

Dec. 29. 1943

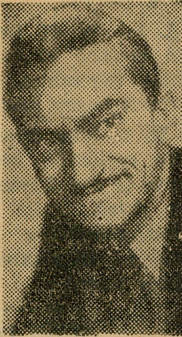
Hilo Pete

Dick's Mixture

By DICK MICKS

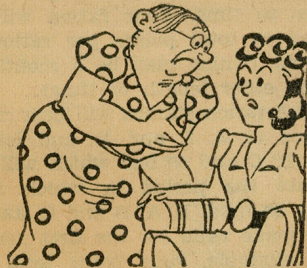
It was while we were on our way to work yesterday that the two wimmen sitting just behind

us on the big red car got to talking so interestedly about war work, we couldn't refrain from keeping our ears peeled for further details and got 'em. They were discussing certain Red Cross activities in which they were taking part



Dick Micks

when the young woman with the schoolgirl voice remarked that she enjoyed the work very much but said she thought the room where they worked was a poor place in which to present speakers. "From where I sit in the back, I can never hear a thing they say," she complained petulantly. "It must be the low ceiling or something that causes it, but, anyway, I think the accoutrements there are simply terrible!" The other



woman whose harsh voice marked her as a wife of many years service, laughed long and loudlike. "Oh, my dear," said she after she had managed to muffle her mirth, "You don't mean accoutrements! You mean statistics!!"

Yes, my brothers, they ARE funny and I'm not bidding you a kit!

Let HOPE YA CAN READ.

Dick's Mixture

By DICK MICKS

"Dear Mixture," writes reader Grace W., "having read your recent article regarding the women on the bus who

messily mixed their metaphors, I am reminded of an incident that actually happened a few days ago in an English class of which (for no good reason at all) I happen to be instructor. I had requested a certain very modern



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maiden to please define the word 'lagoon' and you can imagine my embarrassment and surprise when she rose beside her seat and answered, 'Listen teacher, "La" is an article in the Spanish language and if you ever call me "goon" again I'll walk up there and bust you smack on the beezer!'

"Yes, Dick, you're right . . . it is a great age we're living in!"

CUTE, HUH?

P.S. GUESS WHO WE HEARD FROM? NOPE! NOPE NOPE!
Twas: SGT. CHITO MARTINEZ
BUSH HOSPITAL C-6,
BRIGHAM, UTAH.

I.B. (INFO BYOORO) Mary

Dick's Mixture

By DICK MICKS

It was at one of those holiday open house affairs it happened. We were propped into a far corner silently supping a Thomas-Jericho when a loquacious lady from the verdant valley of the Verdugos slipped down from her perch on the library lamp and started to talk to us about writers. She went on to say that she had



enjoyed the Dick Micks pleasure of meeting several famous novelists, dramatists and things like that and, as a result, she got the impression that they all really looked the part which they portrayed. "Yessum," we agreed, as we deftly removed her cigaret from our ear into which she had been poking it for emphasis, "You're right. It IS true that writers often become so much a part of their work that it shows in their faces. In fact, I myself know several scribblers upon whose faces you would gaze only once to know that they are newspaper writers." "Aw, now you're fishing for compliments," she giggled. And then seriously, "Really, I do love that homely touch you put into some of your verses!"

It was a delicate compliment, don't you think?

Hey! YA KNOW WHAT? SGT. CHAGANI
IS HERE, HELPING TO RECRUIT FELLAS
TO SAVAGE. ISNT HE THE ~~FELLA~~ SARGE
YOU INTRODUCED ME TO. I KNOW HIS
WIFE'S SISTER. SHE'S LOVELY. ROSE KAH'S THE NAME.