

Sunshine Corner

SUNSHINE DOUBLE

Two duck hunters were sitting behind their blind, one drinking from a thermos of coffee, the other from a jug of whiskey. After some hours of sipping, one coffee, the other whiskey, they spotted a lone duck winging through the sky. Taking quick aim, the coffee drinker fired and miss. The whiskey drinker rose, let fire, and brought the bird down. His companion, properly amazed, complimented him on the shot.

He replied, "Aw, it's nothing. I usually get five or six in a flock like that."

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SAFETY FIRST

The best way for a man to keep a secret from his wife is not to do it in the first place.

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IT'S A DEAL

"Here's your ring. I cannot marry you, I love someone else."

"Who is he?"

"You're not going to kill him?" she asked nervously.

"No, I'll try to sell him the ring."

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GOOLAROOLONGA!

The U.S. lumber tycoon, on safari in Africa, had been invited to a pygmy village where he enjoyed a native feast and was treated as a guest of honor.

To repay their hospitality he decided to tell them a few facts about his native U.S. "Back Home," he told them, spreading his arms wide in demonstration, "we have trees that grow as big around as your biggest hut!"

At this, the pygmies interrupted him with great shouts, "Goolaroolonga, goolaroolonga," they cried.

The lumberman went on: "In just one of our trees there would be enough wood to make a good house for every one of you," he told the horde about him.

Again the shout went up, "Goolaroolonga, goolaroolonga!"

"In one of our big mills," he told them, "it would take only a few minutes to cut all the lumber needed to make each of you a house."

The pygmies shouted even louder, "Goolaroolonga, goolaroolonga!" in final tribute to the lumberman's words.

Later, while walking with a chief he noticed an odd looking breed of cattle grazing in a nearby clearing. He asked the chief if he might walk among them to inspect them more closely.

"Of course," said the chief, "but be careful not to step in the goolaroolonga."

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Worried over what to give his girl for her birthday, my grandson asked his mother for help. "Mom," he said, "if you were going to be 16 years old tomorrow, what would you want?"

Her heartfelt reply was: "Not another thing!"

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MOTHER OUTLAW

Telegram: "We have just found your mother-in-law floating in the river with a lobster clamped to each foot. What should we do?"

Answer: "Sell the lobsters and reset her."

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JUST TO BE SURE

"I heard you slap your boy friend when he brought you home last night. What happened?", the mother asked.

"I was just checking to see if he was dead!"

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