

Reminisce



**Big
LAUGHS**

Reminisce

**Big
Laughs**

Editor **Bettina Miller**

Managing Editor **Lee Aschoff**

Associate Editor **John Burlingham**

Art Director **Cheryl Michalek**

Editorial Assistants **Blanche Comiskey, Melody Trick**

Copy Editor **S.K. Enk**

Photo Coordinator **Trudi Bellin**

Assistant Photo Coordinator **Mary Ann Koebernik**

Graphic Art Associates **Ellen Lloyd, Catherine Fletcher**

President **Barbara Newton** • Senior Vice President, Editor in Chief **Catherine Cassidy**
Creative Director **Ardyth Cope** • Founder **Roy Reiman**

© 2006, Reiman Media Group, Inc.
Reminisce Books
P.O. Box 992
Greendale WI 53129-0992

Woman's Work...

ONE NIGHT, back in the '50s, my dad and I were watching the late movie on TV and trying to remember the name of the leading lady.

Mom was in the basement ironing, and just as she came upstairs with a basketful of clothes, my dad remembered the name of the actress.

"Irene Dunne," he exclaimed.

"Are you kidding?" my mother replied. "My ironing is never done!"

—Paul Fisher
Apalachin, New York

No Transfusion

THERE were several "characters" in the small Southern town where I grew up, in the '30s and '40s.

I remember Dad telling about one who was having a problem with the federal tax people.

When confronted about owing back taxes, he retorted, "Well, sir...y'all can't get blood out of a turnip."

"That may be true," replied the revenue agent. "But we can sure get the turnip."

—Giles Millspaugh
Aurora, Colorado

Just Asping

TWO young snakes were talking. One asked the other, "Say, are we poisonous?"

"Yes, we are," replied the second snake. "Why do you ask?"

"Because," the first one replied, "I just bit my tongue."

—Ruby-Dell Barak, *Clute, Texas*

Try Some Veggies

A CANNIBAL with a bad stomachache went to see the witch doctor.

"What have you been eating?" asked the doctor.

"Nothing unusual," the cannibal replied. "Just a missionary."

"What did he look like?"

"He wore sandals and a robe with a sash."

"And how did you prepare him?"

"We boiled him," the cannibal said.

"There's your problem," the doctor concluded. "That one was a friar."

—Harold Schmidt
St. Petersburg, Florida

Pass the Crackers

WHILE traveling in Ireland some years ago, I stopped at a bookstore and bought a cookbook.

The author happened to be present and agreed to sign it. She also added this simple recipe:

"Economical Pea Soup

"1 quart water

"1 green pea

"Simmer to 1 pint. If flavor is too strong, remove the pea."

—Viola Keairns
Laguna Hills, California

Tenuous Tenant

DELMAR: We like this house very much, but the landlord asks too much for the rent.

Elmer: Really?

Delmar: Yes. Last month, he asked four times.

—Park Fellers
Hillsboro, Illinois

This Is Serious

A FRIEND named Jan sent her three children, Heather, Ethan and Katy, out to play, giving them a bag of potato chips to eat for a snack.

It wasn't long before Katy came back into the house sobbing. She threw her arms around her mother and cried, "Heather and Ethan ate all the potato chips. That's not fair."

"Katy," Jan comforted, "life is not always fair."

"I'm not talking about life," Katy sniffed. "I'm talking about potato chips."

—Phyllis Goff
Bakersfield,
California

His and Hers

A WELL-KNOWN talk show celebrity came to my hometown in rural Kansas to broadcast his live show from the stage of a local movie theater.

To warm up the audience, he asked people what they did.

"I'm a painter," said one distinguished-looking gentleman.

"What do you paint?" the celebrity asked.

"Men and women," the man replied.

"You mean you're an artist," the host corrected.

"No," the man said, "I'm a painter."

The celebrity was puzzled.

"Where do you paint these men and women?" he asked.

"Well," the man said, "I paint 'Men' over the men's restroom door and 'Women' over the women's restroom door."

That warmed up the audience in a hurry!
—George Schiller
Wichita, Kansas

Biting Humor

A COUPLE who'd been married for over 50 years was sitting on the sofa. The wife said, "Dear, do you remember how you used to sit close to me?"

He moved over and sat close to her.

"Dear," she continued, "do you remember how you used to hold me tight?"

He reached over and held her tight.

"And," she went on, "do you remember how you used to hug me and

kiss me and nibble on my ear?"

With that, her husband got up and started to walk out of the room. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Well," answered the husband, "I have to go and get my teeth."

—Henrietta Cisco
Bradenton, Florida

Catch-22

IN 1942, I was in a group of men at Camp Forrest, Tennessee who were being examined for induc-

Somnolent Sermon

PREACHER: "Mrs. Jones, will you please wake up your husband?"

Mrs. Jones: "Wake him up yourself. You put him to sleep."

—W.C. Edwards
Eastman, Georgia

tion into the Army. We were to pass before a doctor and tell him if there was anything wrong with us that needed attention.

A friend of mine who was a real character was in front of me. When the doctor asked him if there was anything wrong, he replied, “Yes, I’m cross-eyed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed and bowlegged.”

The doctor said, “You must be crazy.”

“Put that down, too,” my friend replied.

Of course, he was inducted.

—J.K. Shannon
Columbia, Tennessee

Grandma and The Dribble Glass

MY Grandmother Thomas would always stick her little finger out in a “fancy lady”-type gesture while she was drinking a beverage... something we kids thought was terribly funny.

During the late 1940s, my oldest brother, Joe Wayne, acquired

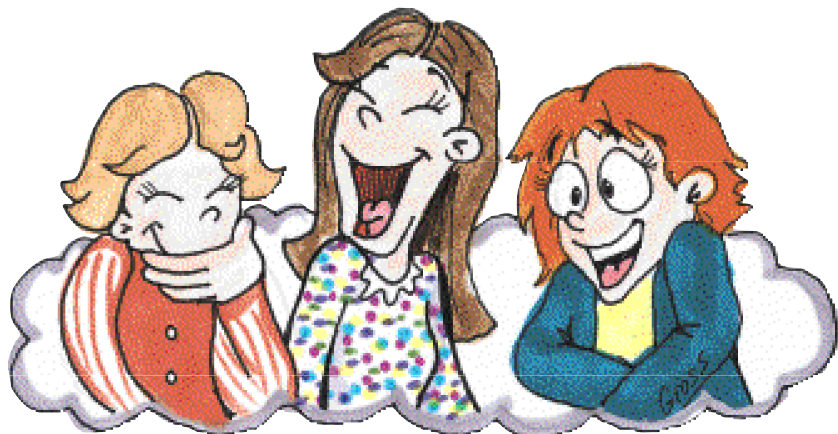
an expensive-looking crystal dribble glass designed with intricate etching. Grandma, naturally, was the first one we wanted to try it out on. Holding the glass just so, she tipped it up to her mouth, only to have a tiny trickle of liquid drip onto her dress.

Still holding the glass daintily with that little finger sticking straight out, she wiped up the spills with her other hand and finished drinking, spilling a little each time. She could not figure out why she was getting dribbled on.

We kids couldn’t contain our giggles, so we told her what we’d done. Grandma got a real kick out of it, and when her sister-in-law visited from Detroit, she just couldn’t wait to pull the same trick on her.

It was hilarious observing both ladies...my great-aunt being dribbled on and my grandmother watching with glee.

—Marilyn Smith
Fair Grove, Missouri





Gym Was ‘Attacked’ By WWII Aircraft

*Brief flight gave youthful fighter “pilot”
something to write about in 1946.*

SHORTLY AFTER the end of World War II, the military was left with a huge surplus and gave away as much as possible or sold it cheaply.

One fighter airplane was given to Bemidji (Minnesota) High School, where my cousin attended. He’s the one who shared this incredible story with me.

The Corsair F4U, which flew off of aircraft carriers, was flown to Minneapolis. With its wings folded, it was placed on a flatbed truck for the drive to Bemidji, then unloaded in the school’s parking lot.

After school, the kids flocked to the airplane, inspecting and

climbing all over it, top to bottom. One enterprising lad climbed into the cockpit to examine the airplane’s controls.

Contact!

Another adventurous young man jumped off the wing and grabbed one of the big four-bladed propellers. The prop began to turn slowly and lowered him to the ground. Well, that’s all it took. Soon, there was a line of students, including my cousin, on the wing, waiting to jump on the blade and ease to the ground.

The “pilot” continued to jiggle instruments and managed to turn on the ignition switch. The kids on the prop blades were, of

course, priming the engine.

It coughed, sputtered, began turning faster and faster, and then caught with a frightful sound. The students jumped to the ground, abandoning ship, as it were.

The sound of the engine grew louder, the propellers were going faster and the young man in the cockpit kept trying desperately to shut it off.

Headed for Gym

The plane began to move on its wheels and headed for the high school building. With wings folded, it was never going to become airborne, but this was one airplane that was out of control.

It approached a brick wall of the gym and struck with a mighty ka-whoomp, killing the engine. One prop blade broke off, flew across the air and went through a window of a house across the street, embedding itself in a bedroom wall. Luckily, no one was injured.

The lad in the cockpit was a bit shaken up. He'd hit his head on something and spent the night in the hospital for observation, visited by all his "copilots." He was released the next day.

He wrote up his experience for an English paper and received an A.

The title? "Thirty Seconds Over Bemidji High School."

—William Goetz

Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Spring Chicken

VISITING my daughter's house recently, I excused myself from the dinner table to take my heart medication.

"I'll be right back," I told my 6-year-old granddaughter, Livvy. "I have to take my beauty pills."

"Grandpa," Livvy replied, "they're not working—you still have all those wrinkles."

—Donald Barth

Naugatuck, Connecticut

Do Drop In

WE HAD a drop-leaf table, which had been extended for a special occasion. We were all seated around the table, and the meal had been served, when the drop leaf dropped, right into the lap of the guest of honor!

After our initial shock, we all came down with contagious laughter.

—Valerie Webb

Santa Monica, California

Having a Blast In the Outhouse

ONE DAY, my Aunt Mitzy poured about 5 gallons of cleaning fluid down one of the holes in the privy.

Shortly after, Uncle Virgil visited the privy and, as was his habit, lit up a smoke to enjoy during his stay. When he dropped the lighted match down the hole, Uncle Virgil was blown right out of the outhouse!

He laughs about it now, but he sure didn't at the time.

—Doren Yount, Atwood, Kansas

Travelers Rattled by Wake-Up Call

WHEN OUR FAMILY left Nebraska for Oregon, back in 1939, everything we owned was piled into our 1933 Chevrolet. Dad had taken the backseat out and put bedding on the floor, which is where we four kids rode.

At night, we'd sing songs under the stars. I was nervous about the warm campfire attracting snakes, but Dad assured us they were harmless. Still, my cousin had been bitten by a copperhead the year before and almost died. Dad wasn't afraid of any little old snake, but we all slept in the car, just in case.

One night, we'd just settled in when there came the distinct sound of a rattlesnake. All of us jumped out, shaking in our boots. Dad said there must be a rattler in the car and started checking our bedding with a stick.

By this time, the rattling had stopped, and Dad just knew that snake was coiled and ready to strike. Lifting the edge of each layer, he evidently found the dirty critter as it gave one last little rattle.

Father jumped as high as the car, then began to laugh. We were crying because we thought he'd been bitten and had gone off the deep end.

"I'll stomp that dirty old snake to death!" Dad declared.

Our hero then reached into the backseat and tossed something out. Now we all started to laugh, for lying at our feet was a dangerous Big Ben alarm clock—the alarm had been "rattling" under the bedding!

For the rest of the trip, we made sure to keep the doors closed whenever we left the car...but I'll never forget how brave we thought our father was that day.

—Lloyd Alexander
Estacada, Oregon

She Was a Card

I WAS a proud father as I took our 4-year-old daughter to her first day of kindergarten years ago.

The teacher greeted us at the door and asked Lisa if she knew her ABC's and could count.

"Yes, teacher," Lisa responded. "I know my ABC's and I can count."

"How far can you go?" the teacher asked.

"All the way, teacher," answered Lisa. She proved it by reciting, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, jack, queen, king, ace."

Now I'm a proud grandparent, and Lisa will soon be taking her child to kindergarten. I wonder how far he can count!

—Richard Camino
Phoenix, Arizona

How Hungry Are You?

MY MOTHER tells the story of her grandfather coming down to breakfast saying, "I'm hungry. I have not eaten since yesterday, and tomorrow makes the third day."

—Anna Cutts
Standard, California

Weight Way Off

MOTHER to grocer: "I sent my boy to the store for 2 pounds of chocolate chip cookies, and you sent only 1 pound."

Grocer: "My scales are accurate, ma'am. Have you weighed your boy?" —*Sheldon Glassman Brooklyn, New York*

Tastes Like Chicken

WHILE STILL in college, I took a friend, Joe, to visit my Uncle Eldon and Aunt Martha, who lived on a farm.

Shortly after we arrived, Joe excused himself and made a bee-line for the outhouse. The door had hardly closed when a shriek of terror froze everyone in their tracks.

Joe came busting through the outhouse door, his pants around his ankles, screaming, "A rattlesnake bit me! A rattlesnake bit me!"

Nothing like that had ever happened on the farm, but when we examined the affected area, there were indeed a couple of small marks on Joe's backside.

Armed with hoes and shovels, we entered the outhouse and cautiously peered over the rim. Looking back at us was one of Uncle Eldon's hens, sitting on some eggs.

Poor Joe never really did enjoy that visit. At the dinner table, Uncle Eldon could not help but chuckle when he passed the fried chicken and invited Joe to "have another piece of rattler."

—*Mark Harkins, Pasadena, Texas*

In the Army Now

A YOUNG MAN, not thrilled by being drafted into the Army, was called to take his physical. He figured he could fail the physical with a few well-placed answers to the doctor's questions.

"What do you see on that wall over there?" asked the doctor.

"What wall?" the man replied.

"Good," the doctor said. "You just passed the hearing test."

—*Carolyn Joyner Freebairn Salt Lake City, Utah*

No Side Trips

THE Sunday school teacher asked her class how many of them would like to go to Heaven. Everyone raised a hand except one little boy.

"Danny," the teacher asked, "don't you want to go to Heaven?"

"I can't, teacher," Danny replied. "Mother told me I was to come straight home after Sunday school."

—*Carrie Spinney Beverly Hills, Florida*

Many Rooms With Similar Views

A FRIEND earned his pilot's license in the flatlands of Texas during the early days of World War II. He mentioned one time that he soon learned all the outhouses in that area faced south.

If ever he became disoriented while in the air, my friend simply circled until he spotted an outhouse with the door open. He was soon back on track. —*Bob Colley*

Casper, Wyoming

What's the Limit?

MANY YEARS AGO, my cousin Jay was fishing on a lake in Iowa when nature called, so he rowed ashore to avail himself of an outhouse he knew was there.

Once inside, he was extra-careful of his new glasses, so he took them off and set them on a ledge. You guessed it. He jarred the ledge, and the glasses fell into one of the uncovered holes.

Undaunted, Jay went back to the boat, opened his tackle box and got out a lure with as many hooks as he could find. He tied the lure to the line, then took his pole back to the outhouse, where he tried to snag his glasses.

As Jay was busy with his task, another man entered the outhouse, took one look and asked Jay, "How're they bitin'?"

—*Bob Kessler, Sun City, Arizona*

Chow Line Chuckle

I WAS a signalman attached to a U.S. Navy amphibious group in Hawaii in 1944. We were in training with the Army and Marines for the upcoming invasion of Okinawa, so there were a lot of troops who needed feeding.

The endless chow line wound around several buildings before finally arriving at the mess hall entrance. On one of the walls we slowly passed, someone had written this memorable statement, paraphrasing Winston Churchill:

"Never have so many waited so long for so little."—*C.J. Gerwien
San Diego, California*

Heaven Preserve Us

OUR TROOPSHIP sprung an oil leak on our way to Hawaii in 1943. The oil trail made us vulnerable to submarine attack, so we were ordered to sail on alone, and the whole crew had to wear life jackets all the time.

The heavy cork in the life jackets made them very uncomfortable. They were designed to keep us afloat if we had to take to the water, though, so we wore them, even when we slept.

When we finally arrived at Pearl Harbor, we saw land for the first time in weeks. The sailor next to me was so glad to get rid of his life jacket that he took it off and threw it over the side.

The jacket hit the water and sank like a rock!

—*Richard Stoller
Glendale, Wisconsin*

One in the Chops

TWO MEN went to a restaurant, and each ordered a pork chop.

When the waitress came with their order on a single platter, there was a big pork chop and a small one.

The first man passed the platter to the second man, who helped himself to the biggest chop.

"If you had passed the platter to me," the first man said, "I would have taken the smaller pork chop."

Said the second man, "Well, you got it. What are you complaining about?"—*Clayton Reeves*

Beaverton, Oregon

Maybe It's the Float

A WIFE walked into the house and told her husband, "There's water in the carburetor."

"You don't know the difference between a carburetor and a generator," he huffed. "Where's the car?"

"At the bottom of the lake."

—*Beatrice Jackson*
St. Paul, Minnesota

Gas-Rationing Meltdown

AFTER GASOLINE rationing went into effect during World War II, my husband, Peter, could use our little old Ford only for driving to his job as an electrician at a Portland, Maine hospital.

Once a week, I would drive him to work, then use the car to run errands.

One day, after shopping, I was back at the farm where we rented a room when our oldest son, Nicky, said, "Mommy, look!" and pointed at the car.

Liquid was dripping from the car near the gas tank. Fearing the tank had a leak, I ran to borrow the landlady's telephone to call my husband.

"Catch as much gas as you can," he advised.

So the landlady, a neighbor and I ran out with pots and pans to put under the ever-increasing flow. Could I save enough to last the month? Gasoline ration coupons were more valuable than gold!

After the pots and pans were in place, I opened the trunk, where I found the chunks of ice I'd bought in town for our icebox—melting away.

We all enjoyed a big laugh, and I added a huge sigh of relief.

—*Nina Pietsch*
Encinitas, California

Tire Repair Man Got the Point

MY FATHER had a one-bay garage at Stemmer's Run, Maryland in 1930. Unfortunately, there wasn't enough passing traf-

fic to keep it profitable, unless he got most of the area's flat-tire repairs.

Whenever business was slow, my father would send my brother and me, ages 11 and 10, in

opposite directions for about a mile to scatter carpet tacks on the road. He'd later give us a nickel for every car that limped in with a flat to the garage where the man "specialized" in tire repair.

The scheme finally backfired the day a man walked into the garage and said his car was up the road a half mile with a flat. My father was glad to go out and fix it, but it became a costly trip, as he had one flat on the way out and another on the way back in.

That incident finally deflated my father's tacky enterprise.

—*Arthur Keifer*
Boonsboro, Maryland

Sing It, Dino

IF YOU ever go swimming in Italy and are bitten by an eel, that's a moray. —*James Hardie Quincy, Massachusetts*

Saving This Lunch Bucket Was a Stretch



As a child, in 1917, Uncle Ivory hatched a plan to make his sister carry the freight.

MY UNCLE IVORY hated carrying the lunch bucket to school for him and his younger sister—my mother, Trixie—who was 10 at the time.

Growing up in the small settlement of Abingdon, Louisiana in 1917, Ivory, 12, was embarrassed to carry the bucket. He didn't like toting it while in the company of his older friends, especially on the walk home, when it was empty.

Mama Jessie, my grandmother, packed those school lunches, often leftovers, in a syrup bucket. It was Ivory's job to carry it on the

1-1/2-mile walk down the railroad tracks to and from the Grand Bayou School.

Each afternoon, as the kids walked the track back to Abingdon, a slow freight train made its way to Shreveport. One day, Ivory saw an opportunity to make Trixie carry the empty lunch bucket home as he lagged behind with his friends.

He set the syrup bucket on the bottom step of the train's caboose as it chugged by and hollered ahead for Trixie to grab it as it passed her.



When the train's caboose finally rolled past the small group of girls, he watched as Trixie made no effort to grab the bucket.

Realizing the trouble he'd be in with his mother if he lost that bucket, he took off running on the loose rocks covering the railroad bed, tossing books and papers in his wake as he strained

to catch the caboose as it picked up speed.

In a final, desperate lunge, he grabbed the bucket and dropped, rolling on the rocks and rails, gasping for air.

Believe me, he never tried that trick on Trixie again!

—Hamp Law
West Monroe, Louisiana

Tell It to the Rabbits

WHEN THE snakes were leaving the ark, Noah told them to go forth and multiply.

The snakes replied that they couldn't do that because they were adders.—*Lowell McMeeken*
Winter Haven, Florida

The Little Electrician

IN 1920, I was 12 years old and living with my family in Sulphur, Oklahoma.

My folks had a laundry and dress-making business. Our first washers were worked by hand.

When electricity was strung along our street, my parents heard about the new electric washers. Their question was: How do you get the power from the lines into our house?

I told my dad that would be easy.

A local electrician was hired to wire the house. I helped by installing the ceiling rosettes for the hanging lights and wiring the location for the new electric washing machines.

A few days later, a supervisor from the power company showed up. After looking over the job, he called my dad over and said, "I hear you did some wiring without a contractor."

"I didn't do it; my son did,"

Dad told him.

"Where is your son?"

"He's right here on the porch," Dad said, motioning to me. I stood up, making my age obvious.

"You mean to stand there and tell me that this boy did all that wiring?"

"He sure did."

"Let me take a look at his work."

We all went inside, and when we came out, the supervisor scratched his head.

"Well, I tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "Because of that boy of yours, you can have free electricity as long as you live here. There won't be any meter put in until you move."

And the man was true to his word. We stayed in that house

a couple of years and never got an electric bill. I guess that incident encouraged me, because I became an appliance repairman and manager for 27 years.

—*Bedford Henry Darden*
Paradise, California

Christmas Comes But Twice a Year

I WAS ABOARD the aircraft carrier *USS Hollandia*, headed for the South Pacific, in November 1944. Thanks to the international date line, we sailed into Friday,

Power by Armstrong

"WOW!" a young man exclaimed to his father. "You oughta see our new neighbor's neat lawn mower. It doesn't need gas or anything. All you have to do is push it!"

—*Elizabeth Steiner*
St. Paul, Minnesota

the day after Thanksgiving, without getting the traditional holiday dinner.

But we more than made up for it a few weeks later, after we set sail from Ulithi, a fleet anchorage. This time, we crossed the date line going the other way.

It was Christmas, so we had a turkey dinner with all the trimmings. When we crossed the date line, it was Dec. 25 again, so the captain ordered another Christmas dinner, just like the one we had “yesterday.” —*Leigh Klotz McComb, Mississippi*

Used Their Noodles

IN THE EARLY '50s, I was a member of the Jaycettes. Our group assisted the Jaycees in moneymaking projects for community service.

One Friday, we decided to make homemade noodles for a bake sale. This was a time-consuming process, and the noodles weren't drying fast enough. So one of the ladies suggested we speed things up by putting the noodles in a pillowcase, tied securely, and then into the clothes dryer.

After a short time, we heard a loud, thumping noise. I opened the dryer to find a huge ball of dough in the pillowcase. It took us all night to do a remake!

—*Luella Bender
Germantown, Ohio*

Just a Shade Dishonest

OUR COMBAT Aircraft Servicing Unit was aboard a freighter/

troopship during World War II being transferred to a naval air base in the Pacific.

My buddy Baber, two other guys and I played cards each day of the trip, sitting on a stern cargo hatch. What Baber didn't know was that the mirrored lenses of his sunglasses reflected his cards. We could read his hand every time!

Of course, Baber lost almost every hand and never knew why. We didn't tell him until 2 weeks later, when we arrived in Saipan.

—*Lloyd Doubleday Jr.
Clearwater, Florida*

He Was No Cryptographer

WHILE I was on the destroyer escort *USS Formoe* (DE509) all over the Pacific during World War II, I corresponded with a friend in the Marshall Islands. My mail was censored, but his wasn't because his island had been secured.

He wrote that he figured I was in one of three places: 1, some group of islands; 2, Okinawa; or 3, the Philippines. He asked me to write back and give him the right number.

I wrote back that I couldn't tell him where I was because our mail was censored. But I added a thanks for the \$3 he'd sent.

His answer was, “I don't understand what you meant about the \$3. But I guess you want to borrow money, so here's \$5.”

—*Marlin Swanson
Bakersfield, California*

No Special Treatment for Him

DURING the Sicilian Campaign in World War II, we heard on the radio that my brother John's ship, the destroyer *SS Beatty*, was hit by a torpedo and sunk.

It was months before we finally received a letter from John, who was in a hospital in England. He was okay but said he'd be there awhile.

Much to our surprise, 3 days later there came a furious pounding on the door, and my mother and I heard John shouting, "Ma, Ma, I'm home! Ma, I'm home!"

My mother had just finished mopping the kitchen floor and, as was her custom, yelled, "Be sure to wipe your feet before you come in."

Our family has had many a belly laugh over Mom's "heart-warming" welcome. It isn't any wonder she lived to be 94. Nothing fazed her. —Richard Azzolini
East Hampton, New York

Out of the Mouths...

MY FAMILY attended one of the most conservative churches in Boston when I was a young girl. At one service, a plump lady, past middle age, came to the front to sing.

The lady's roly-poly face and pince-nez gave her a unique look, which inspired the little girl sitting in front of me to remark, "Look, Mommy, that lady looks just like my

piggy bank at home."

The lady then began to sing. But no one really heard the hymn, as they were trying to stifle their laughter.

—J.G. Anderson
Sun City, California

Heartwarming

A FIRST-GRADE teacher had her hands full on the first day of school, assigning her lively charges their seats and showing them where their books were to be stored. Finally, she had them recite the Pledge of Allegiance.

"Stand and face the flag and place your hand over your heart," she instructed.

Little Susie stood up but put her hand on her backside.

"Susie," the teacher said, "you are supposed to put your hand over your heart."

"But I am," Susie protested.



“No,” the teacher replied, “your heart is in your chest, not back there.”

“No, it’s not,” Susie explained. “When my grandma comes to my house, she holds me, rocks me, pats me back there and says, ‘Bless your little heart.’ ”

—George Schiller
Wichita, Kansas

Surf’s Up!

IN THE ’60s, my brother, two friends and I made plans to go to Cape Cod.

This trip included stopping by the ball field to pick up my friend Donna, who was playing in a softball game. She told us to show up there and she’d have an excuse ready for her coach so she could leave early.

Forgetting it was Sunday afternoon, she told him she had a dentist’s appointment.

Even if he didn’t catch on to that right away, he undoubtedly questioned her story as we drove away in a convertible with a surfboard sticking out the back.

—Mary Geyer
Weymouth, Massachusetts

A Little Slower, Please

TWO TOURISTS were driving through Louisiana, and as they approached Natchitoches, they started arguing about how to pro-

nounce the name of the town.

So when they stopped for lunch, they asked the lady at the counter, “Before we order, could you settle an argument for us? Would you please pronounce where we are, very slowly?”

The lady leaned over the counter and said, “Burrngerr Kinng.”

—Giles Millspaugh
Aurora, Colorado

Tanks for the Memories

I WAS EASY to push around when I was drafted, in the ’40s, because I weighed only 113 pounds.

Eventually, I became a tank driver, and one memorable time, we had been out in the field for several days training for the invasion of Japan. Every night, someone had to stay in the tank.

Since I was so small, my fellow crew members found

it easy to put me in the tank while they slept outside on the ground, which was more comfortable.

Then, one night, it rained, and I had my revenge by locking all the hatches. I knew the crew wouldn’t sleep under the tank because it might sink in the soft ground and crush them. So, they got rained on all night.

After that, I didn’t have to stay in the tank again. —Paul Keysor
Cato, New York

Just Long Enough

A FELLOW asked an Amish farmer, “Why do the Amish have such long lanes?”

The farmer replied, “Because they would not reach the road otherwise.”

—Cora Detweiler
Phoenix, Arizona



We Nearly Turned a Piano Into a Pipe Organ

Installers took great glee in a mistake made by their friendly rivals, the surveyors.

IN 1946, Michigan Consolidated Gas completed the pipeline to bring natural gas to every household in Detroit. No more black smokestacks, greasy oil stoves or boilers with foul-smelling

storage tanks. Best of all, there would be no more big coal trucks dumping tons of coal into homes each fall to be shoveled into the furnace during winter.

After the pipeline was com-

pleted, the next big job was repairing, replacing and installing new high-pressure gas lines to all homes and commercial buildings. This required regulators that brought the gas, which was under high pressure, down to a usable pressure for gas stoves and furnaces.

That's where I came in. I was one of the servicemen who installed the regulators. We did it on an assembly-line basis.

Before we could install the regulators, however, surveyors visited each house, did their public relations work, then carefully measured and drilled the hole for the vent pipe to enter the building for attachment to the regulator.

Now, the surveyors were sort of frustrated architects and definitely thought themselves a cut above us blue-collar guys. There was a friendly rivalry between us, and we didn't even stop at the same restaurants for coffee.

One day my partner, Dick, and I were working in Grosse Pointe Shores, an affluent area where the Ford, Chrysler and General Motors CEOs lived on 10- and 20-acre estates. Dick and I went about installing a regulator in one of the basements of these gorgeous homes, but then I could not find the hole made by the surveyor who had been there before us.

I walked outside and, after searching, found the hole. It was right through the brick on the north side of the home where

I had been looking in the basement. I pushed through about 10 feet of 1/4-inch copper tubing for Dick to hook up.

But when I returned to the basement, Dick was still waiting.

"Where's the vent tube?" he asked.

I told him I had pushed through several feet of it. We searched and searched but found nothing. An uneasy feeling crept over us as we went upstairs to ask the maid to show us the room above where we had been working.

She took us to a magnificent drawing room, and to our horror and amazement, we found the copper tube—poking through a hole in the wall and the leg of a concert grand piano next to the wall!

The survey crew had not followed their rule of measuring twice and drilling once. We quietly left the room, trying to hold back our laughter, and told the maid that an official would stop by later to talk to the owner about a little problem.

It wasn't enough that the surveyors had made a mistake, but such a grievous one at that. Bad news travels fast, and there was many a laugh among fellow servicemen at our coffee breaks for days afterward.

Insurance and red faces took care of the problem, but I can still see that copper tube sticking through the leg of that concert grand piano.

—Lyle McAfee
Santa Maria, California

'Hairless Pigs' Skinned the Crowd

BACK IN 1929 or '30, I was in 4-H, exhibiting hogs at the Clark County Fair in Neillsville, Wisconsin. A couple of fellow exhibitors and I set up a plank and bales of straw so we could watch the crowd; then one of my cronies decided to have some fun.

He cut slits in a shoe box to resemble bars and wrote on the box, "Hairless Pigs." He put it up on a post so people had to climb up a little to peek inside.

Then he got two wieners, stuck toothpicks in them for legs and put them in the box.

We were amazed at the number of people who would climb up to see the "hairless pigs." Some took it as a joke and others looked like they wanted to throw rotten eggs at us. We had a lot of laughs.

—Clair Hindal
Sheldon, Wisconsin

Bovine Philosophy

A MAN was watching a cow being milked. Being from the city, it was the first time he had seen this.

As the man was watching, a fly flew in the cow's ear. Then the man noticed a fly in the milk pail. He asked the farmer how that could have happened.

"It's simple," said the farmer. "In one ear and out the udder."
—Norman Smith, Tampa, Florida

Clipping the Lieutenant

ONE FRIDAY, in 1944, we had just marched in from the rifle range at Camp Blanding, Florida. The next morning, there was to be an inspection, so an officer came through the ranks and tapped the shoulder of everyone who needed a haircut.

After chow, I went to the barbershop. Of course, it was full of guys waiting. After about 2 hours, a 2nd lieutenant walked right past all those of us who were waiting and climbed into the chair I had just gotten out of.

The barber did not say a word. He just ran his clippers from the back of the lieutenant's head to the front, leaving a deep furrow, slapped him on the back and said, "Next!"

The lieutenant turned red as a beet, paid his 25¢ and took off in a hurry.

—Bob Catlin
Decatur, Illinois

Give Us This Day...

COMPANY had come for supper, and a little girl was asked by her mother to give the blessing.

"I don't know what to say," she replied.

"Just say what I usually do," said the mother.

So, the little girl mimicked, "Why did I ask all these people to dinner?"

—Frances Cate
Muskogee, Oklahoma

Elementary Math

TEACHER: "Willie, how would you divide nine potatoes among six people?"

Willie: "Easy. I'd mash 'em."
—Mary MacIntyre
Ridley Park, Pennsylvania

Jerk Foiled a Jerk

I WAS a soda jerk at our local drugstore during the '40s.

I was all of 14 at the time and had a terrible problem with a neighborhood bully. He would torment me at the fountain by walking out of the store without paying for what he ate or drank. He threatened to beat me up if I told on him.

One day, when he walked in, before he could ask for anything, I suggested a cool limeade. He immediately accepted and took a long drink. Just as quickly, he darted out of the store, looking quite sick.

You see, instead of limeade, I had given him a glass of our green dishwashing soap. I never had a problem with him after that.

—Don Ross

Sherwood Forest, Maryland

He Looks So Natural

THREE buddies died in a car crash. In Heaven, St. Peter asked each one what he'd like to hear his friends and family say when they passed his casket at the wake.

"I'd like to hear them say I was the great family man," said the first.

"I'd like to hear them say what a wonderful father and teacher I was," said the second.

The last guy replied, "I'd like them to say, 'Hey, look! He's moving!'"

—Flo and Carl Johnson
Baldwin Park, California

Staying Ahead Of the Weather

I GREW UP in the small town of Esko, Minnesota, and my brother worked in the local grocery store in the '40s.

There was an old-timer who used to come into the store every day to buy the newspaper. One time, my brother told him there was a blizzard predicted for the following day.

"Well," said the old-timer, "in that case, I'd better buy two papers in case I can't make it to town."

—Joe Juntunen

Carlton, Minnesota

Excuses, Excuses

I TAUGHT fourth grade in Hamilton, Ohio, and excuses arrived in many shapes, types and forms.

But the funniest excuse was from a mother excusing her son Ted's absence.

It read, "Ted's absence was due to his swallowing a whistle last evening. It was necessary to have X-rays taken today. Sincerely, Whistler's Mother."

—Jane Mohler, *Hamilton, Ohio*

And No Alterations

A MAN was complaining to his tailor about the delay in making a new suit.

"Six weeks!" the man protested. "Why, the world was created in 6 days."

"I know," replied the tailor. "And just look at it."

—Betty Henry, *Willis, Virginia*

Was She Named Ethel?

IF ANY of you recall this little ditty, consider yourself an old-timer.

Smith took his aunt
out riding,
Though wintry
was the breeze,
He put her in the
rumble seat,
And watched his
auntie freeze.

—Allan Lowe
Fort Mill, South Carolina

For the Record...

I WAS conducting a tour through the 1905 Victorian house in our local heritage museum. When we came to a windup Victor phonograph, a young boy piped up, “What’s it for?”

“They used it to play records,” I answered.

“What’s a record?” the boy countered. —Russell Drumright
Enid, Oklahoma

Don’t Look for Him in Vegas

OUR FAMILY was traveling to New Hampshire in 1936, when I was 9, to visit relatives. On the way, we stopped in a small-town lunchroom where they had a “one-armed bandit.”

Although money was hard to come by in those days, I talked my father into giving me a nickel to play the slot machine. But when I went to the machine to put in my coin, a man came up, took my arm and asked me if I wanted

to make some easy money.

I was all ears as he took my nickel and put it in my jacket pocket. “Now,” he said, “you’ll always have a nickel.”

I still have that nickel. I admit—and my friends will tell you—I’m still tight, even with a penny.

—Richard Barge
Rochester, New York

Father Knows What?

MY DAD’S REMEDY for poison ivy was to rub the rash with the leaves of plantain, a lawn weed. This treatment produced three immediate results: The rash spread, my arm became green and I realized my father didn’t know everything.

—John Dreyer
Brookhaven, Pennsylvania

Complicated Machine

A FRIEND of mine from New Iberia, Louisiana tells this story about the time he was gathering wood on the bank of Bayou Teche and putting it in a wheelbarrow.

As he was pushing the wheelbarrow up the steep incline to his house, he had to stop halfway to catch his breath. As he did so, he said to himself, “I thought I was in better shape.”

His wife watched the whole thing from a lounge chair at the house. When her husband got to the top of the incline and put down the wheelbarrow, she said to herself, “That wheelbarrow would roll a lot better if it had air in the tire.”

—Bill Bailey
Slidell, Louisiana

Are You Guys Related?

MY FIRST mail call was the one I remember best. It was almost 2 weeks after my induction, when I was stationed at Camp Roberts, California.

When your name was called, you were to respond with your first name and middle initial.

As I waited for my name to be called, I heard several responses such as, “Zabrowski!” “Michael Enemi.” “Hummell!” “William Enemi.”

This was repeated several times. Finally, I turned to one of the men in my squad, Cliff, and remarked how amazing it was that so many men had the same, unusual, middle name.

I got a sidelong glance from Cliff as though I had made a very bad joke. When Cliff realized I was serious, he went into a fit of laughter.

When Cliff recovered, he explained that what I’d heard was “NMI,” which meant “no middle initial.”

It really was funny, even if I was the source of the humor.

—*Ralph Butterworth*
Santa Clara, California

How to Make Cowboy Pie

MY UNCLE RILEY often received a free piece of cherry pie, his favorite, because he’d bet the waitress that if he found

a pit, she’d have to give him a free slice. If not, he’d pay twice the amount. With the luck of the Irish, he usually won.

Mother was famous for baking pies. In 1948, when we visited Uncle Riley in Montana, she baked him a cherry pie and put it out onto the step to cool.

Later on, as I ran out the door, dressed in my birthday present, a new cowboy outfit, I felt something soft underfoot as Mother called out to tell me the pie was there.

I felt just terrible about putting a big heel print into Uncle Riley’s pie, but he said, “Not to worry. The heel print made it a cowboy pie.”

He ate a big piece and found a pit in the last bite! —*Diana Kyle*
Kalispell, Montana

Brake Line Bypass?

A MECHANIC was working on the car of a well-known heart surgeon and asked him a question.

“Hey, doc,” the mechanic said, “I can open up the heart of a car—the engine—and replace valves and other parts. How come I get paid a few dollars an hour and you make big money? It’s basically the same work.”

The surgeon smiled and answered, “Try doing it with the engine running.” —*James Hardie*
Quincy, Massachusetts

Pretty Nutty

IF YOU had 12 piñon nuts in one hand and 13 piñon nuts in the other hand, just what would you have?

A difference of a piñon.

—*Wayne Williams*
Lubbock, Texas



She Has 'Fishy' Christmas Memories

Her wartime cannery job provided fond recollections...and 89¢ an hour.

IN DECEMBER 1943, I spent 4 days on a bus traveling from New York to California, where my serviceman husband, Bill, had gotten us a place to live. This was just the beginning of one of

my most memorable Christmas seasons ever.

Money was scarce, almost nonexistent, and his pay had been held up because of a misspelling on the payroll. We were eking out a living but were pretty much down to crumbs.

Then I heard an ad on the radio urging people to work in the nearby canneries, as there weren't enough workers due to the war. The next morning, I went to the union hall to get more information on the cannery jobs.

"Are you a packer or a cutter?" the man asked.

"Which pays more?" I asked.

"A cutter gets 89¢ an hour, a packer 75¢."

"Oh, put me down for a cutter." That 89¢ an hour sounded good.

As a young woman who had traveled on the subway to a nice office job in New York City, I had no clue what was ahead.

Each cannery had its own distinctive whistle. Mine was two long and three short. When it sounded, I knew it was time to board the bus. When I arrived for work the first day, the foreman asked me where my boots were.

"Nobody told me I had to have boots."

"We'll loan them 'til you get your own," he said.

Hip boots are not exactly comfortable. We had to walk out on a long pier, then up the stairs to the cannery.

I held the banister for dear life because I could see the big waves

splashing into the pier below.

At the top, the foreman told me to stand on one side of a big trough containing the fish. There was another person on the other side. At the end was a conveyor belt with grooves; we had to pick up the fish and put one in each groove.

As Big as Mackerels

“Sardines,” I said to myself, expecting to see little things the size of goldfish. But some of these were as big as mackerels.

“Use two hands! Use two hands!” the boss yelled above the din of the machinery. There were knives at the end of the conveyor that cut off the heads and tails, then dropped the fish into a bucket. If you processed more than a certain number, you got extra pay. But I made only the minimum.

One time, my trough was empty, and the foreman was supposed to fill it by pulling down on a handle above us. I was the only one at my trough, and we were to call the foreman as quickly as possible so we could continue working. I looked around furtively, but everyone had their heads down, so I said out loud, “Fish.” No one heard me, so I ventured a little louder, “Fish!” Nothing.

The fish were in a huge tank filled with water on a balcony just above us. The foreman pulled the handle down, opening a chute, and the fish fell into the trough. Then he would push the handle back. It looked easy, and I figured others whose troughs were emp-

ty pulled the handle themselves. Well, this kid who weighed 110 pounds should be able to do it, too.

Longest Day of Her Life

I reached up, but I couldn't quite make it. I tried again without results. So I jumped up and got a good hold on the handle.

The trapdoor opened, and about 100 sardines tumbled down, all over me, in my hair, in my boots...everywhere, overflowing the trough.

This brought the whole emergency squad over. We were all picking up fish and throwing them back into the trough. It would have felt like this was the longest day of my life, except for that 89¢ an hour.

I worked there for a few weeks until Bill's pay finally came through and he got his orders to leave for officer candidate school in Fargo, North Dakota.

On Christmas Day, my husband had CQ (charge of quarters), which meant he didn't get the Christmas dinner President Roosevelt had promised. I ended up eating by myself at Fishermen's Wharf Restaurant.

We spent the next few days having a mini vacation in San Francisco. Then we boarded a train, with a berth, courtesy of Uncle Sam. We slept so well that the first thing we heard that morning was, “Last call for breakfast.” Luckily, it wasn't fish.

—Eileen Marguet
Greenfield, Massachusetts

Laughter Became Their Main Course

ONE AFTERNOON, in the late '40s, my 5-year-old sister, Bernice, and I, 7, had the giggles so bad, we'd burst into laughter just looking at each other.

At supper time, Mother sent me into another room so that the giggles would stop long enough for Bernice and the rest of the family to eat.

When I was allowed back into the kitchen to eat, Bernice begged Mom to put her in another room. So Mom then let her stay in the pantry.

It didn't work, though. Bernice kept peeking out at me, which threw us into gales of laughter. I don't remember if I ever finished that meal.

—Jean Reinhardt
Wilsall, Montana

Mom Was a 'Can-Do' Joker

MY DAD and two brothers often took pleasure in playing tricks on Mom. But one day, back in the '40s, she was able to get her revenge.

My sister and I had left home to teach school. My older brother, George, was in the Army, so that left Dad and my brother Stuart on the farm.

Our mom was putting away

George's clothes when she found a couple of firecrackers in a pair of trousers. That gave her an idea.

Dad and Stuart were trying out a tractor that had been returned from the shop. As they were coming back from the field, Mom put the firecrackers in a coffee can and lit them just as Dad and

Stuart got back to the garage.

Stuart jumped off the tractor and walked around the garage. Dad, who was driving, stopped the tractor in front of the garage just as the firecrackers went off.

Although Dad had polio and arthritis and walked with two canes, he lost little time getting off

that tractor seat.

Stuart came running to see what had happened.

"I thought we blew a tire," Dad said. "But it doesn't seem that we have."

"Tire, nothing," Stuart said. "That must have been a blown head gasket."

About that time, the coffee can fell back to earth and landed a few feet from the pair. They looked at it in surprise, then spotted Mom laughing so hard she couldn't even yell "April fool!"

That time, the joke was on them.

—Shirley Jipp
Blair, Nebraska

Wise Words

HERE'S WHAT Woody Adriansen of Henderson, Nevada calls his "wisdom saying":

A wise old owl
lived in an oak.
The more he saw,
the less he spoke.
The less he spoke,
the more he heard.
Why can't we be like
that old bird?

Unusual Tissue Dispenser

BY GOOD LUCK, my roommate at the University of Colorado, in the '40s, had the heartiest laugh I'd ever heard, and I loved to make people laugh.

In those days, it was common practice for us young coeds to stuff tissue in our bras to round out what nature had neglected.

My roommate cried as easily as she laughed, and she demonstrated that one day during a sad scene in a movie at the local theater. She leaned over and asked me if I had any tissue.

I told her that I did, but they were a little hard to get to. When she realized what I meant, her sobs changed to loud bursts of laughter.

That upset everyone in the theater, as they were caught up in the sad scene on the screen. When they let us know of their displeasure, we slipped out of the theater, but not before my roommate let forth one more howl of laughter.

We never did find out how the movie ended.

—*Marjorie Newton Bridgman*
Lincoln, California

Well, Did You?

ONE OF the smartest men I ever met was Uncle John. One day, I saw him dragging a 25-foot chain out the front gate, and I asked him what he was doing.

"I'm taking this chain to town to get it repaired," Uncle John replied.

"Why are you dragging it?" I

foolishly asked.

"Ever tried pushing one?" John countered. —*James Cook*
Miami, Florida

There Is a Difference

MANY YEARS AGO, my aunt was taking care of her six grandchildren.

When it was bath time, she put the youngest boy and sister in the tub together.

She was teasing the boy, calling him a "sweet little girl," when he suddenly stood up in the tub and said, "Grandma, can't you see I'm a boy! I've got a crew cut!"

—*William Seelke*
Croton-on-Hudson, New York

Happy Hunting

A HOUSEWIFE heard a knock at the front door and opened it to find two small boys. One was holding a list.

"Lady," he said, "me and my brother are on a treasure hunt. Do you have three grains of wheat, a pork chop bone or a piece of used carbon paper?"

"I don't have any of those things," the woman responded. "That's a hard list—what kind of treasure hunt is this?"

"If we find everything on this list," said the boy, "we'll win a dollar."

"And who's going to give you the dollar?" the woman asked.

"Our baby-sitter's boyfriend," the boy answered.

—*Ellen Kirkpatrick*
Parker, Pennsylvania



Dannheiser (left), in the classroom in 1960, shares his memory below.

Do Not Read This Note

I BEGAN teaching biology at Elkhart High School in 1960. I had many embarrassing moments during those days, but one stands out.

I was giving a test, so the classroom was very quiet while my students were answering the written questions. I began writing the next assignment on the chalkboard when I happened to turn around in time to see a student passing a note to the kid next to him.

Quietly, I walked down the row to his seat and took the note, then went back to the board to finish writing the assignment. As soon as I was done and glanced down to read the note, the class burst into laughter. I had been set up.

I turned around with a red face. The note said, "Smile if you don't have any underwear on."

After class, word of the incident about "Mr. D" and the note

was quickly passed around the school. Even the students in my next class were laughing.

I learned a lesson that day: Never read an intercepted note until class is over and the students are gone. —Ron Dannheiser
Elkhart, Indiana

Drive-In Dining

TWO CANNIBALS were walking through the jungle when one shouted, "Look what I see!" and pointed to two missionaries on bikes.

"Oh, goody," said the other cannibal. "Meals on wheels."

—Clavin Fisher
West Simsbury, Connecticut

Lesson Learned

MY FRIEND Clarence "Gilly" Gullbranson and I spotted a large watermelon on the porch of our local druggist, Tom Rafferty, one summer day in 1932 in Howard, South Dakota.

We took it, cut it in half, ate the center, then put it back on the porch.

Days later, I stopped at Rafferty's drugstore for a triple-dip cone. When I laid my nickel on the counter, Tom said, "How was the melon, Art?"

I took off running, leaving my nickel and the cone behind.

Years later, I asked Tom how he knew it was me. He said he didn't. He asked every kid the same question, and I was the only one who ran away.

—Art Lower
Crescent City, California

Pie Was the Pits

WHEN my husband and I were dating, he lived with his aunt and uncle, who had a beautiful cherry tree in their yard. They were going away for a week and invited me to pick the cherries while they were gone.

I decided to surprise my boyfriend with a homemade pie. I got a ladder, picked the cherries and washed them, made my own crust, prepared the filling and baked the pie.

Oh, it smelled good. Then I thought I'd better taste it before giving it to my boyfriend. Well, the first bite felt like my mouth was full of small marbles! You guessed it...I forgot to take out the pits! I threw the pie away and cried.

My boyfriend laughed when I told him what had happened. Shucks, that pie tasted good... except for the pits. We still laugh about it after all these years of marriage.

—Pat Hauck
Hummelstown, Pennsylvania

Moviegoers Joined Mom

MY MOTHER'S favorite actor was Dick Powell, so whenever he appeared in a new film, we always went.

In one film, he was courting a millionaire's daughter and, of course, the father disapproved. A confrontation occurred in a posh

dining room.

The father was so upset that he put sugar on his ham and eggs, and ketchup in his coffee. At that same moment, the daughter's aunt walked into the room in a full Cossack costume.

The entire audience laughed at the absurdity of all those things, and then the laughter tapered off—except Mom's.

She couldn't stop laughing, and soon the audience was again laughing for at least another 5 minutes.

—Vehig Tavitian
Wappingers Falls, New York

To Laugh, or Not to Laugh

WE WERE IN an English literature class at Royal Oak (Michigan) High School one day in 1944 when I glanced at the boy next to me and, for some reason, started to giggle.

He then started to laugh, and soon the whole row joined in. We all tried to stifle ourselves, but it was our strict teacher, Miss Gordon, who put an end to it.

She came up to me, told me to open my copy of *Hamlet* and made me read a whole page. That quickly sobered me up. The rest of the students in my row also quieted down for fear they'd be called upon to read.

What a fond memory of a giggle that started with a glance.

—Barbara Phelps Byers
Carson City, Nevada

29 and Holding

HUSBAND: What are the 10 best years of a woman's life?

Wife: Twenty-nine to 30. —Thomas Blow
Orlando, Florida



Keep Rolling!

TV commercials in the early '50s were live and kept going, regardless of what happened on the set.

IN THE EARLY '50s, television was in its infancy, and all local programs and commercials were presented live in black-and-white.

Most announcers, newscasters and performers worked in front of live cameras. They memorized or made up their words or read them from handheld cue cards. Adding to the mix were studio crews, directors and producers who didn't have much experi-

ence in this new medium. It was an exciting time to be involved in television, especially at WXYZ-TV in Detroit, Michigan.

A retail store sponsored an ad for garbage disposals during an afternoon movie program, and I was the store's ad manager, producing the ad.

In those days, in-sink garbage disposals were bolted to the floor so they didn't shake and destroy the sink. Since the sponsor had planned to do this same commercial live weekly for 6 weeks, the station's prop department had built a wooden platform and set the sink on top of it. They'd painted a kitchen window and hung curtains on a theater-type canvas flat behind the sink.

The water to operate the disposal came from a garden hose attached to a faucet in a nearby restroom. After 4 weeks, everything was in place for this week's live commercial.

All Set for Disaster

The on-camera announcer started the live commercial by entering the set smoking a cigarette—very stylish during the '50s—and flipping it into the air, where it arced into the garbage disposal. He turned the disposal on and started his pitch. The heavy sink had been pushed back and forth over the weeks as it was moved around the studio. As the announcer leaned on the sink to drop in the garbage, the sink, which had vibrated loose, fell off the platform so the sink and operating disposal were pitched at a 15-degree angle!

You would think everyone would have panicked, but not this TV station crew. At a signal from the floor manager, the announcer, continuing his pitch, leaned over at about the same angle as the tilted sink. He finished the commercial as the director adjusted the camera angle so the view looked straight on the TV screen.

Everyone was happy with their success, although it was difficult to explain when viewers, calling in their orders, asked why the kitchen window was so crooked behind the kitchen sink.

Another day, another dollar. TV stations were really fun in the good old days.

—*Jack Brussel*
San Diego, California

Fill 'Er Up

MY WIFE, Hallie, and I both grew up in southern California in the 1920s—a time when milkmen still used horse-drawn wagons to deliver their goods.

Hallie recalls watching one day when her milkman's horse relieved himself while waiting between stops.

“Mama! Mama!” Hallie cried, running to her mother. “The milkman's horse just lost all its gasoline!”

—*Charles Mont*
Burbank, California

By the Numbers

I HOPE you enjoy this tale as much as I have. I've kept it from way back when.

It's called “A Lesson in Arithmetic.”

He's teaching her arithmetic because that is his mission.

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice and said, “Now that's addition.”

And as he added smack by smack in silent satisfaction, she sweetly gave his kisses back and said, “Now that's subtraction.”

Now he kissed her and she kissed him without any explanation.

They both together smiled and said, “Now that's multiplication.”

But her dad soon appeared upon the scene, and he made a quick decision.

He kicked the lad three blocks away and said, “Now that's division.”

—*Victoria Voyk*
Scottsdale, Arizona

Client Confusion

A FARMER went to see an attorney about getting a divorce, and the following discussion took place.

Attorney: "Well, do you have grounds?"

Farmer: "Yes, I have about 140 acres."

Attorney: "No, you don't understand. Do you have a *case*?"

Farmer: "No, but I have a John Deere."

Attorney: "You still don't understand. I mean, do you have a grudge?"

Farmer: "Yes, sir—that is where I keep my John Deere."

Attorney: "No, no! I mean—do you have a suit?"

Farmer: "Yes, sir—I wear it to church every Sunday."

Attorney: "Well, does your wife beat you up?"

Farmer: "No, sir. We both get up at 4:30."

Attorney: "All right, all right. Let me put it this way: Why do you want a divorce?"

Farmer: "Well, I never *have* been able to have a meaningful conversation with that woman."

—Walter Collins

Mountain Rest, South Carolina

Whose Lifetime?

MY HUSBAND, Bob, had just returned to his hospital room after having a pacemaker implanted.

Our daughter and I were waiting there for him, and the box the pacemaker had come in was in the room. Our daughter noticed

printing on the side. It said the pacemaker came with a "limited lifetime guarantee."

Bob laughed and said it should have come with something like a 30,000-mile guarantee. Who knew what a "lifetime" could be?

Upon further reading, we discovered the pacemaker also came with a \$500 rebate should it have a defective part.

"Swell!" we exclaimed.

By the time the doctor arrived, we were all in hysterics.

—Jan Grice

Encinitas, California

Not Bottle Babies

THREE MEN were in the hospital waiting room. The nurse came in and said, "Mr. Brown, you are the father of twins."

"Now wouldn't you just know it," Mr. Brown said. "I work for the Minnesota Twins."

A little later, the nurse came back and said, "Mr. Green, you are the father of triplets."

"Well, wouldn't you just know it?" said Mr. Green. "I work for 3M."

When the nurse came back, the third guy was putting on his coat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I'm leaving," the man said. "I work at the 7-Up bottling plant!"

—Lawrence Lindhardt

Bladen, Nebraska

God Bless Everyone

DADDY was the reader and Momma the prayer when it came

to bedtime. After the “Now I lay me down to sleep” part, I listed all the people and every dog and cat I knew.

Eventually, Momma said, “That’s enough stalling. Tell God good night.” —*Ina Mae Brooks Lamar, Colorado*

Rinse, Please

MY DENTIST has a sense of humor, as I learned at my last visit.

I had told him that, to me, dentistry seemed like such a boring profession.

“Yes,” he agreed.

“But I’m not down in the mouth about it.” —*Alice Jacoby*

Kenosha, Wisconsin

It Wasn’t a Comedy?

THE SENIOR CLASS at Memorial High School in Campbell, Ohio put on a play in January 1937, just prior to graduation.

As the play opened, five couples appeared on stage in ballroom dance positions. Two of the boys had never danced before, and to see them in their awkward stances seemed hilarious to six of us boys in the front row.

We broke out laughing, and soon 900 of our fellow students followed suit. The auditorium rocked with laughter, and there was mass confusion on the stage.

Mr. O’Mellon, the principal, appeared onstage and ordered all the students back to their classrooms—all but the six of us. We

were called to his office.

There, Mr. O’Mellon said that each of us was going to get on the stage and apologize to the director of the play, the dancers, the faculty and the whole student body.

Everyone was called back into the auditorium, where we appeared, one by one, and made our apologies. There was no applause, and we all left the stage in abject humiliation.

The play was then resumed.

—*Joseph Zetts*
Rockville, Maryland

Just Charge It

A WISE GUY was refused entry into a nightclub because he was not wearing a tie.

He went back to his car, got out a set of jumper cables and looped them around his neck. Then he went back to the door.

“Okay, you can come in,” said the bouncer. “But don’t start anything.” —*Dorothy Stauffer*

Emmaus, Pennsylvania

Be More Specific

A TEACHER instructed her kindergarten pupils that they were to raise their hand if they had to go to the bathroom.

The next day, one of them said, “Teacher, last night I had to go to the bathroom, so I raised my hand. But it didn’t help. I had to go anyway.” —*John Hampsch*

Los Angeles, California

“SHE bought a Cadillac,” writes Shelby Friedman of Dallas, Texas. The DeVille made her do it.

Accidental Church Soloist

ONE SUNDAY MORNING in church, the minister announced that since there was no special music for the service that day, we'd sing another hymn and that would be the "special."

I love to sing and joined in with gusto. But one part in the hymn required a pause, and I didn't pause. I sang on loudly—alone.

My married son was next to me. He nudged me with his elbow and said, "Great special, Dad."

I finished the hymn, but I almost strangled myself to keep from laughing. Then, when things quieted down, my son nudged me again. That did it.

I had to leave. As I fled down the aisle, I heard snickers and muffled laughter from those who'd also heard my "special."

After the service, several people came up to me and said it was a good thing that I left when I did, or the whole congregation would have joined me.

Laughter is contagious, and occasionally I laugh until my sides hurt—and even then, it's sometimes hard to stop.

—George Bostwick
Hood River, Oregon

Oh, Henry!

I ASKED the librarian if she thought the book titled *Walden* gave a good account of the life of its author.

She said she thought it was pretty Thoreau.

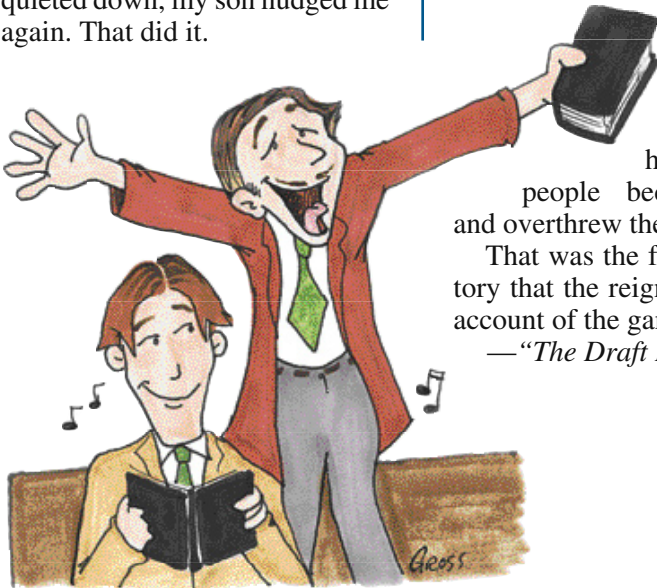
—James Hardie
Quincy, Massachusetts

Reign Check, Please

THE NEW emperor was a very gentle man who loved all wild animals. But when he allowed the animals to run loose all over his domain, the people became annoyed and overthrew the emperor.

That was the first time in history that the reign was called on account of the game.

—*"The Draft Horse Journal"*



There's been a lot said about humor. Thank you for laughing with us!

"I was irrevocably betrothed to laughter, the sound of which has always seemed to me to be the most civilized music in the world."

—*Peter Ustinov*
Actor

"Laughter is part of the human survival kit."

—*David Nathan*
Journalist

"Laughter is the corrective force which prevents us from becoming cranks."

—*Henri Bergson*
French Philosopher

"You grow up on the day you have your first real laugh at—yourself."

—*Ethel Barrymore*
Actress

"Laughter is the shortest distance between two people."

—*Victor Borge*
Musician

"Laughter is an instant vacation."

—*Milton Berle*
Comedian

"The person who knows how to laugh at himself will never cease to be amused."

—*Shirley MacLaine*
Actress

"The best things in life are silly."

—*Scott Adams*
"Dilbert" Cartoonist

"Laughter is a tranquilizer with no side effects."

—*Arnold Glasow*
Psychologist

"I am thankful for laughter, except when milk comes out of my nose."

—*Woody Allen*
Filmmaker

"The best blush to use is laughter: It put roses in your cheeks and in your soul."

—*Linda Knight*
Artist and Poet

"Mirth is God's medicine. Everyone ought to bathe in it."

—*Henry Ward Beecher*
American Orator and Author

"You can't deny laughter; when it comes, it plops down in your favorite chair and stays as long as it wants."

—*Stephen King*
Author

"Seven days without laughter make one weak."

—*Joel Goodman*
Film Editor and Music Composer

I love reading
Reminisce...
it's a real
pick-me-up.



Give Yourself an EXTRA Lift

Reminisce subscribers can keep their favorite nostalgia magazine coming every month with an additional subscription to Reminisce EXTRA. Don't you miss out on another issue...filled with the uplifting memories and photos you love.

Reminisce
The Magazine That Brings Back the Good Times

Reminisce
The Magazine That Brings Back the Good Times
EXTRA

The Magazines That Bring Back the Good Times.

Visit our Web site at www.reminisce.com.