

## **WHY DOES BREAD ALWAYS FALL JELLY-SIDE DOWN ON FLOOR?**

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Anyone who has ever watched “Hee Haw” on TV will remember the old cliché, “If it wasn’t for bad luck I’d have no luck at all.” I sometimes think of it and feel I have an exclusive personal lock on it. It’s the story of my life.

I am reminded of it every time I get to change the roll of toilet paper. There are six of us in our household and it seems to be my lot to use the last of it each and every time.

Fortunately, we have a hard and fast rule that a spare is held in readiness near at hand for just such an emergency. It is most perplexing to me that I never come close to winning any kind of lottery, but unfailingly I win the toilet paper lottery time after time.

Maybe it really has nothing to do with luck and is more on the order of Murphy’s Law, the old “If anything can go wrong it will” phenomenon. I know from complaining to others about my seeming bad luck that I have plenty of company.

How many others have trouble dropping small parts and never being able to retrieve them? How many times have I watched a minute spring, bolt, nut or other fastener bounce, roll or slip inexorably out of view or reach into some inaccessible crack, fissure or knothole? You could throw the same object for hours on end and not have it end up in the same place for love or money.

Worse yet, how many times have you carefully taken care in assembling some new purchase congratulating yourself for reading the instructions and doing everything right, only to find your one part short? How about the nut, bolt or screw that breaks or shears off?

It’s guaranteed that a mail order purchase will be fouled up and by the time you pay the return postage it costs more than buying locally.

I even have my problems purchasing directly, for example, the revolutionary new can opener I once bought at the State Fair. They were only supposed to be available by television and I could not resist the opportunity to buy locally. Guess what. Out of 10 million made and sold, mine did not work when I got it home.

How many of you out there have had the following luck? Order a new car or truck from the factory and have it catch on fire 52 miles from the dealer's. Two hundred miles further, after repairs, it catches fire again. Or have a new vehicle with 12,000 miles on it start blowing fuses and after four trips back to the dealer and being tied up for six weeks, you are given the following explanation: You have a mismatched truck – whatever that is. The whole dash had to be taken apart to find the short. How could a guy who never won anything in his life get one out of 10 million that was “mismatched”?

Ever drop a jelly sandwich and not have it land on the jelly side? Or eat a jelly doughnut in the car and not have a huge chunk of the jelly end up unnoticed on your crotch or on the seat between your legs? Or drop a glove and not have it land in a puddle of water?

Yesterday was a perfect example of what I'm talking about. I had an appointment in Utica and expecting no problems, left in what I believed was plenty of time. The weather was cooperating and the sun was shining. Who could ask for anything more?

My stomach was a bit upset, but what I expected to be only a temporary inconvenience only added to my woes. The road was slushy and the windshield soon needed cleaning. One of the washers would not work. Can you believe it? Of course the further south on 12 I traveled, the worse the problem became. The sun, which would have been a plus at any other time, made it impossible to see with the combination of grime and glare.

I would like to tell you that I took the whole situation like any normal, well-adjusted grownup, but I did not. Had I been alone I could have handled it a whole lot better than I did if my companion and greatest critic had not been adding fuel to the fire with her Eloise-type advice.

One example of my bad luck was burned indelibly into my mind on Thanksgiving spent on a troopship in the middle of the Pacific. I was about tenth in line from the serving table, anticipating the turkey and trimmings when the turkey ran out. Guess what they served us as a substitute - the old Sunday night special known to most of us Big Baloney, but to service people by another name.

I have to admit life has been very good to me and I have awful lot to be thankful for. It's just as old friend Bill Marleau once told me about his Dad and the same went for mine: He enjoyed poor health more than any other person I ever knew.