



# 3-BALL REVIEW

Volume 7 - No. 4      White Swan, Washington      November 1955

We have been met so often these past few weeks with the query: "When is the next issue of the 8-Ball coming out?" that we are suddenly overcome by the thought that there are people in this world who actually look forward to our paper. What a fragile thought, and we must do all we can to keep it intact; so....forthwith and surprisedly ANOTHER ISSUE ROLLS OFF THE PRESS.

To say we have had much assistance would make a joyful statement, but being of the old school of truth or consequences, we again utter that old despairful: "Somebody goofed! If there are blank spaces throughout this issue or indications of items bodily lifted from columns of the local high school weekly, it's because:

1. We saved two columns for Abbie Olney and his day;
2. We saved one column for Lydia F. Johnson and her camp session;
3. We saved one page for Hank Fiander and his Sports splurges.

In other words, we were expecting some strictly nervous columns for this issue. We didn't get them. Better luck to all of us next time.

- The Editor.

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We note that the Program Coordination Staff, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C. has birthed a new, brain child, name of INDIAN SIGNS. We offer congratulations -- and should the staff meet up with any obstacles in the new venture, just call on us; we know all about obstacles. The new publication began distribution with the September issue and featured Commissioner Emmons who has completed two years as head of the BIA.

## PROJECT MEN WILL RETIRE

Exemplifying the highest traditions of loyal and faithful service to the Federal Government are Lou Hartley, George Hughey, Herman Miller, and Henry Holmes, whose respective retirements from service with the Wapato Irrigation Project are effective this year.

Miller resigned on October 7 after 22 years of dragline operating for the irrigation service. Hartley, water-master, will retire November 30, after serving over 29 years with the Wapato Project. Also retiring on November 30 are Holmes, garage foreman, after 35 years of service, and Hughey, ditch-rider, who has served over 22 years.

In recognition of long years of service, these men have been nominated for the Commendable Service honor award, presented by the Department of Interior, Bureau of Indian Affairs.

The friends these employees have garnered over their many years of efficient service join in wishing them health and happiness in their well-earned retirement.

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TO: HARTLEY, HOLMES, HUGHEY, MILLER:

So you are retiring! We, too, want to add our "happy". A good send-off can accomplish many things. Look at Claude Marble....all around the United States, and now he's gone to Cuba! We only hope he decides to come home soon; we wouldn't want it said that he's down there stirring up a revolution!

The best of the best to you in all of your inactivities! --  
The Staff.



## FOG LITES

Now that Airman Schmidt and his Una are again "the happiest couple in the world", we can get back to the day to day existence of earning our bread and cheese. For awhile no silver lining was apparent, and we were extremely upset--but every dog has his day, and let this be a lesson to you: Never tangle with a triangle. Like my grandfather used to say: "Write that on ice, and sit on it!"

Life is real, life is earnest-- as anyone knows who has been host to the flu bug this early in the season. As I languished on my bed of needles and pains, I thought of pleasant yesterdays and what had I done to deserve this. I knew I was going to live, but I couldn't reason why. What stretched ahead? Past the front gate, past the moon and the stars, past the bad case of gravel on the Hoffer Road, past the past?

Yep, life was extreme for awhile, but now we are six again--and if Johnnie hasn't learned to read, perhaps you had better play a new record. My mother was sorry I learned to read because I found a gunnysack of Old Romance books, and I read up the whole caboodle. Since then, my knowledge of life, love and the pursuit of grasshoppers has been unquestioned; and I owe it all to phonics, to old romance books, and to my mother, who remarked: "If you are going to sit there all day, Miss Reader, you might as well go to school!" -- so that's where I went. There should be a moral of some sort to give this an unhappy twang, but right now I can't think of anything fitting to add except that even while earning your bread and cheese, you should never remove yourself entirely from the bigger matters-- and someday your grandchildren will look at you with awe, and ask: "Grampa, do you have any gum?"

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It's hard to tell these days whether you're walking behind a man who needs a haircut, or a woman who just got one.

## SINE LITES

"What we need for this issue is a bit of local color," remarked the editor Swan, who continues to serve in a rather unsavory advisory capacity for our publication efforts.

What are readers interested in: logging logs, building schools, buying new homes? -- In Bill Linehan we found the ideal personification of color at its locallest (or so we thought). Mr. L. was not a willing subject. Before we had concluded the amenities, Mr. L. jumped up and ran, with the parting remark that he had to get home to his family. Getting home to one's family is an admirable trait, and it should be practiced more often. But how about these interviews for our local color? Cecil Walker, here we come again!

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Jake Ottem had a vacation which he spent being exceedingly ill. That is the worst way to spend a vacation, and we hope Jake will soon be up and out.

James T. (Bubbles) Finley is encased in a cast. Bubbles was driving a company pickup down the road when he met up with some livestock. The pickup overturned, and Bubbles came out second best with a fractured vertebra.

Mrs. Simpson spent considerable time in the Central Memorial Hospital for surgical care. An invitation to join our behind-the-8-ballers seems inevitable.

We are running out of space, and we haven't even finished talking about hospitals and operations. Among our readers who spent time and money in the hospital were: Mrs. Nathan Hoffer, Mr. Richard Olney, Sr., Butch Overson, Nikki Swan, Jones Swan, Larry Fiander, Mrs. Lester Pearne, Gerald Schaefer -- and if we have missed anyone, can you blame us. At least we can say that we know several people who have something in common.

If we can get Lee Cave away from his dancing broom, we plan on an interview.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Why, oh why don't you have in your magnificent publication an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column? I would surely write for free advice. I always write for anything that is free.

I looked up "lovelorn" in the dictionary. I found "for love: for nothing - without compensation"; and "lorn: forsaken, desolate, wretched, lost, ruined, undone." That's me.

Lost, ruined, undone, desolate--and without compensation yet. So you see, I qualify for free advice. In fact, if it were a contest, I'd win hands down. Maybe first prize would be a month of blind dates with some rich handsome brute who is bored with beautiful women. Or maybe I'd win a book on "How to Meet Rich Handsome Brutes who are Bored with Beautiful Women". Maybe I'd even win a rich handsome brute who is bored with beautiful women all for my very own! Please dear editor, couldn't you even arrange for free advice? If you do, I'd be the first to write in--and I'd follow the advice and meet someone. I would invite you to my wedding. Oh, yes, and we'd subscribe to a life-time membership in "People the 8-Ball has Helped."

Sincerely,

L.R.U.D. and W.C.

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Dear Lost, Ruined, etc.:

Yours is a splendid suggestion. We have hesitated to start such a column heretofore because we were unable to find anyone with all the symptoms of being lovelorn. Some of our acquaintanceships have complained of one or two of the specified symptoms, but not all in one lump. You are to be congratulated on the quality of your condition.

I think we can help you. It has been our practice to strive for one good deed a day, and we have room for you in today's quota. We have placed others in our quota of good deeds for the day. The fact that they now shun us is of

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small consequence.

In return for several old box tops we shall be glad to send you the license numbers of several rich, handsome brutes. We jotted down the license numbers as they headed north for the summer. In a short while they will be flitting south for the winter, and that is where you come in! Meet us down at the crossroads.

-- The editor.

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Dear Editor:

There comes a time when even the lowliest worm (government employee that is) must turn, and I herewith serve notice that the next time I offer anyone a cigarette and get insults for the effort, I shall go to great pains to obtain just retribution. I am growing great welts on my ankles clear up to my ears (being a short person) from the multitudinous kicks in the shin that greet my well-meant efforts. That sort of treatment has to stop. Period.

- Sam Tareyton Lewis

Dear Sam:

It has been so long since anyone has offered me anything for absolutely free that I have become a bit wary of accepting gifts from short men with welts on their ankles--and that includes Herb Tareytons. When you proffered your pack of HT's, my first thought was, "Whoa there, kid; nobody gets something for nothing from a government employee, because it usually adds up to extra taxes", so I said, "You cur!" -- and tightening the cinch on my saddles I galloped back to my stall while you stood mournfully clutching your pack of H. Tareytons to your crushed chest. I am sorry. I have nothing at all against Herbert T., and I hope this confession will allow him to rest in peace.

Be it ever so humble, there is just no spot more hurtful than a kicked shin. I shall henceforth refrain from using yours for anything less than soccer practice.

- The editor.



## HERE AND THERE WITH OUR READERS

Mrs. Reginald Jones has renewed her annual subscription and has pledged her lifetime support of 8-Ball Review principles. Said Mrs. J.: "What decided me was the article about Liberace and wrestling. People have been telling me I'm crazy because I don't care for either on TV. It's good to know there are other crazy people besides myself." That is the height of left-handed testimonials, and we thank Mrs. Jones for her moral and financial support.

With the assistance of the Missing Persons Bureau, we caught up with our traveling reporter De Broe Wood. She is still traveling. When caught, she was traveling from Concord to Tracy, California, a distance of 45 miles. She was driving a '36 Ford coupe with a '48 Mercury motor. She was having a time making the coupe keep up with the motor! De is a government employee at the Tracy branch of the Alameda Medical Depot, and she drives to work daily from her ranch (El Quaso), a mere 45 miles. She and daughter Danise live the life of any two respectable bachelor girls at their walnut ranch in Concord, and now that spring plowing is complete, we shall expect regular correspondence with our traveling reporter.

Roger Fiander informed us that he'd like to go down to the pasture to have a look at his cow. "According to my predicament", said Rog, "she is supposed to calve today." I told Roger that according to my "predicament" I didn't have any gasoline in the car, and he'd have to ask someone else to run him down. According to the cow's "predicament", she had her calf, and Roger is now training her to stand still beside a milk pail while he does the honors.

In an effort to curb the useless motor accidents littering the highways, Herb Shriner reminded his listeners that alcohol and gasoline don't mix. "Actually, they mix," said Herb, "but they don't taste good."

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LARRY FIANDER, resident of Glenwood's Draper Camp and logger by trade, got swatted down by a log. Larry thought his time was come. Naturally, anyone getting hit on the head and across the backbone by a log would think his time was come; so Larry was forthwith carted off to the General Hospital in Golden-dale where he was ceremoniously surveyed for broken bones and out-of-tune organs. Saturday found Larry back in circulation: no breaks, no crushes, a few bruises--and one very flat tin hat. At the next meeting of the Lucky Logger Association, a collection will be taken for a new tin hat for Larry. We are certainly thankful his time was not come because I don't know how we would get through dinner without his annual Thanksgiving oration.

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Since last January, our effervescent feature writer TERESA JONES SWAN has been bothered with the notion that there was a cat in her stomach clawing up her innards. The pain finally reached the "real bad" stage, and Jones went to the surgical department of the Toppenish memorial hospital. When she came out of the anesthesia, she was lying in bed and a black cat was stalking down the walk outside. Clutching her abdomen, Jones yelled, "You got the wrong cat. The one that's bothering me is a gray one!" -- Back to surgery went Jones, and this time we hope they got the right cat--and that Jones will soon be back to the deathly prose which she alone can bat out. The pain was a tumor, and Jones is now recuperating amid her high stack of reading material. She said when she gets back on her feet she is going to open a slightly-used book and magazine shop. We think that a very applaudable idea, as there is an absolute dearth of reading matter in the village since the Wagon Wheel stopped subscribing to current periodicals and western stories.

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Whenever things get dull around here, Lucy Belle Teegarden works up a fine case of pneumonia and has to be carted to the hospital. Says Lucy Belle, "Child, I've been there so many times that they finally ordered a monogrammed oxygen tent for me!"

## GOVERNMENT POLICY, 1955

(Filched from the July 1955 issue of the NCAI Bulletin, Vol. II, No. 3)

Members of the 84th Congress are now facing the necessity of giving serious consideration to the policy which the United States intends to follow in its future dealings with Indian American citizens.

The questions which must be answered are these: Should the Federal Government, in accordance with the policy approved by Congress in 1953, end as quickly as possible all its special services to Indians and all the special protection of their rights and their lands promised by treaties or agreements, without first obtaining the consent of the Indians themselves? Or should Congress repudiate that two-year-old policy and adopt one based on the principle that the consent of a majority of of the members of any Indian tribe or recognized band must be obtained before any bill ending government responsibility for them may be introduced? ... Indians and their friends agree that consent must be required; consultation is not enough.

On January 14, Senator Malone of Nevada introduced S.401 which would "completely emancipate" all Indians within three years, remove guardianship of Indians and Federal trusteeship over Indian lands, repeal the Indian Reorganization Act of 1934, and abolish the Bureau of Indian Affairs. On April 19 the Department of the Interior announced its opposition to this bill, thus presumably ending any likelihood of its passing.

Most of the other Indian bills of special importance introduced or acted on to date have been favorable to Indian welfare and have had the support of the Indians affected by them. ... The termination bills passed by the 83rd Congress end all the provisions of the Indian Reorganization Act for the tribes to which they apply, within a period of time set by each bill, together with all special services and trusteeship over Indian lands. Further, the federal services would be ended without insuring that the states would provide these services; the cutting off

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of credit funds and the loss of federal protection could easily lead to the loss of Indian trust property: "for some groups it would mean a dispersal of tribal assets and the end of tribal existence; for individuals and for most groups, it would result in placing their land on the tax rolls, in violation of treaties, statutes, and long-standing custom."

Had our government ever fully kept the promises made the Indians in partial payment for the vast domains they gave up, termination might now be possible and desirable for all the tribes. But those promises have not been kept. Today most Indians are ill-prepared to face life in the competitive American economy. Many have never had the schooling or the health services the government agreed to provide; titles to land are still clouded; housing and sanitation, roads and water supplies, are still far below the standards set by states and counties." --

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## IN TRIBUTE

Although Lester Pearne is no longer with us, the memory of his kind words and wholesome deeds will linger in our midst and make us better people for having known him and benefitted from his good works all of these years.

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## COLLEGE LITES

Our valley and our community seem very well represented at schools of higher learning this autumn. Since we were not able to get a complete list of attendees, we will mention no names--but we will say that college is a wonderful institution, and we know our representatives would not be there if they did not plan to make the most of it. What we could use are a few reports from our college kids. Campus life goes on and on, but it must have changed at least slightly since we attended in our dirty saddles and saggy socks. If, as a college student, you want on our mailing list--just give us the word.



## COM-USH-NI SPEAKS

An American Indian is a somewhat privileged citizen. He has certain rights that a non-Indian does not have; he has certain other rights granted to him in recognition of a moral obligation to enable him to survive and adapt to a strange and complex non-Indian civilization. Besides this, he has every right and freedom granted to every other American citizen.

Why then are we all of a sudden concerned about "setting the Indian free" and making him "equal" so he can "assume his full responsibility as an American citizen"? Why then are we all of a sudden concerned with turning a group of Indians into a group of non-Indians? What will they gain when their trust status, tribal government organizations and their enterprises are broken?

It was once assumed that the Indian was a savage who had to be civilized by his betters. An Indian is stubborn; and he is proud. Were it not for these two native traits, the Indian might have long ago given up, during the period of enforced civilizing, and died of disease, abuse and starvation. The Indian remained stubborn and he retained his pride in being an Indian, and because of this, today he retains his integrity and his character. He retains his attitudes, habits, customs and manners. While adjusting to "civilization", he maintains a grasp on his own cultures, and he is working out his future. Encouraging and assisting him in his adjustment and adaptation of the mores of his white brothers is good. Being hostile or attempting to place pressure on his actions will cause him to become even more stubborn. He has a right to be an Indian -- the Nation has an obligation to protect him in his right to be as Indian as he chooses to be.

"Freedom", "equality", "competence" are all fine words -- but an Indian resents having these words hammered down his throat. The Indian is free, the Indian is Equal, and he is competent to the point of fighting for his freedom and equality rights. "Ethics" and "justice" and "assistance" are better words, and an Indian deserves the best.

The following is an editorial from the September 1, 1955 issue of the Yakima Daily Republic. Rather than comment on it, we give it to you in its entirety, and you can make your own comments:

### INDIANS AS CONTRIBUTORS

"Joseph R. Garry, president of the National Congress of American Indians, advanced a rather unusual claim in an address to the organization in Spokane. He said the American Indian was 'the chief contributor of the material resources of this country,' that the Indian 'provided the people with the land and resources for a life of plenty.' In other days the Indians credited the Great Spirit for such provision.

"The Indians' role as contributors was largely an unwilling one. They contributed far from freely in most instances and usually at the point of a gun or in return for payments in cash and goods and also for promises that frequently were not kept. They hardly could be called contributors in the ordinary sense.

"Throughout the process of their more or less forced contribution, they have undeniably been wronged in various ways. Yet, in their free and happy state, they were constantly perpetrating wrongs of their own devising, relentlessly warring for supremacy and hunting grounds. Tribes were slaughtered and dispossessed. So in speaking of the Indians' contribution, it is perhaps not amiss to remember that their conquerors have done some contributing in the line of peace and security."

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"I cannot agree with what you say, but I can agree with your right to say it."

- Voltaire

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The Russians have invented a weather forecaster named Rudolf: If he says it's going to rain tomorrow, you'd better take his word for it...because Rudolf, the Red, knows rain, dear! (We are not scraping the bottom of the barrel! How ridiculous!)

## SPORT LITES

White Swan High must have a football team. We've seen several hulking brutes limping painfully around the village. However, sports columnist Hank has let us down--and we have no idea whether the season is starting off with a bang or a mild case of inertia. So...again we send in our favorite bench-warming columnist. Three rahs for Boznoszki. We don't know much about sports, but we think he is one.

### ON THE BENCH WITH BOZNOSZKI

This year I have selected my own All-American team. I am tired of experts who are biased in favor of footballers who score the most touchdowns. That's all very well, but give me the kid who trips over his shoe-laces. Is there anything un-All American about that?

Left End: The fellow who runs right smack down the middle of the field hoping that someone will toss him a pass. He's never been passed to yet.

Left Tackle: When the team left for its first away-from-home game, this kid missed the bus. He wasn't even missed.

Left Guard: Opponents ran eight touchdowns through this position. This guy has taken up bird watching.

Center: During a lengthy shift, this clod got dizzy and fell over, drawing an off-side penalty for his team.

Right Tackle: The player with the most fierce scowl on the gridiron. He scared heck out of the cheerleaders, but his side lost anyway.

Left Halfback: The kid noted for his tireless running -- back and forth behind stooping linemen, slapping them on their pants and shouting, "Let's go, fellas!"

Fullback: No one can say this creature isn't the greatest point-after-touchdown specialist of all time, because so far there haven't been any touchdowns.

We note several vacancies in our lineup. If you think you're qualified for a (continued, next column)

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berth, don't be afraid to speak up. How do you think those other guys made first string?

-- Boznoszki.

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## ADVERTISING SPACE

REX MATTHEWS, fastest growing Ford dealer in the valley, has asked us to include a blurb for the Ford industry. It is fantastic what we will do for adequate remuneration, but here goes:

Fords are still being made, and the MATTHEWS MOTOR COMPANY of Wapato has them! Had you been present at the Labor Day parade in Wapato, you would have seen the Fords most abundantly represented in assorted shapes and sizes and led by 20,000 tons of baled hay to indicate the size of Ford traffic in this area. As someone remarked to Rex Matthews, the idea wasn't very good, but it was sure BIG!

So: If you are in the market for a Ford--or if you have a Ford in the market for repairs, call at the Matthews Motor Company in Wapato. Fords are here to stay, and we might as well admit that fact. The turnover is terrific.

(One thing you can say about us is that we are authorities on Ford "turnover", because that's what we went and did with ours.)

See our favorite Ford dealer today!

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Both parties seem to be satisfied with what they accomplished in this session of congress in spite of each other.

You can tell when an election is getting near--the word "ethics" starts popping up in every third headline.

Cheery philosophers say that the things we worry about the most never happen. No, but something worse usually does.

(borrowed from Senator Soaper



VERSE OR WORSE -(THE POETS' CORNER)

IN AS MUCH AS

My friends said, "Write a poem"  
So I sat down, pen in hand  
And wracked my brains an hour  
For a subject deep and grand.

I thought of life, and loving,  
Of faith, and hope, and time,  
And life in the here-after,  
But I couldn't make it rhyme.

So then I thought of humor,  
And I wrote a line or two,  
But it wasn't even funny;  
So I had to start anew.

I wasted reams of paper  
And I used up all the ink  
From my brand-new ball-point Parker.  
Then I started in to drink.

I cleared the house of liquor  
And of rubbing alcohol,  
And started writing poems  
With a crayon, on the wall.

Now when my neighbors found me,  
And called the doctor in,  
He shook his head and muttered,  
"Oh, it really is a sin!"

Then I told the spotted midgets  
And the little purple men,  
"My frensh kin read their poemsh  
From shum other authorsh pen!"

- by H. Jeanie Zink

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'Twas So!

This I beheld--'twas chance, I guess,  
Once on a morning of the spring,  
The merry tulip in her dress  
Of scarlet, amidst a ring  
Of yellow daffodils.  
Across the lawn they formed a rare  
And somewhat whimsical parade,  
While 'neath a flowering shrub, a pair  
Of purple iris felt the shade  
From over-looking hills.

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Note: All poems on this page are  
original works (title remains with the  
originators) and may not be re-copied  
without owner's permission.

SKELETON IN AMORPHISM

Speak, speak, thou fearful guest,  
Who in your peg-tops dressed,  
Wearing your hair in a mess,  
Comes in to haunt me.

Just when I start to eat,  
In tramp your mile-high feet--  
Into my humble retreat,  
You try to daunt me.

And now your gleamy eyes  
Try on my room for size,  
Loudly pretending wise  
We are but friends.

After my ale you quaff,  
Gaily you start to laugh--  
I swear you're there but half;  
Our friendship ends.

Sometimes you seem to be  
Older by far than me,  
And I can almost see  
Glimmers of hope.

'Til "whoosh", your manner mild  
Gives way to something wild,  
Poor small bewildered child,  
Poor little dope!

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HAY FEVER

I must go down to the doc's again,  
To his crowded waiting room,  
And read all his old magazines again,  
Amid all that sorrow and gloom.  
How my nose runs, how my eyes smart,  
While my kleenex box I'm shaking,  
Among the blue smoke and the sad looks,  
What a long time that doc is taking!

I must be a sorry sight again,  
Being sniffly and all pink-eyed,  
And the crowd's stares, when I loudly  
sheeze,

Can certainly not be denied.  
But all I ask is a small white pill,  
And that's why I'm in this den.  
A brief whiff of new-mown grass,  
And it's hay fever time again!

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Humble apologies to the original  
versifiers of "SEA FEVER" AND "THE  
SKELETON IN ARMOR".....and thanks.

REMINISCENCE

One Christmas, several years ago,  
Charlot, John and I presented a puppet  
show for the other members of the clan.  
I ordered the puppets, and when they  
came I didn't want the kids to see them,  
because this was going to be a big sur-  
prise; so I opened them up in my room  
(the puppets, not the kids). Then I  
went down to case the ice box. About  
15 minutes later, Tracy Swan trotted  
up to me and asked, "How come you  
didn't give me any of those toys?" --  
No privacy! -- Incidentally, we won the  
Pabst Blue Ribbon award for our puppet  
show. We might have won a higher award,  
but Henry took some of the laughs away  
from us when he fell out of his chair.

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Speaking of performers, one is apt to  
run into all kinds. Theresa (social  
editor) was telling us about a dog be-  
longing to some friends of hers. The  
dog plays the piano. She didn't say  
what it plays--probably "Chop Sticks".  
After all, it is a very young dog, and  
it can't have been taking lessons long  
enough to have advanced to Chopin. She  
asked if any of us had seen the dog.  
"Oh, yes," answered Tracy, "I know that  
dog well." -- "You do?" was Theresa's  
surprised query, "what's his name?" --  
At that Tracy replied with a very unmen-  
tionable and censorable name. That was  
the last we heard of the piano-playing  
dog. In fact, that was the last we saw  
of Theresa for quite some time. For  
all I know the dog with a horrible name  
may have expired from grueling hours of  
practice at the keyboard. On the other  
hand, he may have been Liberace in dis-  
guise. I could, of course, ask Tracy  
what became of him, but asking Tracy a  
question is very similar to treading on  
eggs. I will never know.

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One Thanksgiving the family gathered at  
the board as usual, and there was rela-  
tive Larry resembling a very high kite  
in a March wind. He wanted to talk  
politics; so he did. He made a speech  
which caused several of his fellow  
diners to get up and leave the table.  
I sat through the speech--because I  
wanted my dessert. Thanksgiving comes  
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but once a year, and I guess it's a  
person's privilege on such occasions  
to give a speech if he is so inclined.  
There must be other ways to lose  
friends and antagonize relatives, but  
the most successful method I have ob-  
served thus far is the one used by  
brother Larry on Thanksgiving.

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The reason I sometimes limp around in  
a high state of fatigue is because I  
am an aunt. Now that Roger, Robert,  
and Dennis have reached an age of  
rockin' 'round the clock, Ma gets  
slightly piqued at their bent of mind.  
In Ma's words: "You have plenty of  
time to think of girls!" -- That is  
exactly what they are doing: using  
plenty of time to think about girls!  
Ma found a picture of a girl in  
Robert's shirt. Better pictures I have  
seen tacked up in the "WANTED" depart-  
ment of the postoffice building.  
Robert said that was really Dennis'  
picture but Den had been too ashamed  
to be seen with it. Dennis said it  
was Roger's picture. Roger said it be-  
longed to Robert. I told them to stop  
bickering and take the picture.  
"After all," I reminded them, "looks  
are not everything." -- "I know," was  
Roger's answer, "but looks help if you  
don't have anything else!" -- They said  
more, which I will not repeat here,  
since this is a decent story. The up-  
shot of it was that Ma ended up with  
the picture, and the last time I looked  
she had it stuck in her dresser mirror  
frame.

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A couple of Be-Boppers passed by just  
as a fellow was hitting his wife over  
the head with a club and kicking her  
in the ribs. -- One remarked: "I dig  
that beat, but Man, is that a crazy  
drum!"

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Now I suppose we shall be flooded with  
letters from irate husbands emphatically  
denying that any be-boppers were pre-  
sent while this was going on.

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Congress finally decided to do some-  
thing about the high cost of living...  
they voted themselves a raise.



## DO IT YOURSELF

The other day John was leafing through a current issue of a popular magazine (John doesn't read; he leafs). He started the conversational ball rolling by asking, "How about this Do-It-Yourself craze?" -- Charlot stopped the c.b.r. by retorting, "Yeah, how about that?"

Some of the most outlandish items come to light when people get bit by the Do-it-yourself bug. Charlene showed us something built by Roger's own hands. When we asked what it was, Charlene answered, "I don't know. Roger doesn't know what it is either, but he's going to paint it red." Tracy went out and built a bird house. Do you know what he did with it when he finished? He filled it full of cats! Jerry built a radio, complete with antenna, for his trike. When Jerry wasn't looking, Trace dashed it to the ground and mashed it to a pulp. Dennis built an airplane that really flew. When it landed, he called Jerry to come over and have a look-see. Jerry ran over, stepped on it and mashed it to a pulp. Earl was making himself a pair of half-soles for his loggers when Tracy asked him to take him fishing. Earl said, "No." -- Tracy said, "I'll kick you right on top of the head." Earl said, "You can't kick that high." -- and he went on making half soles and putting commercial cobblers out of work.

Charlie Wynne was very enthusiastic about an implement he was working on and intended to have patented. John snorted, "Don't be crazy, man. Pa has one of those hanging in the tool shed right now, and he's working on a fancier model."

Ma asked Dennis to go start the pump. Dennis looked at her and said, "Why don't you get hip, Granma? Do it ya-self!" Edith crawled on top of her house to repair the roof. She fell off the ladder. Theresa and Henry took up house building and did a rare job.

Not to be outdone, Evelyn and Liggett Richardson built a house, complete with housewarming and low-calorie fruit punch. Maurice Hitchcock, hitching on to the craze, donated a swimming pool to the community--he is not going to build it; he said "do it yourself!" (Ma, where is my flour sack swimming suit--the one I did myself?)

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What it boils down to is that an awful lot of people are running out of an awful lot of leisure time these days, because they are spending all of it on Do-It-Yourself projects. Housewives pile their dinner dishes in the sink so they'll have time to put another shingle on the roof. Husbands run all the way home from work to build a brick wall. Kids forget how to play because they're so busy building better mouse traps. Everyone is snappish and weary and yelling for daylight saving time.

I'm tired too, because when I get home I have to build a better lock for my window to keep people from crawling in when I'm not home. Then, I have to pick out some yard goods and re-upholster my car because Joe Martin threw a dog with sharp teeth into my vehicle when I wasn't looking. Then, I am going to build a bed....and fall into it. Why don't you do it yourself?

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## NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE

After seven failures the Dodgers finally clamped on to their first world championship by beating the New York Yankees 2-0 in the seventh game of the World Series. The proud Yanks are humbled. Dem Bums are out on top--and Brooklyn is not going to let you forget it.

Leave us celebrate in full measure with the triumphant Dodgers this fine autumn day with a resume of happy incidents in the lives of our readers, not forgetting to shed a small tear and say a brief prayer for those who have met up with the raindrops of hurt, hunger, despair in this minor episode known as Life.

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Ella Adams is confined to the Central Memorial Hospital as a result of an auto accident. We hope the hurts are not too deep and that Ella will soon be up and about--and ready to take her place in our little organization of broken noses, bashed-in heads, and wrecked automobiles. We have been thru the mill, AND IT ISN'T FUNNY!

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