

A Humorous Talk

At this time I am reminded of a banquet I once attended. The toastmaster turned to the speaker of the evening and said, "Shall we have your speech now, or shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer?" Perhaps you should have been permitted to enjoy yourselves a little longer.

If any of you have trouble in hearing me you should take the attitude of a man in an audience where I once spoke. I was making a speech and a man in the back kept yelling out, "Louder! Louder!" A man about half way back rose and called out, "Can't you hear back there?" "No, not a thing", replied the man who had been making the disturbance. "Then", shouted the man nearest me, "you don't know how lucky you are. Just thank the Lord you can't and sit down and keep still."

I hope you do not jump to any conclusions about my ability from that though. An aviation instructor, having delivered a lecture on parachute jumping concluded his lecture in this way; "and if it doesn't open--well, gentlemen, that is what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

I read a bright yarn for dull times the other day. Since this is a rather dull time for all of those who have to listen it may be appropriate to tell a bright yarn.

"An elderly German couple decided to buy a farm adjoining their property. The price agreed upon was \$16,000, and they went to town to conclude the deal.

'They entered the bank carrying an old battered milk pail with a tin cover, which they set on the floor between their chairs.

'When the time came to pay, the old farmer pulled the pail up on his lap and started to count out an assortment of money, much of which had been out of circulation for some time.

'Finally he reached the bottom, and stopped, obviously very upset.

"Why, there's only \$14,000 here," he exclaimed.

His wife looked equally concerned for a moment and then her face brightened.

"Ach, papa, you brought the wrong pail," she exclaimed."

A political speaker once told his audience that he was going to start back clear to the creation and come down to the modern time before he concluded; but the Scotchman went him one better.

This modest Scotchman was speaking of his family. He said, "The Douglas family is verra, verra auld Scotch family. The line rins awa' back into antiquity. We dinna ken hoo far back it rins, but it's a lang, lang way back, and the history of the Douglas family is recorded in five volumes. In aboot the middle of the third volume, in the marginal note, we read, "Aboot this time the world was created."

While we are talking about the Scotch--and we have decided that the Scotch people have a very decided sense of humor to stand all of the stories that are told on them--we want to tell you about the Scotchman who fell into the well. It seems that he had fallen in and was swimming around in it, and called to his wife. She came running and asked if she should get the servants from the field to come and pull him out. "What time is it," he inquired. "Eleven-thirty," said his wife. "Well, never mind," said he, "I'll sim around till dinner time."

That needs rest too."

The papers and magazines have been full of talk about the depression. We have heard a lot about technocracy, and the machine age as a cause of the hard times. However after reading the following story I have come to another conclusion, and decided that nearsightedness is probably the cause. Now a fellow by the name of Perkins was not near sighted, and he knew how to fight the depression. He was dealing in house paint, but he could see that business was going to get it in the neck, so he switched off to the face paint line, and he hasn't even known there was a depression around.

Speaking of the depression reminds me of this one. Friend wife and her husband were out automobiling, and as usual the husband's wife was doing the driving. Exclaimed the wife, "Oh, John, the car is running away." "Can't you stop it, replied the husband, "No", shrieked the wife. "Tell then, said husband, "See if you can't run into something cheap."

Of course I am rather interested in reports of the schools, being in school work myself. The other day a teacher was trying to impress on her class the meaning of "peace", "rest", and "recreation." So she asked one small boy, "Now, Phillip, what does your father do in the evening when his work is all done?" "That's just what mother wants to know", replied Phillip.

Not long ago a father was very pleased and flattered when his little son said, "Dad, my teacher is awfully interested in you and she would like to see you." "Is that so?" replied the father, "what makes you think so?" "Why, she said so yesterday she told me to sit down and behave myself several times and then she said, I'd just like to see what kind of a father you have."

Another teacher was asking questions in geography. "Fred", she said, "can you tell me the shape of the earth?" "All I know, said Fred, "is that my dad says it's in pretty bad shape right now."

Johnnie had just had a new baby sister. The teacher thinking to tease him offered to buy the baby for a dollar a pound, but Johnnie refused. The teacher then said, "Well, you must like your baby sister pretty well". "It ain't that", replied Johnnie, "but if you are going to buy her by the pound I'll wait till she grows some more before I sell her."

A short time ago I had to stay at a hotel overnight and catch an early morning train, so I left orders to be called at five so I could catch a six o'clock train. The next morning I was aroused by a pounding on my door, and the boy called out, "You left orders to be called at five o'clock, but I didn't wake up myself. I wanted to tell you that it is now seven o'clock and the train's already gone so you can sleep as late as you want to."

Whenever I am called upon to make a talk unexpectedly I think of the gentleman who was called upon at a banquet to make a speech without any warning. Very much embarrassed, he arose and opened his remarks as follows: "It is indeed kind of the chairman to have done me the honor of calling me to make an address on this occasion. I must confess, however, that I am totally unprepared and I am reminded of a striking verse in the book of Jonah. You all remember the story and no doubt you remember Jonah's expostulation to the fish. To you Mr. Chairman, he said turning to the chairman. "I quote Jonah's closing words to the fish, "I wouldn't have been in this hole if you had kept your mouth shut."

The most natural thing in the world for an American to do is to make a speech. It is said that when the genuine American is born and gets fairly on his feet, the first thing he does is to say, "Fellow Citizens," and after he has got through with the world and is about to leave, he says, "One word more." But many times silence is more agreeable than speech, as when the man said to the bird trainer: "I gave you fifty dollars to teach my wife's parrot how to talk. How much will you charge to teach the confounded bird to shut up?" And there are times when silence is more restful than speech, as when the lady asked the physician for some medicine and he said, "Madam, all you need is rest." "Oh", says she, "Just look at my tongue." "Ah", said he, "That needs rest too."

I am sure that you need a rest too. Thank you.