

Hanukkah Humor

The Night Before Chanukah

'Twas the night before Chanukah, boychicks and maidels



Not a sound could be heard, not even the dreidels.

The Menorah was set on the chimney, alight

In the kitchen the Bubba hut gechapt a bite.

Salami, pastrami, a glessala tay

And zayerah pickles with bagels, oy vay!

Gezunt and geschmack, the kinderlech felt

While dreaming of tagelach and Chanukah gelt.

The clock on the mantelpiece away was tickin'

And Bubba was serving a schtickala chicken.

A tumult arose like a thousand brauches,

Santa had fallen and broken his tuches.

I put on my slippers, eins, tsvay, drei,

While Bubba was now on the herring and rye.

I grabbed for my bathrobe and buttoned my gotkes

While Bubba was busy devouring the latkes.

To the window I ran and to my surprise

A little red yarmulka greeted my eyes.

Then he got to the door and saw the

Menorah, "Yiddishe kinder," he said,

"Kenehora. I thought I was in a goyisha hoise,

But as long as I'm here, I'll leave a few toys."

With much gesshray, I asked, "Du bist a Yid?"

"Avada, mein numen is Schloimey Claus, kid."

"Come into the kitchen, I'll get you a
dish, A guppell, a schtickala fish."
With smacks of delight, he started his fressen,
Chopped liver, knaidlach and kreplah gegessen.
Along with his meal, he had a few schnapps,
When it came to eating, this boy was the tops.

He asked for some knishes with pepper and salt,
But they were so hot, he yelled "Oy Gevalt."
Unbuttoning his haizen, he rose from the tisch,
And said, "Your Kosher essen is simply delish." As
he went to the door, he said "I'll see you later,
I'll be back next Pesach, in time for the Seder."



More rapid than eagles his prancers they came,
As he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Izzy, now Morris, now Yitzak, now Sammy, Now
Irving and Maxie, and Moishe and Mannie." He gave a
gessshray as he drove out of sight:

"Gooten Yomtov to all, and to all a good night."

The Dichotomy of Jewish Mothers

On the first night of Chanukah, my Jewish mother said,
"You'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

On the second night of Chanukah, my mother said
to me, "Have a few more latkes, but
you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

On the third night of Chanukah, my mother said to
me, "Here's your chocolate dreidel, have a few
more latkes, but

you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

On the fourth night of Chanukah, my mother said to me,
"Taste my sugar cookies,
here's your chocolate dreidel,
have a few more latkes, but
you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

On the fifth night of Chanukah, my mother said to me,
"YOU'RE GETTING FAT!
taste my sugar cookies,
here's your chocolate dreidel,
have a few more latkes, but
you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."



On the sixth night of Chanukah, my mother said to me, "Don't you like the doughnuts? YOU'RE GETTING FAT!
taste my sugar cookies,
here's your chocolate dreidel,
have a few more latkes, but
you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

On the seventh night of Chanukah, my mother said to me,
"Take another brownie,
YOU'RE GETTING FAT!
taste my sugar cookies,
here's your chocolate dreidel,
have a few more latkes, but
you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."



On the eighth night of Chanukah, my mother said to me, "Try my home-made strudel, take another brownie,
YOU'RE GETTING FAT!
taste my sugar cookies,
here's your chocolate dreidel,

have a few more latkes, but you'd better lose some weight or you'll be dead."

The Presents



My mother once gave me two sweaters for Hanukkah. The next time we visited, I made sure to wear one. As we entered her home, instead of the expected smile, she said, "What's the matter? You didn't, like the other one?"

Visiting Grandma

Last December, a grandmother was giving directions to her grown grandson who was coming to visit with his wife. "You come to the front door of the apartment complex. I am in apartment 3C."

She continued, "There is a big panel at the door. With your elbow push button 3C. I will buzz you in. Come inside, the elevator is on the right. Get in and with your elbow hit 3. When you get out I am on the left. With your elbow, hit my doorbell."

"Grandma, that sounds easy," replied the grandson, "but why am I hitting all these buttons with my elbow"?

To which she answered, "You're coming empty handed?"

Top 10 Reasons to Like Hanukkah:

10. No roof damage from reindeer
9. Never a silent night when you're among your Jewish loved ones
8. If someone screws up on their gift, there are seven more days to correct it
7. Betting Hanukkah gelt (the chocolate coins) on candle races
6. You can use your fireplace

5. Naked spin-the-dreidel games
4. Fun waxy buildup on the menorah
3. No awkward explanations of virgin birth
2. Cheer optional
1. No Irving Berlin songs



Chanukah Stamps



A woman goes to the post office to buy stamps for her Chanukah cards. She says to the clerk, "May I have 50 Chanukah stamps?" The clerk says, "What denomination?" The woman says, "Oy Vey. Has it come to this? Give me 6 Orthodox, 12 Conservative, and 32 Reform."

A Tree for Christmas



Admiring the Christmas trees displayed in his neighbor's windows, Nathan asks his father, 'Daddy, can we have a Hanukkah Tree?'

'What? No, of course not.' says his father.

'Why not?' asks Nathan again.

Bewildered, his father replies, 'Well, Nathan, because the last time we had dealings with a lighted bush we spent 40 years in the wilderness.'

Chanukah Gelt

It was two days before Chanukah and Mr. Feldman, quite downcast, was trudging home. "Where will I get money to buy presents for the holiday?" he asked himself sadly, thinking of his wife and children. On the way, he passed a church, in front of which was a sign: Five Hundred Dollars Cash To Anyone Who Joins This Church Today!

Here was the solution to Feldman's problem! He went in, joined, and was given the five hundred dollars as the sign promised. That evening, at supper, he told his family how he had come by his sudden wealth. "And here's the money," he announced grandly, waving the money before them.

"Darling," said his wife, "you remember that coat you promised me three years ago? Well it's on sale at Macy's."

"How much is it?"

"Only two hundred and fifty dollars, and it's worth at least three hundred and fifty."

Feldman peeled off five fifties and gave them to her. The son spoke up. "Pop, for a long time I've been saving up to buy one of those English bikes with ten gear shifts. I already have most of the money, but I need a little more."

"How much more?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars."

Feldman handed over the money.

"Daddy," said his teen age daughter, "next week our school is having the most important dance of the whole year. If I don't have a new dress, I'll simply die."

"Don't die Sweetheart. How much is the dress?"

"Only a hundred dollars, Daddy dear."



Feldman handed over the remaining twenty five dollars, leaned back and grinned. "It never fails," he announced. "The minute we Gentiles have a little money, you Jews take it away from us!"