

VI

You've got him foul there for that's what he had on the tip of his tongue... now (he scratches his ear) "young man," he says, "there's a good ear in that string half full of straw and if you want to go in there and rest your weary bones, I won't know a thing about it. It's going out in ten minutes," he added happily.

Railroad bulls are wide awake nowadays and even those Erie RR bulls in Buffalo that never have been known to erect an eye-lid (even in broad daylight) are on their toes. and are hopping around hither, thence and yonder like those blitz bugs on surface of placid pools, full of ingenuity, energy (vigor) still and perspicacity (Gee, I hope that last word means something about sweat).

And the ants are as big as beer bottles with a head on 'em size size of a door-knob. Mosquitoes are coming out with a wing spread of a foot and half — to be slapped by one of them is like being slapped by a wet sail (dry sails don't slap).

Footloose and fancy free, carp (buffaloes, not shell beats) disdain to bite even cornbread and WPA (AWOL) run 'em down in the marshes and catch them bare handed — the poor fish not getting even "a last lunch" before hitting the frying-pan.

I see where the allies want to borrow some penguin from us for the fight.

Um? Didn't use to be that way when I was of the scrapping gender — we never used to try to make "a touch" before the scrap; we just went to it trusting that we could get court plaster, beefsteak (for a blue-eye) or cetches from the druggist, afterwards.

Who said anything about getting licked?

I have nothing but an unbroken string of victories behind me... (I do not count the defeats).

Who wants to recount defeats?

Whereas you never tire of telling your grandchildren of all those wonderful victories you won while they stand in open-eyed astonishment.