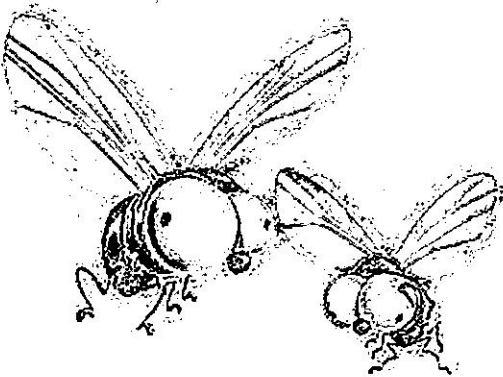


**Lorraine Bates**

**From:** "Bill Trimble" <teemac@shaw.ca>  
**To:** "lee" <jmarshall@prpddmi.com>; "Annette" <Avanbrabant@hammerek.com>;  
 <bingbates@shaw.ca>; "Lorraine Bates" <lbates@shaw.ca>; "marge&pete"  
 <nbaker2@shaw.ca>; "Olive McCombe" <olive.mccombe@telus.net>; "Terri Noble"  
 <tnoble@cyberbeach.net>; "shelleylloyd" <shelleylloyd@look.ca>; "Holley Nosworthy"  
 <hotchy@sympatico.ca>; "toody" <ejohnman@shaw.ca>; "Marcel Kerckhof"  
 <mkerckhof@sprint.ca>; "Barb Wight" <bwight@shaw.ca>; "Lois Merlino"  
 <loismerlino@shaw.ca>; "trisha" <tnt-1@shaw.ca>  
**Sent:** 28-Jan-04 3:29 PM  
**Subject:** Fw: ELEMENTARY

— Original Message —  
**Subject:** ELEMENTARY

**HOW TO TELL THE SEX OF A FLY**

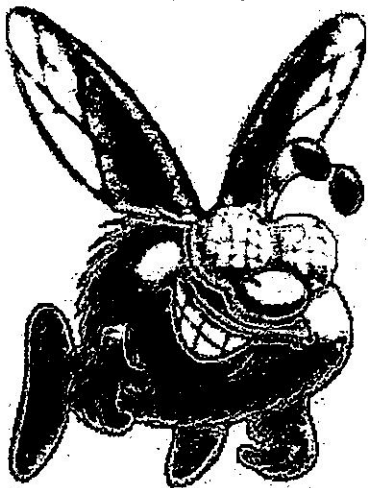
A woman walked into the kitchen to find her husband  
 ■■■king around with a fly swatter.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

"Hunting Flies" He responded.

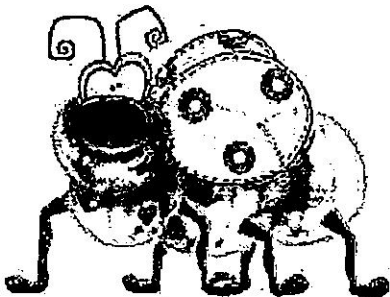
"Oh. Killing any?" She asked.

"Y\_\_\_ 3 males, 2 Females," he replied.



Intrigued, she asked. "How can you tell?"

responded, "3 were on a beer can, 2 were on the phone."



And you probably thought this would be dirty... shame on YOU!!!

## Lorraine Bates

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**From:** "Lorraine Bates" <lbates@shaw.ca>  
**To:** "Lorraine" <lbates@shaw.ca>  
**Sent:** 1-Feb-04 2:08 PM  
**Subject:** Fw: Wear a Sweater

Subject: Wear a Sweater

Four married guys go fishing. After an hour, the following conversation took place:  
First guy: "You have no idea what I had to do to be able to come out fishing this weekend. I had to promise my wife that I will paint every room in the house next weekend."

Second guy: "That's nothing, I had to promise my wife that I will build her a new deck for the pool."

Third guy: "Man, you both have it easy! I had to promise my wife that I will remodel the kitchen for her."

They continue to fish when they realized that the fourth guy has not said a word. So they asked him. "You haven't said anything about what you had to do to be able to come fishing this weekend. What's the deal?"

Fourth guy: "I just set my alarm for 5:30 am. When it went off, I shut off the alarm, gave the wife a nudge and said, "Fishing or Sex?" and she said, "Wear a sweater."

large.

AG. Those who get too big for their britches will be exposed in the end.

AH. Once you've seen one shopping center, you've seen a mall.

AI. Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead-to-know basis.

~~AJ. Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.~~

AK. Acupuncture is a jab well done.

**Lorraine Bates**

---

**From:** "Bing Bates" <bingbates@shaw.ca>  
**To:** "Bob B" <bobenson@adelphia.net>; "Jack Etherington" <etherje@shaw.ca>; "alf egerton" <egetec@egetec.ca>; "Ed & Marilyn Hall" <ej649@telus.net>; "bill trimble" <teemac@shaw.ca>; "Casey Hilton" <kseahil10@shaw.ca>; "Lorraine" <lbates@shaw.ca>  
**Sent:** 1-Apr-03 12:30 PM  
**Subject:** Fw: Ten Dollars

**Subject:** Fw: Ten Dollars



Fred and his wife Edna went to the state fair every year. Every year Fred would say, "Edna, I'd like to ride in that there airplane." And every year Edna would say, "I know Fred, but that airplane ride costs ten dollars, and ten dollars is ten dollars."

One year Fred and Edna went to the fair and Fred said, "Edna, I'm 71 years old. If I don't ride that airplane this year I may never get another chance."

Edna replied, "Fred that there airplane ride costs ten dollars, and ten dollars is ten dollars."

The pilot overheard them and said, "Folks, I'll make you a deal. I'll take you both up for a ride. If you can stay quiet for the entire ride and not say one word, I won't charge you, but if you say one word it's ten dollars."

Fred and Edna agreed and up they go. The pilot does all kinds of twists and turns, rolls and dives, but not a word is heard.

He does all his tricks over again, but still not a word.

They land and the pilot turns to Fred, "By golly, I did everything I could think of to get you to yell out, but you didn't."

Fred replied, "Well, I was going to say something when Edna fell out, but ten dollars is ten dollars."



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**IncrediMail - Email has finally evolved - Click Here**

**Lorraine Bates**

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**From:** "Joan Bamlett" <jbam@telus.net>  
**To:** "Jacquie"  
**Sent:** 6-Apr-03 1:25 PM  
**Subject:** Fw: Little Old Lady

**Subject:** Fw: Little Old Lady

Defense Attorney: What is your age?

Little old Woman: I am 86 years old.

Defense Attorney: Will you tell us, in your own words, what happened to you?

Little old Woman: There I was, sitting there in my swing on my front porch on a warm spring evening, when a young man comes creeping up on the porch and sat down beside me.

Defense Attorney: Did you know him?

Little old Woman: No, but he sure was friendly.

Defense Attorney: What happened after he sat down?

Little old Woman: He started to rub my thigh.

Defense Attorney: Did you stop him?

Little old Woman: Hell no, I didn't stop him.

Defense Attorney: Why not?

Little old Woman: It felt good. Nobody had done that since my Abner passed away some 30 years ago.

Defense Attorney: What happened next?

Little old Woman man: He began to rub my breasts.

Defense Attorney: Did you stop him then?

Little old Woman: No, I did not stop him.

Defense Attorney: Why not?

Little old Woman: Why, Your Honor, his rubbing made me feel all alive and excited. I haven't felt that good in years!

Defense Attorney: What happened next?

Little old Woman: Well, I was feeling so spicy that I just laid down and said to him..."Take me ...young man...Take me!"

Defense Attorney: Did he take you?

Little old Woman: Hell, no. He just yelled, "April Fool!" .....And that's when I shot the little bastard!

--

**Angela and Darren Slaunwhite**  
**adslaun@ns.sympatico.ca**

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*"Enthusiasm is that temper of the mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment." - William Warburton Bishop*

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