



I was just thinking...

DON'T TELL ME YOUR PROBLEMS. I'm pretty busy with a batch of my own.

In the first place, it has been 20 degrees below zero here for so long that all of us who escaped pneumonia have fallen prey to creeping paralysis. It has snowed every day since last July 4. Nobody shovels any more. They can't reach that high. Nobody even leaves the house. They can't walk that high, either.

After six weeks of this, my parents decided to leave for Florida. They threw dull care away, and most of it fell on me. They left home this morning, but the plane on which their reservations were carefully confirmed doesn't seem to fly any more. I presume the fuselage is frozen. They are booked from Chicago to nowhere.

Anyway, I wish I were there. They left a houseful of dirty dishes, unmade beds, and false weather reports. The lady who kindly offered to come and clean up all this mess failed to make it from her house to ours. She reports her transmission is stuck. That is exactly how I feel. Stuck.



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN ALLEN

There is also the small matter of the furnace, which has quit working because there is a lack of fuel to make it operate. The man who drives the fuel truck says he can't get here from there because his truck has a shattered knucklenut or something. It is going to be fairly difficult to keep from feeling shattered myself tonight with another forecast of 20 below.

That may indicate nothing, of course. The weather bureau is staffed with whimsical fellows who predicted our last 10 inches of blizzard as "occasional snow flurries." My only consolation is that they are closely related to the Florida weather-bureau folk who predict "scattered showers" for a week of floods.

The cat was supposed to be sent to the kennels, but the road to the kennels is filled with blowing and drifting snow. At last count, I had two nickels in my pocketbook, and I have just poured, from a shaking hand, half a cup of coffee down a dress I am wearing for the first time since the cleaner returned it. I mopped most of the coffee off my bosom, but it has left a large area which looks something like an archery target.

Possibly that's just as well. I may shoot myself.

Fatty Johnson

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