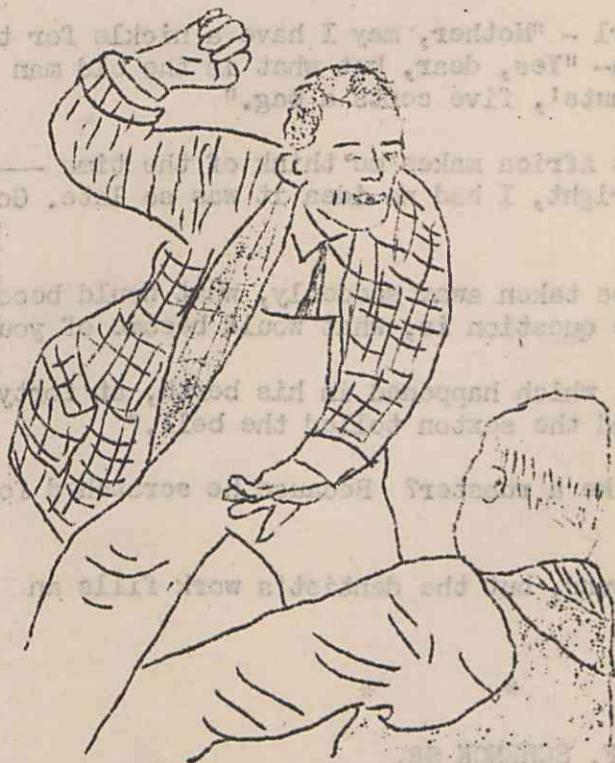


## SECOND HAND TALES

By - Professor M. L. Turner

(Some re-written - some just told - some new - some old)



Several weeks ago Charles Forney, Jr. was discovered by his wife one night standing over his baby's crib. Silently she watched him. As he stood looking down at the sleeping infant, she saw in his face a mixture of emotions - rapture, doubt, admiration, despair, ecstasy, incredulity. Touched and wondering alike at this unusual parental attitude and the conflicting emotions Mrs. Forney with eyes glistening arose and slipped her arms around Charles. "A penny for your thoughts", she said, in a voice tremulous. He blurted them out: "For the life of me, I can't see how anybody can make a crib like that for three forty-nine."

The other day a certain lady went into the company store and asked Mr. Parker if he had any fresh eggs for sale. Mr. Parker called out: "Charlie, feel of those eggs and see if they are cool enough to sell".

Girl on the Lawndale bus-"Mr. Hunt we are packed like sardines in here. Can't you do something to prevent our being crushed?" Mr. Hunt- "Certainly, number off the passengers and then make the even numbers breathe in while the odd numbers breathe out."

A woman traveling by train was talking with a man in the next seat. In describing her holiday, she said that she had visited San Jose. "You pronounce that wrong," said the man. "It is San Hosay. In California you should pronounce all J's as H's. When were you there?" The woman thought a minute, then answered, "In Hune and Huly."

Mr. Southards- "Haven't I shaved you before?" Customer- "No, I got that scar in France."

"It was so cold where we were," boasted the Artic explorer, "that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out." "That's nothing" said his rival. "Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

An evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee the wrath to come. "I warn you," he thundered, "that there will be weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth." At this point an old lady in the gallery stood up. "Sir," she shouted, "I have no teeth." "Madam," roared the evangelist, "teeth will be provided."

Mr. Clay to Tom Forney- "How late do you usually sleep on Sunday morning?" "It all depends," replied Tom. "Depends on what", said Mr. Clay. "The length of the sermon," was Tom's rejoinder.

Elizabeth Bridges- "Ascertain young man sent me some flowers this morning." A close friend - "Don't say a certain young man; my dear. There is none of them certain until you've got them."

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