

Open Your Mind - Not Your Mouth (contributed by a reader)

A lot of saps get themselves into trouble by blowing their stacks over nothing. Most of the time they're up in the air because of something they think somebody said about them.

Only usually they thought wrong because nothing was said.

People with brains avoid this pitfall by thinking before they open their yaps, and - especially - by counting to ten or even a hundred before letting temper get the best of them.

Rumpus Euchre

Eleven tables gathered for play on March 30th. Scores won as follows: high - Ella King and Mark Sault; low - Debbie Smith and Kenny King; lone hands - Gordon McNaughton and Mrs. Norman King.

Men Gotten

(by S.S.)

Blokes, tokes and yokes! I just ran into "Merry Milly" again and say was she mad. She was so mad I thought she was going to burst her buckle. Fearing that she was about to commit a homicide on my person, I offered her a stick of chewing gum which she accepted as a token of peace. I then ventured: "Please don't hit me and I'll promise to be good." "Sit down and shut up you dehydrated runt," she snapped and bursting into tears she proceeded to tell me all her troubles. Well folks here's the sad, sad story. It seems that in last week's paper someone wrote an article about Men Wanted. Since then poor "Merry Milly" has been besieged by, you guessed it, "men".

She has gone out with punks who drove up in front of her house and "beeped" the horn, expecting her to come flying out of the house as if the king had just driven up. She has gone out with drunks who vomited all over her brand new seven dollar mini-skirt. She has been serenaded by married men who told her that they were really single, or that they were divorced, or that their wife didn't really understand them, or that they were going to get a divorce and marry her, or that they couldn't get a divorce until the children were grown up, - but in any case they were madly in love with her and wouldn't she let them love her. She has gone out with iron workers who showed her their stamp collections. She has gone out with office boys who showed her their tattoos. She has gone out with men who stepped on her feet, when they danced with her, instead of on the floor. She has gone out with men who told her about all their other girl friends and about all their experiences with all their other girl friends. She has gone out with men who wanted to prove that they loved her. She has gone out with men who wanted her to prove that she loved them. She has gone out with men who solemnly said that she was the first, the last and the only girl that they ever loved. She has gone out with men who wanted her body but not her soul, her soul but not her mole, her mole but not her mind, her mind but not her emotions, her emotions but not her contentment. Some wanted her joy but not her sadness, some wanted her successes but not her failures, some wanted her kindness but not her anger. After "Merry Milly" had told me all these things she laughed - I laughed, she cried - I cried. Then thinking I had won her sympathy, I said "ah "Merry Milly," what will you do now?" But she reached into her purse, exchanged her switch blade for a finger nail file and calmly began to peel an orange.

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