

**HER MOTHER TAUGHT HER
TO ORDER LIKE A LADY**



**BRANDY'S FINE...
PERHAPS SOME WINE...
OH MY, WHERE SHOULD I START?
SOME CHRISTMAS CHEER?
BUT, PLEASE ... NO BEER!**

(PILSNER MAKES ME FART!)

NEW PRODUCT NEWS

New Item Offers Promise For Moms & Kids



Mothers have hope
From a thing they call "Soap"
As long as instructions
Are heeded
One dose a day
Keeps tarnish away
And you simply repeat it
As needed

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IMAGINE THE TIME-~~S~~AVING, ~~S~~AY,
WHEN SEEKING DIRECTIONS
FROM A STRANGER!



DUH !

I THINK STUPID PEOPLE
SHOULD HAVE TO WEAR SIGNS
(**T**HOUGH IT MIGHT BE A TURN-OFF
FOR **C**UPID)

THAT WAY, ON APPROACH
YOU CAN SAY, READING LINES
"OH, PARDON,
I SEE THAT YOU'RE STUPID"

Coincidentally, They Missed
The Exact SAME Questions!



Teddy had flunked
And WHY was it so?
It seems he was caught in a lie
The boy to his right
Wrote, "I do not know"
And Teddy wrote,
"Neither do I"

Church Memorial Plaque **Puzzles Anxious Youngster**



**Said the pastor out loud
When the youngster seemed nervous,
“The plaque is of OUR boys
Who died in the service”
“Oh wow,” said the kid
(Maybe thinking of heaven)
“WAS THAT NINE O’CLOCK?
OR JUST NOW AT ELEVEN?”**

Loretta's Boy Ferd Getting High Marks On Oklahoma Farm!

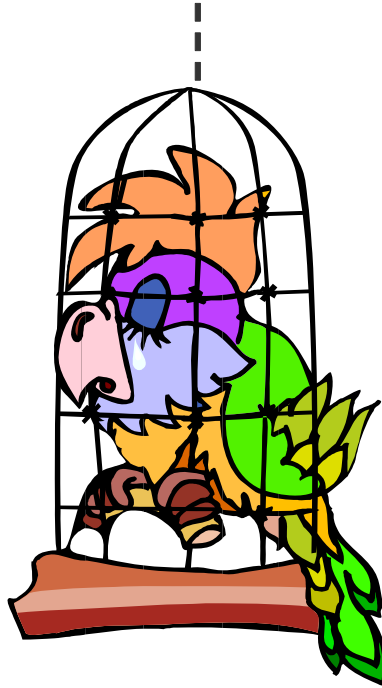
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His many offspring famed him
(The girls all called him Ferd)
And all the bull-ettes named him
The workhorse of the herd

I'd love to hear from you!
Just drop a line to:
ThePoetsHere@yahoo.com

Thrushes, Warblers, Titmouses
Swallows ... You Name 'Em



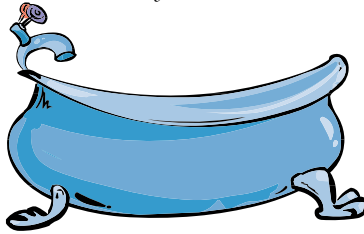
Who me? I'm doin' life

**Old birds
Teach their young birds
(And they perch on every word!)**

**Window glass
You bet your ass
Is better seen than heard!**

Let's Just Get This Silly Thing Out Of The Way!

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Isadora Glickenspat
Was neither thin nor very fat
But loved to sit and marinate in sauce
She wasted time by doing that
Complained the elder Glickenspat
Who, after all, was Isadora's boss
The two went round till ground was found
(With Isadora stark ungownd)
On which to meet regarding daily soaking
Miss Isadora in the fray
FOR saucy soaking every day!
To which the Angry Elder screamed, "You're joking!"
An answer, then, was nowhere found
With Izzie soaking in the round
In sundry sauces brimming to the top
Midst mighty hue and raucous cry
And Angry Guy disgorging why
The practice stunk and surely then should stop
But Izzie sat 'neath pansied hat
Not saying this nor much of that
Her mentals closed and not about to bend
Since pages hence and words galore
Will never ever tell us more
We now conclude this silly rhyme must end

AMEN

Winter's Old Story All Guts ... No Glory!

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The trek through the pass
Was a kick in the ass
And even the blizzards were great!
By the end to us all
Clear that we'd had a ball
(Except for the seven we ate)

- PS -

Any of you ever played a game called "Short Straw"?

HELL, I CAN'T HELP IT IF
I'M APPEARANCELY-CHALLENGED!



I HAVE TO SAY
(**W**ITH MINIMAL SCORN)
I HAVE A HANDSOME BROTHER!
CAME THE DAY
THAT **I** WAS BORN
THE DOCTOR SLAPPED MY MOTHER!

Ron's humor herein has caught the attention of three persons celebrated in their respective walks of life: William F. Buckley Jr., Phyllis Diller, and, before his death in 2001, comedian Milton Berle.



Mr. Buckley wrote, "Your pieces are pleasurable to read, your mind is nimble, and you have a fine touch for gentle paradox."

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Miss Diller wrote, "Your work is hilarious, and at the same time delightfully literate. This is must reading for anyone who wishes to save on his or her psychiatry bill.

Comedienne Phyllis Diller

Mr. Berle wrote, "Ron, your funny look at life is absolutely wonderful. These gems go down in my comedy files as must reading for every person who loves a good laugh."

The Late Milton Berle

(2001- re: partial manuscript)

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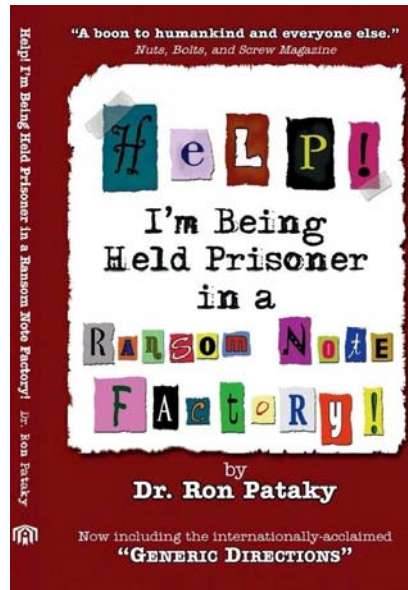
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thanks ... and enjoy!

Dr. Ron

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... is dedicated to pure reading fun. It is silly, amusing,
often redundant,
and frequently redundant.

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are getting a few relaxing daily chuckles
from its outlandishly paradoxical absurdities!

740 pages!

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This site is renewed frequently!**