

Choose Your Weapons, by Dennis. (Article)- Escapade

Music: A man with do-it-yourself skills is at an advantage in the use of this deddive dddddd device, although good results can be obtained through use of a record player. An exotic instrument is unusually effective, when accompanied by primitive chants that call forth the mating instinct.

(Modern warfare has become primarily a problem in logistics, and that holds true for romance in this hectic age.)

Etchings: This is strictly a gimmick and its successful use depends primarily on the choice of subject matter, both in the etchings themselves and in the personality of the night's target. A maiden with cultural pretensions is the best and fairest game for this approach. Mounting the etchings on the ceiling may be unsporting, like shooting a sitting duck, but it is an effective gambit.

Poetry: This is a crass age, and this once potent stimulus to romance has suffered a drastic decline. But it still has its uses especially when applied in conjunction with other stimuli. Once a certain mood has been established there is always Omar; and a well padded davenport can become "Paradise on wheels."

Device: This is strictly for the introvert who lacks confidence and

experience. The particular engine diable pictured here (couch made to lay down by pressing button) was dreamed up by a psychologist-mechanic lover, all on an amateur basis, to create an element of surprise and help the dubious girl make up her mind. Recommended only in emergencies.

Liquor: The use of this aid to seduction requires both subtlety and know how. It is a two-edged sword, capable under varying uses of hastening victory or ~~losing~~ losing the war. Properly utilized in connection with other weapons such as soft music and tempting perfume, it can stifle those inhibitions which are a girl's best defense against ~~conquest~~ conquest.

Muscle--This has often worked where other implements have failed, making up in effectiveness what it lacks in refinement. The key is that boy muscles are stronger than girl muscles and ~~everyone~~ everyone knows the classical result of an application of superior force. The proper girl may offer resistance. Pay no attention.

Make's Progress. Ad astra per aspera: There's always some way to make out. By Wilfred Funk. Article.

When you meet a girl with a certain catnip quality at a cocktail hassle or a dinner party, or just on a two-some date, do you leave her glowing with curiosity about you and with a high wish to see you again, even if she never can? No? Well you can do this, and here are some of the steps in developing one of the lower forms of cunning--a way with women.

You don't necessarily have to love women to do this. You may only love what they're made of. After all you can't get anything out of a sweater you don't put into it. But before you try your wings you had better get rid of a few age-old illusions about these daring deceitful dolls.

Girls have trained you to think they are mysterious, complicated, unpredictable... This has been their most precious trade secret for centuries....

...Never forget the important point.

Women can be won with words. The tested phrase given in these paragraphs are distilled from years of experience and patient research and they have worked. A few conversational openers will give at least a hint as to possible methods.

The Romantic Approach: This probably could more aptly be called the chemical approach. It goes better with mature girls.

You are sitting with her on a beach. A lake might do. But you really need sand and sand dune grass and distance and the ocean's bill for the full effect. And preferably the weakening power of a moon.

You and she have probably long since come close to the facts of life. Now gaze at the heavens with a look of rapture.

"Isn't that breathtaking?" you say waving in the general direction of the skies. "Oh, O

"Oh, yes, yes.. it really is."

"And haven't you wondered what strange power it is that holds these stars to their predetermined orbits?"

(You can guess by now that this line isn't for kids/)

"You can't see the power. But it's there just the same. Some unseen force. And it's overwhelming. I wonder if it's the same mysterious attraction that draws me to you right now and makes me want to kiss you?"

This load of corn should only be handled by experts. There'll be a failure now and then. Even a drummer doesn't make a sale on every try. But you'll be surprised how often it does work.

The heavy girl (Not too fat or why bother?)

She is your dinner partner and for some obscure reason you want to impress her. Pick out a terribly thin girl across the table. Then your conversation can go like this.

"My, howhorribly thin she is?"

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, I think it's painful."

"Really? I'd love to be just like that."

"Please don't try to."

"Why?"

"You're perfect. Men love curves."

"What men?"

"Men of taste. I've seen Spanish gypsies dance. They're never thin, believe me. And Cubans too. The Latins are artists. They would laugh at a thin girl like that off the streets. He would be ridiculous."

"How sweet of you."

"Sweet of me?" It was sweet of Cubans too. Even if he overdid it a bit. But he didn't paint slats. He painted thighs and hips."

"Oh."

"He did. Voluptuous women. Women with sex appeal. Flat tummies, bones, angles. Ugh. I hate them. Give me

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"He did. Luptuous women. Women with sex appeal. Flat tummies, bones, angels! Ugh! I hate them! Give me a body that is a woman's not a man's. I should wish I were an artist. If I could ever pose you in my studio...."

A little On the Other Side: If the girl had been born back when 4-strings were worn by banjos and has possibly reached the age when her voice is changing from "no" to "yes" then go on as follows.

"It's nice to be sitting by you."

"Thank you."

"It is. It's a relief."

"Why a relief."

"Because you're not a tiresome debutante."

"I thought men liked younger girls."

"Younger girls? Please."

"Don't you."

"Let me tell you. I went to a party once. An artists models party/ On one side of me was a girl from the chorus of a smash hit. On the other side was the most famous model in New York, who was making a fortune out of her figure. Sweet bodies, yes, sweet young faces, as sweet and young both of them as green apples, fresh from the orchard."

"You must have been thrilled."

"Thrilled", why? Life is an art and I learned by experience. "What could those kids know about it? Life. Sweet child begins after forty."

"There really is a lot in that."

THE GIRL AS PURE AS COTTON MATHER'S THIRD WIFE: You figure that one out.

I'll take ham on rye.

THE SEXY TYPE: Say a glossy blonde of honey and silk with a chiffon reputation who ought to be smooth because she's been handled so much. This of course is easy. All you have to do is show profound desire and paint a picture for her imagination to feed on. It can go something like this.

"Please hold on to your chair. I'm going to be perfectly frank. I can see you won't mind."

"The conventions are silly, really they are."

"They sure are. Why should we be sitting here at a formal dinner party with the jungle in our hearts, and be prevented from having the innocent thrill of....."

*You don't have to be afraid. She's not wild. She'll let anybody pet her. Nobody needs coaching. The girl will do most of the work.

The PERFECT LADY: This calls for a bit of doing. It takes time and it

hardly worth it for your chances can be thinner than a light morning mist.

Wilson Mixner gave an alge for such a setup. "aid he: "Treat a trollop like a lady and a lady like a tollop " with the idea apparently tha each sometimes gets tired of her profession. Such advice has its dangers however. Here's a modified and safer lead-in after you've become acquainted.

"May I get personal for a moment?"

"Goodness! I suppose so. I'm abit startled. What do you want to get ersonal about."

"About you."

"About me? But how can you? You ha rdly know me."

"That 's true but I've been ~~doing~~ doing some quite guessing just for fun."

"Guessing?"

"Yes, you are smooth, sophisticated, smart-looking, areal lady.

Well mannered to the fin ertips"

"And?"

" it's no doubt given you a high position in you circle. But I was

wondering ...I often wonder whether Emily Post herself wouldn't like to say...jump over the traces...out of bounds...slum a bit... violate conventions..."

"It's an amusing idea."

"Now forgive me please. Be honest, wouldn't you perhaps like to break loose just once?"

"What makes you think I haven't?"

Qqddddd Well, that's what you're after.

THE CAREER GIRL...You are sitting by one...

"I am sure unsuccessful men do...I find if a girl has worked she knows what money is. She will make a good wife."

"Oh?"

Yes, and she's not always rushing a guy out to the movies or to one of those standup cocktail parties. She knows what it is to be tired."

Now she may not be the kissing cousin type, but at least you have given her a new home about men, and marriage, if that's in her life. Sometimes it doesn't hurt to do a good boy scout deed in this game.

...Miscellany When she says: "Shall we have another drink?" Don't be a dope and say "Okay," better say "I don't know whether I dare. Your

personality intoxicates me so I'm afraid another drink would make me drunk."

When she says "Oh, I hate to have this trip over. It's much too short. Don't be a boob and say "Yes it is. "Say i a soft voice": It is short. But it's been long enough to make me remember you the rest of my life."

When she says: "My, but its windy tonight," Don't be a boob and say "It surely is. "Better say "I know a little place behind that high dune where there isn't a breath of air. (High hill, high hedge, high barn)

If she doesn't say anything but just stands (or sits) beside you panting like a marathon runner, eyeing your weskit buttons, shivering and giggling everytime you leer at her, pawing the carpet or turf with her I Millers, generating enough static electricity to make her pony tail crackle and spark showing the whites of her eyes like Othello x sweating in the palms and nodding her beautiful head in an affirmative so emphatic that you can hear her bra straps groan with the strain, then the thing for you to say is...nothing.

Sex

Here is a law that was in force in England 200 years ago:

"Any person who shall by means of rouge, or blanc, of perfumes, of essences, of artificial teeth, of false hair, of cotton espagnol, of steel stays or hoops, of high heeled shoes or of false hips, entice any of his majesty's male subjects into marriage shall be prosecuted for sorcery and the marriage shall be declared void"--Yakima Herald, May 17, 1894.

To all old-time Yakimites it should be whispered that
Copenhagen and all kissing games are barred out. Staid Pennslyvania
has set the pace and the man who attended a church picnic and
tried the osculatory business got six months in jail; and the girl
was willing too. 7-16-91

Miscellany

The Soda Springs Co. offers a reward of \$50 for the arrest and conviction of any person burglarizing their house, or \$20 for the conviction of any trespasser on their premises. 10-16-90

at 34 1-2 cents.

Mrs. G.W. Cary has rented one-half of J.B. Pugsley's office in the Lewis-Engle building which she is having petitioned off and fitted as a millinery and cloak store.

The Yakima Soda Springs company is now putting up, in addition to the mineral water, an excellent article of ginger ale, cider and pop. Manager Strobach has placed the Herald under obligations for a supply of the various beverages bottled by the company-Herald, June 28, 1889.

Mrs. Eva Watters, Miss Allen, Miss Cornett, Rev. W.H. Cornett,

A.B. Ross and Henry Lom ard left for Soda Springs Monday for a few days outing. They took a camera along with them to take views of the Springs and picturesque points thereabouts--Yakima Herald,

July 16, 1891. 7-16-91