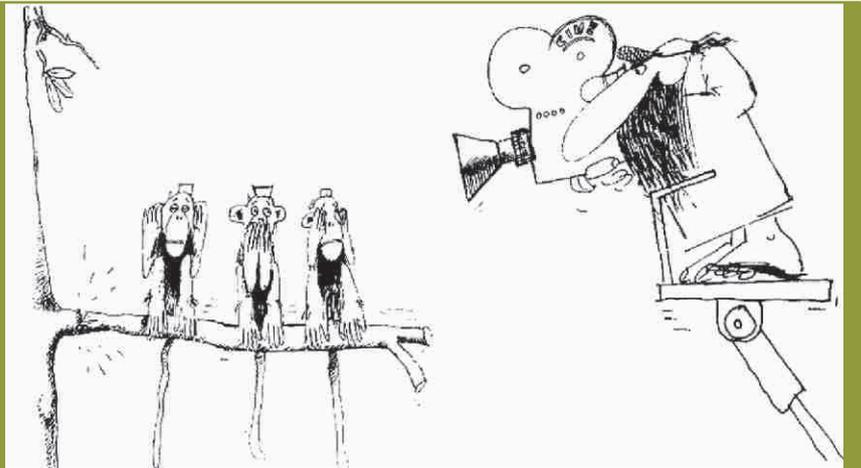


Laughter: The Best Meditation



"My poor husband," said Mrs. Ginsberg to her psychoanalyst, dragging her husband behind her. "He's convinced he's a parking meter."

The analyst looked at the silent, morbid fellow and asked, "Why doesn't he say something for himself? Can't he talk?"

"How can he," said Mrs. Ginsberg, "with all those coins in his mouth?"

A man walks into a bar, orders a drink and proceeds to laugh out loud for about two minutes. When all the people are looking at him, he abruptly stops laughing, and starts crying and sobbing. After about two minutes of this, a smile comes onto his face and he again breaks into uncontrollable laughter.

This is followed by another bout of crying and then more laughter. After about twenty minutes of alternate laughing and crying, he looks up at all the inquiring faces and says, "Please forgive me, but my mother-in-law has just driven over a cliff in my new Rolls Royce."

A doctor received an urgent phone call. "Doctor," said the voice. "My wife swallowed my fountain pen two hours ago."

"Why did not you phone me sooner?" asked the doctor.

"I have been using my pencil up to now," replied the husband, "but the lead has broken and I don't have a sharpener."

"Man, am I scared!" confided Paddy to Seamus, looking furtively around the pub. "I just got a card from a guy saying that he would shoot me if I did not stay away from his wife."

"Well, stay away from his wife," advised Seamus, "and you have got no problem."

"How can I?" moaned Paddy, "he did not sign his name."

They were married for twenty-five years and had their biggest argument on the day of their silver anniversary. She never hit harder or lower: "If it weren't for my money, that TV set wouldn't be here. If it weren't for my money, the very chair you're sitting on wouldn't be here!"

"Are you kidding?" he interrupted. "If it weren't for your money -- I wouldn't be here!"

The wife said to her politician husband at a buffet dinner, "That's the third time you've gone back for more chicken. Doesn't that embarrass you?"

'No, dear,' replied the politician husband. 'I keep telling them I'm getting it for you!'

"We got a divorce because we were incompatible," explained one bar fly to another. "My wife hated me when I was drunk, and I couldn't stand her when I was sober."