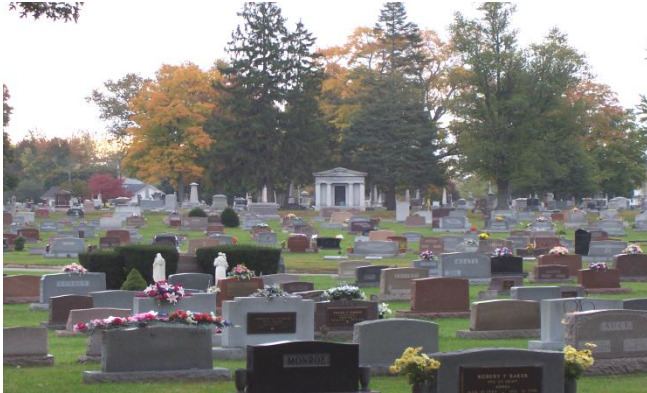




## FOREST RIDGE FANCIED UP FOR 2017 MEMORIAL DAY



The maintenance crews at the 131 year old Forest Ridge Cemetery on the outskirts of Wrinkle City have been mowing and decorating the cemetery in preparation of Memorial Day. "We pride ourselves in the upkeep of this historical cemetery and arboretum" said Superintendent Jim "Digger" Jones. "The streets for our 28,000 residents don't have potholes like the city does" he said.

"We've done a lot to spruce up the cemetery by removing dead trees and underbrush as well as planting flowers and spreading mulch" he said. "We must have gone through 15 truckloads of mulch!" he exclaimed. "Visitors are always welcome during daylight hours" stated Jones.

## MEMORIAL DAY PARADE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS



The Memorial Day parade was, as usual, quite an ordeal. Local police color guard, scouts and brownies waved flags as they led the procession followed by the Scapegoat Band, the Wrinkle City

VFD, antique cars and, as usual, with Bud Millfoyle's hooley hearse bringing up the end.

Over 25 Boy Scouts and Brownies waved their flags as they attempted to march in straight lines while waiving to the assembled crowds along the way. "We always enjoy participating in the parade" said Scout Master Del Foster. "It helps us get our hiking badge" he said.



The Scapegoat Band was made up of Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors trying to play music. The Seniors were not in attendance as they were trying to sober up after the prom or doing community service for toilet papering the trees in front of the high school.



The local car club had its cars in the parade with some spewing out noxious odors since they didn't have catalytic converters and their horns blaring at the

crowds.

The WCVFD had all three trucks in the parade spewing dark clouds of French fry smelling diesel fumes as they passed in review. When asked about the dark cloud of French fry fumes, Chief Red Spenders said they were trying to save money by using used fry oil from McDoogles and Wendeez. "It's cheap, it burns and it makes you hungry at the same time" he said. "The firemen have put on 10 extra pounds!," exclaimed Chief Spenders. Later on down the parade route, Chief Spenders and his father, Gino, got into an argument as to which side each would wave to the crowd. A heated argument ensued causing Police Chief Barney "One Bullit" McGinty to pull them over to settle the argument. Each waving hand was handcuffed to the door and the parade proceeded without argument.

The Memorial Day Parade slowly and smoothly travelled down School Street to Park Avenue. It seems like the parade was doing well until Bud



Millfoyle's tractor stalled again for the fourth straight year for five minutes halting the parade. Bud was on his way to his field about 8 blocks from the cemetery where he wanted to

fertilize the pasture with some fresh hog manure. "I was cuttin' through town and the next thing I knows I was in a parade. (The editor believes this is Bud's getting even with the city.) Everybody was a waving at me so's I waved back and follerd the guys in front of me like I did last year" said Millfoyle. "I went to give the tractor the gas and it just pooped out and died" he



said. The tractor wouldn't restart and high humidity of the morning, the manure was gettin purty rank! If it weren't for the rescue squad wearing their breathing gear and a

couple of cops with gas masks helping me, I'd never have gotten the dang tractor restarted" Millfoyle said. This is the fourth time it's happened.

After the parade regained its composure and headed toward the cemetery, kids enjoyed the other units of the parade.

At the cemetery, Mayor Alton J. Souhey gave the traditional speech honoring the veterans. All went well until the local VFW honored the



deceased by firing a volley of loud rifle shots startling the pidgins roosting in the trees above the review stand. The startled pidgins promptly expressed their feelings on the review stand below causing a shortened celebration and leaving everyone in a crappy mood for the rest of the day.

## WRINKLE SCHOOL STUDENTS FAIL EXAMS; MUST TAKE AGAIN

Wrinkle City Students studied for their final exams to see if they can be promoted to the next grade. They failed.

The Gazette was previously given an advance look at the 12th grade test. "The test is pretty darn hard to pass" said Jimmonetta Carter, the school

superintendent. "Our results were disappointing, so we're going to give them a second chance" she said.

## WRINKLE CITY SCHOOL'S 12TH GRADE EXAM

1. What language is spoken in France?

**Answer given by 90 % of students: Redneck**

2. Give a dissertation on the ancient Babylonian Empire with particular reference to architecture, literature, law and social conditions - OR - give the first name of Pierre Trudeau. \_\_\_\_\_

**Answer given by 95 % of students: Duhhhh...**

3. Would you ask William Shakespeare to: (Circle the correct answer) a) build a bridge (b) sail the ocean (c) lead an army (d) WRITE A PLAY

**Answer given by students: " Who the hell is Shakespeare?"**

4. What religion is the Pope? (Circle the correct answer) (a) Jewish (b) Catholic (c) Hindu (d) Polish (e) Agnostic (check only one)

**Answer given by 90% of the students: "check only one"**

5. Math: How many feet in 0.0 Meters? \_\_\_\_\_

**Answer given by the students: 10**

6. What time is it when the big hand is on the 12 and the little hand is on the 5? \_\_\_\_\_

**Answer given by students: " I don't know ...I have a digital watch!"**

7. How many commandments was Moses given? (approximately) \_\_\_\_\_

**95% didn't know.**

8. What are people in America's far north called? (Circle the correct answer) (a) Westerners (b) Southerners (c) Northerners  
**85% said "Rednecks"**

9. Spell - Bush, Carter and Clinton?

\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

**They all got this one right!**

10. Six kings of England have been called George, the last one being George the Sixth. Name the previous five.

**90% of the students left this one blank.**

**When questioned they said “I slept through American history.”**

11. If a 10lb bag of weed killer covers 1,000 square feet, how many bags would it take to kill the weeds on synthetic turf?

**100% didn't have an friggin clue!**

**HAVE AN IDIOT FOR A KID???**



We take dummies and turn them into almost average students!

**WE DON'T SCREW AROUND!**

*Sillyman's Learning Services* 100 N. Main Street next to Lusch's Bar & Grille.

**The Way I Seez It**

by Vic Lusch

Like a lot of unlucky stiffs in this town, I have to mow my yard every week and have a lawn service to take care of the dandelions ... I need to keep up with the Jones' so to speak.



A lot of people in Wrinkle City don't mow their lawns as they should. Many have a broken down mower, and a lawn full of dandelions and weeds. Each year the city has a beautiful yard festooned with these yellow flowers that turn fluffy. When the wind blows, those little white



fluffy balls blow through the air and causes me to have an extra application of Weed B Gone on my yard. What I do have a problem with them is not keeping his property weed-free and mowed. Ole' Vinnie needs to wake up some mornin' smellin' the scent of gasoline poured on his weeds. If I gotsta mow and have a presentable yard, so duzz they! ...And that's the way I seez it!

**STINKY STALBERT DOES IT AGAIN**

Wrinkle City Rescue was called to the local Home and Farm Store to help ventilate the building due to a rank odor emanating from the



weed spray display area.

It seems that Stinky Stalbert was looking at the Deer and Rabbit Repellent display when he “accidentally” opened a bottle of the stuff to see what it smelled like. “I musta squeezed too hard and the stuff went everywhere!” he exclaimed. “I had it on my clothes, shoes and hands....it stunk real bad...it's worse than skunk” he said. “When I went to tell the manager what had happened, he kept running away!” exclaimed Stinky.

Nobody was seriously hurt. Mrs. Stalbert made Stinky sleep in the shed for a few days until the stench wore off. The local animals vacated their dens and sought comfort several blocks away.

**HAPPY BUNZ CLOTHING OPTIONAL SOCIETY OPENS WITH A BANG!**

The seasonal opening of the Happy Bunz Clothing Optional Society in the past has been delayed due to a severe outbreak of poison ivy and sumac delaying their traditional June opening. This year, however, owners



Orville and Fern Bunz said they have had dry weather and time to eradicate the pesky weeds and were almost ready to open on time. "Fern reminded me to set up the fireworks display for the evening of the opening day," said Orville. "So I went to the shed to unlock the cabinet where they were stored, I turned on the light and a spark happened and the stuff was a flyin' every- where." "Ever have a Roman candle shoot between yer legs?" he said. "I thought Little Jim and the Twins were gonners!" Orville exclaimed.

The clothing optional society will open on time minus the fireworks.

**HAPPY BUNZ NEEDS SUMMER HELP**

Happy Bunz Clothing Optional Campground is looking for a semi-retired person to help in the daily operation of the campgrounds. Applicant must have good customer relations skills and be able to do handyman repairs including plumbing, carpentry, electrical and lawn care while in the buff. Call Orville at 545-BUNZ

## BEGINNERS COURSE REVENUE UP DESPITE EXPLOSION



Toots Kowalski, golf pro at Echo Pond golf Course, reported to the city council that the revenues were up 15% as new and experienced golfers were playing on the beginners course in

anticipation of the opening of Happy Bunz.



## TALES FROM THE 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

By Toots Kowalski

The room was full of pregnant women with their husbands.

The instructor said, "Ladies, remember that exercise is good for you. Walking is especially beneficial - strengthens the pelvic muscles and will make delivery that much easier. Just pace yourself, make plenty of stops and try to stay on a soft surfaces, like a grass path."

"Gentlemen, remember -- you're in this together. It wouldn't hurt you to go walking with her. In fact, that shared experience would be good for you both."

The room suddenly became very quiet as the men absorbed this information. After a few moments a man, name unknown, at the back of the room, slowly raised his hand.

"Yes?" said the Instructor.

"I was just wondering if it would be all right, if she carries a golf bag?"

Brings a tear to your eye, doesn't it?

---

A golfer hits his ball into a yard next to the golf course. As he goes to get it a man in the yard says, "Don't you see the sign? It says, 'Private property - Stay Out!'"

The golfer says, "I'm sorry I did not see it. That's my ball over there. May I have it, please?"

The man says, "It's in my yard and so it's my ball now."

The golfer looks at the man and says, "I think I understand"

He then walks back to the golf cart, gets another golf ball, then walks back and throws it into the yard as well.

The man says, "What did you do that for?"

The golfer replies... "I consider myself a Gentleman, and I believe every prick should have two balls."

## Gentle Thoughts for Today -

Birds of a feather flock together . . . and then crap on your car.

A penny saved is a government oversight.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight, because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

The easiest way to find something lost around the house is to buy a replacement.

He who hesitates is probably right.

Did you ever notice: The Roman Numerals for forty (40) are XL.

If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone in mind to blame.

The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he can tell when he's really in trouble.

## GRUMPIN AROUND TOWN

### WITH GRUMP

By Falworth T. Grump

I need to applaud the city council for letting the town go to hell in a hand basket!

They've done a poor job at bringing good paying jobs into town. If it weren't for Grandma's Tattoo Parlor, Funky's Head Shop, Adam and Steve's Adult Toy Store, Lusch's Bar and Grille, Amigone Funeral Home, Bubba's Big Time BBQ and Boobs 'N Beer, the China Dog and Cat Buffet, we'd have no business at all.



When neighboring towns can get Abbott's Pablum Factory, Miner's Home Store, and China Goods 'N More, why can't we? Sub-minimum wage is killin this

town.

All we're attracting is a bunch of welfare recipients and drug dealers from Dayton on Harrison Avenue!

Wish those SOB's in charge get their act together!

### **Grump out!**



A cowboy who'd just moved to Wyoming from Texas walks into a bar and orders three mugs of Bud.

He sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn.

When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and

orders three more.

The bartender approaches and tells the cowboy, "You know, a mug goes flat after I draw it. It would taste better if you bought one at a time."

The cowboy replies, "Well, you see, I have two brothers. One is an Airborne Ranger, the other is a Navy Seal, both serving overseas somewhere.

When we all left our home in Texas, we promised that we'd drink this way to remember the days when we drank together. So I'm drinking one beer for each of my brothers and one for myself."

The bartender admits that this is a nice custom, and leaves it there.

The cowboy becomes a regular in the bar, and always drinks the same way.

He orders three mugs and drinks them in turn.

One day, he comes in and only orders two mugs.

All the regulars take notice and fall silent.

When he comes back to the bar for the second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I wanted to offer my condolences on your loss."

The cowboy looks quite puzzled for a moment, then a light dawns in his eyes and he laughs.

"Oh, no, everybody's just fine," he explains, "It's just that my wife and I joined the Baptist Church and I had to quit drinking."

"Hasn't affected my brothers though."

## **Old Prospector**

An old prospector shuffled into the town of El Indio, Texas leading a tired old mule. The old man headed straight for the only saloon in town, to clear his parched throat.

He walked up to the saloon and tied his old mule to the hitch rail.

As he stood there, brushing some of the dust from his face and clothes, a young gunslinger stepped out of the saloon with a gun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

The young gunslinger looked at the old man and laughed, saying, "Hey old man, can you dance?"

The old man looked up at the gunslinger and said, "No son, I don't dance... never really wanted to"

A crowd had gathered as the gunslinger grinned and said, "Well, you old fool, you're gonna dance now!" and started shooting at the old man's feet.

The old prospector, not wanting to get a toe blown off, started hopping around like a flea on a hot skillet.

Everybody standing around was laughing..

When his last bullet had been fired, the young gunslinger, still laughing, holstered his gun and turned around to go back into the saloon.

The old man turned to his pack mule, pulled out a double-barreled 12 gauge shotgun and cocked both hammers.

The loud clicks carried clearly through the desert air. The crowd stopped laughing immediately.

The young gunslinger heard the sounds too, and he turned around very slowly.

The silence was deafening. The crowd watched as the young gunman stared at the old timer and the large gaping holes of those twin 12 gauge barrels. The barrels of the shotgun never wavered in the old man's hands, as he quietly said;

"Son, have you ever kissed a mule's rear end?"

The gunslinger swallowed hard and said, "No sir... but.... I've always wanted to"

## **Married 50 Years**

After nearly 50 years of marriage, a couple was lying in bed one evening when the wife felt her husband,


begin to massage her in ways he hadn't in quite some time. It almost tickled as his fingers started at her neck, and then began moving down past the small of her back. He then caressed her shoulders and neck, slowly worked his hand down, stopping just over her stomach. He then proceeded to place his hand on her left inner arm, working down her side, passing gently over her buttock and down her leg to her calf. Then, he proceeded up her thigh, stopping just at the uppermost portion of her leg. He continued in the same manner on her right side, then suddenly stopped, rolled over and became silent.

As she had become quite aroused by this caressing, she asked in a loving voice, 'Honey that was wonderful. Why did you stop?'

To which he responded: 'I found the remote.'

## YOU MIGHT BE FROM WRINKLE CITY IF ...

1. You take your dog for a walk and you both use the same tree.
2. You can entertain yourself for more than 15 minutes with a fly swatter.
3. Your boat has not left the driveway in 15 years.
4. You burn your yard rather than mow it.
5. You think "The Nutcracker" is something you do off the high dive.
6. The Salvation Army declines your furniture.
7. You offer to give someone the shirt off your back and they don't want it.
8. You have the local taxidermist on speed dial.
9. You pick up your date at the family reunion.
10. Your perfect day involved NASCAR, nachos and napping.
11. Your family car has flames painted woen both sides.
12. You ever had to shave your legs to get a pair of pants to fit.
13. You're never home on rent day.

Any day above ground is a good one. 

[www.pmcaregivers.com/Humor.htm](http://www.pmcaregivers.com/Humor.htm)

## MORTALLY SPEAKING...

By Emerson Balmer  
Amigone Funeral & Cremation Service

Who says us undertakers don't have a sense of humor!?! We **do** have a funny side...sometimes!



A funeral service is being held in a church for a woman who has just passed away. At the end of the service, the pallbearers carrying the casket accidentally bump into a wall jarring the casket. They hear a faint moan. They open the casket and find that the woman is actually alive. She lives for 10 more years and then dies. The lady finally passes and a ceremony is again held at the same church and at the end the pallbearers are again carrying the casket out. As they are walking, the husband calls out, "Watch out for the wall!"

Doug Smith is on his deathbed and knows the end is near. His nurse, his wife, his daughter and 2 sons, are with him.

He asks for 2 witnesses to be present and a camcorder be in place to record his last wishes, and when all is ready he begins to speak:

"My son, Bernie, I want you to take the Mayfair houses.

"My daughter Sybil, you take the apartments over in the east end."

"My son, Jamie, I want you to take the offices over in the City Centre.

"Sarah, my dear wife, please take all the residential buildings on the banks of the river."

The nurse and witnesses are blown away as they did not realize his extensive holdings, and as Doug slips away, the nurse says, "Mrs. Smith, your husband must have been such a hard-working man to have accumulated all this property".

The wife replies, "The jerk had a paper route."



## RELIGIOUS HUMOR...

By Rev. Jeraldene Dibley

God visited a woman and told her she must give up smoking, drinking and unmarried sex if she wants to get into heaven. The woman said she would try her best.



God visited the woman a week later to see how she was getting on. "Not bad" said the woman, "I've given up smoking and drinking but then I bent over to get some stuff out of the freezer and my boyfriend pulled up my skirt, pulled my panties to one side and made love to me right then and there."

"They don't like that in heaven, said God.

The woman replied: "They're not too happy about it in WilMart, either!"

---

It seems that there was a little old church out in the countryside: painted white and with a high steeple.

One Sunday, the pastor noticed that his church needed painting. He checked out the Sunday ads and found a paint sale. The next day, he went into town and bought a gallon of white paint. He went back out to the church and began the job.

He got done with the first side. It was looking great. But he noticed he had already used a half gallon. He didn't want to run back in town and being the creative person that he was, he found a gallon of thinner in the shed out back, and began to thin his paint.

It worked out great. He finished the remaining three sides with that last half gallon of paint.

That night, it rained: it rained hard. The next morning when he stepped outside of the parsonage to admire his work, he saw that the first side was looking great, but that the paint on the other three sides had washed away.

The pastor looked up in sky in anguish and cried out, "What shall I do?"

A voice came back from the heavens saying, "Repaint, and thin no more!"



## SENIOR MOMENTS ...

### The Robber and the Old Man

A hooded armed robber bursts into the Bank of Italy and forces the tellers to load a sack full of cash.

On his way out the door with the loot, one brave customer grabs the hood and pulls it off, revealing the robber's face.

The robber shoots the guy dead without hesitation! He then looks around the bank to see if anyone else has seen him. He sees one of the tellers looking straight at him. The robber walks over and calmly shoots him dead.

Everyone by now is very scared and looking down at the floor.

"Dida anyone elsa seea my face?" calls the robber.

There follows a tense minute of silence.

An elderly little Italian gentleman, tentatively raises his hand and says,

"I thinka my wife caught a glimpse."



## My neighbor

She's single... She's shapely ...She's beautiful and she lives right across the street. I can see her place from my kitchen window.

I watched as she got home from work this evening. I was surprised when she walked across the street, up my driveway and knocked on the door.

I opened the door, she looked at me and said, "I just got home, and I have this strong urge to have a good time, dance, get drunk, and and have sex tonight. Are you doing anything?"

I quickly replied, "Nope, I'm free!"

"Great," she said. "Can you watch my dog?"

## THOUGHTS TO PONDER

- 1) Life is sexually transmitted.
- 2) Life is like a jar of Jalapeno peppers—  
What you do today, might burn your ass tomorrow.

## New At WilMart



## PEA HILL UPDATE

### ST. CROISSANT'S PRIEST INSTALLS DUNKING BOOTH OVER BAPTISMAL



Rev. Fr. John Periwinkle of St. Croissant's Church wanted to solicit more instantaneous feedback on his Sunday morning sermons. Instead of an electronic voting unit mounted in each pew or a survey app people could use with their smart phones, Fr. John rented a dunking booth from a local rental company and had it installed over the baptismal.



The dunking booth could be activated by signals sent by an app on parishioner's smart phones or by someone throwing something at the target next to the booth. He believed it would give him instantaneous feedback from his flock.



The Sunday following the installation, Fr. Periwinkle in his favorite suit climbed into the seat above the tank and began to preach his sermon. He preached for a full half hour with what he thought was a good fire and brimstone message. At the end of the sermon, he asked the congregation to download the app from the webpage on the bottom of the church bulletin and to vote "1" for a good sermon, or two for a bad one" and hit "send." One minute later, Fr. John found himself plunging in to the cold water of the dunk tank with some of the cold water splashing on the choir and those seated in the front two rows. Fr. Periwinkle had the dunking booth dismantled and shipped back to the rental company that afternoon. So much for instant feedback at St. Croissant's!

### ST. CROISSANT'S TEA SIPPING CLUB CANCELS JUNE MEETINGS

President Marvella Pennywhistle reports that a mix up was made in the communion juice at St. Croissant's Church. It seems that Charmaine Hippenwell "accidentally" added some of her locally provided moonshine to help the flavor of the flat-tasting grape juice. To cover her tracks, she set aside a plain juice for the pastor and the spiked... er ... "enhanced" version for the parish attendees. After partaking of the wine, the congregation began speaking in tongues



and dancing in the aisles. "For a minute the pastor thought he was in a Pentecostal church," said Pennywhistle. Hippenwell has been assigned other duties.

## WHAT'S HAPPENIN' AROUND TOWN



**Golden Boys to meet at Bob's Country Fixin's for breakfast.**

**Border City Luncheon Club** meets every Monday at 11:30 AM at the Covington Eagles for lunch. New members always welcome!

Old members expected. Good news; bad news: we are having a banquet in late June. The bad news: membership dues are due!

**Stone Cutters** meet the first Monday of June then turn out the lights for the summer.

### Pastor Bob's Church of the Covered Dish



Join us for our weekly sauerkraut and bean casserole dinner in the church congregational center every Friday. We've got a new cauliflower salsa and chips deal too! The women's auxiliary will be selling Beano for those who need the extra help.

**City Commission meetings (aka The Gong Show)** held on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. Citizens will be frisked at the door for cream pies, rotten tomatoes and building plans for porches and decks. The traditional "afterglow" at Boobs 'N Beer will be followed by a tour of the city.

**Blessing of the Brew** held at First Lutheran Universalist Church every Saturday at 7:00 PM in the church hall. Parishioners are urged to bring some friends and some fresh brew to be blessed. This month's specialty will be vintage Maker's Mark!

**St. Croissants** will continue to hold their Blessing of the Donuts the last Sunday of the month prior to Bishop Blahs sermon. This month's blessing and collection will be for the St. Uhlman's Home For Wayward Bagels.

### *Lusch's Bar & Grill*

Depressed??? Does the storm water fee and taxes have you down in the dumps? Relieved that the Shootin Sisters are gone? Get happy after the next

**City Commission meeting! Beer's a buck and the boobs are ... the Commissioners of course!**

## GOSSIP PLACES 'N TIMES

**Casey's Old Italian Inn** on Roosevelt 6 AM – 11 PM Any Day. Bill does a mean breakfast! (Lunch too!)

**Wendeez Burger Shoppe** 11 AM - 1 PM Thursdays, and Saturdays (The rest of the time they eat at The Queen on US 36.)

**The Awful-Wafful House** 11:30 AM – 1:00 PM Sundays. (Bring extra rubber gloves and sanitizing towels to clean your booth)

**Amigone Funeral Services** will have a grief counseling service and BBQ the last Saturday of the month. Our guest speaker will be Gonzo the Clown who topic will be: "Who Forgot the BBQ Sauce –It's Hot Down Here!"

## Will there be another Wrinkle City Gazette?



**Who knows!**