

SECOND HAND TALES

By -- Professor M. L. Turner

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



Have just been listening to a group of our senior girls here at Piedmont singing some kind of a song about a certain mama who toted a pistol. Part of the time they were using a word that sounded a whole lot like they were saying packin'. Wish you could have heard them. Come to think of it maybe you have heard the song yourself.

Seemed that I had heard it once before myself. But to save me I couldn't remember where. It is pretty. While on this subject I'm reminded of the time a few weeks ago when Juanita Burns was listening to her radio. She was enjoying the singing so very much. "Bob", said Juanita, "Did you ever hear anything so beautiful?" "No," said Bob, "The nearest thing that I ever heard to it was when a truck loaded with empty milk cans had a collision with another truck that was loaded with pigs."

Editor -- "Does it pay to advertise in my paper? Well, I should say it does. Look at Smith, the grocer, for instance. He advertised for a boy last week, and the very next day Mrs. Smith had twins--both boys."

Professor Gary of Fallston, this definition of a baby also came from the Reader's Digest. It is not even "revamped". Here it is. "A baby is an alimentary canal with a loud noise at one end and no responsibility at the other."

The sad-looking man had been waiting a long time for his order. Finally his waiter approached and said; "Your fish will be coming in a minute or two, now sir." The sad man looked interested. "Tell me," he said, "what bait are you using."

Taxi-Driver -- "Cup of coffee, doughnuts, and some griddle cakes." Waitress-- "Cylinder oil, couple of non-skid, and an order of blowout patches."

Mrs. Boone before the Fallston game--"You boys had better keep Ralph Dixon under surveillance." Fred Cornwell--"yeah, and you'd better keep watching him, too."

Drunk (to bartender)--"Hey, gimme a horse's neck." Second Drunk--"I'll have a horse's tail. There's no use killing two horses."

Mr. Clyde Cornwell on one occasion was complaining bitterly to Preacher Suttle of the terribly bad weather for the crops, when Brother Suttle reminded him that he had much to be grateful for all the time. "And remember," said Preacher Suttle, "Providence cares for all. Even the birds of the air are fed each day." "Yep", replied Mr. Cornwell, "off my corn."

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said Mrs. George Hart at the table. "Hey?" ejaculated the waiter, who was hard of hearing. "No; straw, I said."

Patsy Osborne--"What do you do when you see an unusually beautiful girl?" Rachel Spangler--"I look for a while, then I get tired and lay the mirror down."

Mrs. Osborne--"That girl over there shows distinction in her clothes." Mr. Osborne--"You mean distinctly, don't you?"

The twins had been brought to be christened. "What names?" asked the preacher. "Steak and Kidney," the father answered. "Bill, you fool," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sydney."

The Globe Girdler, which, as most of you know, is published by the Fallston High School, had something to say about a basketball game between Piedmont and Fallston. The statement was made that the Piedmont boys beat the pants off the Fallston boys. The return game has now been played. This time the Piedmont boys want to Fallston. I saw the game myself. Mirabile Visu from the standpoint of the fans over that way. Reluctantly I am forced to say that Fallston beat the pants, britches, basketball trunks, et cetera off our boys. I have known Mr. Gary for the past nineteen years--frankly I have been impressed by the versatility of the man. I think that he is H.L. Mencken, Albert Einstein, the late Will Rogers, etc. all rolled in one.