Ancestry

“My family can trace its ancestry back to William the Conqueror,” said the boastful young man.

“I suppose,” said his friend, “next you’ll be telling us your ancestors were in the Ark with Noah.”

“Of course not,” said the first man. “My people had a boat of their own.”

An illustrious New England family hired their lawyer to trace their ancestry. After months of research, he found that one member of the family had been convicted of a crime and hung. Not wanting to embarrass the family, he wrote this as the cause of death: “John was standing on a platform when it suddenly gave way.”

Mrs. Cabot hired a genealogist to work up an impressive family tree for her. His research revealed that one ancestor had been electrocuted for murder,
so he wrote of that person, “Occupied the chair of applied electricity at one of our better-known public institutions.”

A hostess was trying to impress her party guests. “My family’s ancestry is very old,” she bragged. “It dates back to the days of King John of England.” Then, turning to a lady sitting quietly in a corner, she asked condescendingly, “And how old is your family, my dear?”

“Well,” said the woman with a smile, “I really can’t say. All our family records were lost in the flood.”

“What happened at the restaurant when they found out you forgot your wallet?”

“The waiter kicked me out a side exit.”

“What did you do?”

“I told him I belonged to a very important family, so he apologized, invited me back in, and then kicked me out the front door.”
Animals

Visiting a pet shop, Bill was amazed by a bird that spoke fluently in eight languages. Paying a hefty sum for the bird, he asked to have it delivered to his house. When he got home he asked his wife if it had arrived.

“Yes,” she replied. “It’s in the oven for dinner.”

“In the oven!” Bill shouted. “That bird can speak eight languages!”

“Then why didn’t it say something?” his wife retorted.

Mama skunk was worried because she never could keep track of her two children, In and Out. Whenever In was in, Out was out, and if Out was in, In was out. One day she called Out in to her and told him to go out and bring In in. So Out went out and in no time at all he brought In in.

“Wonderful!” said Mama Skunk. “How did you find In in so short a time?”

“Easy,” said Out. “In stinct.”
Artists

Artist: Whatever success I have had, I owe it all to the telephone.
Friend: Why is that?
Artist: Because every time someone put me on hold, I practiced drawing on a pad.

Struggling artist: Someday people will look up at this studio and say, “Cobalt, the artist, used to paint there.”
Landlord: If you don’t pay me the rent tonight, they’ll be saying that tomorrow.

Automobiles

The decrepit old car drove up to the toll bridge.
“Fifty cents,” said the toll keeper.
“Sold!” said the driver.
Baldness

Customer: Does a man with as little hair as I’ve got have to pay full price to have it cut?
Barber: Yes, and sometimes more. We usually charge double when we have to hunt for the hair.

Small boy in barber’s chair: I want my hair cut like my daddy’s—with a hole in the middle.

Children

Small Bobby had been to a birthday party. Knowing his weakness, his mother looked him straight in the eye and said, “I hope you didn’t ask for a second piece of cake.”

“No,” replied Bobby. “I just asked Mrs. Smith for the recipe so you could make it, and she gave me two more pieces!”
Five-year-old William lived in a very strict home that didn’t allow play on Sunday. One Sunday morning his mother found him sailing his toy boat in the bathtub. “William,” she said, “don’t you know it’s wicked to sail boats on Sunday?”

“Don’t worry, Mother,” William responded calmly. “This isn’t a pleasure trip. This is a missionary boat going to Africa.”

Seven-year-old Ellen was punished one night by being made to eat her dinner alone at a little table in the corner of the dining room. The rest of the family ignored her until they heard her pray, “Thank You, Lord, for preparing a table before me in the presence of my enemies.”

Little Bobby was picking up his toys, which he had scattered around the room. The visiting pastor was impressed. “Did your mother promise you something for picking them up?” he asked.
“No,” Bobby replied, “but she promised me something if I didn’t.”

After an earthquake in California, a family sent their particularly active boy to an uncle in Arizona as they sorted through the damage. After a week, they received an e-mail from the uncle: “I’m returning Randy on the 5:45 train tonight. Send earthquake.”

A man in a supermarket was pushing a cart with a screaming baby inside. As he proceeded along the aisles, he kept repeating, “Keep calm, George. Don’t get excited, George. Don’t yell, George.”

A lady saw him and said, “You are certainly to be commended for your patience in trying to quiet little George.”

“Lady,” the father retorted, “I’m George!”
A mother called her son Prescription because it cost so much to get him filled.

A little girl stood before her mother one day, the picture of guilt and dejection. “Mother,” she said, “you know the priceless vase that has been handed down in our family from generation to generation? Well, this generation just dropped it.”

A father was scolding his son for not doing his homework. “When Abraham Lincoln was your age, he walked ten miles to school every day and then studied by firelight in his log cabin.”

“So what?” the boy replied. “When John Kennedy was your age, he was president.”
A single man berated the mothers in his neighborhood for being so hard on their children. “You need to love them,” he often told them.

One day, he poured a new cement driveway. Before the cement was dry, one of the neighbor boys walked through it, and the man yelled at him. “I thought you loved kids,” a mother said. “I love them in the abstract,” the man replied, “but not in the concrete.”

Mama Gnu was waiting for Papa Gnu to come home from work. “Our little boy was very bad today,” she said. “I want you to punish him.” “No,” said Papa Gnu, “you have to paddle your own gnu.”

“What have you been doing this morning?” the mother asked her young son. “I’ve been playing postman,” he replied.
“How could you? You don’t have any letters to deliver.”

“Yes I do,” the boy said, smiling. “I found a whole packet up in the attic tied up with a string, and I put one in every mailbox on our block.”

Robert brought his report card home and showed it to his mother. “What’s the trouble?” she asked. “Why were your grades so good the first term and so poor this time?”

“Well, you know how it is,” the son replied. “They mark everything down after the holidays.”

One rainy day a kindergarten teacher struggled to put on little Johnny’s galoshes. Finally they were on.

“Thank you, Teacher,” said Johnny, “but you know these aren’t mine.”
Groaning, the teacher sat Johnny down again and pulled and pulled and pulled until the galoshes came off.

Johnny continued, “They belong to my brother, but my mother made me wear them today.”

In Seattle a lady was getting on a bus with several children. “My, my,” said the driver. “Is this all one family, or is this a picnic?”

The woman glared at him and replied, “This is all one family, and I’ll have you know, it’s no picnic!”

Tommy: Grandma, if I was invited out to dinner, should I eat pie with a fork?

Grandma: Yes, indeed, Tommy.

Tommy: You don’t have one here that I could practice on, do you?