

NOTES FOR QUERIES

Re: "The Tale of the Elevator Man"

In apparent response to a note that appeared in our last issue, one of our readers sent us the following piece of correspondence:

Dear Folklore Forum:

Now here is the story, as it happened to me in Boston in 1965 at the AFS meetings. I was alone in the elevator and the elevator operator said to me, "You from this folklore organization?" I replied "yes" with some trepidation, to which he remarked, "More damned talking and drinking and less fucking than any organization I ever ran into." Since then I've heard the story told about anthropologists, so I imagine that it's kind of a put-down routine among hoteliers and other lesser sorts.

In spite of your inability to get the facts straight, enclosed find a check for my FF subscription in the amount of \$3.00 money.

Sincerely,

Kilroy
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Another reader informs us that a new joke cycle has sprung up among the young members of a Saratoga, California, theatre group. All jokes are initiated by the question, "Do you know what gross is?" Our reader informs us that the answers are limitless and supplies the following examples:

"It's when you come home from a date and find your mother in bed waiting for you."

"It's when you go to kiss your grandmother good-bye and she slips you the tongue."

"It's when you throw your shorts against the wall and they stick, or worse yet, the plaster cracks."

"It's when you bite into your hotdog and find veins."

"It's a hicky on the armpit."

"It's when you find hair at the bottom of your tomato soup."