

... and All Around The Town

By Clysta Mayes Gray

When they are both busy, my left hand has little more than a casual acquaintance with my right at best—and never more so than today.

It isn't going to be easy, watching the Washington scene and typing at the same time, but here goes!

Political extravaganzas, like our armed forces, are full of human imperfections. All in all, the miracle lies in the ability of the individual, however frail, to contribute to the whole. I guess we do pretty well, considering. I am troubled with the same emotions, watching the festivities, as I am watching any of our service organizations. The so-called fly-boys from MHAFF, or any other base, are, under their uniforms, kids from your home town or mine. The more intimately you know them, the prouder you are of them as a unit, for the familiarly breeds, not contempt, but an overwhelming confidence in them.

A good many years ago we had with us a certain gentleman who was convinced that the whole world, including all the elements, conspired against him. I fit rained, any ill-effects was confined to his sinus, and he was, so far as he cared to inquire, the only hand laid off from the hayfield. When

he left his rubber boots to on the back of the stove a hotfoot, it wasn't his own—he screamed scald at a cacacy while the bystanders stood amused.

He didn't cotton to cats, fended to shed on his favorite serge, so he hollered SCA suggested we kept a cat c pose.

He never figured out the fear and distrust of dogs in reciprocal. He got a head s the wrong foot, hopping a kick, both right and left, canine that approached him, opened a debate, he tried it with any stick or stone the to hand.

It put a crimp in his count the object of his affection devotee to dogs. I remember evening he came home, marked but intact, after been repulsed by a welcomee of one dog. He still el the box of chocolates he hand when he left, and b them were the worse for w As I recall, he refused to even to explain. He claimed was some conspiracy between in residence and the dog, friend "Woulda had to be for him to have departed nounced.

Pierce Park Grange

Pierce Park Grange held their second January meeting on the 18th with about the usual attendance. There were three officers absent, and we had two visitors from Holcomb Grange.

Our home ec chairman, Mrs. H. E. McConnell, announced Committee heads for our Fun Night on the 26th, for the benefit of the polio fund.

Our Grange went on record as favoring the passage of legislation to raise the tax on beer. Scoutmaster Boyd Larson spoke on the need of his trop 47, and the Grange will allow the Scouts to meet in one of the smaller rooms, and display their trophies on the walls.

The lecturer's program opened with an action song by the group. Following this, three "youngsters" debated three "oldsters" on the question of the relative happiness of today or the "good old days," the latter winning the judges' nod. A relay game using a dozen members, a short reading and a group song followed, and the program ended with an inspirational reading with a tableau.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Howe have returned home from Los Angeles, Calif., after a visit with Mrs. Howe's brother and sister-in-law,

His intimates would have mit, however, that his unigibility was too tempting t unprovoked. Certain phone placed from one neighbor's to summon him to another, frankly, false. Purportedly distance, his voice would volume in direct ratio to a connection. "Are you ready York? This is Chig-ag . . . he would rise to a false to gravation, trying to trace source. Home again and hard-breathing accomplice innocent, he would answer "Aw, it was just some eck playin' some silly joke He could, after the confliad had cooled, laugh with the us. His face got as red, la over old times, as it was t he discovered that the back had been wired stationary w arrived home exhausted

