

Humor

The time is a few years in the future, after the implementation of Obama's health plan: A man suddenly developed severe stomach cramps and sought relief at the nearest medical health center. Upon entering the building, he found himself in a hallway with two doors. One was marked "Men", the other "Women". Naturally, he entered the door marked "Men."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Over 21", the other "Under 21." Since he was 43, he entered the door marked "Over 21."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Serious illness", the other "Minor discomfort." Since he was doubled up with pain by this time, he staggered through the door marked "Serious illness."

He found himself in a room with two doors. One was marked "Democrats", the other "Republicans." Since he had voted a straight Republican ticket all his life, he entered the door marked "Republicans", and found himself out on the street.

Back in the days when Albert Einstein was a professor at Princeton, a man had cause to meet with him, and in the course of the conversation, Einstein had to look up some material in the next room. The visitor just happened to be having a new addition built on his home, and thus had been looking at blueprints, something that he had developed a fondness for. As it happened, there was a large blueprint lying on Einstein's desk, and on the spur of the moment, he unrolled a small part to see what it was. It appeared to be blank, which puzzled the man, so he unrolled it some more in order to read the scale. Finally he had exposed enough that the lower right hand corner became exposed, and there he saw printed: "One inch equals 100 million light years."

[This is a true story]: During WWII, the country literally sprouted innumerable plants for the production of war materials. In one such machine shop, which was working around the clock trying to maintain three shifts, and having a hard time of it due to the scarcity of skilled workers, most of whom were in the service, a bright-looking fellow showed up one day and was shown around the plant. They happened to stop near an experienced tool maker, who was busy turning out a small part not much longer than a finger. Most of the procedure consisted of working with a lathe, which required frequent measurements using calipers. The tool maker wasn't consciously listening to the conversation between the two men, but after a short time, he became aware that the applicant was being asked a series of questions as to what experience he had had with tools. Every single one the fellow replied that he was thoroughly familiar with it. He had done it all at one time or another. The busy tool maker thought to himself: "I've been a tool maker all my life, and I have to admit that I am pretty good, but I never heard of anybody with this guy's experience."

Naturally, the applicant was hired on the spot, and assigned a bench next to our friend the tool maker. He spent the rest of the day fiddling around with one single part! At the end of the shift, the supervisor came by and realized that there was no production at this fellow's bench; as a matter of fact, he was still tinkering with the first part that he had worked on all day. Picking

up the calipers, he measured the part, looked at the guy and asked: “How many thousandths in an inch?” “Oh golly”, said the new hire, “there must be a million of ‘em”.

He was immediately fired!

Another story that is told as the truth, but perhaps is not, is the story, again set during WWII, when a machine shop in Springfield, Vermont, which had recently undergone a major enlargement, was being visited by some military brass on an inspection tour.

After inspecting the original plant, which certainly wasn’t small by any means, a set of double doors was opened, and the new addition, with its row upon row of benches and machines, all attended by workers, was revealed. One admiral, amazed by what he saw, exclaimed: “My goodness!, how many people are working here?” “Oh, about half”, replied the plant manager.

Automobiles have been around for well over 100 years now, and I doubt that they have provided anywhere the number of jokes that horses did. Not just in the New World; Europe provided many as well. There was a famous story set in Russia during the nineteenth century: A Rabbi, who lived in the city of Minsk, had urgent business to be conducted in Pinsk, a city some distance away. He sought out a teamster who had a fine wagon, and made arrangements for the trip. It was in the springtime, and the mud lay deep in all directions, but the Rabbi couldn’t postpone the trip; it was of the utmost importance.

The trip started out without problems, but soon they arrived at the foot of a long, low hill. The horse began having a hard time, so the teamster got out and walked through the mud to the summit, and then got back in for the descent on the other side. Miles went by, and eventually they were confronted by another hill, this one higher than the first. The horse started up, but the mud was even deeper here, and both the teamster and the rabbi had to get out and slog through the soup all the way to the top, where once again they got back in and proceeded down the mountain.

More miles went by, and Pinsk wasn’t all that far away now; only one more mountain stood in their way. The mud was not only deep, it was sticky and clung to everything it touched. The horse was in big trouble, and in order to reach the summit, both the teamster and the Rabbi had to get out and put their shoulders to the wagon and slowly inch their way to the top, from which Pinsk could be seen in the distance.

When they finally arrived, covered in mud from head to foot, the Rabbi said to the teamster: “My friend, why I went from Minsk to Pinsk, I know. Why you went from Minsk to Pinsk, I know. But my friend, tell me something – why did we bring the horse?”

Historic Bytes

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