gushing up out of Ed’s stomach. “Yuk, Yuk Yuk.” Ed gasping to get his wind back as well as holding down his highball, countered with a wild swing, missing Bob by a mile, but almost tagging Moon nearby.

“Watch it youse guys,” Moon yelled. “I think I need to give youse a boxing lesson.” “I used to be a boxer.” “I knew there was a reason why you act the way you do,” spouted a pompous Uncle Lester, resplendent in his vest and spats, as he turned to Moon. “I wish youse was younger you son of a (bleep),” shouted Moon drawing his ham fist hand back like he wanted to pop Lester. “Oh my,” Uncle Lester said, “I think I hear my phone ringing,” as he headed next door to his house.

“This is great,” yelled Uncle Vern, “hey Eddie, get me another beer.” “I think Howard still has some in his cooler.” “Get yer own (Bleep) beer,” yelled Howard. For a few seconds, the

combatants hesitated and the crowd grew quite, contemplating a boxing match between the senior uncle-in-laws --- nahhhh.

Grudgingly, the two warriors resumed their awkward dance around the yard, swinging away like maniacal monkeys, each punch growing slower and with declining force. "That's enough," called Grandpa Fienning, "I declare this match a draw." "This reminds me of the time I was a little boy in Germany," but before Grandpa could continue, he was drowned out by the cheering and hooting uncles, aunts, cousins and various friends of the family. With that, the relieved uncles dropped their gloved hands, glares turning to smiles and they hugged each other in a "semi - brotherly" fashion.

"My dad won," Robbie said turning to Cathy. "Did not," Cathy shot back. "did too," "did not" ----

The next morning, Jay woke up early as usual, and quietly slipped between the mass of bodies of his fellow cousins all still asleep on the attic floor. He was swinging on the swing under the grape vines in the back yard, when Grandpa came out the back door with a large brown paper bag in his hands.

"You're up early *sonny boy*," Grandpa said slowly walking down the back walk. "Yea," Jay replied, "It's the only time I get to swing without everyone fighting for the swing, especially my sisters and Betty, they're always pushing me out." "Don't talk like that, *we should all love our family*," Grandpa quietly replied. "I'm sorry," Jay said. "Hey whatcha doin' with that bag of stuff?" "Oh just helping Grandma with the trash," Grandpa said. "That reminds me of the time I was a little boy in Germany....."

"The Boxing Gloves were Never seen again"