

● Amusing Things Folder

Subject File

P.S.F. Boy ~~████~~

PSF: Amusing Things

U. S. A. NORTH-EASTERN LOCAL BRANCHES

Rev. M. J. Divine

Box 115

REV. M. J. DIVINE
204 W. 62nd St.
New York City
Tel. Circle 7-1219

REV. M. J. DIVINE
24 E. 108th St.
New York City
Tel. LEhigh 4-3611

REV. M. J. DIVINE
239 W. 118th St.
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Tel. MOument 2-3036

FATHER DIVINE'S
DRESS SHOP
53 W. 114th St.
New York City
Tel. CAthedral 8-3879

REV. M. J. DIVINE
15 W. 115th St.
New York City
Tel. CAthedral 8-3879

REV. M. J. DIVINE
103 W. 117th St.
New York City
Tel. CAthedral 8-1833

REV. M. J. DIVINE
106 W. 119th St.
New York City
Tel. MOument 2-3236

REV. M. J. DIVINE
59 E. 122nd St.
New York City
Tel. HARlem 7-3408

REV. M. J. DIVINE
234 W. 123rd St.
New York City

REV. M. J. DIVINE
29 W. 126th St.
New York City
Tel. HARlem 7-2157

REV. M. J. DIVINE
185-183 W. 128th St.
New York City
Tel. UNiversity 4-4025

REV. M. J. DIVINE
144 W. 128th St.
New York City
Tel. UNiversity 4-4025

REV. M. J. DIVINE
182-160 W. 128th St.
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REV. M. J. DIVINE
Hotel 168 W. 128th St.
New York City
Tel. MOument 2-3627

REV. M. J. DIVINE
29 W. 130th St.
New York City
Tel. TILLingham 6-3745

FATHER DIVINE'S
PEACE MISSION
GARAGE
33-44 W. 144th St.
New York City
Tel. AUDubon 8-8122

Official Headquarters
42 WEST 145TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY
NEW YORK

Tel. CAthedral 8-0879
73 MACON STREET
BAYVILLE, L. I.
NEW YORK
Tel. Bayville 211

Hearts

DECEMBER 17, 1938 A.D.F.D.

Miss Anna M. Rosenberg
Regional Director
11 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y.

My dear Miss Rosenberg:-

I AM writing in response to yours of past date, to first state I have been out of the City for the greater part of each week recently, and to also state your letter was not placed in the file for immediate response; hence the delay.

However, in the consideration of the Social Security Act, according to the Principle of Righteousness, Justice and Truth, for which I and MY followers stand, we believe the Social Security Act to be contrary to this Principle, and therefore, because of our Religious Beliefs and Conviction, have not participated nor co-operated with the same.

I believe this information will satisfactorily answer any questions relative to the above.

With best wishes to you, this leaves ME ever Well, Healthy, Joyful, Peaceful, Lively, Loving, Successful, Prosperous and Happy in Spirit, Body and Mind and in every organ, muscle, sinew, joint, limb, vein and bone and even in every atom, fibre and cell of MY Bodily Form.

Respectfully and Sincere, I AM

M. J. Divine
REV. M. J. DIVINE

(Better known as FATHER DIVINE)

REV. M. J. DIVINE
19 W. 151st St.
New York City
Tel. TILLingham 6-3744

REV. M. J. DIVINE
203 W. 158th St.
New York City
Tel. EDgecomb 4-7314

REV. M. J. DIVINE
10 School St.
Newark, New Jersey
Tel. MARKET 2-4334

REV. M. J. DIVINE
189-03 107th Ave.
Jamaica, N. Y.
Tel. JAMAICA 6-2253

REV. M. J. DIVINE
463-470 Broad St.
Bridgeport, Conn.
Tel. BRIDGEport 8-5553

REV. M. J. DIVINE
Rte 2, Box 261
New Paltz, N. Y.
Tel. New Paltz 173

REV. M. J. DIVINE
Cherry Hill Farm
High Falls, N. Y.
Tel. High Falls

REV. M. J. DIVINE
Cromwell
Olivebridge, N. Y.
Tel. AShokan

REV. M. J. DIVINE
Route 213
Atwood, Stone Ridge
Tel. KINGston 4275-J-3

REV. M. J. DIVINE
Rosendale, N. Y.
Tel. ROsendale

REV. M. J. DIVINE
67 Chapel St.
Kingston, N. Y.
Tel. KINGston

REV. M. J. DIVINE
115 Main Street
Gt. Barrington, Mass.
Tel. Gt. B. 211-M

REV. M. J. DIVINE
11 Gunn Street
Milford, Conn.
Tel. MILford 121

FATHER DIVINE'S PEACE
MISSION BAKERY
24 West 115th St.
New York City
Tel. CAthedral 8-3879

FATHER DIVINE'S PEACE
MISSION DELICATESSEN
& GROCERY STORE
26 West 115th St.
New York City
Tel. CAthedral 8-3879

FATHER DIVINE'S PEACE
MISSION GARAGE
18 West 144th St.
New York City
Tel. AUDubon 8-8122

BF *amusing things 3-44*
file
conclude
1/10/44
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

February 3, 1944.

Dear Malvina:

The President loved those
excerpts taken from letters from wives
mothers, fathers, etc. of men in the
service. He said to tell you he is
really getting quite a collection.

GGT

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Dear Grace:

I am low-minded enough to think these are really funny. I thought perhaps the President might be amused some time when he has a free minute in which to read them.

Affec.

The following sentences about allotment were taken from actual letters from wives, mothers, fathers, etc., of men who are in the service:

Please send me my elopement as I have a four months old baby and he is my sole support and I need all I can get every day to buy food and keep him in close.

Both sides of my parents is poor and I can't expect nothing from them as my mother has been in bed one year with the same doctor and won't change.

Please send my wife's form to fill out.

I have already wrote the president and I don't hear from you. I will write to "Uncle Sam" and tell him about you both.

Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby.

This is my eighth child. What are you going to do about it?

I can't get my pay. I got six children; can you tell me why this is?

Sir: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my two children; one is a mistake as you can see.

Please find out for certain if my husband is dead, as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything until he nos for sure.

I am writing to tell you that my baby was born two years ago and is two years old. When do I get relief?

I am annoyed to find out that you branded my children illiterate. Oh, the shame of it, it is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born.

In answer to your letter, I gave birth to a boy weighing 10 lbs. I hope this is satisfactory.

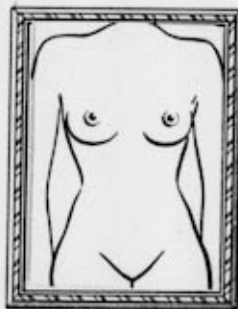
I have no children as my husband was a truck driver and worked day and night when he wasn't sleeping.

You have changed my little boy to a girl. Does this make any difference?

In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

psr

Among the things
3-44



Wouldn't it be
He who has
an evil mind
Nice if you could
make Fala
grow like this?
Faint



is a Dirty Dog

BP
amusing file

A LETTER TO A MOUNTAIN BOY IN THE WAR FROM HIS MOTHER

Dear Son:

Your pa has a new job now for the first time in 43 years. We air a little better off now -- 17.85 every Thursday -- so we thot we'd do a little fixin up. We sent to Sears Roebuck for one of those bathrooms you hear about. When it come, it took a plumber to put it in shape.

On one side of the room is a great long thing, somethin like the pigs drink out of, only you get in it and wash all over.

On the other side is a little thing called s ink. This is for light washing of your face and hands. But over in the corner, now, we really have something. This derved thing, you put one foot in and wash it clean and pull the string and get fresh water for the other foot. Two lids come with this derved thing, and we ain't got no use for them in the bathroom so I'm usin one for a bread board and the other we framed Grandpa's picture in.

These are awful nice people to deal with and they sent us a roll of writing paper with it.

Take care of youself.

3-44

file amusing
campaign material

PSY

6 *Amendment*

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

(Copyright)

Please with 2

He Sees by Paper

I see by the papers that the tired old man is again back on the job in Washington. While his youthful 42-year-old opponent is so fagged out from campaigning that he has retired to sunny Georgia for a much needed rest.

Where is all this youth that we heard so much about from the Republican speakers? Try and answer this one in your column.

ANOTHER OLD MAN AND A SUBSCRIBER.

Prayer for Wartime

By the way, does anybody nowadays remember Mark Twain's "War Prayer"? It went this way: "Oh Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the screams of the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help

us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless, with their little children, to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolate lands in rags and hunger and thirst, sport of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it—for our sakes, who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask this of One who is the spirit of love, and who is the ever faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Grant our prayer, O Lord, and Thine shall be the praise and honor and glory, now and ever. Amen." The way I heard it, Mark would not allow this one to be published till after his death.

ANONYMOUS.

What Bird Said It?

Under date of October 27, in



BSF
Amusing
THE REVEREND WILBUR P. HALLOCK

173 Bowery

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

May 1, 1944.

Dear Sir:

No doubt you have heard of me and my great work in the cause of Temperance. For several years I have been traveling about the country appearing on the lecture platform. Perhaps you are familiar with some of my better known subjects, such as "DOWN WITH THE DRINK EVIL", "RUM AND REBELLION", and most important "THERE IS NO BOOZE IN CHRISTIANITY."

For the past several years, I have had as my constant companion a true and faithful friend, one Herman Fortesque, who used to sit with me on the platform, and when I would point out to the audience as a horrible example of the ravages of drink.

Herman originally had a splendid background and was a man of fine education and family connections. During the years when he could have given thought to the moulding of his character, he developed an insatiable appetite for rum, whiskey, and other strong drinks. How much better would he have been had he turned to higher things.

There were times when poor Herman's condition was pitiful. Here was a brilliant man, who had become a wreck of his former self. He would sit on the platform with me, drooling at the mouth and staring at the audience with bloodshot eyes.

Unfortunately, during the past winter, Herman passed away.

A mutual friend has given me your name. I wonder if you would consent to accompany me on my tour this coming season to take poor Herman's place.

Bless you.

Respectfully yours,

THE REVEREND WILBUR P. HALLOCK

amusing things folder
3-44

— *PSF*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 8, 1944.

MEMORANDUM

The President directed me to telephone Jonathan Daniels the following message:

"Do you want to spend a day with the girls. If you are willing to do it, may I say yes to the Missus? I hope you can do it, but looks are not guaranteed. The only thing that is guaranteed is that it will be a dry party!"

GGT

Y

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

June 5, 1944

MEMORANDUM FOR F.D.R.--

An all day conference is being held at the White House on Wednesday, June 14, to discuss the inclusion of qualified women as United States delegates and members on international and national conferences and agencies. The following is an excerpt from a letter I have received from Miss Charl Williams, Nat'l Education Association, who is handling the conference:

"In spite of all that he has to do, Secretary Hull let me talk with him on Thursday morning. I told him all about the conference and our hopes of what might accrue from it. He gave it his blessing and said the State Department would help in any way we wished. The next day I saw Mr. Stettinius and he, too, was interested. I have asked him to speak in the afternoon and to send an observer for the whole day."

"The informal program committee suggested that we ask President Roosevelt to send one of his executive assistants to observe--possibly Mr. Daniels. Certainly this feature would give prestige in every way to our deliberations--and would certainly impress the women. We also plan to ask each of the executive departments to send an observer--as well as OWI, FEA, UNRRA and ILO."

Will you do this?

E.R.

(Orig. of this memo sent to Jonathan Daniels 6/8/44.)
A.C.T.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

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Will you do this?

E.R.

C
O
P
Y

PSF

Amusing folder
3-44

June 12, 1944.

Dear Archie:-

You have been grossly deceived. I am still alive! Why the "Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Library" at Hyde Park? I realize that I have not seen you for a century or two and, at that time, you were intending to be a blacksmith while I was about to join up as an able-bodied seaman with Captain Cook. It is wonderful on a joint return (not income tax) to find you making a naval collection in a Library I have never heard of, while I am writing prayers.

I am sorry that your Library does not "possess anything on earth". I was acquainted with a lending library once but it is a wonderful idea that you have started a borrowing library.

My Library is in that business. I am trying to find those damn prints. I am checking on the one here and will send it over to you, and I have telegraphed to Hyde Park to have the small one of the Constitution sent down.

My best to you,

as ever yours,

Honorable Archibald MacLeish,
Librarian of Congress,
Washington, D. C.

(Orig. corres. is filed - MacLeish Folder, dr. 2-44.)

ON THE TRAIN IN NORTH DAKOTA - August 14, 1944:

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" - 1944 version

Shortly after leaving Honolulu, clear blue sky, calm sea, no wind, there appeared over the horizon a cloud as small as a man's hand. It saw us and approached slowly.

It turned out to be one of those rather rare animals known as a "low". The party was on deck and as soon as the "low" saw us it recognized Rear Admiral Wilson Brown, U.S.N. and headed straight for us.

We cannot shake it off.

It smiled all over, circled us several times and took a position just off the stern. It followed us all night and the next day and the next.

After three more days, we reached Adak, where it went ashore and played happily in the wake of Admiral Brown. With it came wind and rain and fog.

We all realized that it was a nice little cloud but to be accompanied everywhere by a "low" was getting to be monotonous. Its presence became so persistent that the tug boats were prevented by it from pulling us off the dock. In other words, it was an annoying "low". Our expert said it would pass us to the eastward and finally when it went off to gamble on the horizon for a few minutes, we got under way and had only been headed for Kodiak for an hour or two when the little "low" turned up again from nowhere and accompanied us. All the way to Kodiak it hovered around us and while it was kind enough to run away while we caught a fish, there it was back again all the rest of that day and all the next day and accompanied us in to Auk Bay.

By unanimous cursing, we persuaded it to go away while we caught some more fish and the sun actually came out. But having transferred to a destroyer, Admiral Brown seemed to be somewhat worried and sure enough his little "low" appeared again that evening. He was so glad to see it that it never left us. We think that he fed it surreptitiously under the table.

It was with us all the way down the Inland Passage day after day and actually followed us into the Puget Sound Navy Yard. We pleaded with the Admiral to say goodbye and leave it there. He said he would do his best and we think he did do his best, but to no avail.

In the late afternoon, we went to Seattle and boarded the train and to our horror the next morning after we woke up across the Cascade Mountains there was the little "low" following us. It kept on going all the way into Montana and the following day across Montana and into North Dakota.

What can we do about it?

The trouble is that it has lots of friends in the party. For instance, it has encouraged Admiral McIntire to use a new word with almost every sentence. If we cannot see the horizon we are told it is an "occluded front". It seems to me that is a very long word to apply to a little lamb or a little "low". Anna and the girls had never seen an occlusion. They think it is just a nautical term for bad weather and we tell them that it is just an old Navy custom.

- 3 -

So here we are approaching the Twin Cities and we have got the bright idea that Admiral Brown should continue to feed his little "low" and bring it with us all the way to Washington. Washington needs a little "low" and so we must never forget that Wilson had a little "low" and write a new children's book about it.

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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

*file
Amusing*

Warm Springs, Ga.,
December 8, 1944.

Dear Dr. Hopkins:-

I understand from some friends in Meriwether County, Georgia, that you are an expert face lifter and Dermatologist. It has also come to my attention that a gentleman with a mustache would like to shave it but does not dare find out what is underneath. Perhaps you can help him. It would be a pity to have him go through life not knowing what is underneath.

As ever yours,

Dr. Harry L. Hopkins,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

December 6, 1944

MEMORANDUM FOR THE PRESIDENT

Dear Mr. President:

You will be amused at
this letter which I got from
Walter Winchell yesterday.


E.L.H.

encl. copy

COPY

1664 No. Bronson Avenue
Hollywood 28, California
October 16, 1944

Dear Mr. Winchell:

Have you ever wondered why Thomas Dewey, Presidential Candidate, always makes such a fuss, when being photographed?

A friend of mine, a Mrs. Gardner, told me the following about Dewey. He was raised in the same small town of Owasso, Mich., as she was, since they were tots. He always was a nasty kid and bully, although very easily led by someone, if he thought he could get something from that someone. When he found he could no longer use that someone, he would desert him like a rat from a sinking ship. He has an uncontrollable temper, which he uses too frequently, especially when he cannot get his way.

If you will look back to the 1940 Nomination Convention at Chicago, you will remember his terrible actions after finding out that he had lost the nomination to Wilkie. This was broadcast from Chicago right after the nomination was completed.

Now, the reason for his posing so carefully, when he has photographs taken, is to keep the left side of his face from the camera, as much as possible.

While Dewey was a student at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., he was very much disliked. One day, he was annoying a girl whom he thought he liked, but like the rest there, she did not like him (Dewey), and told him so. She refused to have anything to do with him. This got him so angry, that he started an ugly tale about this girl, hoping to wreck her good name. One of the Boys just smashed Dewey's face, and split his upper lip, for talking like that about a girl. One side of his face is a bit battered, and he covers the scar with a mustache.

Very sincerely,

/s/ Sophia Cworn

P.S. Please keep our names, Mrs. Gardner's and mine, confidential. Her address is 7224 Hillside Ave., Hollywood, 28, and she gave me permission to write this letter.





Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, Norfolk, Virginia

Thursday, March 1, 1945

A Veteran Returns



PST
FDR

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 9, 1945

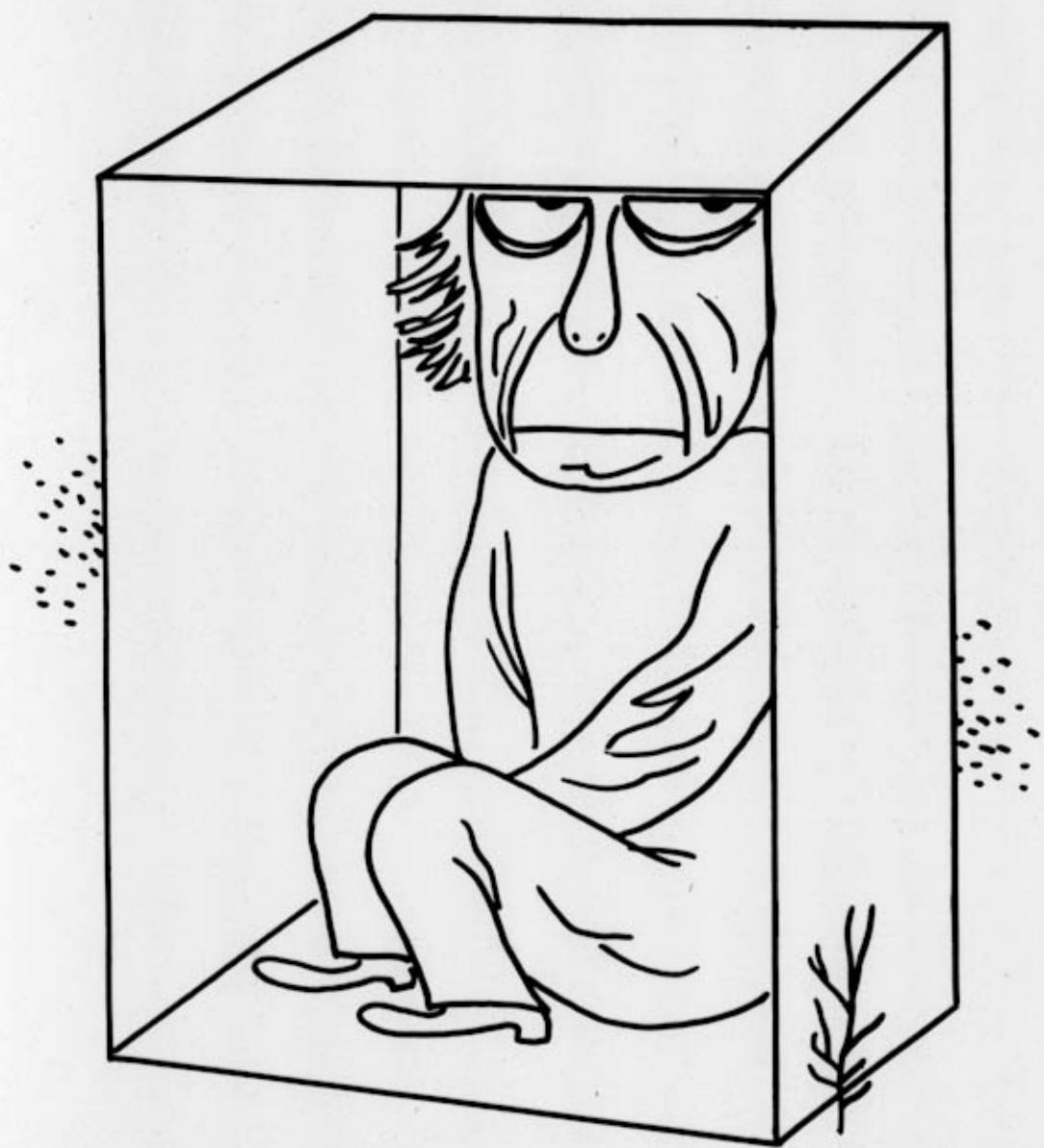
The following story was sent to the President by the Superintendent of Schools in Fairmont, West Virginia, who vouches for the truth of it:

On Washington's birthday one of the teachers was telling her young pupils the story of the Father of his Country. The next day one little girl from the class, aged six, went into a drugstore where she saw a picture of George Washington on a magazine cover. Pointing to the picture she said:

"I know who that man is"

"You do? " said the druggist. "ell tell us. Who is it?"

"Oh" she said, "Our teacher told us all about him. That is George Washington. He was the first Roosevelt"



.. PEOPLE ARE NO DAMNED GOOD

Personal

The President
The White House,
Washington, D.C.

Kathleen & John G. Tully

DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

PSF

file
Amusing
Folder

For two long years, since blood and tears
-have been so very rife,
Confusion in our war news, burdens more
a soldier's life.
But from this chaos, daily, like a hospice
on the way,
Like a shining light to guide us, rises
Doug's Communique.

For should we fail to get the mail,
if prisoners won't talk,
If radios are indisposed and carrier
pigeons walk,
We have no fear because we'll hear
tomorrow's news today
And see our operations plan in
Doug's Communique.

Here, too, is told the saga bold,
of virile deathless youth
In stories seldom tarnished with
the plain unvarnished truth.
It's quite a rag, it waves the flag,
its motif is the fray,
And modesty is plain to see, in
Doug's Communique.

"My battleships bombard the Nips from
Main to Singapore.
My subs have sunk a million tons
they'll sink a billion more.
My aircraft bombed Berlin last night."
In Italy they say,
"Our turn's tonight, because it's right in
Doug's Communique.

"My armored tanks have mowed his ranks,
so Rommel's gone to hide.
And the frozen Steppes of Russia see
my wild Don Cossacks ride.
My brave Beleaguered Chetniks make
the Axis sweat and pay"
It's got to be, it's what we see in
Doug's Communique.

His area is quite cosmic, and
capricious as a breeze;
Ninety times as big as Texas,
bigger than Los Angeles,
It springs from lost ATLANTIS,
up to where the Angels play,
And no sparrow falls unheeded, it's in
Doug's Communique.

He used to say, "And with God's help",
but lately it has seemed
That his patience is exhausted,
and God's on his second team.
And the Cabots and the Lodges, too, have
long ceased to pray
That they'll even squeeze a byline into
Doug's Communique.

And while possibly a rumor now,
someday it will be fact
That the Lord will hear a deep voice say,
"Move over, God, it's Mac."
So bet your shoes that all the news,
that last great Judgement Day,
will go to press in nothing less than
Doug's Communique.

BSF
Amusing file

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who backed off the bus because he heard a woman say she was going to grab his seat when he got off?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who took a dose of buckshot so he could pass the ammunition?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who walked a sweater girl home so he could pull the wool over her eyes?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who slept on his stomach because he heard the Japs were looking for a Naval Base?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who looked through a history book trying to find out who "General Delivery" was?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who put on two pair of trousers so he could open up a second front?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who was feeling low and got his face slapped?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who got married and then sat up all night gazing out of the window because his father told him it would be the most wonderful night he ever saw?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who burned his fingers trying to pin a diaper on a cigarette butt?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who cut a hole in the rug, because he wanted to see the floor show and then covered it up because it was too dirty to look at?

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT:

The little moron who sat down and cried because her husband was going out to shoot craps and she didn't know how to cook them?

PSF
amusing
file

In case you don't know what the war is all about, the following will, I hope, add to your befuddlement. The fact that all the statements in it are basically true adds only to the confusion; but then that is the kind of world we live in.

An American officer and a Hungarian officer started to talk on a train. This was their conversation.....

"So you are a citizen of the Hungarian Republic?"

"No, I am a subject of the Hungarian Kingdom."

"Oh, so you have a king?"

"No, we have an Admiral."

"Oh, then, you have a Navy?"

"No, we have an Army."

"Well, then, you must be at war."

"Yes, we are fighting Russia."

"What are you fighting Russia for?"

"Over Transylvania."

"But I didn't know that Transylvania belonged to Hungary."

"No, it didn't. It belonged to Rumania."

"Well, then, you must be fighting Rumania."

"Oh, no, Rumania is our Ally."

BLACKOUT AND ANYHOW IT'S TIME TO GO TO BED!

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3-46*

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

This Irishman, with hand on hip,
Like the Irish race is just a "drip",
His high hat represents the stand,
Of the Irish in their native land!
They're "high hatting" all their
friends today,
While the "Heinies" keep on making
hay.
They'd better look out, or else,
Be Jeezez,
We'll belabor 'em till all Hell
freezes!

Grace

PSK DIPLOMATIC ALPHA TO OMEGA Amusing

During a recent round table discussion involving Curtin, McKenzie King, Churchill, and Roosevelt at which the Beveridge Report was the topic of conversation, each of the figures was loud in his promise of what his government was planning to do to take care of the people.

Curtin, after some preliminary remarks, indicated that his plan included taking care of the people from the cradle to the grave.

King, well-known for his originality, considered Curtin's comment, and then said that as he conceived the situation, Canada would take care of the problem from the womb to the tomb.

"The Mother Country, Gentlemen," said Churchill, "recognizes the merits of the plans already presented, but feels that neither has gone quite far enough. I have a germ of an idea which gets down to the ground, and I believe will meet with overwhelming approval. It is my plan to take care of our people from the sperm to the worm." There was nodding approval from both Curtin and King and the broad smile of recognition from Roosevelt.

Not to be outdone, though, Roosevelt in his turn said that he felt the people of the United States would rise to his plan. "It has been growing in my mind for some time, and the suggestions already made have caused it to rise to the heights of realization. We, in the the United States, will take care of the situation from erection to resurrection."