

I remember a lot of years ago when I was single and working in the oil patch in the southern USA. I was staying at a motel that had a real nice bar. The first time I went in, I ordered an iced beverage and lo and behold, the gal behind the bar brought me over two drinks and I thought that was kind of strange. So, after finishing the drinks I ordered another one, seeing as how I didn't have to drive anywhere, and the same thing again, she brought me two drinks. I thought, "Wow, she must like me. Might be my lucky day so I was thinking I better check this out." I asked her why she was bringing me two drinks when I only ordered one. Talk about being disappointed, when she said "It's Happy Hour you get two for the price of one." This leads into the next story called the . . .

Old Timers Bar

Four old, retired guys were walking down a street in Phoenix, Arizona. They turn a corner and see a sign that says, '***Old Timers Bar – All Drinks 10 Cents.***'

They look at each other in amazement, and then go in, thinking this is too good to be true.

The 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?"

It seemed to be a well-stocked bar, so each of the men orders a martini.

In short order, the bartender serves up four iced martinis and says, "That'll be 10 cents each, please."

The four men stare at the bartender for a moment. Then look 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 poured with the bartender again saying, "That's 40 cents, please."

They pay the 40 cents, but their curiosity is more than they can stand. They'd had two

martinis each and, so far, they'd spent less than a dollar.

Finally, one of the men says, "How can you afford to serve martinis as good as these for a dime each?"

"I'm a retired tailor from Phoenix," he says, "And I always wanted to own a bar. Last year I hit the lottery jackpot and won \$125 million. I decided to open this place. Every drink costs a dime - wine, liquor, beer, it's all the same price."

"Wow! That's quite a story," says one of the men.

The four of them sipped their martinis and couldn't help but notice seven other guys at the end of the bar who didn't have drinks in front of them and hadn't ordered anything the whole time they were there.

One of the fellows, gestured at the seven guys at the end of the bar without drinks and asked the bartender, "What's with them?"

The bartender says, "Oh, they're all old, retired farts from Canada. They're waiting for Happy Hour when drinks are half price."