

MoNdAy FuNnIeS

25 Oct 2004- From Cordell & Janice Vail

Our attempt to help you smile every Monday Morning

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## Wisdom For The Week :

Hello Cordell,

Thank, for the story about the "Weenies" --- Now I would like to hear the story about "Hot Dogs".

*carlton robert henry paul schultz*

OK... OK...

When those of us who are that old were young (this is before TV's mind you and yes we actually could entertain ourselves with out a TV ha ha ha). We used to have what we called "WEENIE ROASTS" all the time. You built a fire in the back yard and put a "WEENIE" on a stick you had cut from a near by tree and roasted it. Wow they were good cooked that way. Then when you were done you put a few marshmallows on the end of that same stick and carefully roasted them until they were golden brown being careful that they did not catch on fire. Then you put the marshmallows between two gram crackers and added a piece of chocolate from a Hershey bar. Then we would sit and watch the fire burn for hours until it was just glowing coals and you could see every star in the sky. Now that was living life the old way before Saturday Night Live made us forget about the outdoors.

But for some reason back in those days kids started to use the term "WEENIE" as a derogatory term. If they called you a "WEENIE" you were being told you were a loser... That term became so widely used as a derogatory term associated with being a loser that the meet packing companies like Armor and Oscar Myer, being the clever people they are, actually took the famous

"OSCAR MYER WEENIE WISTLE" image, (if you remember that from Psychiatrist step dad in "The Santa Clause" movie) and transitioned the American public over to a positive image with a "NEW NAME" for their popular product. I assume they took this new image from the "every one loves the Base Ball game and a "HOT DOG". So now we call them "HOT DOGS". I still have never heard anyone say we are going out back to build a fire and have a "HOT DOG ROAST"... It has been so interesting to watch over the years as they took that Base Ball Game Hot Dog image that was positive and transitioned out the "OSCAR MYER WEENIER" image. You can even buy "BALL PARK FRANKS". Who ever heard of "BALL PARK WEENIERS"? Now days, if you say you are a "HOT DOG" that is a good thing that implies you are "EXTREME" (for example "HOT DOG SKIERS" in the Olympics. Wouldn't that be a sight to see a "WEENIE SKIER" in the Olympics? Isn't marketing by big corporations a wonderful thing. It even influences how we talk.

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(Contributed by Stephanie Burns... Thanks Stephanie)

Bald Eagle

A man is caught, by a forest ranger, sitting at a make-shift campfire, and to the ranger's horror, eating a bald eagle. The man is consequently put in jail for the crime. On the day of his trial, the conversation went something like this:

JUDGE: "Do you know that eating a bald eagle is a federal offense?"

MAN: "Yes I do. But if you let me argue my case, I'll explain what happened."

JUDGE: "Proceed."

MAN: "I got lost in the woods. I hadn't had anything to eat for two weeks. I was so hungry. Next thing I see is a Bald Eagle swooping down at the lake for some fish. I knew that if I followed the Eagle I could maybe steal the fish. I caught up with the eagle who lighted upon a tree stump to eat the fish. I threw

a stone toward the eagle hoping he would drop the fish and fly away. Unfortunately, in my weakened condition, my aim was off, and the rock hit the eagle squarely on his poor little head, and killed it. I thought long and hard about what had happened, but figured that since I killed it it I might as well eat it since it would be more disgraceful to let it rot on the ground."

JUDGE: "The court will take a recess while we analyze your testimony."

15 minutes goes by and the judge returns.

JUDGE: "Due to the extreme circumstance you were under and because you didn't intend to kill the eagle, the court will dismiss the charges." The Judge then leans over the bench and whispers: "If you don't mind my asking, what does a bald eagle taste like?"

MAN: "Well your honor, it is hard to explain. The best I can describe it is somewhere between a California Condor and a Spotted Owl."

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## Consumer Tips

This week I had the opportunity to give 2 presentations at a national software conference in Orlando, Florida (and yes the damage from the hurricanes is as bad as it looks on TV. I saw it first hand).

I took a white shirt to wear for one of my presentations. On the morning of my 1st presentation I wore the white shirt. As I sat in the opening session, unnoticed by me, an uncapped ink pen was sticking out of my note book pointing towards my stomach. As I sat there listening, it was sitting there writing. It wrote all over the front of my white shirt. Ever have ink pen on a white shirt?

What to do? I knew hair spay would take it out but I did not want to buy a big can of hair spray just use once and throw away. So I went back to my room and changed shirts and that night I bought a new shirt that I could use again after I got home

and not waste money on hair spray.

When I got home my son Aaron told me that for 97 cents I could have bought a bottle of rubbing alcohol to do the trick. Having never heard of that, I got the white shirt out of my suitcase went in the bathroom where we have rubbing alcohol and in 10 seconds the ink stain was gone.

Now you know a second, less expensive trick for ink stains.

(And if you are interested you can see my two presentations at <http://www.vcaa.com/testengineer> ).



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