

passin' gas

A Tennessee mountain woman went to the doctor and was told to go home and come back in a couple days with a specimen. When she got home, she asked her husband, "What is a specimen?"

He replied, "Danged if I know. Go next door and ask Edith. She's a Registered Nurse."

The woman went next door and came back in about 20 minutes with her clothes all torn and with multiple cuts and bruises all over her face and body.

"What in the world happened?" asked her husband.

"Danged if I know," she replies. "I asked Edith what a specimen was and she told me to go piss in a bottle. I told her to go shit in a jug and then all hell broke loose."

*Rocky Meyerson
S.P.B., Florida*

A Texas rancher and a New Hampshire farmer are talking. "How big is your farm?" asks the Texas rancher.

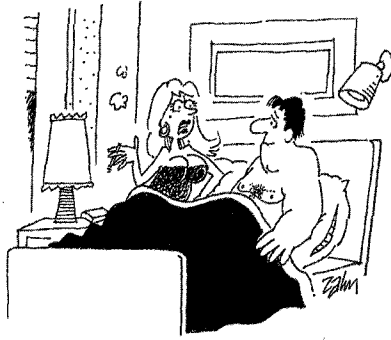
"Well, my farm is a little over 200 acres," says the New Hampshire farmer.

"Son," bellows the Texas rancher, "my ranch is so big I can get in my truck on one end of it and it'll take me three days to reach the other end of it."

"Uh huh," says the New Hampshire farmer. "I had a truck like that once."

*Greg Cook
National City, California*

A boy asked his mother, "Mom, why are wedding dresses white?"



*"Next time I give you a blowjob
try not to fart when you cum!"*

The mother looked at her son and replied, "Son, a white dress shows your friends and relatives that your bride is pure."

The son thanked his mom and went off to double-check this with his father. "Dad, why are wedding dresses white?"

The father looked at his son in surprise and said, "Son, all household appliances come in white."

*Bob Grinch
Ridgewood, New Jersey*

A woman in a bar inadvertently let loose a loud fart just as a biker was approaching the side of the bar where she was seated. Knowing that every person in the joint must have heard it, she desperately tried to save face by telling the scooter tramp, "Stop that!"

"Sure thing, honey," said the biker. "Which way did it go?"

*David Chance
Ogden, Utah*

Scouter showed up late and cranky for the Daytona Rally. When he went to check into his motel room, he was told it had been given away. Never one to accept defeat, Scouter said, "Listen, if the Queen of England walked in, you'd find a room for her, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, we would," said the clerk. "Fine," said Scouter, "she's not coming, so I'll take her room."

*Rebecca Stacey
Bakersfield, California*

Pogo's ol' lady approached him and said, "There's some guy at the front door who wants to see you about a bill you owe him. He wouldn't give me his name."

Pogo asked, "Well, whatdafuck does he look like?"

She answered, "He looks like you had damn well better pay him!"

*D. Chance
Ogden, Utah*

A small zoo in Arkansas obtained a very rare species of gorilla. Within a few weeks the gorilla, a female, became very difficult to handle. Upon examination, the veterinarian determined the problem. The gorilla was in heat. To make matters worse, there was no male gorilla available. Thinking about the problem, the zookeeper thought of Bobby Lee Walton, a redneck part-time worker responsible for cleaning the animal cages. Bobby Lee, like most rednecks, had little sense but possessed ample ability to satisfy a female of any species.

The zookeeper thought they might have a solution. Bobby Lee was approached with a proposition. Would he be willing to mate with the gorilla for \$500.

Bobby Lee showed some interest but said he would have to think the matter over carefully. The following day he announced that he would accept the offer but only under four conditions.

"First," Bobby Lee said, "I ain't gonna kiss her on the lips."

The keeper quickly agreed to this condition.

"Second," he said, "You can't never tell no one about this."

The keeper again readily agreed to this condition.

"Third," Bobby Lee said, "I want all the children raised in my religion."

Once again, it was agreed.

"And last," Bobby Lee said, "I'll need another week to come up with the \$500."

*B.G.
Tenaflly, New Jersey*

Face it—everybody can use a good laugh now and then. That ain't to say you're gonna find one on these pages, but whatdahell, we hadda fill the space somehow, and you're at least bound to run into a gut-grabbin' groaner or two. Think you can do any better? Prove it. Send us your best stuff. We'll pay \$40 in hard, American cash for every knee-slappin' newie or moldy oldie that we print. Sorry, but contributions can be neither acknowledged nor returned. Send yer smilers to: Jokes, c/o Easyriders, P.O. Box 3000, Agoura Hills, CA 91376-3000, or e-mail them to us at PaisanoPub@aol.com.

