

*A redneck was stopped by a game warden in Central Mississippi recently with two ice chests full of fish.*

*He was leavin' a cove well-known for its fishing.*

*The game warden asked the man, "Do you have a license to catch those fish?"*

*"Naw, sir", replied the redneck. "I ain't got none of them there licenses. You must understand, these here are my pet fish."*

*"Pet fish?"*

*"Yeah. Every night, I take these here fish down to the lake and let 'em swim 'round for awhile. Then, when I whistle, they jump right back into these here ice chests and I take 'em home."*

*"That's a bunch of hooley! Fish can't do that."*

*The redneck looked at the warden for a moment and then said, "It's the truth Mr. Government Man. I'll show ya. It really works."*

*"O. K.", said the warden. "I've got to see this!"*

*The redneck poured the fish into the lake and stood and waited.*

*After sever al minutes, the warden says, "Well?"*

*"Well, what?", says the redneck.*

*The warden says, "When are you going to call them back?"*

*"Call who back?"*

*"The FISH", replied the warden!*

*"What fish?", replied the redneck.*

*Moral of the story: We may not be as smart as some city slickers, but we ain't as dumb as some government employees.*

*You can say what you want about the South, but you never hear of anyone retiring and moving north.*