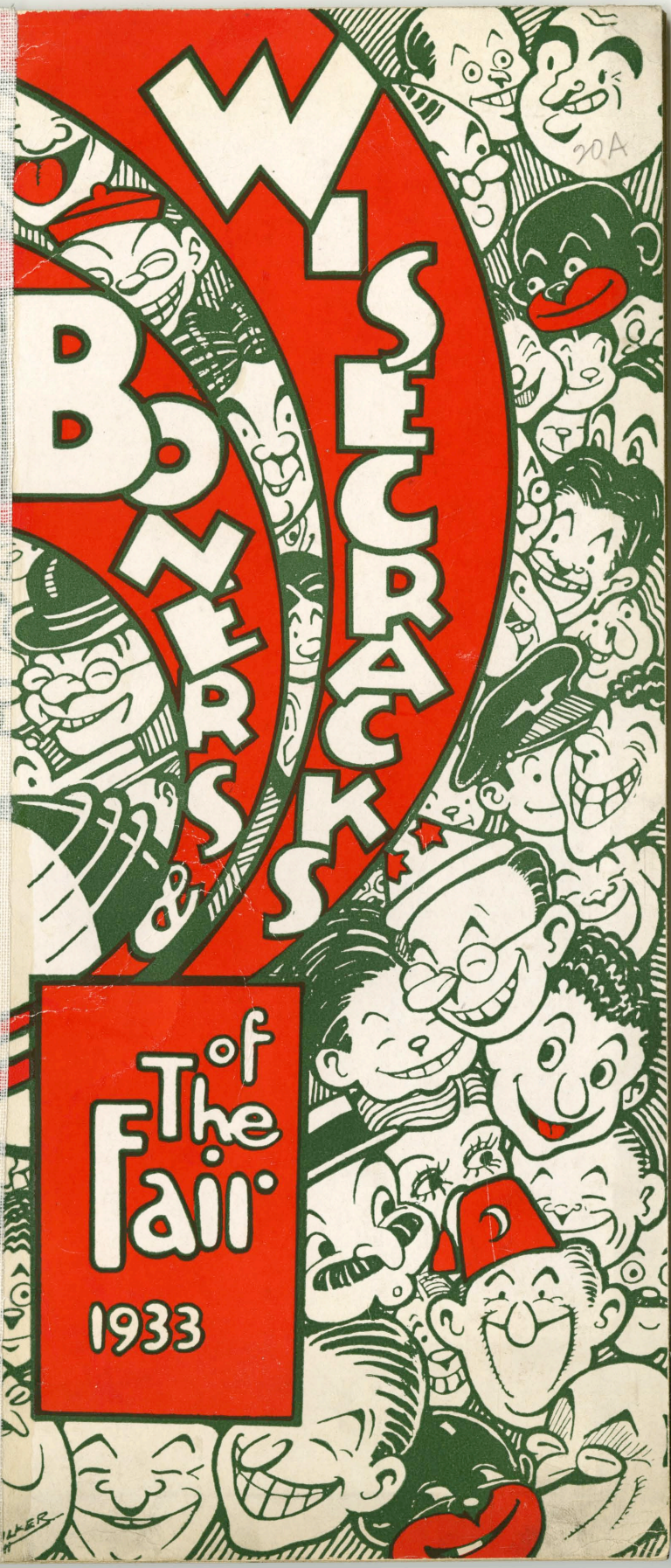


W B & S K C R E S

of
The
Fair
1933



WALKER

BONERS AND WISECRACKS OF THE FAIR—1933

Compiled by L. C. Heurlin
of the Cashiers Division



“Vas You Dere?” asks Jack Pearl of Walter Huston, noted screen star, after describing in his own inimitable fashion the sights of the World’s Fair. Cliff “Sharlie” Hall is on the Baron’s left.

“VAS YOU DERE?”

I was there: _____ Times.

Signed: _____

Address: _____

This, the first issue of
**“BONERS AND WISECRACKS
OF THE FAIR—1933”**

IS DEDICATED TO *YOU*
of the
Twenty-Two Million Visitors
Who Came and Appreciated
the Greatest
World's Fair of All Time
at Chicago, 1933



Compiled by a Cashier

Cartoons by Lee Miller

Copyright 1933 by L. C. Heurlin
Chicago

Introduction

In all fairness to the great minds and clever artists who conceived and made possible the great Chicago World's Fair of 1933, and in justice to the twenty-two million or more visitors who helped to make the Fair a success, let it be known that this booklet, "Boners and Wise-cracks of The Fair—1933" does not in any way intend to reflect upon the beauty and originality of A Century of Progress Exposition or its buildings and exhibits. Nor does it intend ridicule upon the inexperienced visitor coming to a big city. It has but one purpose, and that is to tickle your funny bone. It was compiled at the express suggestion and request of a group of visitors who had enjoyed listening to a cashier relate some of the many amusing and mirth provoking incidents taking place on the grounds.

Therefore, inasmuch as you asked for it, here it is. Everything related herein are truthful records of actual happenings.

If you get as much amusement out of reading it as we of The Fair employees did in experiencing the actual incidents, then it has served its purpose well.

After all, humor is the spice of life, and you'll never grow old as long as you can laugh. Gather your family and your friends around the fire-side and from now until the next World's Fair you can laugh together over the fun you had and the humorous incidents you can read about in "Boners and Wise-cracks of The Fair—1933."

The contents of this book have been voluntarily contributed by many people in and about the Fair grounds. To all these friends we are deeply indebted and we say a hearty thank you.

L. C. H.

Chicago, 1933.

Wait 'Til 1934!

Tales have been told about sailors

And much has been said about me,
Having traveled the rounds on a Whaler

And seein' all sights there's to see;
From Norway down to Gibraltar

And back over Kipling's Domain;
From Arabs to Chinese despratos

And Mexican chiselers from Spain!
But, my lad, there's many a sailor
Who has found, to his lasting regret,
That though he's been a sights-trailer,
He hadn't seen anything yet!

There's stories of gold and excitement
And news of fighting galore,

But like the flea in the ointment,
Where that came from there's many more.

The same is true of the wonders
Of science and industry's store;
No matter how much you indulge in,
There's still more and more, more and more.

So remember the FAIR in Chicago;
As the harem Sheik said, "Don't forget
That though you saw all of the first show,
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!"

—*Lch.*

What Made the Girl Cashiers That Way?

By a Cashier-ette

Visitors to the Fair

Can ask the dumbest questions,
They always pick on the girl cashiers
And here are some of the best ones:

"Can I take a bus inside the grounds
To get back to Joliet?
I've been riding since ten o'clock
And I ain't been nowhere yet."

"How does this turnstile work?"
"Where is a good 'wiggle' show?"
"Where is the nearest telephone booth?"
"When you gotta go, you gotta go!"

"Why do all the girls in blue,
Have an 'S' upon their arm?"
"That's because they're all named Smith,
You Sap, go back to your farm."

"Why do the Guides all have walking sticks
When they never take a walk?"
"Why don't you answer my question, Cashier,
Aren't you allowed to talk?"

"What time do you get thru, Girlie?
We'll go out and make Whoopee,
Just bring along your little Blue Box,
And meet me in Gay Paree."

"I'm slowly but surely going nuts,
Going?—Going?—yep, Gone!
I was a pretty good cashier
But the Fair's done 'done me wrong.'"
Author's name unknown.

At the Havana Rhumba

Customer: "What kind of a show do we see
in here for a quarter?"

Cashier: "The Rhumba dance, the native
dance of Cuba."

Customer buys a ticket and later on, after the
show was over he stopped at the cashier's booth
again and said, "I sure got my quarter's worth!
By Golly!—their ancestors must have been
snakes!"

And No Stop Lights

Lady at Enchanted Island Gate: "Cashier, does the Island go any further back than the lake?" (*The cashier survived.*)

Wonder What Kind

A woman, who had just gone thru an entrance turnstile in rather an awkward way, returned and tapped the gateman on the arm and whispered: "You see, I've just had an operation and that's why I walked thru that way."



"Who Done That?"

Another Spank

She handed her ticket to the gateman and went on thru the turnstile. Suddenly she turned and snapped at the ticket-taker: "Look here, young man, you let me alone! I can get thru by myself!"

She Had To

Impatient customer at a ticket window as cashier carefully inspects a twenty dollar bill. "For the luva-Mike! Why don't you bite it!"

"Oh," said the girl cashier, "I can get along on less, thanks."

Get This One?

"Well, for goodness sake! How old does a child have to be to get in without paying?"

On a Big Day

A farmer from Kansas was heard to remark as he pushed his way thru the throngs that filled the Midway and the main avenues of the Fair on a certain very busy day:

"By gosh! I'll wager thar are all of twenty thousand people here today!"

(*There were actually over 250,000.*)

At the Transportation Exhibit

"Look, dear, there's the Flying-Dutchman-Royal-Scot train!"

At the Medical Exhibits

"Where is the arthritis exhibits?" asked a visitor of another.

"Oh, that," said the wise one, "that's out in the Court of the Hall of Science every night when they turn on the lights."

Another "We"

"I most certainly can take my dog with me into the Fair!" said a fashionable madam with a Pekingese on her arm.

"I'm sorry, madam, but it's against rules," said the gateman.

"Well, young man, did you ever hear of Major Lohr? He told me himself that it would be alright!"

"Lady," said the Gate Lieutenant, who had overheard the remarks, "In that case I would suggest you telephone the Major and tell him you are being held outside the gate here and ask him to give us orders to disregard previous orders in this respect."

Said the lady with dog, "Yes, I shall certainly tell him how you treated *us*! I think its simply outrageous the way they run this Fair!"

Perhaps He Met Little Egypt?

"Where's the Travelers' Aid?"

"Are you lost, lady? Or have you lost some-one of your party?"

"I've lost my husband."

"Are you sure you're not lost?"

"Oh, no. I know where I'm at but he doesn't."

Pickled?

A demure and retiring young Miss sat gazing in awe at the goldfish swimming in the backbar wall-aquariums at Walgreen's. Suddenly she spied one of the electric neon signs operating inside the tank and she piped out: "Say, are those fish swimming in Coca-cola?"

Had Seen All of Her?

Several gents purchasing tickets at a rather late hour one evening, asked the ticket seller what special attractions there were going on that night. The cashier reminded them that the famous Miss Sally Rand would appear in a few moments and named the place to see Sally and her fan dance.

"Nertz!" said one of the gents, "I've seen plenty of Sally! You see, I'm one of her fans."

Almost a Fight

At the 12th street gate an unusually large and well upholstered madam was having some difficulty getting thru the turnstile, and, hearing a gateman at another turnstile call out: "One at a time, please," she almost blew up with: "Oh, shut up! Do you think I've got a couple more under my skirts?"

That Would Be Tough

While standing on the Michigan Boulevard Link Bridge and gazing toward the skyscrapers in general direction of the Fair, one farmer was overheard in telling another: "By gum! It's a dern shame that all those swell buildings must be ripped down after the Fair is over!"

The Blimp Sky-Ride

"Where's the Sky-Ride?" asked a woman at 23rd street Plaza.

"The Sky-Ride is at 16th street, madam," said the redcoat.

"Where's the Transportation Building located then?" she continued.

"That is down at 33rd street; ten blocks south, lady. You can take a bus if you wish."

"Oh, thanks," she said in departing, "I'll take the Sky-Ride down there."

A Small Error

An elderly gentleman riding a bus passing the huts of the Poultry Farm Exhibit, remarked: "That must be the Midget Village," much to the amusement of the other passengers.

Too Honest

A smiling couple came thru a turnstile at an entrance gate to the Fair and presented the gateman with two adult and one child's tickets. The ever-watchful ticket-taker called to them and asked: "Where's the child?" "Oh," said the Mr., "the child?—it'll be along later."



Those World's Fair Feet

Only Eighty Miles or So

Tired, worn-out visitor to her companion in misery as they rested on a bench on the 23rd street plaza: "Oh, dear! It's a wonder they couldn't put this old Fair all in one place! You have to walk a hundred miles to see it!"

On the Cashiers

After stopping a cashier and asking for information concerning trains, fares, etc., and being advised to go to the proper place for such enlightenment, a snappy little woman said to him: "You ought to take that 'Information Service' sign off your arm! You don't know anything!"

NOTE: The "sign" she referred to was none other than the good old dollar sign \$—indicating that the wearer was a cashier and not an information clerk.

Says the Boss!

During one of the sultry summer days, when the Hall of Science was packed with whirling humanity, a medium sized husband with a baby in his arms was perspiring and dripping as he endeavored to keep pace with his over-sized frau. Presently she stopped at an exhibit and the worn-out husband tried to transfer his load to her arms. But she quickly vetoed that idea with the loud remark: "That's your baby! You can take care of it!"

And he of the stronger sex said nothing.

Who's Looney Now?

"Where's the street car?" asked a stout flashily dressed lady.

"Straight ahead, lady, at the end of this bridge."

"Where can I take a bus?"

"That depends whether you want to go north or south?"

"But I want to go west."

"That's alright. Go down that stairway to your left for the bus."

"But can't I take the Illinois Central train just as well?"

"Not if you want to go west, lady."

"Then I take a bus, do I?"

"Yes, if you want to. Tell the busman down there where you want to go and he'll put you on the right bus."

"But I came up here on a street car!"

By that time the gateman was fit to be tied. So he shot back at her:

"Lady, I don't care if you came up on a bicycle! Just where do you want to go?"



Ask a Redcoat!

The police were also besieged with questions, particularly toward evening, because, it seems, that folks inquired of guides or cashiers for information concerning the buildings or exhibits, but on all other matters it was the redcoat who had to tell 'em what, and where and when. Here are some from the 23rd street plaza, at the foot of the big stairway leading to the 23rd street gate entrance and exits:

"What are those people coming in for now? Why don't they go home?" (*This at 11 P. M.*)

"Do I have to walk out to get a street-car?"

"How do I get home?"

"Is this the gate I came in this morning?"

"Where is the elevated bus?"

"What's the idea of making us go up all those stairs just to get out?"

"Can I come back tomorrow on this ticket?"

"Why don't they tell you what's going on tomorrow?"

"Where do the street cars go?"

"Do you mean to tell me to go up those stairs and down again just to get a bus?"

"Where's the *ex-sist* doors?"

"What's the difference between taking a street car or a bus?"

"Do we have to go home now?"

"Why don't they tell you when you're leaving the grounds?"

"Where's a redcap? Who's going to carry my bundles up those stairs?"

"Will you please go back to the Llama Temple and see if I left my glasses there?"

"Who's in charge here? I simply will not walk up those stairs again!"

Did You Meet My Boy in the Army?

A woman with a following of six or seven youngsters and a husband loaded down with lunch boxes asked the redcoat on the bridge at 23rd street gate:

"Say, mister, do you know Layo Westendorf?"

"Who?" said the officer.

"Layo Westendorf," it sounded like.

"What do you mean, lady?" continued the baffled cop.

"Well, we're from Lone Tree, and we want to know where he is," said she.

"I'm sure I don't know, lady. Have you no address?"

"Why, that's funny. He's been here in Chicago five or six years and I thought maybe you'd know him."

Answer These Yourself

"Could you tell me what time the 8:10 performance starts?"

"From what part of the Buckingham Fountain do they shoot the fireworks?"

"Do the horses really act in that show?"

"Where can I get a car to my rooming house?"

"Is Lake Michigan a lake or an ocean?"

"When does my train leave Chicago?"

"Can you direct me to the 'Ladies Only' place?"

"If I take a bus to 39th street can I come back on the Sky-Ride?"

"Do they have ice cream at Walgreens?"

"How old does a child have to be to be a child?"

"What kind of dyes do they put in the water to make it colored like that?" (*Night lighting effects on the lagoon.*)

"Where's the men's white house?"

"Where's your boss! Maybe he'd know something!"

Believe This or Not

"Where's Ripley's 'Believe It or Not?'"

"At 26th street, madam; the second bus stop from here."

"Does the bus stop there?"

He Missed Seeing Sally

Three farmers from somewhere came up to the entrance at 23rd street gate with the story that they had gone out the 18th street gate "looking for the Dutch Cleanser Show"—(*which was a big electric sign outside the grounds.*)

When they learned that their tale of woe did not have much effect on the gateman, one of the trio pulled the other two away with the parting remark directed at the gateman:

"Come on boys. We will like heck pay fifty cents! Your old Fair isn't so hot anyway!"

Circumstantial Evidence

A detachment of cashiers were marching to post. In the center of the group marched one without his uniform. (*That happened occasionally when the cleaners failed us.*) An onlooker was heard to remark to his friend: "Look at that! I'll bet they catch a lot of pickpockets on the grounds!"

On the Guides

"What's the fellow with the arrow on his sleeve?"

"Oh, he's one of them college runners. I guess."

The "I See" Show

The ballyhoo man for the Illinois Central Railroad was stationed on the 23rd street bridge, and, with megaphone in hand, he informed the crowds at the exit gates that they were to go "straight ahead one-half block for the I. C.," etc.

One evening a party of three women came back to the Reception Room with the plea to the Gate Lieutenant that they be permitted to go back into the Fair grounds. The Lieutenant asked why they had gone out if they had not intended leaving the grounds.

"Why didn't you look where you were going, ladies? The exits are plainly marked," said he in trying to determine whether they had actually just gone out of the gate.

"Well," said one of the trio, "there are turnstiles wherever you go in the Fair, and we just followed the crowd to see this 'I See' show that fellow's yelling about."

Guide-Guard-Cashier-Officer-Mister-Etc.

"Say, Guard, how do we get out of here?"

"Right up that stairway and straight ahead."

"Then where do we go?"

"Where do you want to go?"

(*Dame, in a huff, to companion spinster*) "Oh, don't talk to him! Those dumb guides don't know anything anyways!"

Note: She was talking to a cashier, not a guide; also she addressed him as "Guard." Then they proceeded to walk in just the opposite direction to that which they had been shown.

To the Gentleman Who Preferred Blondes

The gatemen at 16th street, in the shadows of the Sky-Ride Tower, wish best o' luck to the gent who so often said good-night for a couple of hours, on the bench back of the Japanese Building, to a different blonde every night!

He Knew Too Much

At the 23rd street gate late one evening.

"Isn't this the center of the Fair grounds?" asked a haughty looking madam in addressing one of the gate cashiers.

"Yes, ma'am," said the cashier, "I guess that's just about what it is."

"Well, I told my husband to meet me here, and I've waited two hours for him now but he hasn't come yet!" she continued.

"Did you tell him to meet you at the 23rd street entrance, madam?" countered the helpful cashier.

"No. But he claims to know so much about this Fair so he ought to know where this place is!" And the cashier saw that she was literally burning up.

"Yes, but the center of the grounds may mean any of a number of places. Didn't you arrange a definite meeting place?"

"Oh! I never knew I married such a dumb thing! He's not going to find me waiting here any longer! If he comes, you can tell him that I went home!" And, with that, she gave the exit turnstile an extra jerk and walked on out into the night! (*The cashier was and is a single man. He says he hopes he can stay that way.*)

A Century of Progress

Farmer's Wife: "You haven't a telephone here, have you?" This was down on the Midway.

Cashier: "No, ma'am, but you will find one directly across the street over there."

Farmer's Wife: "Oh, I didn't think they could get the wires out this far from the city."

Really?

Overheard outside the Stadium:

"Don't you think it's terrible to have that Rodeo over there in Soldiers' Field where all those soldiers are buried?"

No Foolin'

Lady Visitor: "Is there a Ladies' Rest Room nearby here?"

Redcoat: "Yes, ma'am, right around the corner there."

Lady Visitor: "Never mind that Hoover stuff. I really have to go."



"When You Gotta Go—You Gotta Go!"

Home, James

A gent from Ohio went into a "Men's Only" concession which was located adjacent to the Greyhound Bus road.

He deposited his nickel in the turnstile and remained standing there waiting.

The attendant asked him what he was waiting for. He stared out thru the open doorway and replied: "I'm waiting for the bus to come."

Innocence Sublime

A sweet little blushing blonde was taking in the sights in the Hall of Science, and coyly walked up to a guide with the question:

"Can you please tell me where the mechanical man is?"

"The robots are exhibited over in the Electrical Building, Miss, over on the Island," said the guide as politely as he knew how, even though he was thinking of telephone numbers and how to obtain desirable ones.

"Well, where is the glass man, please," she continued.

"The glass man is at the Mayo exhibit down that aisle and to your right," answered the guide.

But still she lingered. Presently she braved another question.

"And would you mind telling me—that is, could you point out to me—where—where the—where they make the babies?"

The Most Reported Man

"Your insolence is beyond me!" she raved. "Why, Mr. Dawes himself told me that I could keep that pass and it's good as many times as I want to come!"

"I'm sorry, lady, but this is a one-day, single admission pass, and must be taken up at the gate," said the pass-gateman.

"Is that so? Well, what is YOUR number? I'll certainly see to it that you are reported to the management! Oh, I see it—right there on your cap—1-9-3-3! You're not as smart as you think!" And, with that, she waltzed away.

Note: All Century of Progress employees carried a regulation badge with the individual's identification number. The cap badge, however, as was evident, was an insignia of the "A Century of Progress—1933." Yet that number—1933—was frequently reported by such haughty complainants as she.

Nor Antique Glass

A brightly dressed Mrs. Newlyrich adjusted her lorgnette, and, looking over some rare and expensive Italian alabaster, loudly remarked, "I never did care for frosted glass!"

Or an Army Seat?

After giving a big Swede a ten dollar sales talk on the many advantages of owning an "English seat cane," the big fellow said:

"Vell, vot if you ain't got an English seat?"



"We Red Blooded Americans"

One on the Cashiers

An elderly gent stopped a uniformed cashier in the Court of the Hall of Science and remarked: "A very beautiful show you fellows are giving us!"

"Thank you, sir," responded the cashier tactfully.

"Oh, I'm very well acquainted with you Marines," said the old gent. "I served with them as Chaplain during the war and I can always recognize you whenever I see one! Very nice, my boy!"

Very Faint Whisper

"Listen, honey, what do you need three nickels to go in there for?"

He Put One Over on The Fair

In the Kelvinator Exhibit were located three drinking fountains where the visitors could drink all the fresh, cool water they wished free of charge. An attendant would usually stand nearby to advise the visitors that the water and cups were free, but occasionally he would walk away at some distance just to watch the fun which very often occurred.

One day, a group of farmers came up to one of the fountains and one of them, not realizing that anything at the Fair could possibly be free, took out a penny and looked all around the fountain for a slot in which to put it. Finally he found what looked like a slot and dropped the penny into it. Nothing happened, so he slammed the thing with his fist and out came a cup and also the penny. Delighted, he cautiously looked around and quickly picked up the penny from the floor and took his drink.

The rest of his party also wished to drink, so he thought he would try that trick again. Cautiously looking around to see if anyone was watching, he put the penny in and gave it a slam. Sure enough, it worked and the penny fell out again.

This he repeated, each time looking carefully around, until his entire party had been served and they walked away believing that they had put over a good one on the Fair—By Gosh!

Fly Over?

At the Island approach to the 23rd Street Venetian Bridge was built a large and impressive arch with two broad columns and modernistic wide, square coping connecting the two, and having in large letters across the top: "23rd Street Bridge."

A woman inquired of the redecoat stationed about twenty feet from the arch, "How can I get to the other side of the lagoon?"

"Across the bridge right there, madam," said the officer, pointing to the sign and arch approach to the bridge.

She looked long and attentively at the archway, apparently entirely oblivious to the crowds of people passing below it and turned again to the officer and asked:

"How do I get up there?"

Belgian (?) Kisses

During the Belgian Folk Dance performances it was customary to call for volunteers from the audience to take part in the "kissing dance" of the Belgians, which was generally a long delayed process (from both angles). But the practice almost ran away with the show one evening in October when the entire Kansas delegation "volunteered" and rushed upon the stage to prove they were on their toes to opportunity.



*"There's Always FAIR Weather
When Good Fellows Get Together"*

Those Mighty Waves

An important looking woman visitor, noticing the huge rocks that had been piled up as breakers along the lake shore on the south end of the Fair grounds, remarked to one of the guards: "I would never have believed that Lake Michigan could wash up such large rocks as that."

Was My Face Red?

A short, very stout, buxom and well rounded woman boarded a bus at one of the stations on the Fair grounds. In her hurry to reach a seat in the rear of the bus, she stumbled and fell at the feet of a middle-aged gentleman sitting down. In the narrow passage between his knees and the wall she became wedged tight and to the merriment of the other passengers, he squirmed and struggled for some time before he finally helped her to her feet. All flustered, he said: "The worst of it was, I didn't know where to grab"—which made the crowd roar and the embarrassed woman blush all the more.

The Poor Girl Cashiers

At the 23rd street ticket window one evening, a woman presented a dime and snapped:

"43rd and Drexel, please!"

"What do you mean, madam?" asked the cashier, "this is A Century of Progress."

"I know it!" the woman insisted. "And I said 43rd and Drexel, please!"

"Well, do you want tickets to the Fair, lady, or do you want change for telephone?"

"No, I don't! I want to go home!"

"You can go home, lady, by walking right on down the ramp."

"Now, don't be funny, girlie! I told you to begin with that I wanted a bus! Isn't this the bus station?"



"The Fairest of THE FAIR"
The Girl Cashiers

The "Exit" Show?

"What's that?"

"That's the exit, lady."

"How much is it and what can I see there?"

Concerning the Embryos

She approached the girl at the Orange-Crush stand and confidentially asked:

"Where do they show the new-born babies before they are born?"

Service Plus

A farmer from somewhere stood at one of the lily-cup machines at a filtered water concession and put a penny into the machine, looked at the paper cup and threw it on the floor. He dug down for another penny and repeated the operation, carefully inspecting the paper cup, then tossing it on the floor. This he repeated three or four times when finally a Guide noticed his action and came to investigate.

"Having trouble with the machine, sir?" asked the Guide.

"Well, I don't know," said the troubled farmer, "but none of these dam things has any water in it!"

This Electric Age

"Young man, I beg your pardon, but what is that building over there with all those lights shooting up in the sky?" asked a very large and dignified lady of a cashier.

"That's the Electrical Building, madam," answered the uniformed man.

"Oh, dear!" said she, "I've looked all over the Fair and there it is at last! Now I can get my husband that electric razor he wants so bad."

That's Tough

One afternoon while Camp Whistler was rather deserted since most of the soldiers were participating in a parade, four Army mules broke loose and sauntered down the Midway. Guards and police made frantic efforts to corral them. Presently a white-aproned, white-capped cook rushed out of his tent and hollered: "Hey, chase those d—m things in here—we're running short of beef."

Not in the A. E. F.

After the American Legion Parade at the Fair, a company of young men, resplendent in their dark blue uniforms, with glistening white Sam Browne belts, came marching down the Avenue without the customary Drum and Bugle Corps. An admiring onlooker asked a guard: "Who are they?" "Oh, them guys?" he answered, "they're just chair pushers, mister"—which was the truth.

Overheard on the Midway

"Hey, Maw! Can't you keep by me and keep from losing yourself all the time!"

The Goodyear Blimps

After watching one of the observation balloons high up in the air, an elderly woman asked a Guide, "How do people get up in it?"

The Guide explained that they climbed a sort of rope ladder into the basket.

"Oh," said she, "I guess I won't be able to ride then, because I never could climb that high."

Did You Get That Card I Sent You?

While stationed at ticket gate No. 33 at the Stadium during the Iowa-Northwestern football game, one of the ticket-takers went into spasms because a woman dropped a hand full of post-cards into the ticket box evidently thinking it was a mail box.

However, the folks back home must have received the greetings because the cards were removed at the end of the day when the ticket box was unlocked and then properly mailed.

A Few Kickbacks

Among the few who took offense at the shows on the Midway was one in particular who evidently foresaw the forthcoming doom of too much "art" and "realism."

She remarked: "When they permit shows like these they should call it 'The Censory of Progress!'"

* * *

Then also there's the story credited to Harry Thaw, who, after viewing for the first time the modernistic character of A Century of Progress buildings, remarked that he had "shot the wrong architect."

Camp Whistler

Overheard on a Greyhound Bus passing the soldiers' camp: "I wonder what those tents are for?"—one lady passenger to another.

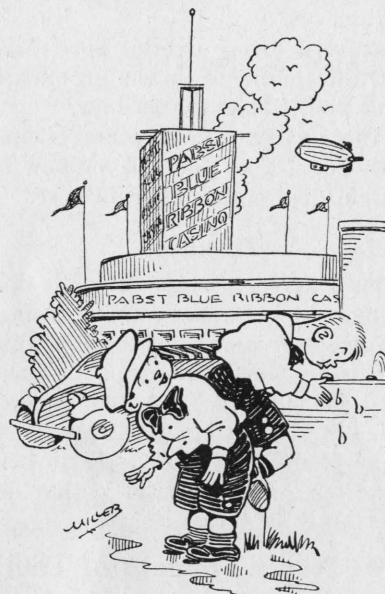
"Oh, them?" said her companion, in a wise and knowing manner. "Why that's where the Fair employees sleep."

What Glasses?

Two fellows who had a penchant for the Sky-Ride were atop of the Observation Tower, and the one was talking of the beauties of the surrounding country, noting the picturesque beauty of the Fair grounds far below him.

"Gee," said he rather suddenly, "can you imagine me coming all the way up here and forgetting to bring the glasses?"

"To heck with the glasses!" said his companion. "Let's drink right out of the bottle."



"Yes, Some Drank Water"

More Turnstiles!

A woman leaving the grounds thru an exit turnstile remarked to her escort who had just pushed her thru rather speedily:

"A fine greeting to a World's Fair! You get spanked coming in and spanked going out!"

Our "Canadian Mounties"

Said one young lady to a redcoat: "Say, if you're half as hot as that coat, then you're the boy I'm looking for!"

(And the dutiful redcoat, tending strictly to business, did not even get her telephone number!)

Sky-Ride Pun

A very serious looking woman asked one of the redcoats where the danger zone was around the Sky-Ride Towers. The officer replied that he knew of none. Whereupon she answered, "Oh, yes, I've heard that the towers fell down twice already!"

Those Dictionary Names

A kindly old lady of the confiding type emerging from the Horticultural grounds stepped over to the cashier's booth and engaged the girl in conversation.

"You have a lovely exhibit here, Miss," she said. "Quite the nicest on the grounds."

"Thank you," said the cashier.

"But there is one other place I must see," she continued. "Can you tell me how to get to the Horticultural Building from here?"

Donuts!

A young couple were watching the operations of the huge doughnut-making machine. Presently the operator opened a large container and proceeded to replenish the supply of Crisco—the white lard-like substance in which the doughnuts are fried.

Said the young housewife-to-be to her future "biscuit-tester": "Gee, Honey, that doughnut dough certainly is greasy!"

We Never Thought of That

A youngster watching the antics of the clowns at the Enchanted Island show, suddenly spied a twelve-foot tall stilt walker and exclaimed:

"Look at that guy, Ma! How does he sit down?"

Just a "Fair" Xmas

With the extension of the Fair into November, and the advent of some real chilly evenings, many of the soon-to-be-out-of-work employees exchanged Xmas greetings in lieu of autographs for one another's many souvenir books. One enterprising chap did a considerable business selling cards with the inscription: "IT IS WITH PROFOUND REGRET THAT I TELL YOU THERE WILL BE NO SANTA CLAUS THIS YEAR."

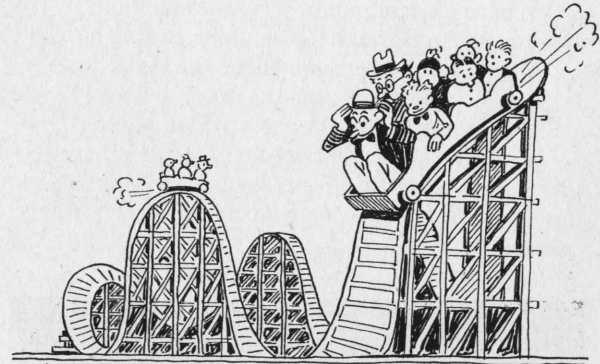
And Holy Mackerel!

A woman visiting in the Hall of Religion approached a guard with the query:

"Where can I see the 'Holy Quail?'" (Of course, she meant the "Holy Grail.")

The Cyclone

Two women, discussing their stay at the Fair, commented upon the Midway, and said one of them: "That ride on the 'Cyclops' certainly was thrilling!"



"Too Steep for Me"

Did You See It?

Sweet young thing to Guide, in a faint whisper: "Can you tell me, please, where is the baby exhibit?"

He Sent Her to Egypt

A female, in all seriousness, asked of a redcoat: "Where are the pyramids?"

And the Planetarium

In addition to numerous inquiries as to "What kind of plants they have in the Planetarium?" there were those who wanted to know "How many planets have they in there?"

We Wonder?

A jumpy little woman loaded down with circulars and advertising matter came into the Hall of Science and immediately asked the Guide, "How long will it take me to see this building if I don't stop to look at anything?"

Where? Oh, Where?

"Can you tell me where Rip-Van-Winkle's 'Seeing Is Believing' is located?"

Another woman, who must have enjoyed "Rasputin," wanted to know "Where the Belching Village was?"

Some "Where's" at the Hall of Science

"Where is the man with the heart?"

"Where are the statues of diseased organs and babies and all that stuff?"

"Where does it show the human body with disease going through from start to finish?"

"Where can I see them shoot the star?"

"Are all the atoms on the second floor?"

"Where can I find Beebe's water babies?"

(In extreme embarrassment:) "Where—is there a—a—anything preserved in this building?" (Referring to the baby embryos, of course.)



Miss Sally Rand and Her Famous Fans

The Little Lady Who Overshadowed Little Egypt in Popularity

Even Sally encountered humorous incidents in her many other experiences at the Fair, and here are some submitted by her own good self:

One evening a couple of rickshaw boys asked me to autograph their shorts. Standing alongside was a drunk, who made the same request!

The barker in front of one of the fortune telling booths asked me to have my fortune told, and a passerby answered:

"She doesn't need to have her fortune told. She can read the morning papers!"

One day I came to the Fair in my street clothes instead of pajamas and robe, as usual, and no one recognized me. Even the gatemen would not let me through. Someone later remarked, "How could anyone recognize Sally Rand in her clothes?"

One night a police woman met me at the stage door with a pair of long brown pongee drawers of double thickness for me to wear."

"One night I entertained the Honorable Governor Parke of my home state, Missouri, and the Master of Ceremonies announced that I was dedicating my dance to him, and in the middle of the dance my skirt fell off.

The Governor very graciously said, "Sally, you're a real Missouri show me girl!"

* * *

Miss Rand very thoughtfully addressed the following letter of appreciation to the Gatemen at the 23rd street entrance of the 4 to 12 midnight shift, during which hours Sally made her many hurried entrances and exits in keeping her many engagements in and outside of the Fair grounds:

"Thank you so much for the many courtesies you have extended me at the Fair this season. I am very grateful to you men at the Gate who have tempered your orders with good judgment and reason through what must have been many trying hours and have kept your sense of humor and always been kind and courteous.

"You have my best wishes for your individual future success. Sincerely,

Sally Rand

At the Gates

Cashier questioning two children, one a half head taller than the other.

"How old are you?"

"I'm eleven years old and this is my sister, and she's eleven, too."

"Twins?"

"Oh, no! She's six months younger than I am!"

Not So Dumb

A little boy standing under shelter during an approaching cloudburst, eagerly watched a troop of cavalry coming down the road.

As the rain started to pour down, he asked his mother, "Say, Mom, are them the storm troops?"

Those Barkers

At the Miss America show the barker got a bright idea. He brought in 24 customers by reciting "Casey at the Bat."

When he had finished, an elderly woman asked, "Mister, can you give us 'The Shooting of Luke McGlue?'"

Enchanted Island

Jewish woman calling to her little boy who is getting a ride on the Ferris Wheel:

"Hang yourself on tight, Abie! Don't fall out from nothing!"

Oh! Heavens!

"What's all the crowd in there for?"

"Football game, madam."

"What building is that?"

"Soldiers' Field."

"Do they let them play football right over the dead soldiers?"

It Could Have Been

On the south side of the 12th street lagoon bridge hung a sign "Finish," indicating the finishing line for lagoon boat races.

An elderly lady riding in one of the lagoon launches passing this point, gently tapped the pilot on the arm and asked:

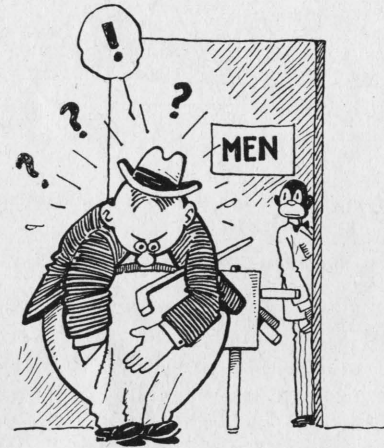
"Is that the Finnish Government Exhibit?" and she pointed to the bridge sign.

She Spoke Her Mind Alright

During the Doll Parade, when hundreds of youngsters were being lined up with their decorated doll buggies, a certain very cute little Miss was entirely out of line and standing looking the crowd over with her hands on her hips, parade or no parade.

One of the girl cashiers, who were assisting in the parade, feeling very motherly went over and, placing her arm around the shoulders of the little Miss, said as tenderly as she knew how, "Now, Honey, will you please turn around and push your dolly over there?"

The youngster gave her one glance but moved not an inch as she answered to the amazement and amusement of the crowd: "Aw—shut up!"



Just an Old Custom

No Two-Seaters There

Inside a Men's Rest Room a fellow was having trouble with the door-lock, so he called the attendant.

"Say, I can't get this thing open no how!"

"Did you drop a coin in the box?"

"Sure, I did," said he.

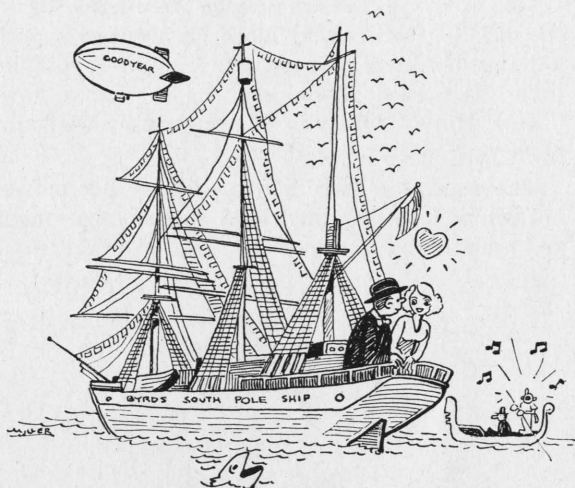
"You dropped a nickel in here?" asked the attendant, who had had some experience with those things.

"Sure," countered the troubled one again. "I put in a dime so I could take my little boy in with me."

That Romantic Ship

The cashier and ticket takers at the Byrd Ship Exhibit were very often asked by adventurous cruising couples:

"How long is the trip? And when does the boat leave?"



"Honey, When We Get to South Haven—"

The Rush Act

At a Ladies' Rest Room a woman asked the attendant for change, and, after receiving a quota of nickels, she proceeded to attempt putting a nickel in the electric light switch box. Not finding the slot, she flushed up a bit and brusquely asked the girl attendant: "How the dickens do you put a nickel in here anyways?"

At the Domestic Animal Show

"Don," a huge Great Dane, was sleeping peacefully in his cage in front of the Dog Show, and the ballyhoo man had just finished telling his audience what kind of a dog it was, that he weighed some 205 pounds, "stands eight foot three inches on his hind legs," etc.

Suddenly a woman in the audience said:

"I'm positive it's a bulldog, but I don't know what kind. Imagine a bulldog standing eight foot three and weighing 205 pounds! That's more than one dog!"

Naturally

Visitor: "Where's the Natural Museum?"

Cashier: "In Lincoln Park, Madam."

Visitor: "Do you know that our Doctor Ross spent three whole days there?"

Cashier: "Pardon me, madam. Are you sure it isn't the Hall of Science you refer to?"

Visitor: "Now, I reckon that is it. Where is it?"

Cashier: "You're in it, madam!"

"Where's Me Horsh?"

The following was a daily experience with the cashiers at "The World A Million Years ago":

Visitor: "Are those real animals?"

Cashier: "No, ma'am. They're prehistoric animals brought to life, as the sign says there, and—"

Visitor: "But aren't they just pictures?"

Cashier: "No, ma'am. They are animated animals, in actual size and shape."

Visitor: "Give me four tickets. You say they are real then?"

Cashier: "No, I didn't, madam. I said they were prehistoric animals, and they could not possibly be real if they lived a million years ago!"

Visitor: "Then return my money, I thought they were real."

(And her companion chided her with the comment: *Don't go in there. They're just stuffed animals!*)

Something for Nothing?

Two very Jewish gents presented souvenir tickets and the ticket-taker tore off the short stubs, depositing them in the ticket box, and handed the souvenir portion back to them. Still they lingered. So the gateman told them to go right on thru, please.

"Vait a minute!" said one of them, "Just hold your horses! Vot about these?" and he indicated the remains of the tickets.

"They're just souvenirs, Mister," said the ticket taker.

"Oh, yah?" said he with a mind for making easy money, "I should pay fifty cents for a piece of paper souvenir? Get busy and find out vot I get for this!"

Children in Arms Free?

"Hey," asked a customer at a ticket gate to the grounds. "Can I get this little girl in on a child's ticket?" and he indicated his wife, weight about 260!

"Yes," said the ticket taker, "if you carry her in."

Whereupon he remarked: "Heck, it ain't worth fifty cents trying!"

No Real Answer

A concessionaire, upon being asked the significance of the NRA sign displayed over his merchandise, remarked: "That stands for the Government's 'National Reckoning Anthem'—that theme song entitled: 'Oh! What Will the Harvest Be?'"

At the Bus Terminal

"Where does that bus go?"

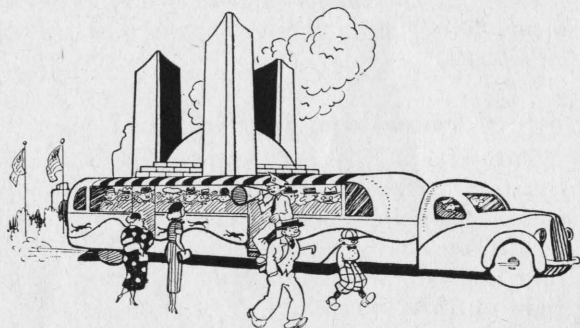
"That's a sight-seeing bus—goes all around the grounds."

"How long does it take?"

"About an hour. A ten-mile trip. There's a lecture on the bus about buildings, etc."

"Where can we get it?"

(That explains why bus-men become so hard of hearing.)



Big BUSINESS

The Plan-ets

Island bus cashier to elderly lady:

"And that, Madam, is the Planetarium over there."

Elderly Lady: "Oh, I don't care about that. I can see all the plants I want to at home."

Those "Leg-o-naires"

During the Legion Convention week, on a certain evening when the boys were quite busy going over the high spots of the Fair, a mob of twelve or fifteen loudly proclaimed their intentions of "taking Sally Rand for a ride."

They gathered in front of Manhattan Gardens in the Oriental Village and insisted that the attendants show them where Sally's dressing room was located. A redcoat, seeing the "mob," came up and saved the day by quite correctly informing them that "Sally didn't dress and did not need a dressing-room."

"She comes right in this way," he told the ex-army boys, "all set to go on the stage. All she has is a heavy robe over her shoulders."

That was playing right into their hands they thought, and, while they waited, they continued to increase their "good spirits"—liquid and otherwise.

In fact, five of them fell asleep right on the outdoor stage steps waiting for Sally, who fooled them all and came in via the waterway, by Speedboat, and they didn't even see her, much less know she was there.

Lights Out?

"I want a pass-out check."

"There is no such thing, mister. We do not give pass-out checks nor rain checks."

"Well, I gotta pass out for a while."

"Then, mister, just go pick a fight with a redcoat and you'll pass out quick."

The Turnstiles Again!

Frequently when looking for exits to leave the grounds and upon being directed toward exit turnstiles, folks—both men and women—would hesitate and exclaim: "Hell! do you have to pay to go out too?"

The Havolin Thermometer

One of the two typical old maids wanted to know "what's the building with the big measuring stick?"

Before the redcoat could answer, the second one said, "Oh, that's the star shooter that lights up the Fair!"

The Towers

"Guide, when are they going to take the scaffolding off the Sky-Ride?"

(Then the Guide bit the end off his steel swagger stick!)

Fire?

"Where was the big fire you had down here at the Fair?" asked a visitor from Missouri.

"What fire," said the Guide, "I haven't heard of any fire here."

"Sure," said she, "the newspapers had big headlines: 'Star Sets Fair Ablaze!'"

The Sky-Ride

Said the lady from Maine in referring to the rocket cars on the Sky-Ride:

"Are those cars on the Rodeo just for sight-seeing or what do they do there?"

His Guess

Whenever a "millionth" person was due to be registered on entrance to the Fair, folks would be intensely interested in knowing whether they were "the millionth one"? The ticket-taker cashiers became rather bored at explaining to every fifth or sixth individual on a busy day just how close they were to the "millionth" and how would we know when the millionth person came thru. Consequently they would occasionally kid people who were especially curious. Such an instance occurred at the 23rd street gate one evening when a serious minded fellow, apparently all alone, asked if he was the 18th millionth.

"Just about so," said the cashier, "what do you want? A wrist watch or a bicycle?"

"I'll take the wrist watch," said he, and everybody laughed and thought no more about it.

About an hour later the fellow came back to the ticket-taker and said, "Say, Mister, I've been waiting a long time now and nobody has brought up that wrist watch yet."

The ticket-taker did not know whether to laugh or feel sorry for him, so he continued the joke with the answer: "You'll have to go the 12th street entrance for that."

"Oh, thanks," said the serious chap, and marched off. *(We wondered how he fared at 12th street.)*

The Cactus Pergola

"What are all them pipes back yonder?" asked a farmer.

"That's the Cactus Pergola," said the red-coat.

When does it make a noise?" asked the fellow who wasn't going to miss anything.

Riding the Sky?

Two slightly inebriated gents wanted to buy tickets to Cleveland on the Sky-Ride. When told it did not go to Cleveland, one of them said, "Oh, tha's alright. We'll take it as far as it goes."

They got tickets and at least got that much closer to Cleveland as the east Sky-Ride Tower on Northerly Island.



One of the "Scotch" Exhibits

Have You One in Your Home?

In the Hall of Science a woman asked a Guide: "Could you please tell me where that man—that man who sorta' has no brains and he's living?"

Said the Guide: "Well, lady, there are a lot of them walking all over the Fair grounds."

Maybe So

Lady to six-foot-six Guide: "You certainly are a big fellow. How come that you grew so much?"

Guide, to inquisitive Lady: "Well, you see, madam, I should have been twins."

Those Handy Boxes

A woman watched a grounds employee deposit waste paper in one of the large green square cans on the Midway and inquired:

"Isn't that a mail box? I just dropped a bunch of postcards in one about two blocks ago!"



"Now They'll Know I've Been Here"

Wow!

"The exit is over there, madam," said a cashier to a woman having trouble at a locked turnstile and trying to get out.

"But I don't want the exit!" she snapped back, "I want a street car!"

Hey, You! Where's Them—?

"Where's the floating lagoon?"

"Where's the man they're going to light up?"

"Where's the octopus that lights up the Fair?"

"Where's the star shooter?"

"Where's the glorified gas tank?" (*Referring to the Travel and Transport Building.*)

"What time do they feed the lagoons?"

"Where's Wrigley's 'As You Believe It'?"

"Where's the Pabst Blue Label?"

"Where's the captured star that turns on the lights?"

"At what end are the lagoons filled?"

"Where's the lightning ceremony?"

"Where's the man you can see through?"

"Where's that hundred year old bird?" (*Referring to the Wings of a Century Show.*)

"Where's the Blue Snuzzle?" (*Sailboat "Bluenose."*)

"Where can I find George Washington's false teeth?"

"Where's the Sherlock-Holmes-Scotland-Yard Train?"

"Where's the Admiration Building?"

"Where is the Hall of Ski-ence?"

"Where is Riley's Odditorium?"

"Where is the Wings of Ascension?"

"Where's the bathroom?" (*Rather faintly.*)

That 23rd Street Bridge

A young lady came up on the 23rd street bridge one evening and paced to and fro as though she couldn't make up her mind whether to go thru the exit turnstile and out or over the fence and down! A cashier, seeing her anxiety, asked whether he could be of help, and she answered:

"Yes, can you tell me where I can find a bridge over water and not over streets?"

Byrd's Ship

A couple, very much engrossed in looking into one another's eyes rather than at buildings and exhibits, strolled up to the ticket-taker stationed at the entrance to the Byrd Ship, and the sweet young thing asked: "Can you please tell us what time this boat leaves for South Haven?"



“See America First”

Miss America Show

A barker asked a patron coming out of the Miss America Show: “What part of the show did you like best?”

Whereupon the patron answered: “Oh, I didn’t see *it!*”

5 Cents, Please

Overheard on the Midway: “And the next time I take you to the Fair again I’ll leave you at home! The idea! The idea of drinking so much water!”

Oh! Those Turnstiles!

Overheard at an exit gate one night as a group of visitors were leaving the grounds and had just gone thru the turnstiles. It was one of the lady visitors who patted her back, turned and eyed the now-famous turnstile and said to her escort:

“Do you know—at first those things were funny; but they make you kind of sore towards the end.”

The Dinosaurs?

“Can you please direct me to the prehistoric domicile exhibit?”

Wonder What She Said at the Rest Room?

Customer at refreshment stand: “Give me a cup of coffee and two sandwiches.”

Waiter at stand: “That will be thirty cents, please.”

Customer: “Why, I paid fifty cents to get in here! Do I have to pay for everything I get, too?”

A Regular

A slightly inebriated visitor stopped a cashier outside of the Streets of Paris and made the request: “Say, Pal. I’m havin’ a swell time an’ I’m only startin’. When I pass out, jes’ put me in a cab, willya? They all know where I live!”

Motor “Lunches”

A barker was announcing the “Lagoon Launches right over here”—when a woman stepped up to him and asked:

“Where do they serve them?”

What Made Bus Men Crazy

“Can I have a bus?”

“Right over there, madam, for all buses.”

“But where can I go on the bus?”

“Anywhere on the Fair grounds, madam.”

“But I want to go home!”

Why Blame Henry?

“Where’s the Ford place here at the Fair?”

“There is no Ford motor exhibit, madam.”

“Well, what is this Ford-Dearborn they advertise?”

The North of South

“Say, officer, what is the next gate entrance to the Fair south of 31st street going north?”

(Too bad the redcoats did not carry night sticks!)

One on the Dogs?

"Will you please tell me where the dog races are?"

"There are no dog races in the Fair grounds, madam."

"But they told me that the Greyhounds run every half hour."

Very Much Big Drink

A gentleman from Kentucky, riding the sight-seeing bus on the Island route, pointed to the great expanse of water due east and asked the cashier: "Is that the lake or the lagoon?"

Suggestion—Not Bad

"If the Fair opens next year tell them to put some nickel-stubs on the souvenir tickets—about ten ought to be enough."—(From a contributor.)

Often Heard on the Telephone:

"And I won't be home 'til late, mother."



"I Won't Come Home Until Morning"

Has It Come to This?

A woman inquired of a Guide as to the location of a lavatory in the vicinity of the Electrical Building. The Guide indicated the general direction with his stick and said, "Right over there, madam; just back of those trees."

The woman gave him a searching glance and moaned: "Gracious me! Isn't this Fair finished yet!"

Help! Help!

A gent made the mistake of going into a "Ladies Rest Room" on the Midway, and seeing the turnstiles, deposited his nickel and hesitated with the remark: "Well, what can I see in here for my nickel?"

Radiator Sally

While watching Sally Rand do her stuff on a brisk October evening, one fellow remarked: "Let no one pity Sally freezing in this breeze! In midwinter she'd still be plenty hot!"

And the NRA

"The building on your left," shouted the able Tour Guide on the Island, "is the Federal Building. The three towers stand for the Army, the Navy, and the Marines."

Where She Ought to Get It

A typical spinster of the 1893 model stood right in the center of the roadway for the Island buses and called to the officer directing traffic: "Officer, where will I get the bus?"

"Look out!" said the redcoat, "or you'll get it in the neck!"

When the Feet Talked

Two young ladies had just come from the mainland across the 16th street bridge and inquired of the redcoat stationed there: "Where is the Aquarium?"

"Over on the mainland at 12th street," pointed the officer.

"No, you don't!" said one of the foot-weary two, "We've been across that bridge four times! I wouldn't cross again for a carload of fish!"

The Wonders of 1933

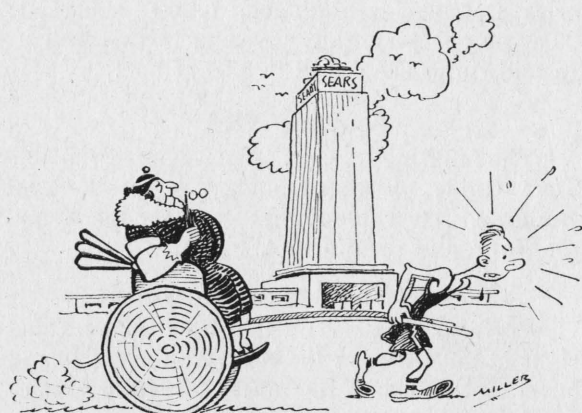
A couple of farmers stood gazing at the spectacle of an evening's fireworks display and watched in wonder as the hanging flares slowly drifted away. Finally one of them nudged a Guide who was also watching and in an evident effort to show his appreciation of the marvelous display, said: "That's pretty fine, boy. But how do you fellows do that anyway? That ball of fire hanging there is sure a big one!" (He was pointing at the moon!)

Do It Now

Lady to Cashier: "Could you advise me if there is a Ladies' Rest Room on top of the Sky-Ride Tower?"

Cashier: "I'm not so sure that there is, lady. I would suggest that you use the one in the Hall of Science."

Lady: "Oh, is that so!"



"It Takes a College Education"

That Popular Man

During the hot spell a chap stood for quite some time leaning against the entrance doorpost to the Hall of Science. Finally he walked over to the Guide stationed nearby and said: "Say, I've seen a lot of transparent women around here, but can you tell me where that transparent man is?"

A Sure Sign

Fluttery old lady hearing the roar of a fireworks display but unaware of what was going on: "Oh, dear! I could tell by my feet that it was going to rain!"

They Could Get Some in Chicago

A charming couple stood listening to the barker for "The Mystery Man"—"he defies the electric chair, etc."

Mrs. Newlywed to hubby: "But honey, where do they get the criminals they electrocute in there?"

Another Japanese Insult

Two typical tourists of the female species were strolling down the avenue west of the Hall of Science. Suddenly one of them spied the Japanese flag and said to her companion: "Look, Agnes. There's the red dot cigar exhibit. My husband makes them."

And Still More "Where's"

"Where can I find the Simonize Twins?"

"Where's the Great Behind?" (*Great Beyond Show referred to.*)

"Where can I get a seat-sighting bus?"

"Where's the Horse-and-Culture Building?"

At 23rd Street Gate

"Have you seen my mother go thru here?" asked a woman of the ticket taker at one of the numerous turnstiles, all very busy.

"Your Mother?" said the cashier, "Why, lady I have a hard time getting tickets from everybody coming thru here and I don't ask people who they are."

"Well, she's not so very old—has a black dress—white buttons—black hat!"—she carried right on.

"You'll have to watch for yourself, lady," said the busy gateman. With that he forgot about her.

About a half hour later the same woman nudged him again and asked: "Have you seen her yet?"

"No, ma'am," said the gateman.

"Well, what good are you anyway!" she snapped and turned away.

Maybe Not?

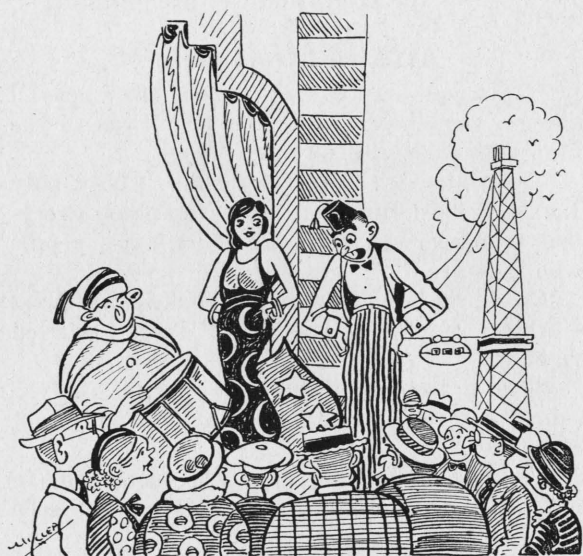
Two slightly tipsy gents were wavering at the entrance rail to the turnstile at a gate entrance to the grounds. A gateman, meaning to show them the pathway to the turnstile waved an arm in that general direction and merely said: "Gentlemen!"

One of the happy two stopped and politely tipped his hat to the gateman, with the remark: "Thanks for them kind words, boy! We only hope they say the same about us when we come out!"

The Science of Nudism?

The barker had just completed a most fervent and descriptive ballyhoo on the "marvelous show the girls would give on the inside—how they quivered, and what not!" But when he got to the clause directing his large audience toward the cashier's booths for tickets, they immediately scattered and started to walk away.

In one final plea and with all the voice he could muster, the barker cupped his hands to his mouth and yelled: "Honest folks. This is NOT the Hall of Science!"



"Your Last Chance to See Madame Zella Before She Returns to the Sultan's Harem"

Our Flag Fountain?

A woman stood gazing at the Circle of Flags and presently walked over to one of the Century News Stands and asked the lad:

"Why isn't it running?"

"What running?" the clerk asked.

"That," she pointed, "Isn't that the Buckingham Fountain? Well, when does it work?"

Her attitude gave the lad an inspiration so he answered: "Well, you see, lady, we had a heavy frost last night and it takes time to thaw out."

But the Swedes Stayed

"What's all the shooting for?" asked a visitor upon hearing the continued roar of cannon.

"That's a gun salute to the Norwegian Training ship just arrived from Norway," answered the Guide.

"Well, what's that?" said the inquirer, "Do they want all the Swedes to leave Chicago?"

Who's Who at the Fair

Two women watching the rocket cars on the Sky-Ride. One of them read aloud and said, "There goes Andy." Then she watched the next car go by and said, "There goes Amos." Then reading the next car slowly she continued: "And there goes—Henry—Van—Porter. Who's he? Some official of the Fair I suppose."

The Rain Schedule

Two women approached the ticket window of a Midway show during a rainy spell and asked if the show was going on.

"No, m'am," said the cashier, "not while it's raining. This is an outdoor show."

"Well, when is the next show, then?" persisted the inquirer.

"As soon as it stops raining, lady," answered the cashier.

"When will that be?" said the customer. *(They carried the cashier away.)*

Couldn't Fool Her.

"Come in and see the Pantheon—a 400-foot panorama—" shouted the barker and motioned to a couple of ladies standing nearby to come in.

"Nothing doing," said one of them, "I don't care how long it is. I wouldn't pay 25 cents to see any snake!"

Probably in the Streets of Paris

A worried woman approached the Information Booth. "Where can I look for lost people? I lost my husband. I'm so miserable because I haven't the slightest idea where he is."

Information Clerk: "Don't worry, lady. You'd probably be twice as miserable if you knew."

And Then, by Heck!

After entering the gates, very often folks would come back to the gateman and ask "Where do we go from here?"

—Or:—

"Now what do I get for my fifty cents?"

—Or better still:—

"If I don't like it, can I get my money back?"

—And—

"Do I have to come back here when I want to go out?"

Souvenir Tickets and Strip Tickets

Upon seeing the ticket-taker tear the stub from a souvenir ticket and return the larger part of the ticket to the holder, another customer following thru the turnstile with a strip ticket such as purchased at the gate-ticket-windows, held up a whole line of visitors with a demand for a receipt for his ticket.

"You gave that other fellow a receipt!" he insisted.

"You don't need a receipt, mister," answered the gateman.

"The heck I don't," said he, "no copper is going to throw me out for not having a ticket!"

Embarrassing Moment

The greatest test of nonchalance came when your offspring loudly announced that he is five years old when you have just told the ticket taker that he is "under three."

One on the Chair Boys

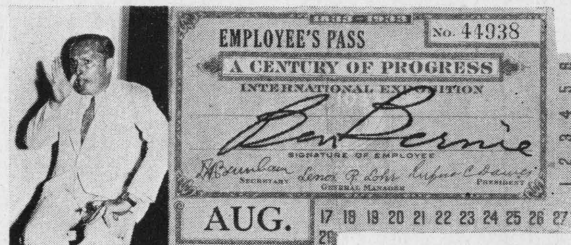
A visitor coming in the 18th street gate saw all the push chairs lined up and exclaimed:

"Holy smoke! Are all the crippled people of Chicago coming to the Fair on the same day?"

Would Have Been Worth It?

A Century Grill porter was sent to another of their stands to pick up three gallons of potato salad. He came back reporting that they didn't have any. The boss asked where he had gone. The porter pointed to the Oriental Village!

"No wonder," said the boss, "If you could have chiseled three gallons potato salad out of a Nudist Colony like that, I'd have given you ten bucks!"



The Old Maestro Himself!

"Youse guys and youse gals" who were employed on the Fair grounds know of the "Rogues Gallery" photos that were required on the admission passes. Well, the Old Maestro never found time to have his taken and the gatemen were ever after him to have his "picture took" to complete his passport.

Finally, in desperation, Ben had it taken—in his own way—and this is it.

The gatemen want it known, however, that the pose is not intended for them, because Ben Bernie treated the gatemen royally—and they mean *treated!*

But the Old Maestro always had his cheery good humor with him even when off the stage and among his many puns and wisecracks he tells one on himself:

"The greatest boner of the Fair was the inevitable one of my wearing a dress suit in the Casino and some old lady usually mistook me for a waiter and ordered me to 'kindly bring a glass of water'!"

One on Grandpaw

An elderly couple were buying tickets at the 23rd street gate. The old gent asked the girl cashier at the window whether there were any "hot shows" down in Streets of Paris.

"Yes, sir. That's what they say," the girl answered.

He winked back, fumbled in his pockets and then suddenly his face took on a disgusted look as he exclaimed: "Why, confound it, Maw, I forgot my glasses!"

His wife smiled, took him by the arm and said, "That's alright, dear. I have mine. I'll tell you all about it when we get home."

Our Lake Front Cemetery

A young lady from Arkansas was gazing at the large stone walled enclosure of Soldiers Field. Presently she asked a cashier:

"About how many soldiers are buried there?"

What a Man!

"Where's that man that you can see right through?" asked a sweet young thing.

"Right over there, madam. But you're going to be disappointed," said the Guide.



When The Sox Won

Beat This One

"I want to get a return check."

"We don't give return checks, lady."

"But I want to go out and come right back in again. It won't take a moment."

"What do you want to go out for then?"

"To buy a cane for my little boy."

Daily Routine at Walgreen's

A half hour spent in the vicinity of a Walgreen lunch counter would give any author enough material for a flock of books on human nature and its relation to the stomach!

A fountain clerk had to be not only foolproof but acid proof, because occasionally folks not only gave him rapid-fire orders but added what they thought of his whole ancestry simply because someone else got into a counter stool before they did!

As typical of the average good humor of most people—both clerks and visitors—the following is stenographically correct of a few moments during the usual rush period:

"Boy, will you take my order, PLEASE?"

"Yes, ma'm. What will it be?"

"I want four sodas, chocolate; three ice cream cones, four ham sandwiches, two cups—."

"Pardon me, madam. Is that YOUR order, or is it for the whole town of Kokomo?"

"No," (smiling, she answers), "It's for us right here." (One seated and seven or eight standing about her.)

"Sorry, madam, but there is no standing service. You'll have to wait until you are all seated."

"Oh, heck!" she answered methodically, and proceeded to read the menu again.

Next to her sat a Hebrew gent who got a big kick out of the incident and smiled broadly as he asked:

"You gotting hem some coffee maybe? Ha?"

"Yes, we have coffee. Want some?"

"Sure. And do you keeping hem some swis-chiz here? Ha?"

"Yes, sir. White or rye bread?"

"Yah. And rye bread. O. K."

"Here you are, sir. That will be twenty cents, please."

"Twenty cents? Ha? Do you taking the money now?"

"Yes, sir, pay when served, please."

"Do the boss trust you now? Ha?"

"Oh, yes," said the clerk who was having a great time of it himself. "They got Al Capone in Leavenworth and Samuel Insull in Greece, so this town trusts anyone now except the cash customers." (Everybody laughed.)

Then from the other side of the counter came a rough voice, very masculine:

"Hey, you! What are you trying to hand me? This sandwich isn't fit for a dog to eat!"

"Alright, sir," said the clerk cheerfully, "Just a moment and I'll get you one that is."

"Everyone at the close end of the counter laughed again but the complaining witness didn't hear the full answer (*fortunately*).

Next an elderly gentleman leans far over the counter and in a half whisper asks:

"Boy, have you any fruit juices?"

"Yes, sir. What would you like?"

"I mean without sugar—some that contain a lot of vitamins."

"Well, we have orange juice, grape juice, grapefruit juice, and—"

"No. No. I'm afraid they might contain some sugar!"

"How would you like to try some delicious tomato juice?"

"Does that contain many vitamins?"

"Oh, yes, sir! About forty, I should say."

"Forty? I thought they only go from A to Z? Why, at the most that would be twenty-six."

"That's right, sir. But this tomato juice has vitamins running from A to Z and then overflowing into the Greek alphabet!"

"Alright. Let me try a glass," says he.

At the Exits:

"What entrance do we go out for a street car?"

Mechanically Minded

He was one of those individuals who "knew the ropes" and was going to be doubly sure that he didn't miss anything so he walked along with his nose in a Guide Book, his lady trudging slightly behind. Thus, he wandered into a "Ladies Rest Room" with his faithful mate a few paces behind.

Mechanically, he walked right over to what he evidently thought was a ticket booth with a cashier, but which was in reality a Grandmother Fortune Telling Machine. With his nose still glued to the book, coin in hand, he shouted: "Two, please!"

On a Machine Gun?

Lady reading names of battlefields on sign at the Pantheon World War Panorama, suddenly recognized one and exclaimed: "Oh, the Argonne! That's where Wayne King plays!"

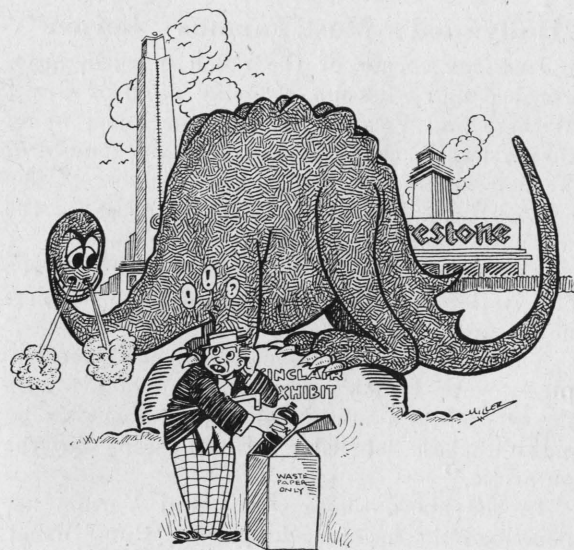
Typical Phoned Queries

"Say, is it true that the Sky-Ride towers fell down last night?"

"Is it a fact that the south end of the Island has sunk?"

Traveler's Aid, Please

"Find my husband and send him home. You can't miss him because he always loses his hat when he's drunk!"



"I'll Never Touch It Again"

When a Byrd is Not a Bird

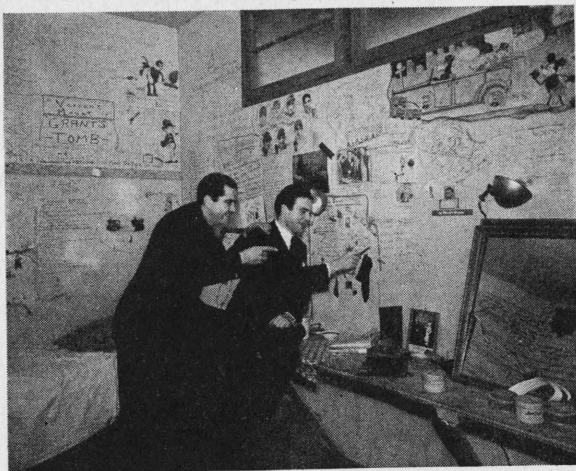
"Is this the Byrd Ship I've heard so much about?"

"Yes, m'am, this is the Byrd Ship."

"Well, where are the birds? I don't see any except those two funny looking ones and they're stuffed!"

"But this is the South Pole Ship, Madam, the one used on the Byrd Expedition to—"

"I know. But why all the talk about birds if they didn't get any?"



Hollywood's Most Famous "Corner"

Just one corner of the much marked, autographed and what-not, dressing room of Grant Withers and Vernon Rickard, the latter being the erstwhile cartoonist as well as song-bird. Vernon rightfully gets credit for most of the cartoon work, and Grant "takes" credit for the witticisms, some of which are copied below.

Above the cot shown is the label: "The Berth of a Nation." Above is the twin caption: "Vernon's Mount" and "Grant's Tomb."

The Big Bad Wolf scene is Vernon's masterpiece, while Grant's greatest work of art with the crayons is a solid black square about six by eight inches, labeled: "Night scene in the antarctic."

In the above photo Grant and Vernon are pointing out some of the humorous "Puns" listed. The black drape-like object being a men's sock with the object tacked between the words "I'll" and "You One!" Above that was a line "Not on your—," but someone had swiped the famous B. O. remedy, and only the cord remains.

The entrance door bears the sign:

"Withers & Rickard's Peek-Easy. —Our Little Re-Pent House." Below is another sign indicating: "This is NOT a Thru Street," and to this has been added the line in small letters: "It is for some people." A large, noisy claxon horn is mounted on the doorpost and the many newspaper men and others who made this room

Hollywood's Corner—Continued

their headquarters also, made free use of the claxon announcement that someone was about to enter.

A section is reserved for "Famous Fans":

"Our . . . nie."

"The . . . tom of the Opry."

" . . . netic Spelling."

"In . . . t."

"Baseball . . . s."

"Chinese . . . tasy."

" . . . tastic."

"Ele . . . t."

" . . . atic."

"Spanish . . . ciful . . . dango."

" . . . Mah Brow."

" . . . t Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady."

" . . . cy Meeting You Here."

"Picket . . . ce."

" . . . alé."

Back of the entrance door is sketched a "Graveyard" properly fitted up with row upon row of tombstones, some labeled and others awaiting victims. The Caption here is: "Flounders Field" and "Plotters Field," with the adage: "They Gave Their Best But They Died on the Way. Gone But Never Forgiven."

Among those who have "gone and went" from Hollywood at the Fair are such "tombstone" inscriptions as: "Vincent Lopez, King Levinsky, Ray Berry, Jack Tucker, Dorothy Deere, Paul Batchelor, Bunny Dryden, Larry Phillips, George Jeske, Dorothy Ates, Agnes Ayres, Irene Rich, Eddie Guest, Reed Moore, The Paul Sisters, The Three Speeds, Novak & Fay, Cornell & Graf, and in a specially decorated corner with slightly larger tombstones: O. W. Rosenthal, Grant Withers & Vernon Rickard.

And on a board sign appropriately "framed" is the opinion: "When This Room Is Closed on November 12th Thousands Will Be Left Homeless." Which is more truth than poetry.

Vernon Rickard tells this one of a cute little lady about five years old who came to the stage door one evening about ten o'clock and became very friendly. She said, "You're Vernon Rickard, aren't you?" Vernon answered "Yes," and she continued:

Hollywood's Corner—Continued

"I've seen you in the show three times today already."

Rickard inquired if she were alone and became worried about her. But she answered:

"Oh, I'm all right. I came down here with my older brother and sister today, and first my brother got lost and then my sister went to look for him and she got lost. Now I'm the only one that isn't lost."

Here are some of the witticisms:

"Little Chiselers Never Become Great Sculptors."

"The First Hundred Jeers Are the Hardest."

"A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss—But Yea, Man, It Gets Plenty Smooth!"

"How Sad It Is That the Thunderous Applause of Tonight Leaves But Such a Short Echo for Tomorrow."

"Good to the Last Drop? What-th-heck's the Matter With the Last Drop?"

"Lead Us Not Into Temptation—But Just Show Us Where It Is and We'll Find It Ourselves."

Labeled: "The Concessionaires Lament" is this one: "Forgive Us Our Press Passes as We Forgive Those Who Press Pass Against Us."

"Where There's a Will, There's Usually a Family Reunion."

"All Gaul Is Divided Into Three Parts. The Guy Who Took Grant's Overcoat Has All Three Parts."

"A Bird in the Hand Is Bad Table Manners."

"A Woman Is as Old as She Looks and a Man Is Old When He Quits Looking."

In a specially blocked off space is a caption: "Famous Songs" with these listed:

"Ammonia Bird in a Gilded Cage."

"Fatal the Moon Shines, Nellie."

"Jews break the News to Mother."

"Orange Juice Sorry You Made Me Cry?"

"Hemisphere the Million Things She Gave Me."

"Backbone in Indiana."

"You Can Call It Madness, But High Collar Love."

"Big Horse I Love You."

Hollywood's Corner—Continued

Miss Dorothy Deere, the genial and industrious Publicity Director for Hollywood at the Fair, tells these:

The "Household Hour," with Edgar Guest as its star, was in rehearsal and a young salesman of souvenir magazines sought to increase his trade by offering to have the famous American Poet autograph the books for the buyers. Boner number one was pulled when he picked the poet himself for his customer.

"Buy a magazine? Mister?—I'll have Eddie Guest autograph it for you."

"Yeah?" said Eddie, "Well, you get the autograph, son, and then I'll buy the book."

A half hour later the boy came back with a sheepish grin on his face.

"Aw, Mister Guest, I didn't know it was you. Be a sport and put your name on a book for me."

Eddie had a good chuckle and then wrote his famous name across the cover, which was boner number two, because as soon as he had finished, the lad exclaimed in triumph:

"All right, sir! There's your book all autographed like I said; give me the quarter!"

Another instance occasioned by the public's insatiable passion for autographs of the famous, concerns Vincent Lopez and a young lady fan who accosted him right after his "Real Silk" broadcast at Hollywood.

"Oh, Mr. Lopez," she gurgled, "I never wore 'em 'till I heard you in that program and now I wear 'em all the time. You're wonderful!"

"Well, it's very nice of you to say that," said Mr. Lopez, who is used to that sort of thing. The femme continued, "I'd love to have your autograph, and—well—just to be different, I wonder if you'd autograph some "Real Silks" for me?"

"Er—certainly, I will," said the gallant Lopez, "hand me the box,"—which was Vincent's boner because they weren't in a box!

And one on Miss Deere herself! One sizzling August day Miss Deere was running in circles trying to take care of all the duties evolving upon a busy publicity representative. There was new advertising copy to be written; a photog-

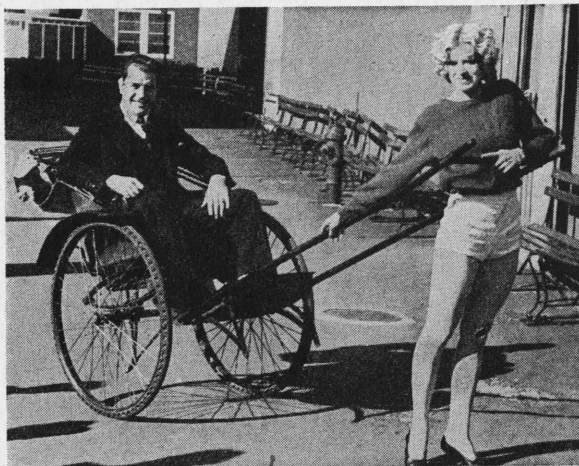
Hollywood's Corner—Continued

rapher was waiting to take a picture of Irene Rich in Leo, the lion's den, and two out-of-town newspaper men were waiting to be shown the wonders of Hollywood.

Crossing the lot in a hurry she sighted a gentleman apparently looking for someone.

"Do you want me?" she paused to inquire, mistaking him for one of the press. The man sighed, mopped his brow and replied:

"No-o- it's too hot!" and he walked the other way!



Faith Bacon Taking Grant Withers for a Ride

And one on Faith Bacon, the famous fan dancer of Hollywood, who had the crown boner pulled on her the night a colored maid, impersonating Miss Bacon's maid, stole the famous star's equally famous and expensive fans!

The "Morals Cop" was on hand waiting outside her dressing room together with two police women, to took over the amount of costume in which Faith was to do her fan dance!

Then came the most embarrassing moment of her life! In the excitement of losing the fans, the maid discovered that she had forgotten the very necessary little net panties Miss Bacon used in order to keep within the law! That night she very nearly marched right into jail, being forced to go on with the dance in much the same as she had originated it, in the nude!

Some Facts

It has been estimated that during the Fair approximately five and a half million doughnuts were made and sold on the grounds. If that number of doughnuts were placed side by side on a cane long enough, it would reach from New York to Denver!

The number of canes sold on the Fair grounds is still greater. Approximately three and one-half million canes were sold by one manufacturer alone to aid the foot weary Fair visitors!

Approximately an average of 30,000 employes were employed on the grounds during the Fair.

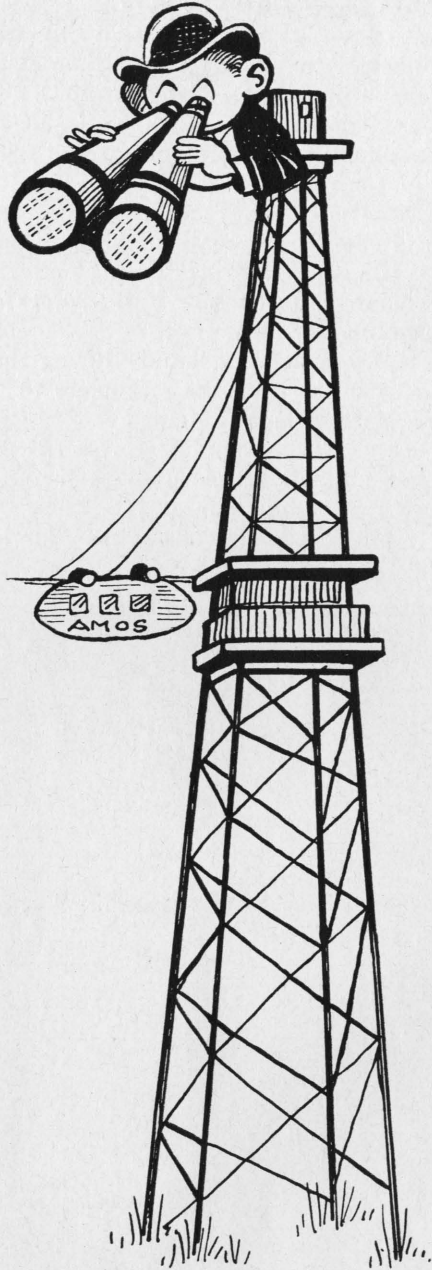
More than 50% of the customers to "peep-shows" were women!

On one Friday in September over 700 children were lost and all returned to their guardians inside of twenty-four hours.

The total paid admissions to the Fair in 1933 were 22,320,456.



Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen) describing the Wonders of the World's Fair to a Redcap of the Grand Central on his arrival from Chicago



Let's Look Over the Fair
Again in 1934

MY OWN RECORD:

I was there on the following dates: _____

With me were: _____

The finest exhibit I saw: _____

Most interesting exhibit I saw: _____

My impression of the buildings: _____

Finest building I visited: _____

Places I dined at: _____

Best show I saw: _____

Greatest amusement I had: _____

Foreign villages I visited: _____

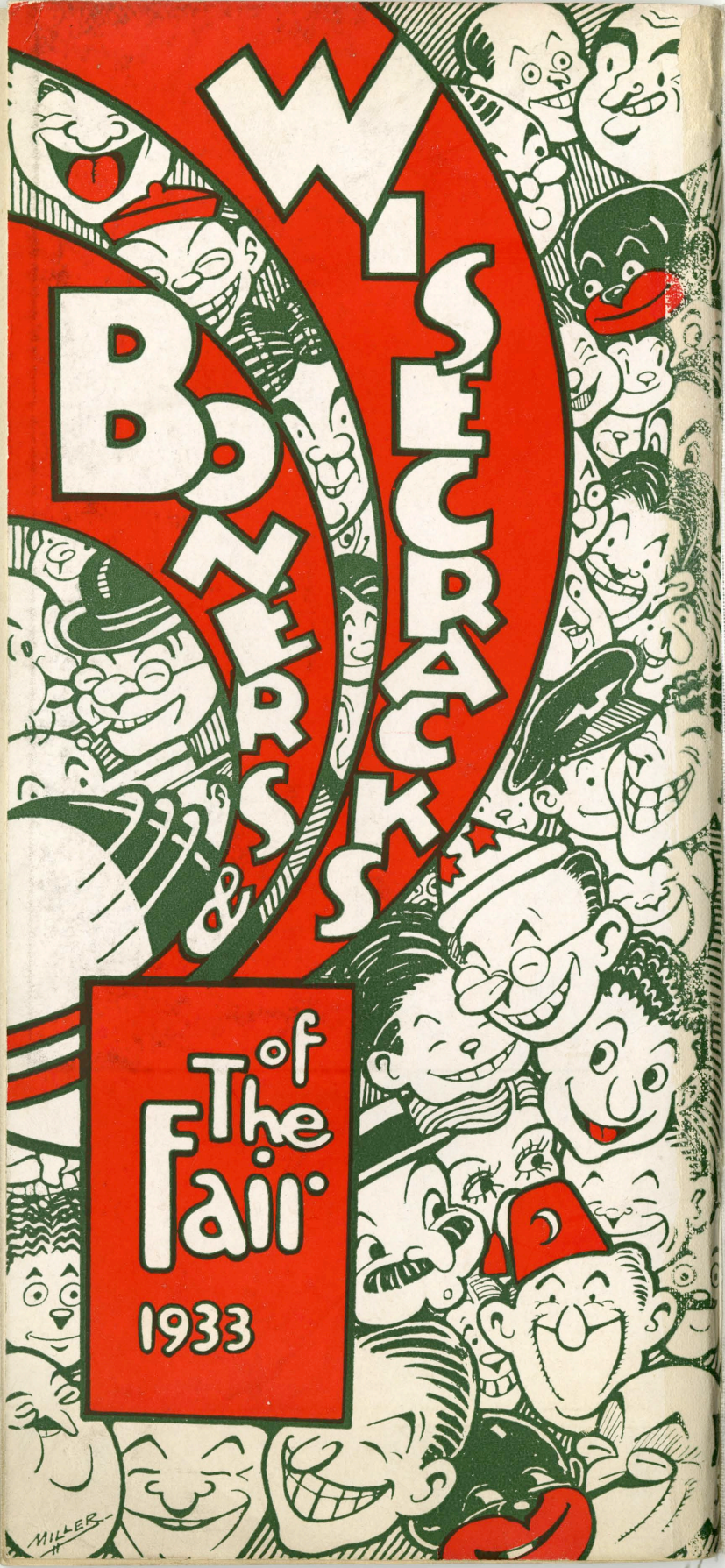
I rode the Sky-Ride on _____'s car.

I ascended the Sky-Ride Tower and saw: _____

I had most fun with: _____

At: _____

Signed: _____



WINSLOW'S
& SHOES
SKATES

of
The
Fair
1933

MILLER