

# Joker's Wild



Two little Southern girls were sitting on the front of a grand, plantation-style Georgia home. One was excessively rich, the other humble and poor. The little rich girl opens her arms wide as she sits in her perfect hand-sewn, imported silk dress and exclaims, "My Daddy owns all this land.....as far as the eye can see and then thousands of miles even after that."

The other little girl, sitting and rocking away in her chair in her rolled up bib overalls and tattered T-shirt calmly replies, "That's nice." To which the little rich girl points her finger at the nearby three-story garage and says, "My Daddy owns some of the finest automobiles, both new and antique, worth millions of dollars."

The other little girl replies, "My Daddy owns an old motorcycle, but your Daddy ownin' all them cars.....that's nice". Then the little rich girl says, "Do you see those stables? My Daddy owns most of the finest racing horses and breeding horses known to man."

The other little girl says, "We tried to buy a pony once but they wanted too much. But the fact your Daddy owns all them horses, that's nice."

The little rich girl is getting really upset that the poor girl is taking everything in stride so she declares, "My Daddy sent me to Charm School and I was taught manners and etiquette by the world's most charming, aristocratic women". The other little girl says, "That's nice. My Daddy scraped together almost six months' worth of savings and I went to Charm School myself."

The little rich girl bout' chokes as she sputters out, "Oh, really, and what, pray tell, did they teach the likes of you in Charm School?" The little poor girl stares directly in the rich girl's eyes and casually replied, "They taught me how to say 'that's nice' instead of F\*#! You!".

**M**usings of an old biker...

- Life may begin at 30, but it doesn't get real interesting until about 120 mph.
- You start the game of life with a full pot of luck and an empty pot of experience. The object is to fill the pot of experience before you empty the pot of luck. If you wait, all that happens is that you get older.
- Don't ride so late into the night that you sleep through the sunrise.
- Sometimes it takes a whole tank of fuel before you can think straight.
- In the time it takes to play 18 holes, I can be 500 miles away.
- Never hesitate to ride past the last street light at the edge of town.
- One bike on the road is worth two in the garage.
- Whatever it is, it's better to do it in the wind.
- Catching a yellow jacket in your shirt at 70 mph can double your vocabulary.
- A long ride can clear your mind, restore your faith, and use up a lot of fuel.
- If you can't get it going with bungee cords, wire, and electrician's tape, it's serious.
- Never try to race an old geezer, he may have one more gear than you.
- Don't lead the pack if you don't know where you're going.

**BIKE NIGHT DONE RIGHT**  
**WEDNESDAYS 7PM @**  
**AUSTIN**  
**THE ROCK SALOON**  
LIVE MUSIC SPIRITS & MORE!  
Live Music  
Raffles  
Games  
Contests  
Bike-of-the-Week Specials  
\$2.50 Domestic Longnecks  
Special Food Discounts  
Rally-of-the-Month

The kids filed back into class Monday morning. They were all very excited to relay the results from their assignment. Their weekend assignment was to sell something, then give a talk on productive salesmanship. Little Sally led off, "I sold Girl Scout cookies and I made \$30," she said proudly, "My sales approach was to appeal to the customer's civil spirit and I credit that approach for my obvious success."

"Very good," said the teacher. Little Jenny was next, "I sold magazines," she said, "I made \$45 and I explained to everyone that magazines would keep them up on current events."

"Very good, Jenny," said the teacher. Inevitably, it was Little Johnny's turn. The teacher could only sigh and hold her. Little Johnny walked to the front of the classroom and dumped a box full of cash on the teacher's desk. "\$2,467," he said.

"\$2,467!" cried the teacher, "What in the world were you selling?"

"Toothbrushes," said Little Johnny.

"Toothbrushes!" echoed the teacher, "How could you possibly sell enough toothbrushes to make that much money?"

"I found the busiest corner in town," said Little Johnny, "I set up a dip & chip stand and gave everybody who walked by a free sample." They all said the same thing, "Hey, this dip tastes like dog poop!" Then I would say, "It is dog poop...wanna' buy a toothbrush?"

I was in Lowe's the other day pushing my cart around when I collided with a young guy pushing his cart. I said to the young guy, "Sorry about that. I'm looking for my wife and I guess I wasn't paying attention to where I was going."

The young guy says, "That's OK. It's a coincidence. I'm looking for my wife, too. I can't find her and I'm getting a little desperate."

I said, "Well, maybe we can help each other. What does your wife look like?"

The young guy says, "Well, she is 24 years old, tall, with blond hair, big blue eyes, long legs, big boobs, and she's wearing tight white shorts, a halter top and no bra. What does your wife look like?"

I said, "Doesn't matter --- let's look for yours."

Most old guys are helpful like that...

A redneck was stopped by a game warden in Central Mississippi recently with two ice chests full of fish. He was leavin' a cove well-known for its fishing.

The game warden asked the man, "Do you have a license to catch those fish?" "Naw, sir," replied the redneck. "I ain't got none of them there licenses. You must understand, these here are my pet fish."

"Pet fish?"

"Yeah. Every night, I take these here fish down to the lake and let 'em swim 'round for awhile. Then, when I whistle, they jump right back into these here ice chests and I take 'em home."

"That's a bunch of hooley! Fish can't do that."

The redneck looked at the warden for a moment and then said, "It's the truth Mr. Government Man. I'll show ya. It really works."

"O. K.," said the warden. "I've got to see this!"

The redneck poured the fish into the lake and stood and waited. After several minutes, the warden says, "Well?"

"Well, what?," says the redneck.

The warden says, "When are you going to call them back?"

"Call who back?"

"The FISH," replied the warden!

"What fish?" replied the redneck.