

• Sunshine Corner •

PA: "Its a terrible thing. I sold my car and mortgaged my house and land, all to send my son to the University. And all he does there is smoke, drink, and take girls out to parties."

PAL: "Oh, so you're regretting it?"

PA: "Certainly. I should have gone myself."

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"My husband has been drinking steadily for two months—ever since I left him."

"Yes, so I heard. Don't you think he's carrying the celebration too far?"

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It was after the examination in a university and the professor was waxing sarcastic over the results.

"Will those who know nothing whatsoever about this subject kindly stand?" he inquired.

After a long pause, a young man at the side of the room rose lazily to his feet.

"So," said the professor grimly, "you know nothing, eh?"

"It's not quite as bad as that sir," said the truthful one, "but I just hated to see you standing there alone."

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Joe sat beside his dying partner, keeping the deathbed watch. Suddenly the dying man began to speak.

"Joe," he wheezed, "I have a confession to make to you. I robbed the firm of \$10,000. And that's not all, Joe. I sold a secret formula to our competitors, and I stole the letter from your desk that got your wife her divorce, and Joe . . ."

"That's okay, old man," Joe murmured. "I'm the one who poisoned you!"

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Customer: "Have you a book entitled 'Man, the Master of the Home'?"

Sales girl: "The fiction department is on the other side, sir."

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The busy executive asked his secretary where his pencil was.

"Its behind your ear," she replied.

"Come, come," snapped the big shot, "Im a busy man. Which ear?"

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MAN: "My wife has the worst memory I ever heard of."

FRIEND: "Forgets everything, eh?"

MAN: "No, remembers everything."

The circus strong man had never lost a contest with the local yokels. One day he heard about a farmer who was supposed to be incredibly strong. The circus man got on his horse and rode to the farm to challenge the local Hercules.

He rode into the farmyard, tied up his horse, and walked over to the farmer.

"Hey," he cried, "I've heard a lot about you, and I thought I'd see who is the better man."

Without a word, the farmer seized the intruder and hurled him bodily over the fence into the road and returned to his work.

When the loser had recovered his breath and dusted himself off, the farmer growled:

"Got anything else on your mind?"

"No," the circus man said meekly. "But, perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

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Making preparation for filming *The Good Earth*, the late Irving Thalberg suggested to Arnold Schoenberg that he compose the score, but Mr. Schoenberg couldn't warm up to the idea.

"Look!" persuaded Thalberg, "this picture will be an epic. Take this one scene alone—a great storm across the good brown earth, the field of wheat beaten to the ground, then an earthquake! In the middle of all this O-Lan bears her first child! What music you could write for that."

Schoenberg shrugged. "With all that going on," he murmured, "what do you want with music?"

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Down on the Kanawha River, in the by-gone days when stern-wheeler steamboats were familiar sights, navigation became a problem in the dry season. During one low-water stage, a steamer was attempting to scrape its way over a treacherous sandbar. Her engines were straining, her paddle wheels churning madly, and every member of the crew held his breath as the vessel crept inch by inch over the bar.

Just then, a river bank resident chose to leave his cabin and come down to the stream's edge for a pail of water. As he turned away, his bucket brimming, he caught the captain's eye.

"Hey," roared the fuming skipper, "dern you. You put that water back."