

The Wolf Pack - Humans could learn from the wolf packs



A wolf pack on the move :

The first 3 are the old or sick, they give the pace to the entire pack. If it was the other way round, they would be left behind, losing contact with the pack. In case of an ambush they would be sacrificed;

Then come 5 strong ones, the front line; In the center are the rest of the pack members;

Then the 5 strongest following.

Last is alone, the Alpha. He controls everything from the rear. In that position he can see everything, decide the direction. He sees all of the pack. The pack moves according to the elders' pace and help each other, watch each other.

Again I am left speechless by nature ... I knew that wolves are different, but didn't realize how much we could learn from them....

I didn't know wolves put the ELDERS of the pack FIRST. People on this planet should take note ... Elders are to be seen up front, setting the pace and direction while enjoying the protection of the rest... And not invisible at the back of the line.

Test Time

Two college football players could not stay up with their classes and the big game was on Friday. The Dean came to the Coach and said, "Coach, I have been getting a lot of complaints from the other teams because of the requirement that all

players must be in educational good standing.

Now, I want you to devise a test for Killer and Hulk that they are guaranteed to pass or they won't be able to play in Friday's game."

"Dean, I can handle this one."

Later, the Coach said to the players, "Men, you have to take this test and pass it to be able to play in the game Friday. Begin now

and just leave when you finish."

The players turn over their papers and found only one question: Old MacDonald had a _____.

Killer said, "Oh, I know! I know! It's Old MacDonald had a farm!"

"That's great, Killer! How do you spell farm?"

"Hey, I know that, too! It's E-I-E-I-O!"

FOUR RETIREES VISIT A BAR

Four old retired men are walking down a street in Banner Elk, NC . They turn a corner and see a sign that says, "Old Timers Bar - ALL drinks 10 cents."

They look at each other and then go in, thinking this is too good to be true. The old bartender says in a voice that carries across the room, "Come on in and let me pour one for you! What'll it be, gentlemen?"

There's a fully stocked bar, so each of the men orders a martini. In no time the bartender serves up four iced martinis shaken, not stirred and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please." The four guys stare at the bartender for a moment, then at each other. They can't believe their good luck. They pay the 40 cents, finish their martinis, and order another round. Again, four excellent martinis are produced, with the bartender again saying, "That's 40 cents, please." They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity gets the better of them. They've each had two martinis and

haven't even spent a dollar yet. Finally one of them says, "How can you afford to serve martini's at that price?"

The barman says, "I'm a retired tailor and I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the Lottery Jackpot for \$125 million and decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime. Wine, liquor, beer it's all the same."

"Wow! That's some story!" one of the men says.

As the four of them sip at their martinis, they can't help noticing seven other people at the end of the bar who don't have any drinks in front of them and haven't ordered anything the whole time they've been there. Nodding at the seven at the end of the bar, one of the men asks the bartender, "What's with them?"

The bartender says, "They're retired people from Florida . They're waiting for Happy Hour when drinks are half-price..."

Sign

Teacher: Why are you late?
 Student: Because, of the sign!
 Teacher: What sign?
 Student: The one that says, "School Ahead, Go Slow."

An Accident Report

I am writing in response to your request for "additional information." In block number 30 of the accident report form, I put "poor planning" as the cause for my accident. You said in your last letter that I should explain more fully. I trust that the following detail will be sufficient.

I am an amateur radio operator. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the top section of my new 80-foot antenna tower. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had, over the course of several trips up the tower, brought about 300 lbs. of tools and spare hardware.

Rather than carry the now unneeded tools and materials down by hand, I decided to lower the items in a small barrel by using a pulley, which fortunately was attached to the pole at the tip of the tower.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the top of the tower and loaded the tools and materials into the barrel.

Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to insure a slow descent of the 300 lbs. of tools.

You will note in block number 11 of the accident report form that I weigh 155 lbs.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and forgot to let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rapid rate up the side of the tower. In the vicinity of the 40-foot level, I met the barrel coming down.

This explains my fractured skull and broken clavicle. Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley.

Fortunately by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly on the rope in spite of the pain. At about the same time however, the barrel hit the ground.

The bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the tools, the barrel now weighed 20 pounds.

I refer you again to my weight in block number 11.

As you might guess, I began a rapid descent down the side of the tower.

In the vicinity of the 40-foot level, I met the barrel coming up.

This accounts for the two fractured ankles and the lacerations on my legs and lower body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell into the pile of tools, and fortunately only three vertebrae were cracked.

I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the tools in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel 80 feet above me, I again lost my presence of mind.

I let go of the rope ...

You look fine

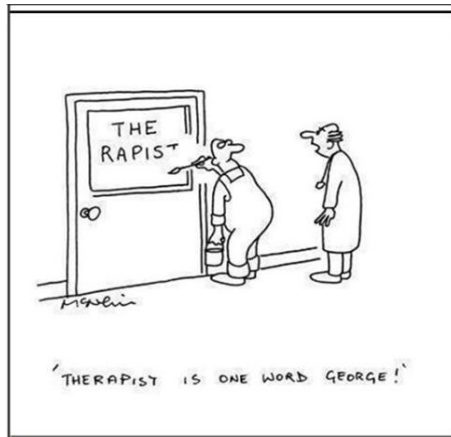
I was in New York's Grand Central Terminal on my way to visit friends in Connecticut.

I had never taken the trip before and was wondering if I needed to switch trains in Stamford.

Walking to the train, I saw the conductor and asked, "Do I need to

change?"

"No." he replied immediately. "You're fine the way you are. Your bag matches your shoes and your earrings are the same color as your outfit. Very coordinated!"



Little Johnny

Little Johnny comes downstairs crying. His mother asked, "What's the matter now?"

"Dad was hanging pictures, and just hit his thumb with hammer," said little Johnny through his tears.

"That's not so serious," soothed his mother.

"I know you are upset, but a big boy like you shouldn't cry at something like that. Why didn't you just laugh?"

"I did!" sobbed Johnny.

What a freakin' idiot!!

If this wasn't so serious it would be funny!!

THIS WAS JUST ONE OF THE MORONS IN AUSTRALIA'S GOVERNMENT SOME YEARS AGO!

(PETER GARRETT, former lead singer of Midnight Oil, was then a Minister in the Labour Government of Australia). PETER GARRETT WAS DEFINITELY A COUPLE OF CANS SHORT OF A SLAB!

The Australian Government and the New South Wales Forestry Service were presenting an alternative to New South Wales (NSW) sheep farmers for controlling the dingo population.

It seems that after years of the sheep farmers using the tried and true methods of shooting and/or trapping the predators, the Labour Government (Peter Garrett - Environmental Minister), the NSW Forestry Service and the Greens tree-huggers had a 'more humane' solution.

What they proposed was for the

animals to be captured alive, the males would then be castrated, - and let loose again.

Therefore the dingo population would be controlled.

This was ACTUALLY proposed to the NSW Sheep Farmers Association.

All of the sheep farmers thought about this amazing idea for a couple of minutes.

Finally, one of the old boys in the back of the conference room stood up, tipped his hat back and said, 'Mr Garrett, son, I don't think you understand our problem, 'those dingo's ain't f*****g our sheep, they're eatin' 'em.'

You should have been there to hear the roar of laughter as Mr Peter Garrett and the members of the NSW Forestry Service, the Greens and the other "tree huggers" left the meeting very "sheepishly".

Pay back

A motorcycle patrolman was rushed to the hospital with an inflamed appendix.

The doctors operated and advised him that all was well.

However, the patrolman kept feeling something pulling at the hairs on his chest.

Worried that it might be a second surgery the doctors hadn't told him about, he finally got the energy to pull his hospital gown down enough so that he could look at what was making him so uncomfortable.

Taped firmly across his hairy chest were three wide strips of adhesive tape, the kind that doesn't come off easily.

Written in large black letters was the sentence, "Get well quick. From the nurse you gave a ticket to last week."

Did You Know?

* The current U.S. flag was designed by a 17 year old high school student as part of a class project; he received a B- on the design, which was later changed to an A when the design was selected as the official new flag.

* Forty is the only number that is spelled with its letters in alphabetical order.

* Giraffes can go without water longer than a camel.