

From the State where drink/driving is considered a "sport", comes a true story from the Sunshine Coast, Queensland

Autor(en): **[s.n.]**

Objektyp: **Article**

Zeitschrift: **Helvetia : magazine of the Swiss Society of New Zealand**

Band (Jahr): **69 (2003)**

Heft [1]

PDF erstellt am: **29.05.2024**

Persistenter Link: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-945594>

Nutzungsbedingungen

Die ETH-Bibliothek ist Anbieterin der digitalisierten Zeitschriften. Sie besitzt keine Urheberrechte an den Inhalten der Zeitschriften. Die Rechte liegen in der Regel bei den Herausgebern.

Die auf der Plattform e-periodica veröffentlichten Dokumente stehen für nicht-kommerzielle Zwecke in Lehre und Forschung sowie für die private Nutzung frei zur Verfügung. Einzelne Dateien oder Ausdrucke aus diesem Angebot können zusammen mit diesen Nutzungsbedingungen und den korrekten Herkunftsbezeichnungen weitergegeben werden.

Das Veröffentlichen von Bildern in Print- und Online-Publikationen ist nur mit vorheriger Genehmigung der Rechteinhaber erlaubt. Die systematische Speicherung von Teilen des elektronischen Angebots auf anderen Servern bedarf ebenfalls des schriftlichen Einverständnisses der Rechteinhaber.

Haftungsausschluss

Alle Angaben erfolgen ohne Gewähr für Vollständigkeit oder Richtigkeit. Es wird keine Haftung übernommen für Schäden durch die Verwendung von Informationen aus diesem Online-Angebot oder durch das Fehlen von Informationen. Dies gilt auch für Inhalte Dritter, die über dieses Angebot zugänglich sind.

If undelivered please return to:

The Secretary of the Swiss Society of New Zealand (Inc)
Silvia Schuler
Skinner Rd, RD 23
STRATFORD



(Registered at the GPO Wellington as a Magazine)
Monthly Publication of the Swiss Society of New Zealand (Inc)

On his second murder charge the accused decided that the only way to avoid a life sentence was to bribe a juror to reduce the conviction to manslaughter. His hopes were raised when the jury was out for three days. Then they finally announced the verdict was guilty of manslaughter. "Thanks," said the accuser later. "I know it's Christmas with a spirit of goodwill to all men, but how did you manage it?" "It was difficult, I can tell you," he replied. "The others were hell-bent on acquitting you!!!"



Two men were arrested and charged with vagrancy. "Where do you live?" the magistrate asked the first man. "My address is everywhere" replied the fellow, with a wide sweep of his arms. "The paddocks, the bush, the mountains, the beach ..." The magistrate turned to the other vagrant and asked "And where do you live?" "Me?" said the man, I live next door to him."



A horse racing enthusiast was reporting on his latest venture. "I went to the course on the eighth day of the eighth month. My son was eight that day, and the eighth race had eight starters. So I bet all my money on number eight!" "And he won?" asked a friend. "No" the punter replied, "he finished eighth."

From the State where drink/driving is considered a "sport", comes a true story from the Sunshine Coast, Queensland.

Recently a routine police patrol parked outside a local neighbourhood tavern.

Late in the evening the officer noticed a man leaving the bar so intoxicated that he could barely walk.

The man stumbled around the carpark for a few minutes, with the officer quietly observing.

After what seemed an eternity and trying his keys on five vehicles, the man managed to find his car which he fell into.

He was there for a few minutes as a number of other patrons left the bar and drove off.

Finally he started the car, switched the wipers on and off (it was a fine dry night), flicked the indicators on and off, tooted the horn and then switched on the lights. He moved the vehicle forward a few inches, reversed a little and then remained stationary for a few more minutes as more patrons left in their vehicles.

At last he pulled out of the car park and started to drive slowly down the road. The police officer, having patiently waited all this time, now started up the patrolman, put on the flashing lights, promptly pulled the man over and carried out a breathalyzer test.

To his amazement the breathalyzer indicated no evidence of the man having consumed alcohol at all!

Dumbfounded, the officer said "I'll have to ask you to accompany me to the Police Station, this breathalyzer equipment must be broken."

"I doubt it," said the man, "Tonight I'm the designated decoy."



Men Aren't Afraid of the Dentist

Who said men were afraid of the dentist???

The Millers were shown into the dentist's office where Mr. Miller made it clear he was in a big hurry.

"No expensive extras, Doctor," he ordered. "No gas or needles or any of that fancy stuff."

"Just pull the tooth and get it over with."

I wish more of my patients were as stoic as you," said the dentist admiringly. "Now, which tooth is it?"

Mr. Miller turned to his wife.

"Show him your tooth, Honey."