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Out of the Mouths of Babies

Excerpts from Parents' Magazine

❑ MY SIX-YEAR-OLD niece wandered into my room while I was nursing my new baby. She was tremendously interested in the process, so I explained how all mother animals furnished milk to their babies. She looked quite concerned and finally asked, "But, auntie, is it *pasteurized*?"

❑ YOUNG PETER was visiting his grandmother when his father called him by long distance to tell him there was a brand-new baby girl at home. "That's nothing," Peter replied, "Grandma has a phonograph that plays 12 records."

❑ MICHAEL had taken a strong dislike to kindergarten. All persuasion failed, and finally his mother, in desperation, told him firmly that he would *have* to go. "All right, Mother," retorted Michael. "If you want me to grow up into a damn bead-stringer, I'll go."

❑ USED to thick sandwiches of the lunch-box variety, Cathie was puzzled when she first encountered thin tea sandwiches. Holding one very carefully, she asked wonderingly, "Mother, did you cut the bread?" "Yes, Cathie, I did." "We-ell," said Cathie dubiously, "you almost missed it."

❑ HUGH had ridden around the pony track twice with the pony walking slowly. The third time his daddy decided to go with him and let the pony trot. After bouncing halfway around the track, Hugh said to his father desperately, "Daddy, I want to sit down."

❑ OUR FAMILY has become extremely vitamin-conscious. The other day when

I gave my young son some little red candies, he munched on them and said, "Mm-mm, they're good. What vitamins do they have?" When I told him none, he looked incredulous and said, "Do you mean they're just for fun?"

❑ AT THE dinner table the adults were carrying on a long conversation that left out three-year-old Virginia entirely. Finally, she could stand it no longer. Touching her mother's arm, she inquired timidly, "Remember me?"

❑ "I'M SORRY I can't go to Grandmother's with you," Carol's father said apologetically. "I have to stay home and work on my invoice."

Carol drew her own conclusions. "Daddy couldn't come," she told her grandmother. "He's having quite a bit of trouble with his conscience."

❑ OUT WALKING one day Teddy spied an especially frowzy poodle dog. He stared at it for a moment, then asked his mother if it really were a dog. When she assured him it was, he continued to gaze at it silently. Finally he said in a tone of deep conviction, "Well, *some* dogs *look* like dogs."

❑ A MOTHER was trying to enter her five-year-old in a kindergarten whose age requirement was six. "She's very bright," the mother declared. "She can easily pass the six-year-old test."

"Say some words," the teacher told the child.

Little Jane contemplated the teacher coldly, then turned to her mother and asked, "Purely irrelevant words?"

JUST ABOUT YOUR SPEED — SO

❑ ONE DAY Billy Rose was approached by a man who wanted a job in his new show.

"What can you do?" Rose asked.

"I can dive headfirst from a 500-foot ladder into a barrel of sawdust," said the man.

"I'd like to see you do that," said the showman.

The man performed the stunt.

"You're hired," Rose told him excitedly. "I'll pay you \$250 a week."

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Well, then, I'll pay you \$500 a week."

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Then I'll pay you \$1000 a week — but that's my top price."

"Oh, no," said the man.

"Why not?" asked Rose.

"You see," replied the man, "that was the first time I ever did that trick — and I don't *like* it!"

— Coronet

❑ TWO DRUNKS were playing with a flashlight, switching it on and off. Finally one of them threw the beam of light up toward the ceiling and said: "I bet you can't climb up that beam." The other shook his head and replied: "No, siree, you can't get me to try that. I know you! Just when I get to the top, you'll turn it off."

❑ A MAN was sitting in a subway car, slowly shaking his head from side to side like a metronome. Finally the man opposite him asked him what he was doing that for.

"So I can tell the time," was the prompt reply.

"Well, what time is it?"

"Four-thirty," said the man, still shaking his head.

"You're wrong. It's quarter of five."

"Oh, then, I must be slow," he answered, speeding up.

❑ IT is an undeniable fact that, if a fox terrier two feet long, with a tail an inch and a half high, can dig a hole three feet deep in 10 minutes, to dig the Panama Canal in a single year would require only one fox terrier 15 miles long, with a tail a mile and a half high. This is statistically true; yet one must seriously consider whether, after finding the fox terrier, one could make it mind.

— Burges Johnson

❑ AUSTRALIANS have a tendency to turn "a's" into "i's." An American soldier, hurt in a traffic accident, woke up in an Australian hospital and asked the nurse solemnly: "Was I brought here to die?"

"No," said the nurse, "you were brought here yesterday." — N. Y. Times

KEEP SMILING
AS YOU CARRY ON.
AND LAFF TOO.

Cheerio!
"Sis"

Where the Customer Is Always Wrong

AT THE CLUB 18 in New York the main attraction is a cadaverous little man who insults the customers. He is Jack White, master of ceremonies and half owner of the club. In the past year he has insulted such celebrities as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., Harry Hopkins, Leon Henderson, Marlene Dietrich, Helen Hayes, J. Edgar Hoover and Max Baer ("The folks don't recognize you, Maxie. Stretch out on the floor.")

With such cracks at such people White makes \$60,000 to \$75,000 a year. As a rule, his victims grin and bear it. "The way I figure it," he says, "these big shots are always being yes-yes-yessed, and it's a pleasure to be no-no-noed for a change."

Quick-thinking and genuinely witty, White developed his success formula by accident. Club 18 opened in 1936, and for two or three months the customers stayed away in droves. One night, figuring he had nothing to lose, White spiced his conventional entertainment with some wisecracks designed to sting. The customers loved it. The club, with a \$3.50 minimum per person, has had a stand-up business ever since.

White, with the help of his colleague Frank Hyers, heckles customers and fel-

low performers. One-Round Jackson, a Negro ex-prize fighter and now a lively stooge, and Waiter Willie Grogan sit down at anyone's table any time, often starting a game of cards. Grogan, a chunky little man with an angelic face, wanders about uncrossing legs of absorbed customers.

White has crossed verbal lances with the fastest comedians in the country and left them licking their wounds. Bob Hope, one of the best ad libbers, was haled up front. He tried hard to outsmart White, finally gave up when Jack said, "Use my mike; it's funnier."

When a swank group enters, the males in evening dress, White is likely to say, "Here comes a nice party. They brought their own waiters." Or to a bald-headed heckler, "I thought I shot you into a side pocket last night." Despite his rough treatment of people, White is virtually without enemies. Film stars will take a beating from him and then perform for him. "Jack heckled me until in self-defense I had to take the floor," said Fred Allen. "I went to be entertained and wound up by entertaining. When I went back to my table, one of the actors had eaten my sandwich, and a waiter had finished my drink." — Maurice Zolotow in *Look*

Acclimated

☞ LIFE in the lonely desert country around Darwin, Australia, was summed up by an American soldier on leave at Melbourne. "It's this way, buddy. When you're there a few weeks you find yourself talking to yourself. After that, you find yourself talking to the lizards. After another couple of weeks, you find the lizards talking to you. Then you find yourself listening."

— *Newsweek*

THIS DOO-DAD
MUST STILL BE
FROM THE EFFECTS
OF VALENTINE. . . . OR IT
MUST BE THE FACT THAT
I JUST RECEIVED YOUR
CHECK FOR \$15.00. BROTHER,
YOU'RE A HANDY MAN,
EVEN ACROSS THE SEA.
YOUR SISTER, (OF
COURSE) IS ALWAYS
THINKING OF
YOU

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