

OLD CHESTNUT CORNER

Anon.

The priest stopped two hippies as they passed on the sidewalk.

"You men ought to be ashamed of yourselves," he said, "You're sloppy, dirty, and you need a bath."

"What's a bath?" said one to the other as they walked on.

"How do I know?" said his friend, "I'm not a Catholic."

"How's your sex life going?" said one 33'er to another.

"Infrequently," came the reply.

"Is that one word or two?" asked the first.

Talk about History repeating itself !!!

Both President Lincoln and President Kennedy were concerned about civil rights.

Lincoln was elected in 1860 and Kennedy in 1960.

Both were slain on Friday and in the presence of their wives.

John Wilkes Booth was born in 1839 and Lee Harvey Oswald in 1939.

Andrew Johnson was born in 1808 and Lyndon B. Johnson in 1908.

Both Booth and Oswald were murdered before they could be tried.

Lincoln's secretary whose name was Kennedy advised him not to go to the theatre.

Kennedy's secretary whose name was Lincoln advised him not to go to Dallas.

Andrew Johnson was defeated for election.

L. B. J., suspecting defeat, did not run for election.

A Londoner was entertaining a very proper visitor at his club. Host, "Would you care for a little toddy before dinner?"

Visitor, "No thanks. Tried the stuff about 30 years ago. Didn't like it. Haven't had one since."

After dinner, host asked, "Would you like a cigar?"

Visitor, "No thanks. Tried one 30 some years ago and it made me sick."

Later in the evening it came out that the visitor had a son in the army in India, whereupon the host remarked, "Your only child, I presume."

A very prominent lawyer was at the pearly gates where he met the Pope who had also recently died. St. Peter met them and escorted them to their quarters. It seems that he gave the Pope an ordinary room, small and unpretentious. The lawyer, however received an elegant deluxe

suite. When the lawyer wondered how come, St. Peter explained, "Well, over the years we have gotten many Popes here, but this is the first time we have ever had a lawyer."

Disorder in the Court: A Collection of "Transquips" by Richard Lederer

Q. What is your brother-in-law's name?

A. Borofkin.

Q. What's his first name?

A. I can't remember.

Q. He's been your brother-in-law for years and you can't remember his first name?

A. No. I tell you I'm too excited. (Rising from the witness chair and pointing to Mr. Borofkin.) Nathan, for God's sake, tell them your first name.

Q. Doctor, did you say he was shot in the woods?

A. No, I said he was shot in the lumbar region.

Q. What is your name?

A. Ernestine McDowell.

Q. And what did your husband do before you divorced him?

A. A lot of things I didn't know about.

Q. Doctor, how many autopsies have you performed on dead people?

A. All my autopsies have been performed on dead people.

Q. Did you tell your lawyer that your husband had offered you indignities?

A. He didn't offer me nothing; he just said I could have the furniture.

Q. When he went, had you gone, and had she, if she wanted to and were able, for the time being excluding all the restraints on her not to go, gone also, would he have brought you, meaning you and she, with him to the station?

Mr. Brooks: Objection! Your honor, that question should be taken out and shot.

All about prepositions:

Harry: "The date of the member-guest tournament had to be changed. The Golf Committee screwed up."

George: You don't end a sentence with a preposition.

Curly: "Harry went to Yale, he doesn't know any better."

Fred: "Yes he does. A new scholarship freshman at Yale said to an upper classman. 'Where's the Admissions Office at?'. The Yalie replied. 'At Yale you'll learn not to end a sentence with a preposition.' "

"OK", said the freshman, "Where's the Admissions Office at, Smart Ass?"

Winston Churchill once said: "The parliament is doing things I won't put up with." On being corrected for not one but two terminal prepositions, Churchill replied: "Thank you, the parliament is doing things up with which I won't put."

Also attributed to Churchill, on being challenged to end a sentence with more than two prepositions:

"What did you bring that book I didn't want to be read to out of up for."

An Irishman walks into a pub in Dublin, orders three pints of Guinness and sits in the back of the room, drinking a sip out of each one in turn. When he finishes them, he comes back to the bar and orders three more. The bartender asks him, "you know, a pint begins to go flat after I draw it, wouldn't you rather I draw a fresh pint for you one at a time?" The fellow replies, "Well, you see I have two brothers overseas. When they left, we promised we'd drink this way to remember the days

when we drank together." The bartender agrees that this is a nice thing, and leaves it there.

The fellow becomes a regular at the bar, and always drinks the same way - ordering three pints and drinking them in turn. One day he comes in and orders two pints. All the regulars notice and fall silent, speculating about what might have happened to one of the brothers.

When the fellow goes back for a second round, the bartender says, "I don't want to intrude on your grief, but I do want to offer my condolences on your great loss." The fellow looks confused for a moment and then a light dawns in his eye and he laughs and says: "Oh, no, everything's fine. I've just given up beer for Lent."

A very rich man died and appeared at the pearly gates. St. Peter, "Tell me about the good you have done on earth." "Well, I helped an old lady who was down and out across the street, and gave her \$2 for a meal." St. Peter, "Anything else?" "Yes, I gave a homeless man \$2 to buy some food." St. Peter, "Can you think of anything else?" Hearing nothing, St. Peter sent a message to consult the boss. The answer came back, "Give this man his \$4 back and tell him to go to Hell!"

The secretary proudly announced to her boss that she and her husband were going to have a baby. "What are you going to name it?" he asked. "Well," she said, "If it's a boy we're going to name him John." "Oh," said the boss, "Why do you want to call him that. Every Tom, Dick and Harry is named John!"

More Candid—Reunion Dinner at the Nassau Club



John Kemmerer and Curly Marsh



Barbara Hewson and Bill