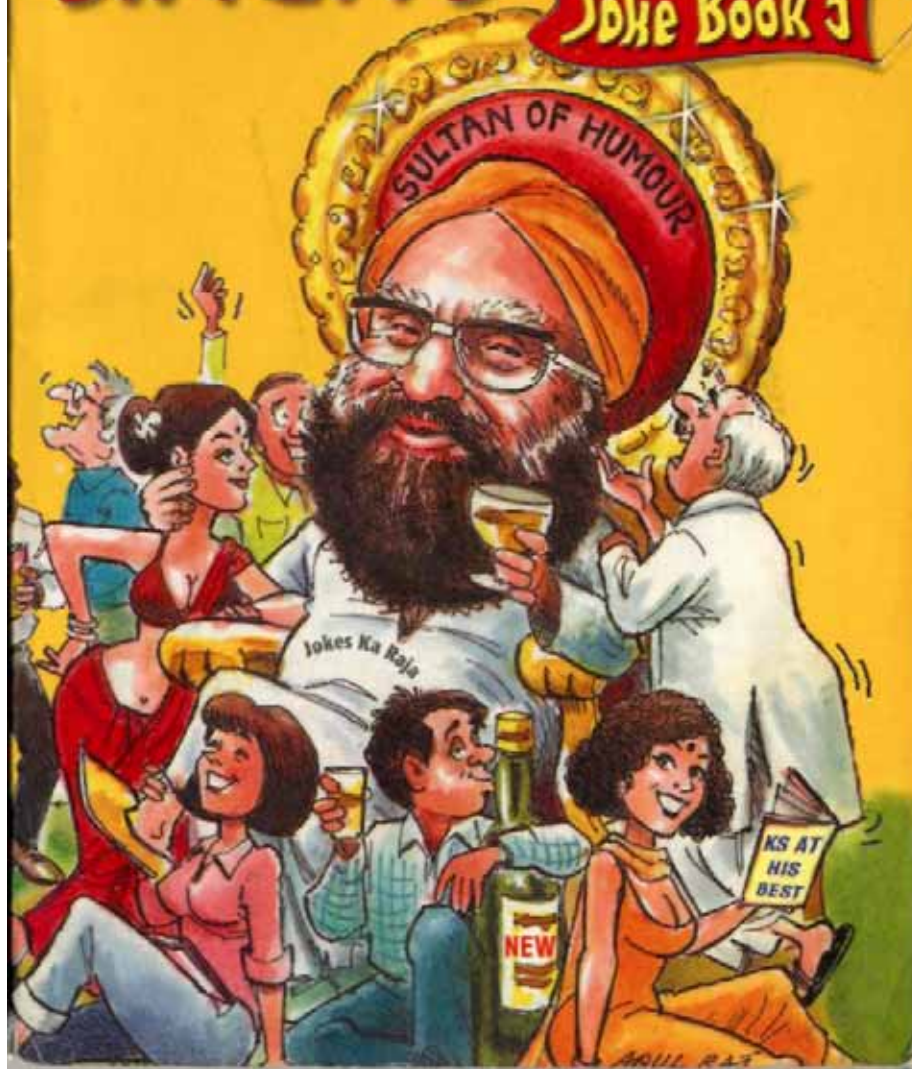


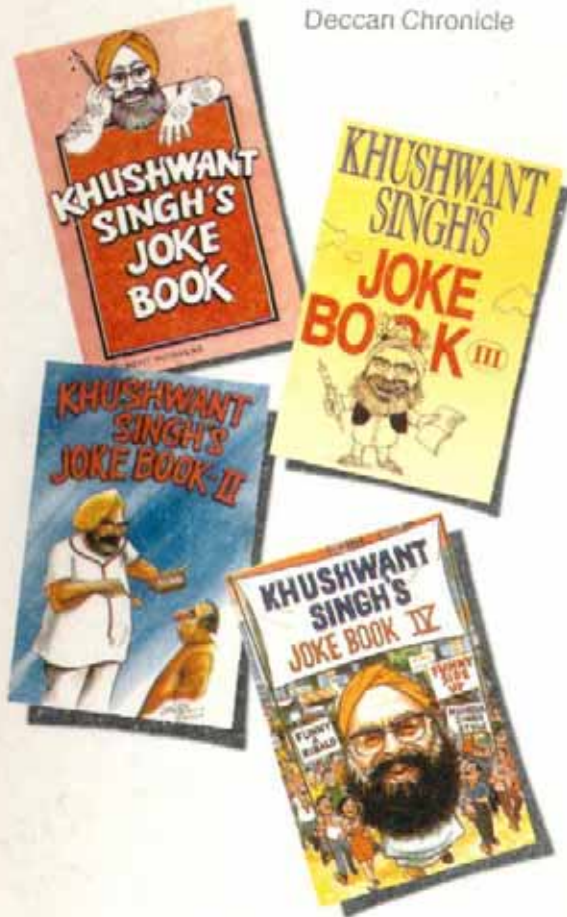
KHUSHWANT SINGH'S

Joke Book 5



Delightful!

Deccan Chronicle



KHUSHWANT SINGH'S
JOKE BOOKS

Funny
Side up
Sunday

'The wittiest
Sardarji of
them all'
Onlooker

With candour, without malice
Times of India

FUNNY
AND RIBALD
HINDU

Humour Singh Style
THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

KS at his best
the Pioneer

Rib-tickling
Unputdownable
Tribune

The Pioneer

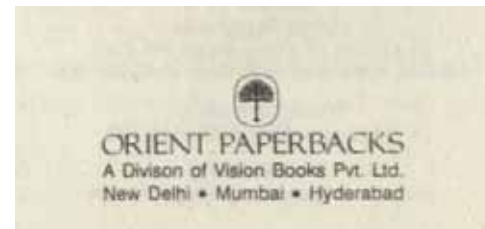
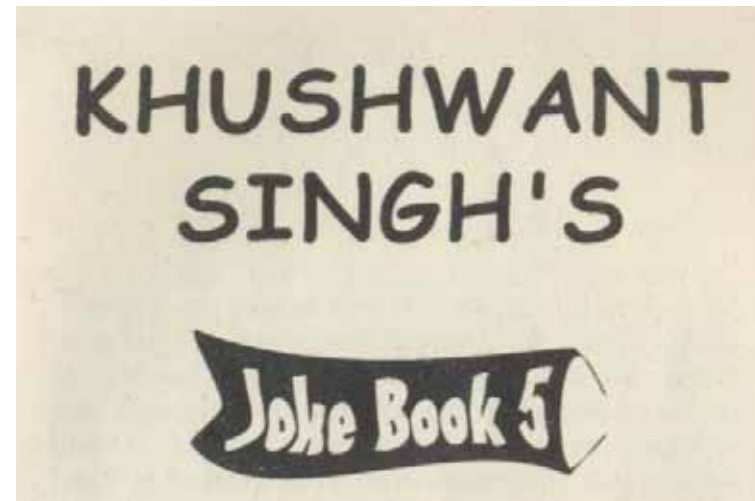
Outrageous
Hindustan Times

Khushwant Singh, humourist, raconteur, editor, short-story writer, novelist, commentator, has earned a new accolade — "the master spinner of jokes." He has been clubbed together with Birbal, Tenali Raman and Gopal Bore as one of India's all time great humourists. His ability to make Indians laugh at themselves, and at their own foibles, has earned him a readership and fan following that is unparalleled.

As India's best known journalist and syndicated columnist, he is admired and lambasted in equal measure because of his often irreverent and controversial views. However, even his staunchest critics agree that he is eminently readable.

Born in 1915, Khushwant Singh received his education in Lahore, Delhi and London. After a brief law practice at Lahore High Court and a stint with the Ministry of External Affairs, he shot to literary fame with his award-winning novel *Train to Pakistan* and the two-volumed *History of the Sikhs*. He distinguished himself as editor of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* (1969-1979), and *The Hindustan Times* (1980-1983).

Master craftsman of his art, Khushwant Singh lives in Delhi and continues to "hold a mirror to our face ... frank, but not venomous, fearless but not intimidating."





CHANDIGARH OR JALANDHAR

Santa was flying to Chandigarh from Pune. He was allotted a middle seat but decided to take the window seat instead, which had been allotted to an old lady.

The lady requested Santa to exchange the seats and let her sit on the seat allotted to her. He refused, saying, 'I want to see the view from the window.' The old lady complained to the air hostess who requested Santa to sit on his allotted middle seat. Santa was adamant and bluntly refused.

The air hostess went up to the co-pilot. He too came and requested Santa, but in vain.

Finally, the captain of the aircraft came. He whispered something in Santa's ears. Santa immediately vacated the window seat and took the middle seat.

Astonished, the air hostess and the co-pilot asked the captain what he had said to Santa. The captain replied: 'Nothing, I just told him that only the middle seats will go to Chandigarh. All others were going to Jalandhar.'

Contributed by Jyotica Sikand, New Delhi

BRIGHT IDEA

Just married, Sukhwant had bad news for her husband when he returned home from his day's work. 'I feel so sorry,' Sukhwant said with a sob, 'I was pressing your best suit and burnt a hole in the seat of the trousers.'

'Don't worry, darling,' said the husband amorously, 'I have another pair of trousers to match that suit.'

'Yes, I know,' Sukhwant replied. 'You're lucky that you have. Thanks to that, I was able to patch up the hole!'

Contributed by Shashank Shekhar, New Mumbai

GREED UNLIMITED

Lala Garib Chand was a wealthy *zamindar*. He asked his *maneem* (accountant) to add up all he owned and how long it could last. The *muneem* added up all his assets and assured him that it would certainly hold out till the traditional *saat pusht* — seven generations. Far from being relieved Lala Garib Chand looked more disconsolate than before and with a great sigh of sorrow exclaimed, *Hai! Hamaaree aathveen pusht ka kya hogaV* (Oh! What will happen to our eighth generation?)

Contributed by UK. Malhotra, New Delhi

RIDDLE

Santa and Banta met on a village road. Santa was carrying a large gunny bag over his shoulder.

'Oye, Santa,' hailed Banta, 'what is in the bag?'

'*Murgiyan* — Chickens,' came the reply.

'If I guess how many, can I have one?' asked Banta

'You can have both of them.'

'OK,' said Banta, 'five.'

Contributed by Jyotica Sikand, New Delhi

INDIA — THE NEW MILLENNIUM



Cheer up my son, buck up my boy,

You are living in 'The Land of Joy'. You go to school where they do not teach,

In the House of God, they hatred preach. If you have merit, you will sigh and sob,

If you are backward, you might get a job. Out of caste, if you dare to wed,

Your kith and kin will chop your head. If you are honest, in north or in south,

You will live from hand to mouth. If you are wily and your means sinister,

You are likely to become a chief minister. But remember the new maxim, my lad,

Defection is good, conversion is bad.

Contributed by G.C. Bhandari, Meerut

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER



While being interviewed an actress was asked whether she intended to get married in the near future.

The lady replied, 'Never, I will follow in the footsteps of my mother. Like her, I will remain single.'

Contributed by J.P. Singh Kaka, Bhopal



LABOUR WOES

The Indian and Cuban labour ministers were in the midst of a meeting.

Cuban labour minister: 'Labour problems in our nation produce hundreds of types of tensions for me.'

Indian labour minister: 'That's nothing. Labour problems in our nation produce 50,000 babies every day.'

NEW INVENTION

■ Santa said to Santa, 'I have invented a new kind of computer which behaves like a human being.'

'In what way?' asked Santa.

'Whenever it makes a mistake,' replied Banta, 'it blames other computers.'

Contributed by J.P. Singh Kaka, Bhopal

HAND BAGGAGE

Ujaagar boarded a crowded bus with a bagful of purchases. There was no vacant seat. As the old bus rattled and swayed, he supported himself precariously, holding the bag in one hand, the other hand holding the bar provided near the ceiling.

'Ticket ... ticket ... ticket,' the conductor made several rounds past Ujaagar. His wallet in his hip pocket and both hands engaged, Ujaagar didn't know what to do.

'Ticket, Sardarji,' the conductor asked again. Ujaagar thrust the bag into the conductor's hand and struggled to take the wallet out, when the conductor protested: 'I can't be carrying passengers' baggage like this — I'm the conductor, after all!'

'Okay, then give me the bag, and here, will you please hold the bar,' replied Ujaagar.

Contributed by S.A. Baseer, Hyderabad

WHAT A CHEAP ...!

Banta went to a cheap restaurant to have dinner. He ran into his friend Ram Lai who was working there as a waiter.

'Ram Lai, aren't you ashamed of working in this third-class restaurant?' he asked.

'I may work in a third-class restaurant,' replied Ram Lai, 'but I don't eat in one like you.'

Contributed by J.P. Singh Kaka, Bhopal

CATCH THEM ...!

An Englishman, an American, and a Sardarji were called upon to test a lie detector.

The Englishman said, 'I think I can empty 20 bottles of beer.'

BUZZZZZZ went the lie detector.

'OK,' he said, '10 bottles.' And the machine was silent.

The American said, 'I think I can eat 15 hamburgers.'

BUZZZZZZ went the lie detector.

'Alright, 8 hamburgers.' And the machine was silent.

The Sardarji said, 'I think ...'

BUZZZZZZ went the machine!

Contributed by Hardip Kaur Sandhu, Denmark

SMART MOVE

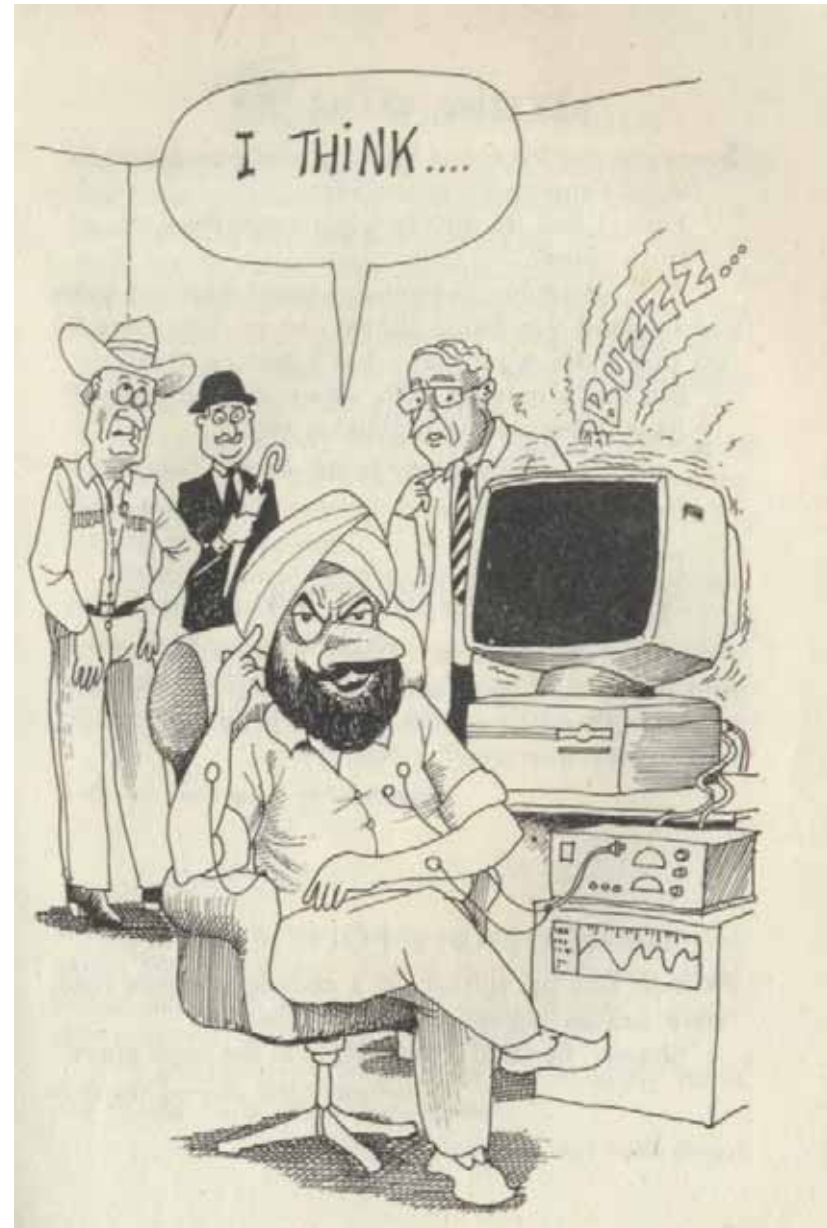
Rakesh: 'Broken off your engagement to Meena?'

Mahesh: 'She would not have me.'

Rakesh: 'You should have told her about your rich uncle in Bombay.'

Mahesh: 'I did. She is my aunt now.'

Contributed by Kesava Prasad, Tamilnadu



BETTING BLUES

Santa saw that his friend Ram Lai was very depressed.

'What happened?' asked Santa.

'Yaar, I lost Rs 800 in a bet yesterday.'

'How come?'

'Well, yesterday, the one day match between India and England was being shown live on TV I bet Rs 500 that India would win, but I lost the bet.'

'But that's only Rs 500, where did the rest go?'

'Yaar, I bet on the highlights too!'

Contributed by Ainit Kachnt, Washington DC

COVERING YOUR TRACKS

An editor once wrote: 'Don't be surprised if you find mistakes in this editorial newsletter. We print something for everyone. And some people are always looking for mistakes.'

Contributed by Gagan Dhir, New Delhi



HONOURABLE POLITICS?

A man saw an epitaph in a cemetery which read: 'Here lies an honest man and politician.'

'Shame,' he cried, 'two people in the same grave!'

Contributed by H.D. Shourie, New Delhi

ONE FOR IMAMDIN

Subedar Lehna Singh and Subedar Imamdin were in the same regiment in the British Indian Army. They were inseparable friends and spent their evenings drinking together. The partition separated them as Subedar Imamdin was absorbed in the Pakistan Army.

To keep his friend's memory alive Subedar Lehna Singh always filled two glasses with rum and water and sipped from each alternately!

When somebody asked him why he did so, he explained: 'This glass is Imamdin's; this one is mine. So I take a sip from each — one on behalf of Imamdin, the other for myself.'

Suddenly one evening Subedar Lehna Singh was seen with only one glass on his table. He was asked what had happened. He replied, 'You see, I have given up drinking but Imamdin has not. So I have put away my glass and drink only on behalf of my friend.'

Contributed by Dr Dhanul Haq Haqqi, Karachi

CAREER PLANNING

Banto took her son Ghanta to the headmaster and said, 'Masterjee, my Ghanta thinks about a lot of things but when it comes to work, he does nothing. What should we do for his career?'

The headmaster replied, 'Get him to apply for a job in the Planning Commission.'

Contributed by J. P. Singh Kaka, Bhopal

WHODUNIT?



Three men applied for the job of a detective: Santa from India, Marc Grayberg, a Jew; and Tom Silanti, an Italian.

The chief decided to ask each applicant just one question and base his decision upon the answer. When Grayberg arrived for his interview, the chief asked him, 'Who killed Jesus Christ?' He answered without hesitation, 'The Romans killed him.' The chief thanked him and he left.

When Silanti arrived for his interview, the chief asked him the same question. He replied, 'Jesus was killed by the Jews.' The chief thanked him also and he left.

Finally, Santa arrived for his interview and was asked the same question. He thought for a long time, before saying, 'Could I have some time to think about it?' The chief said, 'Ok, but get back to me tomorrow.'

When Santa arrived home, his wife asked, 'How did the interview go?' Pat came the reply, 'Great, I got the job, and I'm already investigating a murder!'

Contributed by Hardip Kaur Sandhu, Denmark

TONGUE OF SLIP

An Akali leader was fulminating against the Congress. Addressing a crowded university meeting, he thundered, 'The Congress *wallahs* are all waters of the first rogue.'

The audience burst into laughter over his lapse of tongue. The Akali leader realised he had made a mistake. He joined the palms of his hands to ask for pardon, 'I am very sorry, it is a tongue of slip.'

This time the laughter was louder than before. The gentleman that he was, the Akali leader was genuinely contrite, 'You must pardon me. I am always limiting the cross.'

Contributed by S.R. Patnaik, Cuttack

FAIR EXCHANGE

When I was a youngster,' complained the frustrated father Ujaagar, 'I was disciplined by being confined to my room and not allowed to play with friends. But my son has his own colour TV, telephone, computer, and CD player to keep himself amused.'

'So what do you do?' asked his friend.

'I send him to my room!'

Contributed by Atul Kamath, Kumta

OH GOD!

A disciple went to his Guru asking for tips to attain enlightenment. The Guru advised, 'Take a *mala* (rosary) and go up into the Himalayas and meditate.' The disciple went away.

Several months later, the Guru paid him a visit and asked, 'How do you like it up here in the snows?'

'Just fine,' replied the disciple.

'And what about the weather? Don't you freeze?'

'As long as I have my *mala* and my *chillum* (bowl full of tobacco), I don't care how cold it is.'

'I am glad to hear it. Can I also have a *chillum* for myself right now,' asked the Guru, shivering with cold.

'Why not!' said the disciple. 'Mala! Would you bring us two *chillumsl*'

Contributed by Anirban Sen, New Delhi

ALIVE OR DEAD

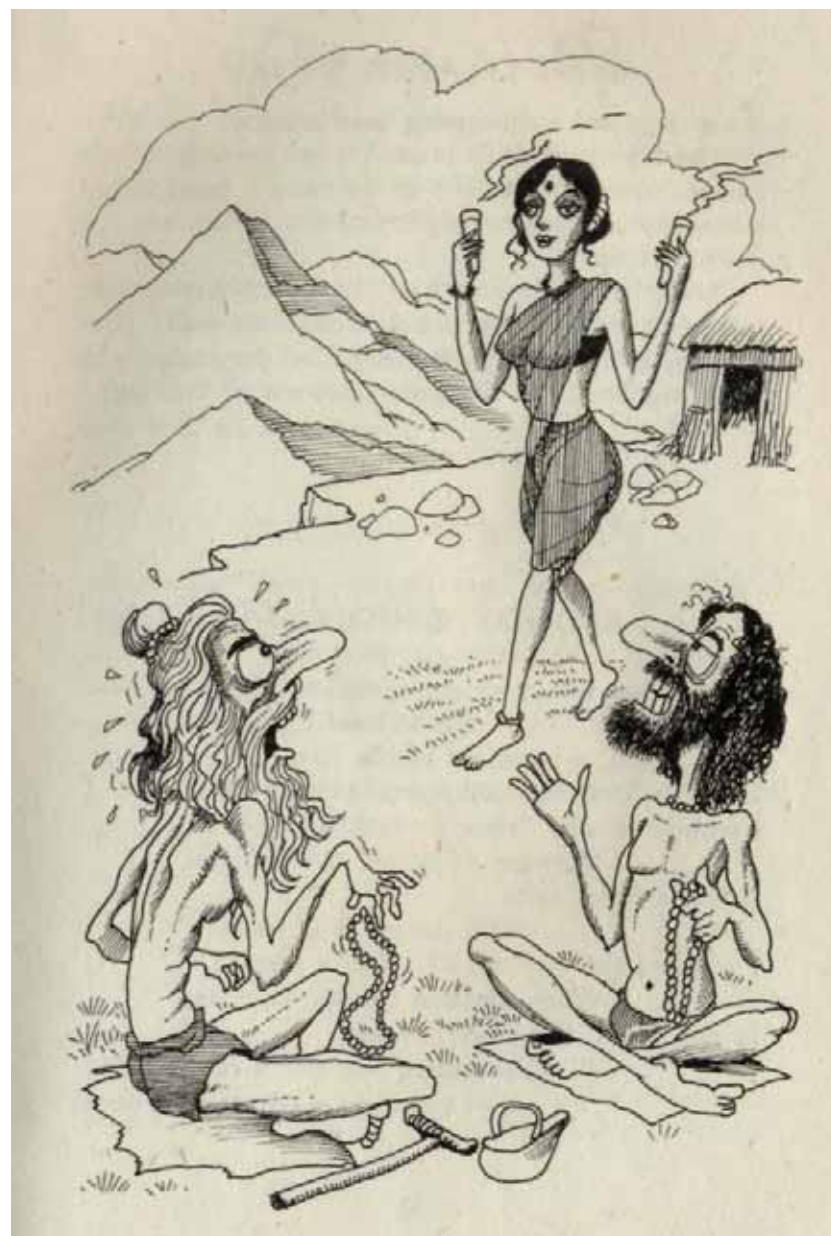
Banta and Ram Lai were working on a roof, when Banta slipped and fell to the ground. Ram Lai leaned over and called out: 'You dead or alive, Banta?'

'Alive,' moaned Banta.

'You're a liar. I don't know whether to believe you or not,' said Ram Lai.

'Then I must be dead,' said Banta, 'because you wouldn't dare call me a liar if I were alive.'

Contributed by Shivtar Singh Dal la, Ludhiana.



SPEAKER Vs MP

I wo dogs were discussing their masters.

The first said, 'My master is the speaker of the House, when I start barking, he cannot stand it and keeps saying, "please, please, please ..." to stop me from barking.'

The other, belonging to an MP, said, 'At least your master is polite. Mine is a most devious man. After abusing everyone in the house he has the audacity to put a signboard on his gate, "Beware of the dog"'

Contributed by T.R. Rishi, Alwar

BLOODY ONION



My father was a strict vegetarian

He forbade me to eat. Even
onion, a harmless edible

That has nothing to do with meat. I
wondered why father sermonised,

'Beware of onion, touch it not It has a
bitter taste,

With danger it is fraught.' I
realised the wisdom of father's sermon,

When election results were out. Is not
onion, the bloody onion,

That caused the BJP's rout?

Contributed by G.C. Bhandari, Meerut



HARD TO PLEASE

When Balwant Kaur disapproved the girl her son wanted to marry, a friend told the young man, 'You must find a girl who is like your mother.'

Several months later, the young man told his friend, 'I finally found a girl who looks, talks, and acts just like my mother.'

'Congratulations!' said his friend.

'Not yet', said the young man and added, 'this time my father objected!'

SARDARS AGAIN



Santa and Banta went fishing. They
caught a lot of fish and returned to the shore.

Santa: 'I hope you remember the spot where we
caught all these fish,'

Banta: 'Yes, I marked X on the side of the boat to
mark the spot.'

Santa: 'You idiot! How do we know we will get the
same boat tomorrow?'

WISH FULFILLED

God created a mule, and told him, 'You will be a mule, work constantly from dawn to dusk, and carry heavy loads on your back. You will eat grass and lack intelligence. You will live for 50 years.'

The mule answered, 'To live like that for 50 years will be too much. Please, Lord, give me no more than 20 years. And it was so.'

Then God created a dog, and told him, 'You will hold vigilance over the dwellings of man, to whom you will be his greatest companion. You will eat his table scraps and live for 25 years.'

The dog responded, 'Lord, to live 25 years as a dog like that will be too much. Please, Lord, give me no more than 10 years.' And it was so.

God then created a monkey, and told him, 'You will be a monkey. You will swing from tree to tree and act like an idiot. You will be funny, and you will live for 20 years.'

The monkey responded, 'Lord, to live 20 years as the clown of the world will be too much. Please, Lord, give me no more than 10 years.' And it was so.

Finally, God created man and told him, 'You will be the only rational being that walks on the earth. You will use your intelligence to have mastery over other creatures of the world. You will dominate the earth and live for 20 years.'

The man responded, 'Lord, to be a man for only 20 years will be too little. Please, Lord, give me the 30 years the mule refused, the 15 years the dog refused, and the 10 years the monkey refused.' And it was so.

Ever since the grant of that wish man's life goes somewhat like this:

He lives the first 20 years as a man enjoying himself without a worry in the world, then he marries and have children, to support them he has to work like a mule and carry the heavy responsibility (load) of his family on his shoulders. This goes on till he is 40. The next 15 years he lives a dog's life guarding his house and eating leftovers after the children have emptied the pantry. Finally in his old age he lives the last 10 years as a monkey, entertaining his grandchildren by acting like an idiot. And so, it has been ever since.

GRANDFATHER OR GRANDMOTHER?

Ujaagar's eldest daughter had been taken to the delivery room in a hospital and he was anxiously waiting outside, when he heard the crying of a newborn babe. A few minutes later a nurse came out of the delivery room.

Ujaagar rushed up to her and enquired, 'Sister, am I a grandfather or a grandmother?'

Contributed by S. Parameswaran, USA