

*The World's  
Greatest  
Collection  
of  
Clean  
Jokes*

*Bob Phillips*



HARVEST HOUSE PUBLISHERS  
EUGENE, OREGON

*Cover by Dugan Design Group, Bloomington, Minnesota*

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST COLLECTION OF CLEAN JOKES

Copyright © 1998 by Bob Phillips

Published 2013 by Harvest House Publishers

Eugene, Oregon 97402

[www.harvesthousepublishers.com](http://www.harvesthousepublishers.com)

ISBN: 978-0-7369-4848-7 (pbk.)

ISBN: 978-0-7369-4850-0 (eBook)

**All rights reserved.** No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, digital, photocopy, recording, or any other—except for brief quotations in printed reviews, without the prior permission of the publisher.

**Printed in the United States of America**

13 14 15 16 17 18 19 / BP / 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

# Contents

Introduction . . . . .	5
1. Adam and Eve . . . . .	7
2. Airplanes. . . . .	9
3. Army and Police . . . . .	13
4. Bald . . . . .	22
5. Barbers . . . . .	24
6. Bible Quiz . . . . .	26
7. Boys and Girls . . . . .	30
8. Cannibals . . . . .	37
9. Church, Preachers, and Sunday School . . . . .	39
10. Crusty Characters . . . . .	60
11. Do You Know? . . . . .	65
12. Education . . . . .	73
13. Family Frolic. . . . .	82
14. Famous Last Words . . . . .	89
15. Food . . . . .	91
16. Getting Older . . . . .	98
17. Golf . . . . .	99
18. Hot Air . . . . .	102
19. It's All in the Family . . . . .	104



# Introduction

As one attempts to write a book, even a joke book, he often encounters periods of depression and a slowing of motivation. During periods of depression, I was spurred on by an important quote designed for writers:

If you steal from one author, it's plagiarism;  
If you steal from two or three authors, it's  
literary discernment;  
If you steal from many, it's masterful  
research.

Joke telling can be a lot of fun. Or it can be a disaster, like the man who told a joke and everyone booed except one man—he was applauding the booing.

If you would like to guarantee disaster in your joke telling, follow these suggestions:

1. Make sure you forget the punch line; sadists enjoy a letdown.
2. Laugh at your own joke and be sure to jab your audience during the process.

3. Tell the same story over if the point is missed. This will assure at least wry smiles.
4. Make sure the story is long enough to lull the dull ones to sleep.
5. Tell the wrong joke to the wrong audience; they'll feel worse than you do.
6. Above all else, don't be yourself because you know you're not humorous, even if you are funny.

If, on the other hand, you would like to have some measure of success in joke telling—ignore these suggestions.

—Bob Phillips

## Adam and Eve

At what time of day was Adam born?

*A little before Eve.*



When was radio first mentioned in the Bible?

*When the Lord took a rib from Adam and made a  
loudspeaker.*



Eve: Adam, do you love me?

Adam: Who else?



Adam and Eve were naming the animals of  
the earth when along came a rhinoceros.

"What shall we call this one?" Adam asked.

"Let's call it a rhinoceros," said Eve.

"Why?" responded Adam.

"Well, it looks more like a rhinoceros than anything we've named yet!" Eve replied.



Teacher: Why was Adam a famous runner?

Student: Because he was first in the human race.



Adam was created first . . . to give him a chance to say something.



What a good thing Adam had—when he said something he knew nobody had said it before.



The first Adam-splitting gave us Eve, a force which men in all ages have never gotten under control.



## Airplanes

Passenger: Excuse me. How high is this plane?

Flight Attendant: About 30,000 feet.

Passenger: And how wide is it?



The loudspeaker of the big jet clicked on and the captain's voice announced in a clear, even tone: "Now there's no cause for alarm but we felt you should know that for the last three hours we've been flying without the benefit of radio, compass, radar, or navigational beam due to the breakdown of certain key components. This means that we are, in the broad sense of the word, lost and not quite sure in which direction we are heading. I'm sure you'll be glad to know however, that we're making excellent time!"



An airliner flew into a violent thunderstorm and was soon swaying and bumping in the sky. One very nervous lady happened to be sitting next to a clergyman and turned to him for comfort.

"Can't you do something?" she demanded.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," said the reverend gently. "I'm in sales, not management."



A man is now able to go across the United States in eight hours . . . four hours for flying, and the other four to get to the airport.



The airline company was disturbed over a high percentage of accidents and decided to eliminate human errors by building a completely mechanical plane.

"Ladies and gentlemen," came a voice over a loudspeaker on the plane's maiden voyage, "it may interest you to know that you are now traveling in the world's first completely automated plane. Now just sit back and relax because nothing can possibly go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . ."

## Army and Police

Officer: Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?

Soldier: Sure, buddy.

Officer: That's no way to address an officer.

Now, let's try that again. Soldier, do you have change for a dollar?

Soldier: No, sir!



An Army base staff that was planning war games didn't want to use live ammunition. Instead they informed the soldiers: "In place of a rifle, you go, 'Bang, bang.' In place of a knife, you go, 'Stab, stab.' In place of a hand grenade, you go, 'Lob, lob.'"

The game was in progress when one of the soldiers saw one of the enemy. He said, "Bang, bang," but nothing happened. He ran forward and shouted, "Stab, stab," but nothing

happened. He ran back and went, "Lob, lob," but nothing happened. Finally he walked up to the enemy and said, "You're not playing fair. I went 'Bang, bang' and 'Stab, stab' and 'Lob, lob' and you haven't fallen dead yet!"

The enemy responded, "Rumble, rumble, I'm a tank."



A very new soldier was on sentry duty at the main gate of a military outpost. His orders were clear: No car was to enter unless it had a special sticker on the windshield. A big Army car drove up with a general seated in the back.

The sentry said, "Halt, who goes there?"

The chauffeur, a corporal, said, "General Wheeler."

"I'm sorry, I can't let you through. You've got to have a sticker on the windshield."

The general said, "Drive on."

The sentry said, "Hold it. You really can't come through. I have orders to shoot if you try driving in without a sticker."

The general repeated, "I'm telling you, son, drive on."

The sentry walked up to the rear window and said, "General, I'm new at this. Do I shoot you or the driver?"

## Bald

If a man is bald in front, he's a thinker. If he's bald in the back, he's a lover. If he's bald in front and back, he thinks he's a lover.



"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?"

"No, my child. Why do you ask?"

" 'Cause the top of your head is poking up through your hair."



A bald man's retort: "In the beginning God created all men bald. Later He became ashamed of some and covered them with hair."



He has wavy hair—it's waving goodbye.



He's not bald . . . he just has flesh-colored hair.



He's a man of polish . . . mostly around his head.



There's one proverb that really depresses him: "Hair today, gone tomorrow."



He has less hair to comb, but more face to wash.



It's not that he's bald . . . he just has a tall face.



There's one thing about baldness . . . it's neat.



There's a new remedy on the market for baldness. It's made of alum and persimmon juice. It doesn't grow hair, but it shrinks your head to fit what hair you have.

## Barbers

I couldn't stand my boy's long hair any longer, so I dragged him with me and ordered, "Give him a crew cut." The barber did just that, and so help me, I found I'd been bringing up somebody else's son!



I've got a 16-year-old son who was 6' 3" until he got a haircut. Now he is 5' 8".



The customer settled himself and let the barber put the towel around him. Then he told the barber, "Before we start, I know the weather's awful. I don't care who wins the next big fight, and I don't bet on the horse races. I know I'm getting thin on top, but I don't mind. Now get on with it."

"Well, sir, if you don't mind," said the barber, "I'll be able to concentrate better if you don't talk so much!"



A man entered a barber shop and said, "I am tired of looking like everyone else! I want a change! Part my hair from ear to ear!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!" said the man.

The barber did as he was told and a satisfied customer left the shop.

Three hours passed and the man reentered the shop. "Put it back the way it was," he said.

"What's the matter?" asked the barber. "Are you tired of being a nonconformist already?"

"No," he replied, "I'm tired of people whispering in my nose!"



Customer (twice nicked by the barber's razor):

Hey, barber, gimme a glass of water.

Barber: What's wrong, sir? Hair in your mouth?

Customer: No, I want to see if my neck leaks.