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Quips and Quotes

Heard about the two cement mixers that ran away and got married? Got a little sidewalk running around the house now.—Link-Belt News



September Song
Morning's fine;
World's all mine—
Johnny's startin'
Kindergarten!
—Lois Pasley in Quote

Nature's Child
On viewing this room
of our daughter's
(Straightened so often
in vain),
We're thinking of
naming our next girl
After a hurricane!
—Hal Chadwick



Smart girls don't want to be put on a pedestal. They're pretty sure they won't find any men up there.
—Ken Kraft

A local businessman had to go to New York to attend a convention, and his wife pleaded to go along. "But I'll be busy all the time," he protested.

"You wouldn't enjoy going at all."

"Oh, I would," she replied. "I'll buy clothes."

"What! Go all the way to New York for a few clothes when you can buy everything you want right here!"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed the wife. "That's just what I hoped you'd say."—Frances Rodman

Two avid golfers, teeing off one Sunday morning, were feeling guilty. "I can't help thinking," one said, "that we should have gone to church."
"Well," said the other philosophically, "I couldn't have gone anyway. My wife is sick in bed."



"What's this nonsense about his brother having a flying saucer?"

A seedy old-timer walked into a cafe with a shaggy dog and no money. But, he told the owner, his dog would answer questions for the mere price of two cups of coffee. Reluctantly, the proprietor set up coffee for the pair and waited expectantly. "Now tell the nice man what's on top of a house," said the bum. "Rrruff," said the dog.

"Hear that!" exclaimed the bum. "Roof! That's what's on top of a house." Before the owner could protest, the bum continued. "And this dog was in the Army, too. For some sweet rolls, he will tell you how Army life was."

The owner gave up two rolls and listened intently. "Rrruff," said the dog. "Rough! That's how Army life was. Rough!" The proprietor's patience was vanishing, but the old man continued. "Not satisfied? Well, for some butter, this canine will tell you who the greatest baseball player was."

Against his better judgment, the owner took another chance. "Rrruff," said the dog.

The bum was ecstatic. "Ruth! Babe Ruth. That's what he said!"

This was too much for the restaurant owner. Grabbing the dog by the scruff of the neck and the bum by the collar, he tossed both into the street. Dejectedly, the pair sat there for a moment. Then the dog looked up quizzically at his master and asked—"DiMaggio?"

