

LAUGH BOOK

MAGAZINE

P. D. C.

FEBRUARY, 1958

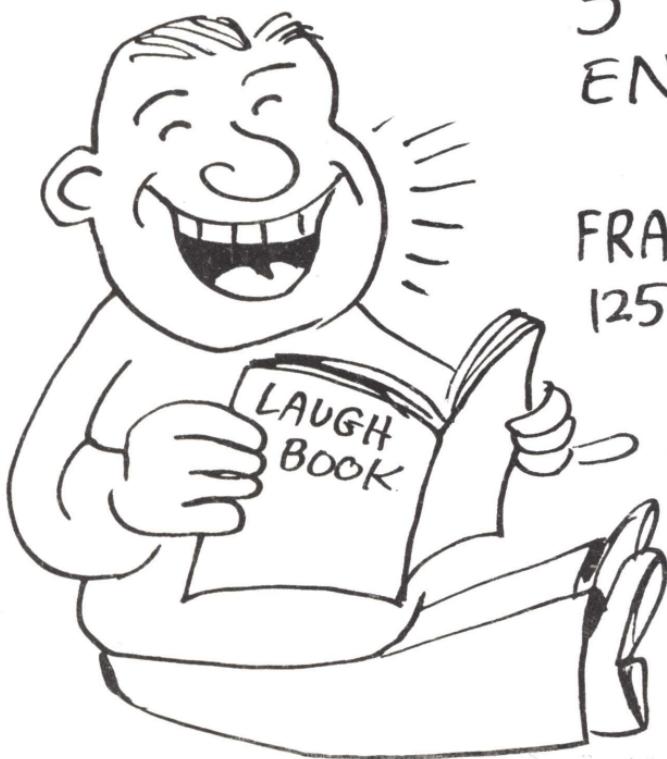
35¢



HEY
CHARLEY
JONES---

KEEP "LAUGH BOOK"
COMING ANOTHER YEAR.

3 BUCKS
ENCLOSED.



FRANK W. EGNER
1254 ROSEMONT
AVENUE

CINCINNATI,
5, OHIO

(IF BENNETT CERF
CAN DO IT,
SO CAN I!)



EBRUARY

Charley Jones' LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE



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No. 7

CHARLES E. JONES, Editor & Publisher

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Letter from Charley

Dear Friends:

Honestly, I've been trying every day for a week to get this letter out to you but haven't been able to steal the time. And as it is, I'm writing it from room 924 of the Ambassador Hotel, in Washington, D. C. I'm sitting up here looking out a window and down onto a small park at 14th and K streets. Beyond that there isn't much to be seen.

The clouds have dipped down out of the heavens and brought with them fog and a drizzle of rain that is striving desperately to obliterate an eleven inch fall of snow that was deposited here two days ago. Even the birds are walking and it's the kinda day that's only good for two things and it's too cold for fishing.

On second thought, maybe I shouldn't have said anything about being in Washington. Things are so bad back here any more that when you admit even being near the town everyone gets the idea that you're either here being investigated or testifying against the teamster's union or something. And in the light of what happened today I also want to deny that I had anything to do with the fact that Uncle Samnik went kerflopnik down at Canaveral, Florida.

Nope, it wasn't anything like that. I just came down here to see a man about some tires and I can prove it. But there's one thing I can tell you for sure. You can sort of feel it in the air around here. The Air Force is in more than some what of a dither about something and you can see Air Force Blue trimmed in brass

Continued on page 36



*Gems of Wit and Wisdom Gleaned From
Earl Wilson's Broadway Column,*

"It Happened Last Night"

That's Earl, Brother!!

George DeWitt says his little foreign car broke down. It needed a new flin.

That Asian flu, sniffs Lisa Kirk, is just an ill wind that makes everybody blow good.

A man gets married when he decides he'd rather argue with his girl at home than in a restaurant.

JOE FRISCO, noting that Mike Todd's Madison Sq. Garden party invitation specified black tie, said, "All r-r-right — but it'll l-l-look funny with my b-b-brown suit."

"Alimony's a system in which one pays for the mistakes of two."
— Ben Cutler.

GROUCHO MARX told one of his quiz contestants, an Indian chief, "You speak pretty good English — for a foreigner."

Jay Jackson met a guy who's really old-fashioned. While everybody else is getting Asian flu, he just got Virus X.

Romance is out the window when she stops knitting and starts needling. — Chuck Barnett.

At Bob Olin's, a comic saw a famed stripper and said, "Don't just stand there — undo something!"

"Before marriage, you should keep your eyes wide open. Afterwards, keep them half shut." — Gertrude Berg.

"Winter must be on the way — thieves are only stealing cars with anti-freeze in them." — Roger Price.

A small business opened on a busy corner where there were many passersby, then closed. It seems the passersby kept on passing by.

Fernanda Montel says a wife phoned a doctor and said, "My husband isn't himself lately. How can I keep him this way?"

The best way to avoid the

Asian flu, says Betty Ann Grove, is to visit night clubs. No flu bug can live in that atmosphere.

A certain parakeet amuses visitors, reports comic Corbett Monica, by saying, "I can talk . . . let's see you fly."

"Each day for my soul's good I have done two things I have disliked; I have got up and I have gone to bed." — W. Somerset Maugham.

Sometimes a motorist will knock down a pedestrian because his windshield's obscured by safety stickers. — Ima Wash-out.

No wonder salmon is red — it's blushing at the high prices they get for it nowadays.

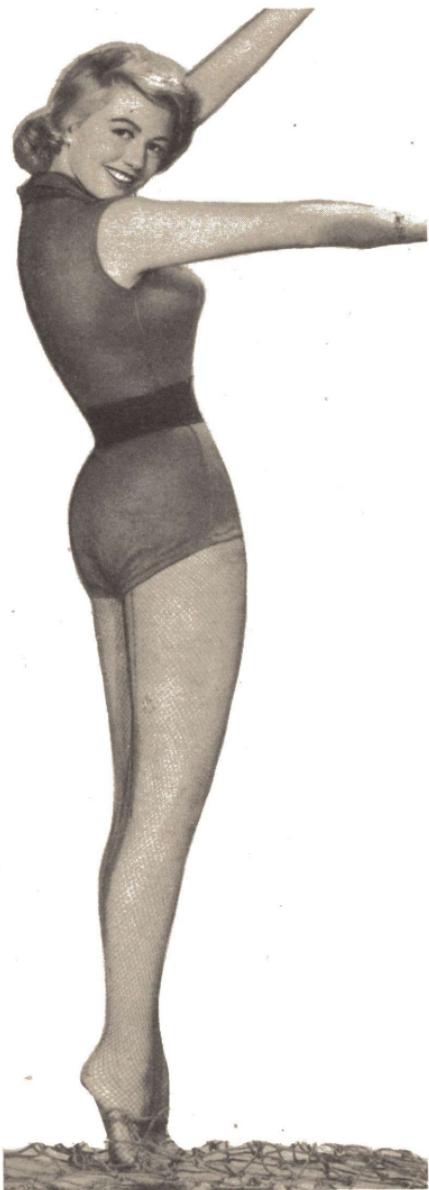
"Women have reached middle age when their girdles pinch them and men don't." — Guy Mitchell.

A VISITOR TO a publicist's cluttered office said, "I know why this floor is never swept — nobody can find it!"

"The successful man has a wife who tells him what to do and a secretary who does it." — J. W. Pelkie, Quote.



Sue Ane Langdon, a one-time Texas bronc-buster, plays a policewoman in the new musical, "Copper and Brass."



Dorothy Malone's work in "Man of a Thousand Faces," may get an Academy Award nomination.

A MEMBER OF THE B'way bop set shrugs off Russian scientific advances. "So what?" he sniffs. "They haven't come up with a hit record yet!"

"I LIVE IN Miami and I look tan all year 'round," Jerry Lester boasted. "Well, I'm on color TV," said Steve Allen, "and I look green all year 'round."

Once a guy needed a girl and \$2 to get married, today he needs a psychiatrist.

"THE SEASON'S TV in a nutshell," says Herb Stein, "is, 'Have Stool, Will Sing' . . . Variety says teen-agers now say, "See you tonight, Satellite."

TAFFY TUTTLE has a big audience as a screen star. Every night the neighbors watch as she undresses behind a screen.

"In the best movies, the hero gets kicked, whipped, thrashed, beaten, flogged and clubbed . . . they're love stories." — Carl Ide, Pittsburgh commentator.

TAFFY TUTTLE doesn't go riding with her boy friend because he sees spots before his eyes — lonely spots along the side of the road.

Tony Pettito said he wasn't feeling up to snuff, and Taffy Tuttle replied, "It's just as well — that's a nasty habit anyway."

"It takes a smart woman to decide if a man's too old to be eligible or too eligible to be considered old." — Quote.

A newlywed told Frankie Lyman, "Ever since I said 'I do,' there've been an awful lot of things I don't."

Eydie Gorme explains why so many people stay home to watch TV: "They prefer wider seats to wider screens."

Jack Herbert writes us about one of his relatives whose honesty is never questioned. In fact, it's never been mentioned.

These days, says Robt. Q. Lewis, the true test of a comedian is whether he can get a laugh without mentioning Sputnik.

A lot of young people get discovered — and a lot of others just get found out.

"The toughest part of putting something away for a rainy day is finding a clear day to do it."
— Sandy Sanford.



Mitzi Gaynor just had her locks trimmed to play in "South Pacific."



Big Night at the Neighborhood Movie!

By Ben Cassell

A large sign on the marquee notified me and a palpitating public that this week was bank night, kitchenware night, convertible night, grocery night, free vacation night, screeno night, ten-o-win night, Uncle Hiram's country store night, and Jim's amateur night. God, I thought, what a night!

Clutching all my tickets in my hot little hand, I dashed through the door, scattering stubs like a freight train dropping bums. I fumbled down the aisle, my groping hands finding an empty seat. I sat down on something

soft and I thought, "At least, I've got a comfortable seat."

"For Chrisakes!" said a sepulchral voice from somewhere below me.

"Pardon me," I said, "is this seat taken?"

"It is now," she said. "Move over, doll, I can't breathe."

I moved over and took a look at her.

"Honey," I said, "I've loved you ever since I first sat down on you."

She looked interested, so I went on.

"Baby," I said, "you are with-

out a doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I would gladly marry you tonight, but I'm only a poor bus boy in a restaurant."

We whispered on at some length in this vein, and the people sitting around us said, "Shhhh!" only not that loud. They seemed to be interested in what we had to say, too.

Finally the lights went up and I knew the show was over. My little companion reached under her seat and brought forth a little metal filing cabinet.

"Baby," I said, "what's that?"

"I have all my ticket stubs catalogued and filed in here," she purred happily. "Whenever he calls a number, I only have to look in my little filing cabinet. None of this spreading stubs all over your knees for me."

I looked casually at her knees and readily understood what she meant. Those knees were never meant for spreading ticket stubs on them. They were meant for love. I thought her a remarkably intelligent little girl as she looked at me looking at her knees and smiled. In fact, her intelligence worried me a little.

First came groceries, and I won a large basket that had two

boxes of rye crackers, which I love.

"Look, honey," I said, "rye crackers."

We sat there very close to each other and ate my rye crackers. From time to time people sitting around us would turn and say, "Shhhh!" but we went right on eating.

Then came screeno, and she hit the jackpot for seven hundred and eighty-four dollars. With bank night, I came in again for sixty-three hundred dollars. People around us watched our every move, and they envied our little filing system as they pawed around the litter surrounding their seats.

I thought for a while we wouldn't win the convertible but they finally got around to our number, and we were in again. Jim's amateur night came on and they were terrible, but we didn't care. It went on like this for quite a while. Finally things cooled off and they announced the drawing for the free vacation. A little tot drew the number and we looked frantically through our filing cabinet, but without avail. Then I felt my left hand touch a ticket stub and looking at it, I yelled: "Here it is!"

She turned and looked at me curiously.



Laugh Book

Filchock

"Hey," he yelled, "don't forget your vacation tickets." Sticking his head in the window, he said: "Your model home will be ready for you when you come back from your vacation. I'll have the gas and water and electricity turned on myself."

That shapely little redhead sitting next to me said: "This isn't a vacation. This is a honeymoon, isn't it, darling?" And she stared hard at me.

I nodded. What else could I do? My mind was already racing ahead to thoughts of looking for another ticket she might have hidden some place else, just for luck!



HE WON

"Ho Pedro, why are you looking so happy?"

"Ahh, it is because Lolita has promised to be mine."

"Caramba, Pedro, not Lolita. Every man in Tasco has made love to that one."

"Si, but Tasco is such a leedle town."

We read where a Kansas woman is reading the Bible through for the 87th time. Could be the quotation she is looking for is from Shakespeare.

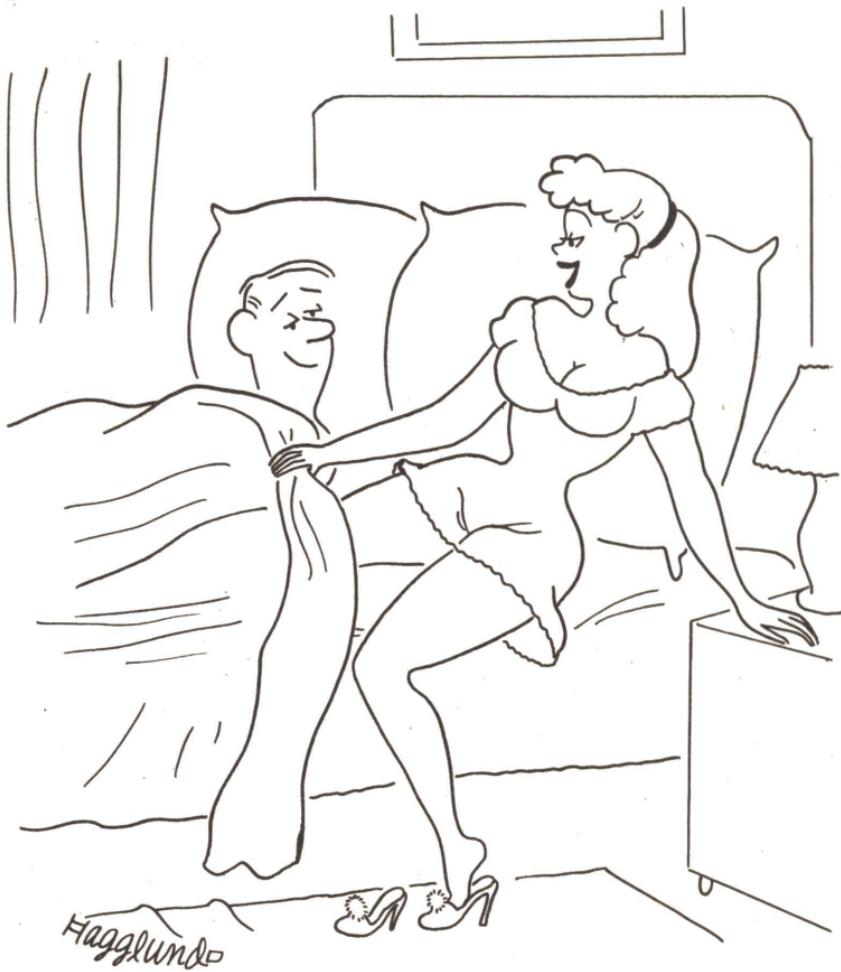
"You read through nylon fine," she whispered. "That one ticket I put in the top of my stocking for luck."

We got up to leave. There by the front door was our shiny new convertible. The back seat was loaded with groceries and chinaware and two sad-looking people dressed in overalls and straw hats.

"Baby," I said, "who are these people?"

"They're a couple of Jim's amateurs and we won 'em fair and square," she replied happily.

I sighed and got into the car. Just then the manager of the theater came running out, waving a string of tickets.



Laugh Book

"Hold it, I'll be right back."

Irv Hagglund

Violent exercise after 40 is considered very harmful — especially if it is done with a knife and fork, quips an exchange.



The Hobbies of George Washington

By Bob Makinson

Being Commander in Chief of the Continental Armies and then later, President of the United States, George Washington had plenty of things to keep him busy. But wise man that he was, he always found time for fun and relaxation by cultivating many hobbies.

His very first hobbies as a youth were that of chopping cherry trees and of telling the truth. But these two hobbies were continually getting him into trouble, especially with his father who finally threatened to chop his head off if he didn't leave the cherry trees in their back yard alone. In obeyance to his father's wishes, George gave up chopping cherry trees, and took up instead the then

popular sport of tossing silver dollars. He could throw them pretty far too, but his aim wasn't very good and he'd frequently break windows in his neighbor's houses. However in those days a silver dollar was more than enough to buy a new window with, so the neighbors didn't complain too much. This was a very popular hobby of his and after his marriage he would frequently invite Martha to join him in tossing them across Rappahannock. But she complained that it was a waste of federal funds, especially since she didn't have as good a pitching arm as he, and couldn't always reach the other side. She therefore let him do the throwing, although she would join him in a

swim or a boat ride to the other side to retrieve the coins.

Boating was one of George Washington's favorite pastimes also, but he didn't like to row. He used to let others do this while he would stand in heroic poses. His experience at this enabled him to look superb on crossing the Delaware. And there was of course a painter on hand to record this event, for having himself painted was another important hobby of our first President.

The paintings were usually done by Gilbert Stuart, who was continually running in and out of the executive residence to dash off new idealizations of the Father of Our Country. The other painters of the day, who painted him as he really looked, weren't as often called upon to do official portraits. But Gilbert Stuart really knew all the angles when it came to glamorizing his subject on canvas. And George helped him out on a few of the full length jobs by donning his sexiest knee breeches.

And Washington's legs were pretty youthful too, he kept them in shape by horseback riding, which by the way, was the hobby that finally took his life. Not as a result of toppling off his horse, he was too skillful for that, but as a result of going

out for a ride on his estate when the weather was too severe.

George Washington's achievements have inspired millions, but his hobbies are hardly pursued in today's world. Photography has replaced painting, the automobile has replaced the horse. The paper dollar has replaced the silver dollar. And telling the truth seems to be disappearing too, even as a hobby.



NEVER TOO OLD

A very attractive young lady breezed into the flower shop and searched through the shelves for the flower of her choice. Unable to find it, she turned to the florist, an old man who was trimming a plant in one corner of the shop.

"Do you have any passion poppy?" she asked.

"Sure do," he wheezed. "Just wait until I get through pruning this lily."

When a fellow takes a girl in his arms to dance these days he soon knows what he's up against.



Seafood Plate— Family Style

By Robert O.
Erisman

“Well! . . . Now . . . let's see . . . What's good today?”

“The sea food plate is very good, sir.”

“The sea food plate, eh. How is this swordfish?”

“Very good, sir.”

“How is the flounder, waiter?”

“Very good, ma'am.”

“I want lobster! I want lobster!”

“Billy! Is that the way to act when we eat out?”

“I want lobster too, Mama . . . Mama.”

“I heard you, dear. Shall we just let Daddy do the ordering, and we'll all sit quiet until he asks each of us what we want?”

“I want lobster.”

“Jane. I'm not going to speak to you again.”

“What are you going to have, Mrs. Foster?”

“I think I'll have the flounder, Mr. Foster.”

“What was this — this plate again?”

“The sea food plate, sir. This is a selection of sea food tid-bits. Very good.”

“Tid-bits, eh. Oh here it is down here. Uh . . . huh.”

“May I see the menu, please, Mama?”

“You just wait, Jane.”

“I want lobster! I want — !”

“Billy! I'm not going to speak to you again!”

“Tid-bits, eh. Ha. How would

you like some sea food *tid-bits*, Mrs. Foster?"

"No, I'm going to have the flounder."

"Yes, ma'am. That's one flounder."

"What's this special they've stuck on here — oyster stew . . . aux . . . *crou* —"

"Yes-sir, oyster stew *aux croutons*. That's with toast squares floating in it."

"Toast squares, eh. That's a new one on me. I thought they only did that with tomato soup."

"So that will be one flounder, sir, and . . ."

"All right, what are you going to have, Janey — how would you like some sea food *tid-bits*?"

"I don't want any *tid-bits*."

"No, thank you, Daddy, I don't want *tid-bits*."

"But I don't want *tid-bits*, Mama . . ."

"How 'bout you, Billy boy? Let's see now, you could have swordfish, or *flounder*, or —"

"I want lobster!"

"Mrs. Foster, your son has very expensive tastes. I don't know whether a Diesel engineer can afford lobster or not."

"I'm not going to be a Diesel engineer. I'm going to be a jet pilot."

"Oh, the last I heard, you were going to be —"

"You'd better order, dear. I

think flounder would be very nice for the children, too."

"Then that will be three flounders, sir —?"

"But I don't like flounder, Mama . . ."

"Well, would you prefer swordfish, then? . . . Or oyster stew, a nice big oyster stew?"

"How 'bout all of us having the *tid-bits*? The sea food *tid-bits*? How would that be? Billy boy?"

"Can't I have lobster?"

"Not until you get your first week's pay jet-piloting, no sir! After that, you can have lobster three times a day!"

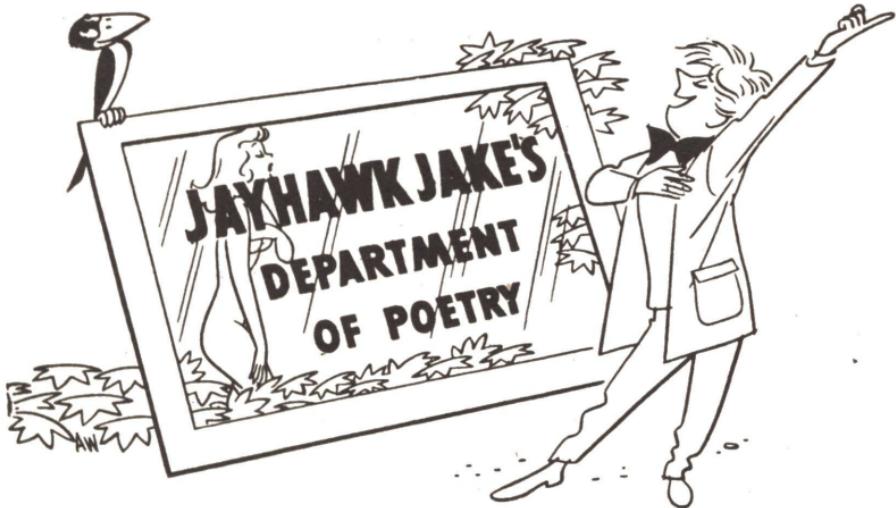
"There's probably a little lobster on that sea food plate, as a matter of fact. And flounder too, for that matter . . . Perhaps that would be the thing, dear, the sea food plate for all of us."

"We're all going to have the *tid-bits* then? So be it! *Tid-bits* for four! All right, waiter, I guess that's — Now, where did that fellow go to, anyway . . .?"



"Darling," said the bride, "I've a confession to make — I have asthma."

Groom: "Thank heavens — I thought you were hissing me."



ABBREVIATED

*A coed who drank by the qt.
While stewed, was brought into ct.
When the judge asked her,
"Why?"
She burped her reply:
"It isn't the thirst, it's the spt."*

REJECTION SLIP REFLECTIONS

*When I am dead some brilliant head
Will find my dusty poems,
And each mag that rejected me
Will eulogize my bones.
My stomach aches for juicy steaks,
They caper through my dreams.
And though I like the things I write,
I can't eat them it seems.*

*With trembling lips I save the slips,
That feed my growing gloom.
With every pastel shade that's made,
I've papered my whole room.
Although I've writ with sparkling wit
Not one darn word will sell.
I nurse my grief while on relief,
And the eds can go to h—l.*

I. A. Cima

PASSING TIME

*In days of yore, my Grandma wore
A nightcap on her head
These modern days, she's changed her
ways
She drinks it now instead.*

Ruth E. Smith

IT FIGURES

*When Fifi starts in to disrobe,
The guys all gawk and gape,
For Fifi hasn't any shades
But, Brother . . . what a shape!
F. G. Kernan*

FATE ONCE WORSE THAN DEBT

*Girls once sinned for money;
Today that is a rarity.
For now they all have jobs;
I think they sin for charity.*

*Girls once sinned for clothes —
They said that was the reason —
But now they wear so few
And sin because it's pleasin'.*

Dawn Parker

The Morning After, Wife Speaking

Reprinted By Request

*Good morning, my bright international mate,
My outstanding genius in problems of state,
I trust all is clear in that wonderful mind,
Which last night remodeled the whole of mankind.
Your handling of Nasser, Khruschev, Palestine,
Great Britain and France; it was masterly fine!
You're sure to be named as "The Man of the Year."
Here's four or five aspirins — swallow them, dear.*

*Awake, my fine songster! It's well on toward noon,
All morning I've waited, just hoping you'd croon,
A measure from "Chloe" or "Deep Rolling Sea,"
Which last night you sang until half after three.
You awakened the neighbors, you tripped on the mat
And one of your props was your hostess' hat.
I'm sure she will want you again for tonight —
The life of the party, whenever you're tight.*

*Arise, my sweet prince, but be careful don't skid,
Arise and consider the things that you did.
The uprooted garden, the splintered garage;
It sounded just like an old-fashioned barrage.
Go see your hostess — and carry a check.
I think if you sign it just "Pain in the Neck"
The bank will OK it — it would have to be you —
The clown gone berserk "Twixt dawn and the dew."*

*So drink up that seltzer, you chattering drone,
It's said to be good for a splintering dome.
I wish I were Sandow; how far would I throw you
For the next thirty days please pretend I don't know you.
My juvenile jackass, my dim-witted duffer,
You say you feel awful? — Well, damit, suffer!!*



OH SAY, DO YOU SEE

*Look, my dear, is that Yvonne?
No. I think it is her brother;
See the haircut and the pants?
Oh, my goodness! it's — her Mother!*

Marie
Miller



ON THE SLY

*"Oh, Meat me Syrup-titiously
As the moon is Raisin' high.
For you, my Flour, my Heart Beets
true,
For you I'd Liver die."
She met him at the Corn-er,
Butter Rice with sleep were dim;
She promised Macaroni love
She'd spend his Celery for him.*

Millie Tolle

POLITE ABOUT IT

*She stroked my hair, she held my
hand
The lights were dim and low
She raised her eyes with sweet
surprise
And softly whispered, "No."*

AROUND ABOUT TOWN

*He spent his health to get his wealth,
And then with might and main
He turned around and spent his
wealth
To get his health again.*

B. L. Lawson

DOUBLE OR NOTHING

*In coats the double breasted style
May only last a little while.
The same, of course, cannot be
said
Of girls most men prefer to wed!*

S. Omar Barker



NUMB NAIL SKETCH

*Ever since Christmas, I turn white with rage
Sputter, stammer, and tremble
Whenever I'm told about a new toy
That "any child can assemble!"*

Danny Seifer

CASH IN FIST

"It's not what you'd do with a million,
If riches should e'er be your lot;
It's what you're doing at present,
With the dollar and a quarter
you've got."

NICE PLACE

Mary had a little pet,
'Twas neither lamb nor gopher.
For the little pet that Mary had
Was on the parlor sofa.

IN THE RAW

I have found I sleep just dandy
With my skin for my attire
(Though I keep my pajamas
handy
Just in case of flood or fire.)

Hal Chadwick

WHY AND HOW

Why is Chicago Ill?
Hurry, call the Baltimore M. D.
Why doesn't Walla Walla Wash
Before he calls on Kreole Miss?

What grass did St. Louis Mo?
Did Noah build Little Rock
Ark?

Who shot Big Bend Cal
How much did Columbus O?

How much can you get for Gold
Hill Ore?

Who loves Minneapolis Minn?
Who dates New Haven Conn?
Just who lives in Angels Penn?

And if you can't tell me the
answers

Well, I'm sure Topeka, Kan.

Betty Cooper

OCCUPATIONAL HAZARD

Toys to the left of me, toys to the right;
Holsters and guns and a ball;
Tower of blocks, two trucks and a boat
Lying in wait in the hall.

Someday perhaps with an armful of clothes
Or bundles I've brought from the store,
I'll stumble and skid on those pesky toys
Scattered all over the floor.

Should it be fatal, this last trip of mine,
As I stand at the Pearly Gate,
Will they let me in if they know I arrived
By way of a roller skate?



Jean Conder Soule

You've Still Got Two Chances

Author Unknown



Editor's note: In the past ten years this "two chances" bit has crossed this desk in various forms a great many times. However, not until the other day did this particular one come to our attention when it was handed to us by a recently returned veteran. So-o-o-o, don't just take a hasty glance and decide that you know this one — maybe you haven't heard it in this form after all. — CEJ

When you are born you all have two chances. Either you are born a girl, or you are born a boy. If you're born a girl, you've got it made; if you're born a boy, you've got two chances. You can grow up and join the Air Force, or you can

wait and get drafted. If you join the Air Force you've got it made; if you get drafted, you've got two chances. Either you can go to the Infantry, or you can go to the Medics. If you go to the Infantry, you've got it made; if you go to the Medics, you've still got two chances. You can be a corpsman, or you can be an aid-man. If you're a corpsman you've got it made; if you're an aidman, you've got two chances. Either you can go to Europe or you can go to the Far East. If you go to Europe, you've got it made. If you go to the Far East, you've got two chances; you can go to Japan, or you can go to Korea. If you go to Japan, you've got it made; if you go to Korea, you've got two chances. You can be in an aid-station or you could go up to the front lines. If you go to an aid-station, you've got it made; if you go up to the front lines you've still got two chances. You can either get wounded and get sent back to the states, or you can get killed. If you get wounded, you've got it made; if you get killed, you've two chances. Either you go where the good little boys go, or you

go where the bad little boys go.
If you go where the good little
boys go, you've got it made; if
you go where the bad little boys
go, you've still got two chances.
You can come to earth as a hu-
man, or come back as a roll of
toilet paper. If you come back
as a human, you've got it made;
if you come back as a roll of
toilet paper, you've still got two
chances. You can either go to
the little boys room, or you can
go to the little girl's room. If
you go to the little boy's room
you've got it made; if you go to
the little girl's room you've still
got TWO CHANCES. . . .



BRAINWORK

Son: "Pop, I got a lickin' in
school today and it's your fault."

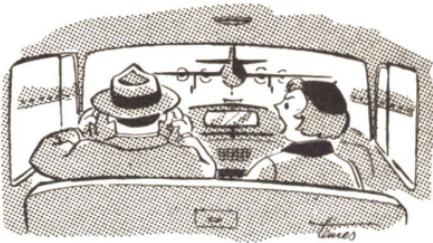
Pop: "How's that, son?"

Son: "Remember when I asked
you how much a million dollars
was?"

Pop: "Yes, I remember."

Son: "Well, 'helluva lot' ain't
the answer."

*I know a man who has con-
vinced me of reincarnation. I'm
sure that in some previous life
he was part of a horse.*



"Still insist this is Route 33?"

Laugh Book

Mort Temes

Teacher: "Abie, can you give
me a sentence using the word
'fiddle-stick?'"

Abie: "If the bed is too short,
your fiddle-stick out."

PROPER SEASONING

Young Son (at dinner): "Dad,
are caterpillars good to eat?"

Dad: "Haven't I told you
never to mention such things at
the table? Why do you ask such
a question?"

Son: "I saw one on your let-
tuce a minute ago, but it's OK.
It's gone now."

SLIGHT DIFFERENCE

Tourist (to farmer): "What
ya got in your wagon?"

Farmer: "Manure — I'm going
to spread it on my rhubarb."

Tourist: "Well, I'll be darned!
And my wife laughs at me for
spreading butter on my pie!"



"That's an office collection I took up at the company's last New Year's Eve party!"
Laugh Book Lew Sliver

One thing about these new sack dresses for which women now have a fondness. When they wear 'em you never can tell if they were rump sprung to start with.

Kansas



Klippings

Number of years ago a bishop friend of ours told this little story, reputedly the gospel.

A bishop served in the hill country of the Ozarks and visited a certain small parish once a year for Confirmation. In one of his classes he noted a young man and a young woman who seemed to be quite fond of one another. The next year when he came around to the parish he spied the couple again — this time with a baby.

"Oh, did you get married?" he asked — beaming at the young couple.

Two jaws dropped simultaneously and the thunderstruck girl asked: "My gosh, isn't that what you did the last time?" — Butler County News.

Notice seen in a church in London: "Not everyone who enters this church is converted; please take care of your handbags, etc." — Emporia Gazette.

The right kind of woman takes you for what you are; the wrong kind for what you have. — St. John News.

Rolland Jacquot, of the Sublette Monitor, thinks you won't hear "On Wisconsin" played at

many Republican rallies for an indefinite time.

One of our friends confides he was so groggy when he awoke the other morning he could hardly find his tranquilizer pills. — Horace Jones, Lyons News.

Jack Harris thinks somebody should indict a Ballad to Suburbia opening with: "Out at the end of the sewer where the septic tanks begin —."

One of the peculiar things about this world, discovers Stew Newlin of the Wellington News, is that peanut butter doesn't taste good on cornbread.

Gertrude, always sketchy on news developments, is not certain whether it is the Reds or the Teamsters who have taken over Syria. — Wellington News.

It used to be that a college graduate had to start at the bottom and work up. Now, with all the bidding for his services, he starts at least at the middle and works up. The ideal will not be reached of course until it is possible to start at the top and not have to work at all. — Lyons News.

On the word of one of the slick-paper magazines there are now ten women in the United States with personal fortunes in excess of \$100,000,000. This proves the rewards that can come from being born in the right families or marrying into them. — Jack Harris.

Time was when school houses were all square and classrooms on

the north side managed without sunlight. But now folks have decided if a row of sun-filled rooms is good for chickens it won't hurt to try it on the children. — Manhattan Mercury.

Henry Ford II has sold his winter home in Florida for \$298,500 — marked down from \$300,000. All evidence now points to the belief that Henry will settle down in Detroit and grow up with the new models. — Rolla Clymer, El Dorado Times.

A woman nearing 80 signed up for a secretarial course in the midwest. "I'm determined to read my husband's diary," she explained. "For 59 years he's been keeping it in shorthand." — Topeka Journal.

Be the first in the office every morning, the last to leave at night, never be absent, always work through your lunch hour, and one day the big boss will call you in and say, "I've been watching your work very carefully, Jones. Just what the hell are you up to?" — Atchison Globe.

High noon is when a business man has three martinis before lunch. — Wichita Democrat.

A Wellington wit said yesterday, "This is a pretty nice day — for a town this size." — Wellington News.

There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions. — Chanute Tribune.

After looking through the first of the month bills, the Reflector-Chronicle says an Abilene man has crowned his wife as Miss Charge Account of 1957.

Mothers are a bit difficult to understand. They buy pants two years too big for the son and shorts two years too tight for the daughter. — Lawrence Outlook.

Songwriters claim they have a motive behind every song they write. The motive behind some of the current numbers must be revenge. — Augusta Gazette.

A westside teenager let Grandpa borrow his car and poor ol' Gramp got arrested for running without a muffler. His trouble was his hearing. — Gene Lowther, Emporia Gazette.

When you see a girl with a pleased look on her face, carrying a package that looks like a bundle of wheat, Flint Hills Peggy says it means she has bought a new petticoat.

Agnes — My mother was terribly disappointed when I was born.

Jerry — Did she want a boy?

Agnes — No, she wanted a divorce. — Chanute Tribune.

By the way, it's nice to pick up papers from around the state and find them soggy. Last year they were all full of grit. — Horace Jones in Lyons News.

When son takes out the family car though, father usually is not too worried about the upkeep. It is the turnover that bothers the old man. — Dighton Herald.

A sweet young thing, hearing a local lad say he had seen an aurora borealis, inquired innocently: "Is that one of those new Italian sport cars?" — Horace Jones, Lyon News.

Bop, They Call It!

Words and Music by Jack Herbert

A night club proprietor was hiring a "jumpin'" band and calling the leader into his office, laid a contract on the desk, marked an X in front of a dotted line and said, "Sign here." The band leader examined the X and then, with amazement, said to the manager, "Man, that IS my name."

* * *

A bop band was booked down in Louisiana and one morning two of the musicians went fishing in the swamps. They were standing in slimy water hip-high when one of them said, "Hey, man, an alligator just bit off my leg!" The other musician asked, "Which one?" The first musician said, "How do I know which one, all these alligators look alike."

* * *

A true bop musician is one who blows on his birthday cake to *light* the candles.

* * *

Two bopsters met on the street and the first asked, "Where've you been?" The second replied, "I just came from a funeral." The first one murmured, "How about that, who let go?"



* * *

A bass player was beating a youngster about the head when the other band members asked him why. He explained that the lad had climbed up and turned one of the keys on his bass. The other musicians said, "So what, why hit him?" The bass player replied, "He won't tell me which one."

* * *

No bop musician has really arrived until he is "gone."

* * *

A train, carrying the members of a bop orchestra, was rushing across the Western plains. Several of the bopsters were gathered on the rear platform when the train slowed up for a town

and an Indian squaw, with a papoose fastened to her back, was seen trudging alongside the railroad tracks. One hep guy studied her a few seconds, then exclaimed, "Man, dig that crazy mixed-up ventriloquist."

* * *

A car, containing eight bop musicians, was speeding down the highway at ninety miles an hour. One bopster noticed the back door was not tightly fastened. Without saying a word to his companions he reached over, opened it and slammed it shut properly. The driver sighed audibly and quietly asked, "Who got in, man?"

* * *

A bopster stood on a Broadway street corner reading a trade journal when a man tapped him on the arm and inquired, "How can I get to Carnegie Hall?" Without looking up, the musician answered, "Practice, man, practice."

* * *

A bopster seated himself at a lunch counter and ordered a piece of peach pie. The attendant said, "the peach pie is gone." The musician's eyes shined as he gloated, "Yeah, well then give me two pieces."

* * *

A bop band was playing a series of one-night stands and

the bus driver insisted upon discovering little dirt roads that he thought would save time but always resulted in the bus becoming lost. After one particular waste of time and a lot of discomfort one of the musicians pleaded with him, "Hey man, how about sticking to the melody?"



HE'S ALL RIGHT

"Have you got any brothers and sisters?"

"Just a brother."

"Is he normal?"

"Yeah, he's normal, except that he's got a big hunk of rhubarb sticking out of his head."

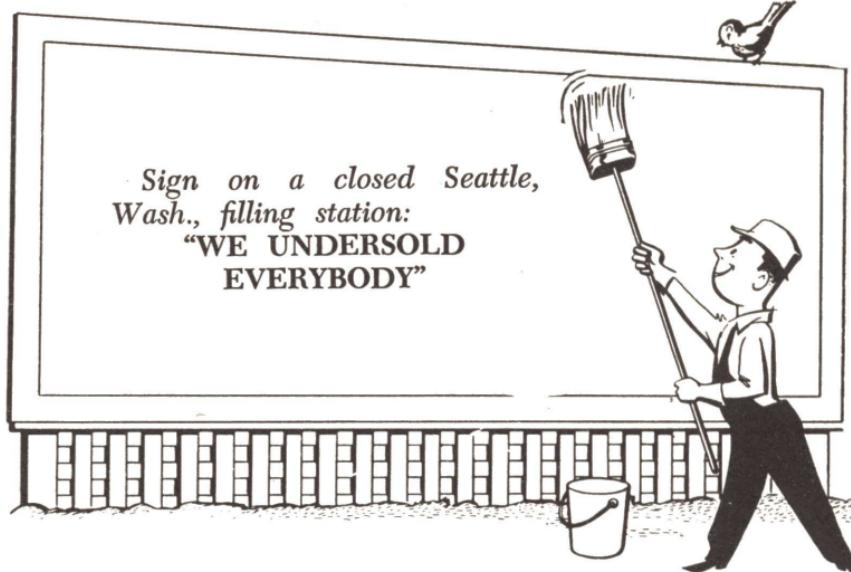
"Your brother has a big hunk of rhubarb growing out of his head?"

"Yeah."

"That's too bad."

"You bet it's too bad. He planted celery."

The greatest display of devotion is displayed by the Mother who allows Dad and the kids to tear into the Sunday cake on Saturday night!



"By jove," said a stranger at a dance, "what a long and lanky girl that is over there!"

"Hush," his host whispered.

"She used to be long and lanky, but nowadays she's tall and stately. She's just inherited a million."

HE ASKED FOR IT

One evening recently Alex Seconk was having a drink with his friend Xela Knocek when a young smart-alec sauntered over to our table and spotted Xela's very bald head.

"You know, Xela," he said, "your head is so soft and smooth, it feels just like my wife's leg."

Xela reached up, patted his own head and replied, "Damned if it don't."

Do people ever put out tubs to catch rainwater anymore?

WHAT A BEAT

The young and keen police officer was being shown his night beat by the sergeant.

Sergeant — D'ye see that red light in the distance? Well, that is the limit of your beat. Now along with you.

The young policeman set out, and was not seen again for a week. When he did show up at headquarters, the sergeant demanded where he had been.

Cop — You remember that red light?

Sergeant — Yes.

Cop — Well, that was a bus bound for Chicago.



A Really Big President

By Bob Makinson

President William Howard Taft was a really big President. His friendliness to big business made him big in the north. His support of big tariffs made him big in the south. And his appetite for the big game which Theodore Roosevelt kept shipping in from Africa made him big around the central areas too.

But in the game of politics he wasn't too successful. He only served one term. Had he fasted he might have lasted. For when introduced to party leaders throughout the country he was never able to get close enough

to them to catch their names correctly, so they usually left with a cold impression of this actually genial man.

People have often wondered just exactly how much he tipped the scales at. But when he'd step on a scale he'd not only tip it, he'd crush it, so his exact weight was never known.

His corpulence also caused some difficulty when he wanted to take a bath. The bathtubs in the White House were too small and the swimming pool hadn't been constructed yet. Therefore he took a daily plunge into the

Potomac. But this was just for a mud bath. Then he'd rinse himself off in the city reservoir when nobody was looking.

For diversion President Taft played golf, thereby initiating a presidential pastime which has become more and more popular ever since. And he used to shoot a good game too, which was quite remarkable considering that he could never see the ball that he was taking a swing at. But it is said that his caddy carried a mirror to help him out and that this accounted for his success.

During his campaign for re-election in 1912, when defeat seemed certain, he did a lot of pacing around the upper floor of the White House. Our executive mansion had already taken a lot of wear and tear, but our previous Presidents were all men of much slighter build. Of course many of our first ladies

were pretty hefty, but they led quiet lives. Whereas the hulk and bulk of the ponderous President versus the floors and walls of the White House was too much. The thumping and bumping which the executive mansion endured during the fall of 1912 caused all future Presidents to be in danger of having the ceiling fall right on their heads.

This almost happened during President Truman's administration, but not quite, much to the chagrin of the Republicans. However the entire superstructure of the White House was replaced in 1953 and there is no more danger of its collapsing on account of the punishment it had to endure.

But the twenty-seventh President of the United States didn't care too much for his job. And the returns of the 1912 election also showed that the country wasn't too daft about William Howard Taft.

BUT THINK OF THE FIGHTS

The man was boasting about his sister, who'd disguised herself as a man and joined the Army.

"But wait a minute," a listener interrupted. "She'll have to dress with the boys and shower with the boys, won't she?"

"Sure," the man admitted.

"Well, won't they find out?"

The man shrugged elaborately. "Who'll tell?"



COMMON SECRETS



The little island in the South Pacific was in an uproar when the American missionary visited the chief of the tribe.

"What's the commotion?" demanded the missionary.

"There's a white baby been born in the village," replied the savage, "and you know we don't like no white man messin' around with our women. Since you is de only white man on de

island dey is fixin' to fry you alive."

The missionary was in a state of nervous collapse when he spied a flock of sheep on the hillside behind the village. Turning to the chief he cried. "Look there on the hillside, chief, you see that flock of white sheep?"

"Ah sho do," replied the chief.

"Well," said the missionary, "Do you see the black sheep in the middle of the flock?"

"Ah see it," responded the chief.

"There's no other black sheep and there never has been, has there?"

"Well?"

"Well."

The chief beckoned the missionary aside and whispered in his ear, "You not tell, me not tell."

JUNIOR PHYSICISTS

Two lads, kindergarten vintage, were in front of the school one morning having a serious discussion. Tommy, age 5, was telling his friend, Dick, age 4½ his theory of nuclear fission. When he finished, Dick expounded his theory of satellites and outer space. In the middle of Dick's explanation, the bell rang and Tommy said, "Well, I guess we might as well go in and start stringing those beads."

They're putting tranquilizer drugs in cigarette filters now. It won't stop lung cancer, but you just don't give a damn.

OH YEAH!



LIKE SON, LIKE FATHER

College boy: "But Dad, I want to go where there's glamour, women, liquor . . . don't hold me back."

Father: "I'm not holding you back. Take me with you."

EVERYTHING'S TAXED

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," a Congressman declared to his audience, "I wish to tax your memory . . ."

"My God," someone muttered, "has it come to that?"

Harold Helfer

THAT'S ONE WAY

"What were you doing in the living room until three o'clock this morning?" asked the irate housemother of the coed.

"Why nothing wrong, Ma'am," explained the coed. "My boyfriend and I were playing monopoly last night. First he kissed me, then I kissed him. Then he hugged me, then I hugged him. Then . . ."

"Just a second. That's monopoly? Who taught you how to play it?"

"My boyfriend."

In a New York City school in a crowded tenement district, the teacher was telling her class of small fry about George Washington. She had a picture of Washington's home, so she showed Mount Vernon to the class. "This is where George Washington lived."

One tyke looked at the picture for a moment and then asked in a serious voice, "What floor?"

IT HELPS

A sexton cleaning up the pulpit after Sunday service took a peek at the preacher's manuscript. Along the left margin were such instructions as: "Pause here," "Wipe brow here," "Use angry fist gesture," "Look upward."

Near the end was a long paragraph of texts, opposite which the preacher had marked in large capital letters: "Argument weak here, yell like hell!"



"Now don't get excited, Thelma . . . I can explain everything."

Laugh Book

Bill Harrison

THAT'S FATE FOR YOU!

A man in his 80s consulted his physician.
"I've got to have a blood test, Doc, I'm going
to get married."

"Married?" asked the doctor. "How old are
you, anyway?"

"Going on 84."

"How old is your bride?"

"Twenty-five."

"Twenty-five," exclaimed the doctor. "Why,
that kind of disparity could be fatal!"

"Well," shrugged the old man philosophically,
"if she dies, she dies."

*If you were someone else,
would you like to be your
friend?*

WISE WOMAN

A woman with more money than brains decided to re-furnish her house in antiques. She went to an antique dealer who started off by showing her a beautiful vase. He held it up and exclaimed, "This vase is over 2,000 years old."

"Don't try to pull any fast tricks on me, Mister," snapped the woman. "It's only 1958 now."

SWEET MEMORIES

Arrival of the hunting season brings to mind the story of the man who arrived at a mountain town and sought the guide he had used for many years. "Why, he died last summer," commented a native.

"Gosh, I'm sorry to hear it," said the hunter. "He was not only a good guide, but could drink more whiskey and tell more lies than any man I ever knew."

As the hunter walked away, the native turned to a companion. "Now ain't that just like some people. Never say anything nice about a guy 'til he's dead!"



"Remember, daughter, the first 100 miles are the hardest."

Laugh Book Homer Provence

Perfume Salesgirl (showing newest scent to customer): "To be frank, I consider it unsportsmanlike — in the same class with dynamiting fish."

NEVER HEARD OF HIM

A local father spent a recent week-end with his son who is a freshman at an out-of-town college. The son took his father on a conducted tour of the campus and was proudly exhibiting the places of interest. Along the way, a buxom matron met them, spoke to the boy and went on.

"That's Miss Smith," explained the boy. "She's the mistress of Locksley Hall."

The father looked back at the buxom matron and then turned to his son and asked, "And who is this guy Locksley Hall?"



*"I think you're just about the nicest
boss a girl's husband ever had!"*

Laugh Book

Bob Tupper

• "Is your husband broad-minded?"

"Yes, the cad! That's all he seems to think about."

A TOAST

Slowly, her eyes flowing softly, the beautiful young debutante raised a glass on high, exulting: "Port wine to me is the nectar of the gods, the elixir of life. When I imbibe its fluid, my very soul begins to throb and glow. The music of a thousand muted violins whispers in my ear, and I am transferred to the make believe world of magic. On the other hand, beer makes me barf."

She: "Are you sure you'll love me forever?"

He: "Well, I'll try once more but I gotta get some sleep sometime!"

Bill Collector — A man who doesn't believe in putting off until tomorrow what can be dunned today.

Inscription on the tombstone of an army mule named Maggie: In memory of Maggie who in her lifetime kicked one general, four colonels, two majors, 10 captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 454 privates and one box of ammunition.

Fratboy: I was just in that bar, and got a double whiskey straight, without any money.

Coed: What did you have for a chaser?

Fratboy: The bartender.

OH! WHAT A DAY

A perpetual lush who lived in one of a number of look-alike apartment buildings was trying to convince himself he was entering the right one.

What a day. I lost my job. I lost my billfold. My wife ran away with the electric light man. The Yanks lost to the Senators. It's unbelievable . . . leading by three in the eighth, and they lost to the Senators!

THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION

The sweet young thing, known the town over for her capacity for passionate love, had somehow gotten mixed up with the deadeast guy in town, and to further complicate matters — they were married. Immediately after the wedding the bridal party left for a honeymoon at Niagara Falls.

She was certainly not the one to let the other girls know of her dilemma, so when she returned to their new home she threw a party, and greeted everyone with her eyes full of excitement and her face aglow with feminine contentment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "we had a wonderful honeymoon. I have never had so much excitement

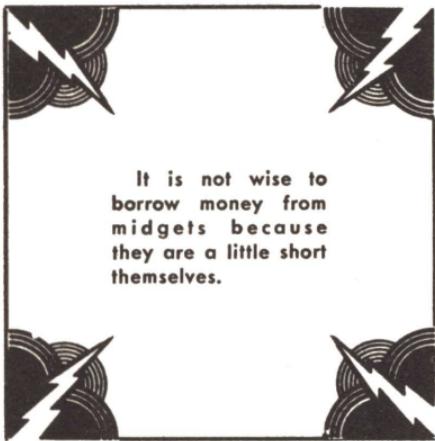


and so many thrills in all my life!"

"Hmmmppf," came the muffled retort from one of the girls in the back of the room. "I wonder what she did — go over the falls in a barrel?"

LIFE-LONG HABIT

Men should never make fun of women who have hobbies of collecting things such as vases, buttons, cream pitchers, salt and pepper shakers, or whatever strikes their fancy. It seems that all men are born collectors. First, they collect bugs, toads, marbles, bird's nests, and butterflies. Then they give up those childish delights to collecting girls, kisses, ties and match covers. The next stage of collecting is money, worries, a wife and children. Later on, they collect golf trophies, jokes and hair tonics; and finally end up collecting pains, symptoms and memories.



Success is the ability to get along with some people . . . and ahead of others.

AIRY RETORT

A temperance reformer was conducting her campaign outside a saloon. As one man came out the door exuding alcohol fumes, she put a hand on his arm and said, "Reflect, my dear man. If you arrive at the gates of Heaven with your breath reeking of liquor, do you think St. Peter will let you in?"

"Lady," retorted the inebriate, "when I go to Heaven I expect to leave my breath behind."

Al Spong

The elder generation thought nothing of going to bed at 9 o'clock at night. The younger generation doesn't think much of it either.

FAMILY SKELETON WITH BALANCE DUE

I had applied for a job in a branch of the Government which required that I furnish my family lineage. In getting this information together, I was searching an old trunk left by my grandmother when I found a newspaper clipping which gave the obituary of my grandfather who died in 1903. The obituary gave the name of the undertaker and the town where the body was interred. Hoping that this undertaker was still in business, I wrote him and asked if his records indicated that he buried William L. Blevins in 1903, and if so could he give me the place of his birth and the names of his parents.

Within three days I received an air-mail reply. "Our records show that we buried William L. Blevins at the Graham Cemetery on February 3, 1903, but there is nothing in our records show his birthplace or the names of his parents. Our records further indicate that the funeral expenses were \$115.00 of which \$20.00 was paid at the time of interment leaving a balance of \$95.00. Prompt payment of this bill will be appreciated."

Ernest Blevins

Did you hear about the rich Texan who bought his dog a Cadillac to chase?

After the physician had checked him over, he asked the patient:

"Have you been living a normal life?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Then you'll have to give up women and whiskey for a while."

YEAH . . . DO YOU?

Ladies Aid president (addressing group):

"This afternoon the schoolmarm is going to give you a talk on Keats. I'll bet none of you dumb clucks even know what a keat is."

LIGHT HEADED, MAYBE

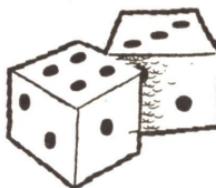
A sociable drunk was loitering in the bus station near the weighing machine, when a very fat lady climbed onto the machine and inserted her coin.

Unknown to both of them, the machine was out of order.

The arrow on the dial spun around and came to a grinding halt on the 90 pound mark. Seeing the weight registered at a mere 90 pounds, the drunk gasped, and said in an incredulous tone: "Well I'll be damned — she's hollow!"

Bob Beasley

COME SEVEN



The anatomy professor had been droning on and on for hours trying to pound some knowledge into the seemingly impenetrable heads of his students.

Noticing that one student in particular was paying absolutely no attention to his lecture, the professor walked down the aisle to his desk and demanded: "What are the name of the bones in your hand, Mr. Thompson?"

The student looked up rather sheepishly at the professor and answered: "Dice."

Bob Roberts

THE HARD WAY

"How do you know matrimony is all fun and no work?" the boss asked Willie.

"Becuzz, if there wus inny wurk in mattressmony," Willie said, "Yuh'd hev Willie doing it!"

Eddie Livingston

Then there's the story about the mute that fell into a deep, dark pit and broke three fingers yelling for help.



"Aren't office parties just wonderful for getting acquainted?"

Laugh Book

Herc Ficklen

LETTER FROM CHARLEY

Continued from page 1

just about anywhere you look. The boys are up to something.

This has been kind of an interesting trip for a change. I usually ride the air lines but this time I decided to be different and give the railroads another chance. I'll have to admit, too, that things have changed quite a bit since last I rode any great distance with them and every now and again you get the idea that maybe they might be kind of glad you came along. About the only trouble is that if you carry any baggage along with you, you'll pay the red caps and the porters just about as much as you did for your ticket to start with.

After stuffing to the eyebrows with

turkey, I left Wichita Thursday evening on the Santa Fe's northbound Texas Chief. I had a roomette and everything would have been wonderful had it not been that there was a sheet metal panel, a part of the fold-up lavatory, that got to vibrating along about midnight. I tried everything I could think of, including sleeping with my foot against it. But nothing worked. So I got no sleep. Next morning I called the porter to enter a complaint. "Just listen," I told him, "and tell me if you could sleep with a racket like that going on?"

He took a listen and then hit the offending panel a hell of a belt with the heel of his fist — and it worked. All was now silence and I felt awfully silly that I hadn't called the guy with the magic fist during the night instead of lying there awake when I couldn't silence the thing myself.

From Chicago I took the New York Central over to Detroit — an all daylight trip. Again I had a roomette but I had some work I wanted to do and the tiny room was a bit too crowded. The roomette had cost me \$2.20 extra. I called the conductor and had him switch me into a bedroom. That was another \$2.20 extra. I worked for awhile and got sleepy because of no shut-eye the night before. I had the porter bring me a pillow and I stretched out to take a nap. Before napping, I removed my trousers to keep them from wrinkling. I had no more than closed my eyes when the buzzer rang. It was the conductor with the receipt for my second \$2.20 installment. I opened the door and he saw me without my pants. "Were you lying down?" he asked. "Sure I was," I told him. "You can't do that!" he

said, "that will be \$7.79 extra."

It was at this point that I had a few words to say, too — and said 'em. And whatever it was I said, I concluded by telling him to go on and get away and not bother me. Which he did.

Only he came back just before we got to Detroit with an edict. It was either or else, so I paid him that other \$7.79 and as soon as I get this letter done I've got another one I want to write to a man by the name of Pullman, in Chicago.

Friday night I spent with friends in Detroit. Saturday I went out and watched them building trailers at the Superior Plastic Co. Utility trailers, they were. You know, the kind you hook on behind your car to haul your goods in when you do a job of do-it-yourself moving. Nationwide Trailers, they're called, and you can rent them at about 1409 rental stations through the country. Maybe I didn't tell you before, but I've got a kind of a working interest in those trailers. I publish a magazine for that system and it was on trailer business that I was making this trip.

Left Detroit Saturday evening and landed in New York early Sunday morning. Spent the day with friends, one of whom I taught to operate a new Rolleicord camera. Monday I went over the instructions with him again and Tuesday afternoon I spent up at the Good Housekeeping editorial offices helping one of their editors with a story.

The editor I worked with was Mina White, to whose ministration has been entrusted the "Better Way" section of that magazine. They were interested in an article of the subject of trailers and I was there to provide them with the necessary information.



"The party's over."

Laugh Book

John W. Frost

In the not too far distant future you'll see it published there.

Then came the big snow and the next day and the next I stayed in and sweat over this hot typewriter, waiting for the weather to clear. Thursday noon I came on down to Washington to see the man about the tires (trailer tires, that is) and here I am. Right now I'm sitting here writing you while waiting on the 7:45 p.m. Pennsy train headed west and home — and I'll be mighty glad to get there, too.

So really, nothing's happened except that argument between me and that Pullman conductor but stick around. You never can tell what I might have to tell you next month. Meanwhile, laugh a lot and be good to yourself.

Sincerely,

POLYCHROME EFFECT



The little porcupine was taking his morning walk. Suddenly he backed into a cactus plant — and asked — “Is that you, Mom?”

DAFFYNITIONS

Intense: The way Arabs like to live.

Stenographer: A girl you teach to spell, while she looks around for a husband.

Intellectual Pursuit: Chasing after a smart dame.

Bacteria: Back entrance to a cafeteria.

Falsies: A sort of hope chest.

THAT'S GRAMPAW

The dam burst and the raging flood water forced the townspeople to flee to the hills.

As they gazed down sadly at their homes, they saw a straw hat float downstream about fifty feet. Then it stopped, turned, and plowed slowly upstream against the rushing waters. After fifty feet it turned and moved downstream again. Then upstream again.

“Say,” said one of the town-folk, “what makes that hat act so durn funny?”

“Well, I ain’t sure,” spoke up a youth, “but last night I heard Grandpa swear — come hell or high water he was going to mow the lawn today.”

Rosie entertained so many male visitors in the parlor and things were so quiet while they were in attendance that Rosie's Papa finally grew suspicious. One night he told his wife, “I've got a wonderful invention that will help us check up on Rosie. It's a television periscope. Just turn it on when Rosie is in the parlor with her fella tonight. If he holds her hand, there'll be a green light. If he kisses her, there'll be a purple light.”

The contraption was set in place, the male visitor arrived, and Papa settled back for a nap. His wife awakened him by shaking him violently. “Come quick, Papa,” she cried, “and see the pretty rainbow.”

She: “What's the matter? Don't you love me anymore?”

He: “Sure I do. I'm just resting.”

"What did Mark Antony say to Cleopatra when he discovered there was no bathroom in the palace?"

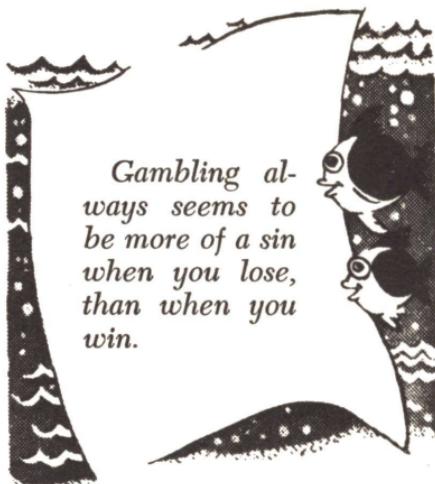
He said: "Why, Cleo, this place is uncanny!"

JUST IN CASE

After the soda jerk had served a customer a large dose of castor oil he inquired: "How are you going home, and how far do you live?"

"I live," said the customer, "about 6 miles from here, and I'm riding the trolley home."

"In that case, my good man," advised the soda jerk, "you'd better get a good-sized handful of transfers."



Gambling always seems to be more of a sin when you lose, than when you win.

Latest model gas ranges include a Venetian blind in the glass oven doors. This is for bashful girls who cook rump roasts.

ACCURACY
Is Our Watchwerd
We Never
Make
Misteaks!



"I started at the bottom and never bothered to work my way up."

Laugh Book

Marvin Townsend

LITTLE CRIME

Which brings to mind the story of the hill-country lad who was hauled into court for killing his family. "Go easy with me judge," he pleaded, "I just had a small family."

Quote of the week: a rural Minnesota weekly printed this want ad: "Would like home for hybrid born cats and kittens, both in plain and assorted colors, both sexes. If you come when the neighbor's tomcat is here, you can have him, too."

When a fellow begins by holding his girl's hands, it usually isn't long before he wants to shuffle the whole deck.

AND NO KIDDING

"Why did Charley wear a business suit when he came to call on you last night?" Susie's friend asked her.

"Because," replied Susie, "last night he meant business!"

Howie Lasseter

UNDERSTANDABLY

In the good old days, the man of the house passed the cigars after the arrival of the stork. Then came the depression and he passed the hat. Currently, with some of the complex marriage-divorce mix-ups, there is a growing tendency to pass the buck.

THE NAUGHTY THING

The little old lady was taking her first ocean voyage. A huge whale was sighted, and as the ship's passengers crowded the rails, sure enough the whale spouted terrifically.

She gasped.

"It looks to me like it could at least quit laying on its back and showing off like that," she fumed as she sped toward her stateroom.

TURN ABOUT



A man who had always lived in the city decided to move to the country. When he had driven with his family to a spot that looked good to him, he asked the farmer, "Is it quiet here?"

"Well," the farmer replied, after a moment's thought, "it was until so many people started coming here to be where it's quiet."

Jay Moon

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Bill: "Women, Women, it seems every place I go I see women taking our places."

Ted: "Yeh," replied Ted in disgust. "So far as modern woman's sex is concerned, it bars her from nothing but fatherhood and gent's washrooms."

O. P. Faass

A drive-in movie is just a summer replacement for a girl's cozy apartment.

ANY WAY YOU ADD IT



Everyone was greatly surprised when the village idiot suddenly appeared with a complete new wardrobe of expensive clothes and a new expensive convertible to go with the outfit. To top that, he seemed to have a large supply of ready cash for the first time in his life.

Being a suspicious minded person, the Chief of Police finally asked him: "Where did you get all the money?"

"Why," replied the village idiot, "I won sixty thousand dollars on the numbers the other week."

"How did you ever figure out which number was going to win?" continued the snooping cop.

"Didn't take much figuring," defended the idiot.

"How did you do it?" persisted the policeman.

"Well," answered the idiot, "for three nights in a row I dreamed of the number 25. So, I just added the three numbers together, and bet all my money on number 109."

"But," protested the policeman, "three times 25 adds up to 75 — not 109!"

"So," replied the local nut, as he stepped into his expensive convertible. "You got the brains — I got the sixty thousand dollars!"

Bob Roberts



MARK OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN

Two girls were discussing the new tenant in their apartment building. "He has lovely manners," said one. "Yesterday he and his wife were coming down in the elevator and as soon as I got in he took off his hat."

Rod Frances

An old maid in Florida has a little place that's never had a palm on it.

SEES ALL — KNOWS ALL

A farmer was showing his city-raised grandchild all around the farm. The lad spent the entire day looking at chickens, flowers, sheep, cows and horses. The farmer pointed out a very large sow. "How do you like the size of that pig?" he asked the grandson, "big as a balloon, isn't she?"

"Yeah," replied the observant youngster, "and I know why. This morning I saw another pig pumping her up!"

Mrs. Almer Olson



"... but it has to be U. S. currency."
Laugh Book *George Troop*

The fur coat season begins when a wife reminds her husband that he spent \$100 for fishing gear early in the summer.

WAIT'LL WE HEAR FROM JOMARIE!

Our daughter, JoMarie, is in nurses training at St. Elizabeth's, in Chicago. Of course, we are very proud of her and she, in turn, is very proud of her work and her accomplishments. Whenever she is home, she delights in displaying her new-found knowledge and answering the questions we might present that are in her line.

Last week she was home and we attended mass together on Sunday. It was high mass, and lasted longer than usual. The church was rather overheated that morning, unbearably hot. Next to us sat a stranger, an elderly man, and near the close of the service he slumped forward in his seat, his head and arms well down below the seat.

JoMarie was immediately equal to the occasion. Without a moment's hesitancy she reached over, pushed his head still farther down and said, "That's right, keep your head right there; you'll feel better as the blood flows back into your head."

The man began to protest vigorously, much to her surprise and ours.

He spluttered and gasped as he said to her, "Young lady, let loose of me. I'm just trying to retrieve my hat!"

— *Joseph M. Canfield*

Bride: A woman who makes strange bread, fellows.



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A laundress, most annoyed by cars on a dusty road soiling her clean clothes posted this sign on each side of the road:

**DRIVE SLOW —
BIG WASHOUT AHEAD!**

B. L. Lawson

"Darling, I haven't told you before," reported his beaming wife, "but I paid four hundred dollars for this beauty plan, and after only three and a half weeks I've been taken for Ava Gardner."

"You've been taken," he corrected, "for four hundred dollars."

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438 North Main Street

Wichita 2, Kansas

Young Man: "Er-sir, I-er- that is I came in to say that your daughter tells me she-er loves me . . ."

Father: "And I suppose you have come to ask permission to marry her?"

Young Man: "No sir, I came to ask you to make her behave herself."

THE BIG NOISE

The young man entered the movie during an especially tense scene. He silently glided up an aisle and stopped before an empty seat; that is, the seat was empty except for one detail: the sweet, old lady in the next seat had her coat there.

So, politely and quietly he asked, "Madam, will you please remove your coat?"

Apparently she did not hear him. Then he asked much louder, "Madam, will you please remove your coat?"

But again she did not hear him. Therefore, he angrily yelled as loudly as he could, "MADAM, WILL YOU PLEASE REMOVE YOUR COAT?"

At this outburst everyone in the movie got the message including the sweet, old lady who did not take her gaze from the screen but simply said, "AW, SHUT UP!"

Len Robin

ONE WAY OF WINNING



A Des Moines business man had to go to New York to attend a conference, and his wife stated her desire to accompany him. "But I'll be tied up nearly all the time," he protested. "You wouldn't enjoy going at all."

"Oh, yes I would," said his wife. "I'll spend my time buying clothes."

"What, go all the way to New York for a few clothes? That's silly — you can buy everything you want right here in Des Moines!"

"Oh, good!" she cried. "That's just what I hoped you'd say!"

F. Rodman

The judge ordered his usual glass of milk. "Haven't you ever tried whiskey — a man's drink?" his friend asked.

"No, but I've tried some men who did," the judge replied.

Eddie Livingston

THE JOINT WAS JUMPIN'



The progressive young manager of a local drive-in theater was noted for his practical jokes. To stimulate business and offer an added attraction for the patrons, he announced over the loud speaking system: "I'm sorry to interrupt the show, but there is a man at the box office with a shotgun who says his wife is among this audience with another man. He is determined he is going to find him.

"In order to prevent trouble, I am going to leave the screen dark and turn out all the lights for one full minute — will the lady in question please leave to avoid trouble."

In advance he had two of his

employees parked in the crowd in their cars, and they were instructed to speed from the scene at this point.

Much to his amazement — fourteen cars tore out for the various exits. . . .

M. Roberts



O TEMPORA! O MORES!

A young uniformed lieutenant was sitting at the corner of one of New York City's mid-town bars nursing a whiskey sour when a woman, obviously a veteran of the oldest profession, came storming in. Sparks were shooting from her eyes and her face was flushed as a September sunset.

"Where is that blankety blank blank blank?" she ranted. "I'll scratch her blankety blank eyes out and kick her in her asset. That blankety blank stole that guy right away from me after I had him all hooked. Where is . . ."

The lieutenant's downy face had turned cerise at hearing the phraseology, and even the hardened bartender backed up.

"Mamie, Mamie, for gosakes," he interrupted, "I've got to ask you to watch your language . . . there's a gentleman present!"

Bud Nelson



Laugh Book

"... but you didn't even ring once!"

Herc Ficklen

Society editor polishing her glasses
— I just typed it "bridegoon." What
an error! Or was it?

A wealthy man is one who
has a strawberry rash in January.
Frances Rodman

Old Ed Howe once said a mouthful. If a man pats you on the shoulder, look out for him.

Sign in Tavern — Clean and decent dancing every night except Sunday.

DEFINITIONS

Deft definitions from the *Wall Street Journal*: Bingo — corn on the card; Family Circle — rings around the bathtub; Noel Coward — a husband who's afraid to come home from the office Christmas party; Can-Can — a quick meal for two; Turkey in the Straw — a flop in summer stock theater. . . . Know the difference between unlawful and illegal? Unlawful is against the law. Illegal is a sick bird.

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Head Shrinker

etc., etc., with

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HEAVEN FORBID

The doctor had recommended a series of treatments for an elderly lady and to dispell her nervousness, told her, "In a few weeks you'll be 10 years younger!"

"Oh dear," moaned the old lady, "it won't affect my pension, will it?"

RESTRICTED CHOICE

We note where a farmer in a Western state was given a heavy fine for hitting a federal officer. Personally, we think the judge should have gone easy on him because there's so many of them it's hard to hit anyone these days.

PROLLY SO!

Tending to prove that far too many youngsters today pay far too little attention to current events and political implications thereof, a recent survey in an Eastern city showed a woeful number of students had never heard of Sputnik. Until current events commentaries can come from a juke box instead of a soap box, the "top ten tunes" will be as far into outer space as many of today's youngsters will "get sent."

"All I am or ever will be, I owe," claims a local man.



“Who made her dress?”

“I’m not sure, but I think it was the police.”



Delt: “What on earth makes your tongue so black?”

D.U.: “I dropped my bottle of whiskey on a freshly tarred road.”



A three-year-old was struggling with the back button of his long underwear. Finally he gave up, trotted to his mother and said: “Mommy, open my bathroom door, please.”



Floyd: “Does she stutter?”

Lloyd: “Does she! . . . Once she started to tell a new man about her past, and before she finished, he was part of it.”



Housewife: “Can you fix this fender so that my husband will never know I bent it?”

Garage Mechanic: “No, but I can fix it so that you can ask him in a few days how he bent it.”

LONG, LONG AGO!

It had been one of those June and December marriages, with him being a ripe sixty-five and she being a young twenty-one. It was the morning after the honeymoon night and the bride and groom were seated at the hotel dining table for breakfast.

“Darling,” she cooed to her ancient husband. “You told a big lie in front of that preacher yesterday.”

“How’s that, dear?” he asked.

“Well,” she pensively replied. “When you said ‘I Do,’ you should have said ‘I used to.’”

M. Robert Beasley

ENTERTAINERS



COMEDY INDEX

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PROPER IDENTIFICATION



A perfect wife is one who goes golfing, hunting and fishing with her husband — and also helps him with the dishes.

COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE

Two days after a big party Smith met his friend Jones. "Well, old man," said Jones, "how did you get along after I left you the other night? Did you get home all right?"

"No," was the reply, "a policeman saw me and he took me to the station and I had to spend the night in jail."

"You sure were lucky," said Jones grimly. "I got home."

F. G. Kernan

A meek little man in a restaurant timidly touched the arm of a man putting on a coat. "Pardon me," he said, "But do you happen to be Mr. Jones, of Boston?"

"No, I am not," the man answered impatiently.

"I was afraid that was the case," apologized the timid little man. "You see, I am — and that's his coat you're putting on!"

Eddie Livingston

THE FULL TREATMENT

Actress: "The director told me that if I'd let him kiss me, he'd give me a small part in his play."

Chorine: "Well, what happened?"

Actress: "I'm going to be the star!"

Howie Lasseter

Registration clerk: *Have you a hobby?*

New Swedish Student: *No. Ay bane single.*

FOR THE REAL PERSISTENT

As everyone who has ever stopped at a hotel knows, each room is equipped with a Gideon bible. As everyone also knows, on the flyleaf of these bibles is the advice: "If you are lonesome and restless, read Psalm 23 and 27, Old Testaments."

Recently, in one of the Manhattan hotels we found the most daring advertisement of the century.

Added to the same flyleaf, in red ink was stamped:

"Now, if you are still lonesome, call Bunkerhill 6-1111 and ask for Gertrude."

M. Roberts

Keep your nose to the grindstone — the shorter it is, the less trouble it will get you into.

OUT OF TRAINING

A farm hand raced up to the owner of the farm.

"The bull got loose," he cried breathlessly, "and he's chasing your wife all over the pasture. Happened about 20 minutes ago."

"Why, you fool!" bellowed the farmer, throwing down the pail. "Why did you wait this long to tell me?"

"What's the matter?" inquired the farm hand, looking surprised. "Is your wife short-winded?"

CANADIAN CREATURE COMFORTS

The seminary student, who was to substitute for the minister of a backwoods church in Alberta, Canada, arrived late on a Saturday night at the home of one of the deacons, where it had been arranged for him to stay. Shortly after his arrival he expressed a desire to retire. The deacon replied: "It's outside . . . just follow the path through the snow. Take this lantern. Oh, I almost forgot, here is the seat. We put it behind the stove in winter to keep it warm.

O. P. Faass

A REAL HONEST MAN



During the time the young couple has been going together the young swain made every promise imaginable to the desirable young girl if she would only marry him. One of his most frequent and persistent promises was that he would give her jewels galore — and this is the only promise he kept.

They now have four daughters — Opal, Pearl, Ruby and Sapphire.

M. Beasley

A BIG SAVING

John: "How come your sister married a half-wit?"

Jim: "She's such an incurable bargain hunter that she couldn't resist anything that was 50% off."

"What's a Grecian urn, daddy?"

"I don't know, son. Guess it depends on what he does."

NEWSPAPER "SLIPS"



From the PORTLAND OREGONIAN: "Tomorrow we may expect strong northwest winds, which will reach a gal in exposed places."

* * *

Publicity item by our local Garden Club:

"The famous botanist, Mr. S. H. Smith, will conduct the ladies on a short walk through the park, identifying them by their shapes and characteristics."

They had their friends and relatives in for a sousewarming.

* * *

During the storm, Mrs. McPherson slipped on the ice and injured her somewhat.

* * *

From the Monterey, California, *Peninsula Herald*: "Miss Roberta Ford was injured while driving a car near the city, yesterday. The area in which Miss Ford was injured is spectacularly scenic."

* * *

Each girl at the football game wore a big orange letter on her seater.

* * *

News Item: "Completing the impressive ceremony, the lovely daughter of the founder, smashed a bottle of champagne over her stern as she slid gracefully down the ways."

* * *

Mrs. Greary said the final meeting will be hell, as usual, at her home.

Overheard in the fur department of a local store: Clerk: "How would your husband prefer being billed, Madam? In a series of piddling amounts or in one staggering sum?"

In Las Vegas children are weaned on slot machines and crap games. Two small boys were talking on the street one day and one asked: "How old are you?" The other replied, "four, the hard way."

HE'S RIGHT



AGREEABLE

The movie star was in high spirits. "Let's go out and have a lot of fun tonight," he said to his wife.

"All right," agreed his wife. "And whoever comes home first will put out the cat."

Harold Helfer

HOW TRUE

A weary and slightly queasy passenger was stretched out on a deck chair aboard ship trying to rest. A bratty boy was playing cowboy nearby, shooting at hordes of imaginary Indians and kicking up a racket.

"Run along, sonny," the traveler suggested.

"I don't have to," the boy retorted. "We're first class and my Daddy says I can play any place on the ship."

"Play some other place, I'm trying to get some sleep."

"That's funny, my Daddy sleeps in bed."

"Not enough," the traveler commented.

At a large party early this spring a Wall Street financier stepped out in the garden for a breath of air and to his horror discovered his wife in the arms of another man.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the enraged tycoon. "Who is this man?"

There was a moment's embarrassed pause. Then the woman spoke up.

"I think my husband is absolutely within his rights," she said calmly. "What is your name?"

NEGATIVE RESULT



Little Bratenella was very interested in watching her mother spread cold cream and numerous other assortments of goo all over her face, in preparation for bed.

"What are you doing, Mommy?" she asked.

"These are face creams, dear," replied the mother. "They will make my face beautiful."

The next morning little Bratenella rushed into her mother's bedroom, took a long look at her face and cried: "Damn! It didn't work, did it, Mommy?"

M. Roberts

ANYTHING ELSE?

Customer: "What flavors of ice cream do you have?"

Waitress (in a hoarse whisper): "Vanilla, strawberry and chocolate."

Customer (trying to be sympathetic): "You got laryngitis?"

Waitress: "No — only vanilla, strawberry and chocolate!"

Boss (to new steno): "I hope you know the importance of punctuation."

New Steno: "Oh yes, I've never been late in my life."

THOUGHTFUL BOY

The college dean dropped in at the prom and was horrified to see a student obviously under the weather. Making his way to him, he took the young man firmly by the arm and said in a low tone, "Do you know who I am?"

The student looked at him blankly. "No, I don't," he answered sympathetically, "but if you can remember your address I'll help you home!"

Frances Rodman

OH, SOMEONE ELSE!

The American soldier returned home after four years at war to find his wife with a newborn baby boy, whereupon he began to question her.

"Was it my friend Joe?"

"No."

"Was it my friend Dick?"

"No."

"Was it my friend Bill?"

"No."

"Well, then, who was it?"

She replied: "Don't you think I have any friends of my own?"

J. O. Jewett

In a crowded bus, a lanky Kentuckian sat opposite a girl, whose skimpy skirt kept creeping above her knees. She tugged at it to no avail. When she caught his eye, he drawled, "Don't stretch your calico, sister. My weakness is whiskey."

BIG TROUBLE AHEAD

Bill Vaughan says the father down the block feels as though he has suddenly lost touch with modern living with his boy learning to drive the car and his daughter learning to dial the telephone.

A feather-brained gal we know used to claim she had a "duplex personality." Now she calls it "split-level."

"I cured my child of biting his nails."
"Oh yes, how?"
"I kicked his teeth out."

THEY TURNED HIM LOOSE

Three patients in an institution were ready for their progress check, so the doctor lined them up to question them.

Putting his thumb and forefinger together to form a circle, he asked the first one what it reminded him of.

The patient looked at it a moment and then said, "a coin."

"That's fine," said the doctor. "You're making good progress."

Then he asked the second patient the same question. The second patient replied that the circle reminded him of a hole in a doughnut.

"That's wonderful," said the doctor. "You, too, are making good progress."

The third patient looked at the circle and thought and thought and finally replied, "Wednesday."

"Wednesday?" asked the doctor. "Would you explain to me why this circle reminds you of Wednesday?"

"Sure," replied the patient. Then putting his thumb and little finger together, he said, "Sunday"; thumb and ring finger together, he said, "Monday"; thumb and middle finger together, "Tuesday" and then forefinger and thumb together, "Wednesday."

THRIFTY



A young husband realized it was time to start saving money. He decided he would not use the bus any more when returning from his office. He ran behind the bus, arrived home gasping, and said to his wife: "Darling, I saved 20c this evening by running behind the bus."

"You're a fool," said his wife. "Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save a dollar?"

Mrs. E. Marshilok

TOO BAD

Sin: "Hear about Jack? He drank sulphuric acid by mistake."

Copation: "Kill him?"

Sin: "Hell, no; he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose."

Question: *What's the difference between a girl running down the street — and a sewing machine?*

Answer: *A sewing machine has only one bobbin.*

"Does yo' take this woman for yo' lawfully wedded wife?" asked the parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery eyed, bow-legged bridegroom, who stood beside 210 pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," responded the groom. "Ah's being took."

EMBARRASSED

In one of these incredible accidents that sometimes happen, a woman diner in a restaurant discovered that she had upset her poached egg into her lap. As soon as she caught the attention of a hurrying waiter with a tray for another table, she called out to him: "Waiter, I've dropped an egg — what shall I do?"

He replied: "Cackle, lady, cackle."

H. Helfer

CAN'T MAKE IT

An old friend called on Milt Moron at the hotel where he was staying overnight. He knocked and asked Milt to open the door.

"I can't, the door is locked," said Milt.

"I know, unlock it."

"I can't — have no key."

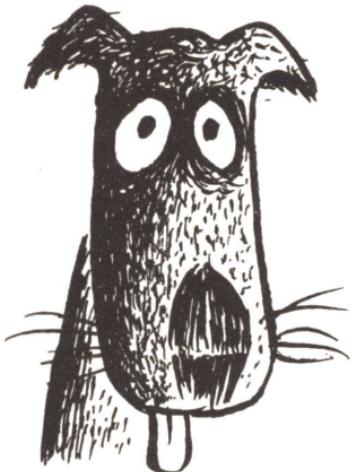
"Jumpin' Jehoshaphat! What would you do if there was a fire?"

"I couldn't go."

~~TRAVEL~~



SMART DOG



An old man marrying a young girl is like buying peanut brittle for someone without any teeth.

When a girl pets with a wolf, she's not just having fun; she's learning a trade.

AMBITIONS

(Two college presidents discussing what they'd like to do when they retire)

1st President: "I'd like to be superintendent of an orphan asylum, so I'd never get any letters from parents."

2nd President: "Well I've a much better ambition. I want to be warden of a penitentiary. The alumni never come back to visit."

PLEASANT DREAMS

An elderly gentleman boarded a motor coach and found a seat beside a sour-faced woman who promptly squelched his neighborly attempts at conversation. He took the rebuffs in good part and, as night came on, made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

Next morning at his destination the elderly one gathered up his things and, eyes twinkling, doffed his hat: "Madam, I can't say rightly that I enjoyed talking with you, but sleeping with you sure was a pleasure!"

Magoon said to Grandpa Hickey: "Looks like a smart dog you got there."

Grandpa answered: "Smart? All I gotta say is 'Are you comin' or ain't you?' and he either comes or he doesn't."

THAT'S DIFFERENT

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No. Get out and stay out!"

"But, madam, see this badge? I'm a respectable man. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry; come in. I thought it was a fraternity pin."

Mother: "I just don't approve of these two-piece bathing suits."

Daughter: "But, mother, you have to wear something."

Speakers!



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LAUGH BOOK MAGAZINE
438 N. Main St., Wichita 2, Kans.

"If you had your life to live over," John Barrymore once was asked by reporters, "do you think you'd make the same mistakes again?"

"Certainly," said Barrymore, smiling reminiscently, "but, I'd start sooner."

CHEMICAL DAFFYNITIONS

Chlorine: A dancer in a chorus line.

Carbon: A storage place for street cars.

Barium: What you do with dead people.

Tension: An army command.

Atom: Eve's husband.

LET'S HURRY

"You sure work fast," said the gold digger to the old sugar daddy. "You haven't known me for an hour."

"Gosh, kid," said foxy grandpa — "I've got to work fast — I'm nigh onto ninety."

EXTENSIVE DAMAGE

*"Right now," said the girl, as she gazed into the eyes of her escort, "I'm sitting on the ragged edge of *dispair*."*

*"My goodness," gasped her startled boy friend, "I didn't even know you tore 'em. I'll buy you *another pair*."*

WRONG DIRECTION



One of these head-in-the-clouds do-gooders was lecturing a civic club. "My friends," he declared, "remember, there is going to be no buying and selling in heaven . . ."

"That," a businessman mumbled, "is not where business has gone."

Harold Helfer

MODERN TEENAGE

A mother of rather mild financial circumstances was trying to enroll her daughter in Stephens. "Has she a good musical education?" she was asked.

"She sure has," was the proud mother's reply. "Tell her the name of any song you like and she'll tell you what's on the other side of the record." (AND THEY TOOK HER)

Wife to husband: "Dear, why don't you take Junior to the zoo?"

Husband: "Nothing doing! If they want him, let them come and get him."

NOTHING CORRECT

The husband stepped on the scales, dropped a penny in the slot, but when the little card fell down, it was his wife who grabbed it.

"You are the gregarious type," she read, "honest, diligent, dependable, and very popular with the opposite sex."

"Humph!" she said, "and it made a mistake on your weight too."

Gerald Belter

NEW RUSSIAN DEVICE

Try this one on your friends next time you get together. Just say, "Sure, you know all about Sputnik and Muttnik but have you heard about the Grahtshke?"

And the chances are your friends will look at one another and finally one will ask, "No, what is the Grahtshke?"

That's when you win!

All you have to do is explain to them that it is the key to the garage.

And then duck — quickly!
From Oscar Jay's "Banquet Table"



Marriage is the most expensive way to get your laundry done free.

Neighbors are people who wonder when that damned party will end.

Beta: Did you hear about the girl who backed into the airplane propeller?

Theta: Yep, disaster.

Beta: Hell no, it damn near killed her.

GET IT

The Montana Fourth Estate mentions how Y. Stensby, linotype operator for the Reporter Printing and Supply Company in Billings, had some trouble with his machine while setting copy for an oil geological pamphlet. For the benefit of the operator of the next shift, he set this message on the machine: Mergenthaler, et al. (1957, Vol. 31) contends there is a possibility that volcanic forces may have left metallurgical sedimentation in the saphetia detentia strata of Jawacean age when a pyroclastic flow induced by fault upthrust vented upward through the porously-aligned matrixia element.

TRANSLATION

Loose line caused squirt; may have fouled up the safety-detent.

Shortly after our neighbors had a new baby, my five-year-old daughter Lisa and her friend Claire sat on the front porch discussing what fun it would be if they, too, could become mothers. At length Lisa asked earnestly, "Claire, do you think you'll have a baby soon?"

Claire's expressive eyes widened, "Have a baby!" she exclaimed, "I can't even tell time yet!"

THE ANSWER

A young couple was bemoaning the frequency of visits by relatives.

"We solved that problem in a hurry," said a more experienced friend.

"How'd you do it?"

"We loaned the poor ones money, and borrowed money from the rich ones, and now they all leave us alone."



Mail Box

Laugh Book readers are cordially invited to send along their comments and opinions for publication here. No payment is made for their use nor are any letters returned. It is impossible to use all letters received but those most typical are published.

Dear Charles E. Jones: I became aware of your joke book when I tried to break up a gang of guys goofing off and then joined them because they were reading your joke book, it's the best. Sincerely, S/Sgt. J. W. Yocum.

Sorry we couldn't use the joke, but thanks for the kind remarks and glad to learn you joined the boys. — CEJ

Dear Charlie: I have been an ardent fan of this magazine for several years and through your letters feel like a long time friend of you and your family. When you fail to write your letter the magazine seems incomplete.

There are a few things I dislike about the *Laugh Book*, but there are so many things that I do like, that as a whole, I would say it is the best magazine on the market today.

The main purpose of this letter is to send a great big "Thank You" to you, Charlie Jones, for publishing such an excellent magazine for all good joke lovers to enjoy.

You may never fully realize just how much happiness you bring into the lives of a lot of people. The peo-

ple who are far from home and family, those whose loved ones are passed away and everyone whose everyday problems sometimes get too heavy for them to bear without a joke or laugh to lighten their burdens. I want to thank you again for the happiness and laughs that *Laugh Book* has brought into my life. Sincerely yours, Miss Ethel J. Walker, St. Louis, Missouri.

Thanks for such a wonderful letter and I was happy to hear your comments concerning my letter, sometimes I feel it might not be worthwhile, until a letter such as yours passes my desk. CEJ.

Dear Charley: I was very much interested in Mr. Herman G. Persal's letter in the December Mail Box. You should have an annual *Laugh Book*. I have been in the humor game 40 years and you certainly have a nice Humor book. I noticed where one reader is all done. Well I wouldn't feel too bad because you won't miss a tooth out of a rake if it's gone. Like Mr. Persal said I missed the girlie pictures, of course at my age I'm not right up to scratch. However, I'd rather look the chickens over than set all day on a roost and crow over nothing. Sincerely yours, Edgar M. Wilbur, (The Old Bard).

Nice hearing from you again, Edgar, and you will be happy to note we are continuing the girlie pictures. CEJ

Charley: I've been reading your *Laugh Book* since January of 1957. I find this book very interesting, it has a good variety of laughs, you could say there is a joke for everybody. Some like dry humor, others short and to the point. Myself, I love limericks.

Do you accept jokes? If so let me

know and I'll send some along.

Wishing your *Laugh Book* loads of success, I remain, Sincerely, George A. Gauthier, Elliot Lake, Ont., Canada — PS: I got a big kick out of Columbus, loved it.

Yes, George we do accept jokes, so send some along. Please, we do not accept clippings. Delighted to learn you like the piece about Columbus. — CEJ

Dear Charley: I see that Art Stone of Oshawa, Ontario, just "didn't dig" my "Columbus bit," and that he'd be glad to quit writing if he can't turn out anything funnier.

I hope he doesn't quit because I'm sure he and lots of other people can write better stuff. You know, Columbus made four trips to America, and I only covered one of them. I enclose the story of his second voyage and I hope you like it and that you may do me the honor of printing it. Maybe Art will be able to dig Columbus, too. Sincerely yours, Bob Makinson, New York, N. Y.

Like I always say, Bob, you can't please them all, but we try. — CEJ

Dear Bro. Charlie: Keep the old mag coming, no bitches from the "Back Forty," whatever you put in gets read and enjoyed every month. Fraternally yours, Bro. Alton J. Weber, 32°, Valley of G. R. Mich.

Enjoyed your letter very much. — CEJ

Dear and great Charlie Jones: So many letters are written extolling the praises of your magazine, and well deserved praises, too. Let me throw in my opinion of the great Charlie Jones, and, believe me, who wouldn't agree with me. In all of your magazines that I have read so far never have I found any taint of

bias, race hatred, personal animosity towards any race, color or creed. That in a country, which unfortunately is frequently so surcharged with it, — what amazes me how can any man be oblivious to this unfortunate situation — how can any man be head and shoulders above it, constantly — how can you hear so much, the dirty this, the dirty that, and still be uncontaminated by it — only a man who is big, broadminded, courageous and purely American can be that free of bigotry and race hatred, and that is you, Charlie Jones. What the hell, if we had more Charlie Jones in this country, and fewer rabble rousers we wouldn't need any costly and hard working leagues, such as the anti-defamation league of Bnai Brith, urban league, etc — . God bless you, Charlie Jones, you are another Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he was a great man in statesmanship, just as you are a great man in love and respect for your Fellow man, be they white, colored, Jew, Gentile, foreign or American.

Stay alive and healthy and keep up your good work, you are a great man, in some respects, just about the greatest. Admiringly yours, Don Frankel (self-appointed spokesman for everyone, but well qualified to bestow on you this medal of service to humanity).

Not much you can say after reading a heart touching letter such as this except, thanks. CEJ

Dear Sir: Received copy of *Laugh Book* magazine and will say you don't know how much your magazine means to me. All of your magazines are so much appreciated so please keep sending them.

I am in the hospital and very lonesome so would like to have some one

write to me. So until then all my best wishes, your sincere friend. SP3 Richard G. Mathies, 2nd General Hospital, Ward 1-A — APO 180, c/o PM, New York, N.Y.

Sorry to learn you are in the hospital, but delighted to learn you enjoy the magazine so much. — CEJ

Dear Charlie: I have been a steady reader of *Laugh Book Magazine* since 1949 and think it's a wonderful magazine. I firmly believe that there

should be more magazines on the market of this type and a whole lot less dealing with murders, wars, atom bombs, and scandal. Keep up the good work.

I am enclosing a little item which you might wish to use in one of your future issues. I think your readers would get a kick out of it. Sincerely, K. L. Brewer, Wichita, Kansas.

Sorry the little item arrived too late for our Christmas issue, but will hold it until next year. CEJ



Laugh Book Magazine — 438 No. Main St., Wichita, Kansas

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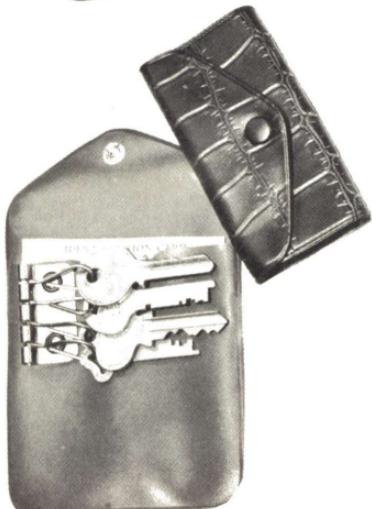
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