

How To Keep Cool In Poston
 or
 How To Accomplish The Impossible

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"Horses sweat; men perspire, women glow," used to be the gentle admonishment, when a girl a little overcome by the gloriousness of California sunshine was brazen enough to complain, "I'm sweating." Here in Poston it is publicly acknowledged; even among the most Emily Posted, that women sweat; men drip and horses, endowed with their peculiar brand of sense, are just too darn smart to even be seen in this part of the country.

Everyone has tried to keep as cool as he could, even if it was such a little thing as walking on the shady side of the barrack or a comparatively drastic thing like flooding the house and going to sleep on the wet floor practically n-a-k-e-d. But dispensing with those and similar amateur tricks like mere fanning, draping a wet towel around you, 'a la Lawrence of Arabia', we will discuss here the more Rube Goldberg-esque methods of beating the heat.

Maybe you tried going down to the canteen and gorging on ice-cream; pop, fruit and vegetable juices, which may have refreshed you momentarily but which resulted in a more than momentary case of Poston's exclusive affliction.

Perhaps your apartment has homemade air-conditioning, be it something crude like wet burlap sacks stretched across the window or be it an ingenious chef-d-oeuvre of excelsior, sacking, empty fruit cans and what have you.

Then there is the purely mental or psychological approach where you hide the thermometer; put on as many clothes as you want to show off, sit out on the stoop, preferably in the glaring sun and repeat over and over, "This is a cool day. This is a very cool day. I am very cool. It seems to be getting colder. Those couldn't be icicles forming on my face, could they?" At this point you wipe off your face and start in again with your private little pep rally, "This is a cool day. This is a very cool day---" (This method is recommended only for people who are a little crazy, already.)

After you make all these attempts at coolness someone will come up to you and ask, "How do you keep cool in Poston?" This is your moment. You will smile a superior smile at the innocent. You will hold the smile for a few moments. Then you will screw up your face trying hard to hold back the tears, finally to break down and sob, "Keep cool in Poston? You don't, brother, you don't!"

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 * --She Side Of Poston-- *
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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN: Wide-brimmed hats, long-sleeved shirts, parasols, or heavy protective foundation creams are the "must" to escape the tan, girls.

GETTING GRAY HAIREd? Who wouldn't with this dust flying thick. To keep the dust from getting in your hair, wear kerchiefs in one of the brilliant colors, or a turban a la Poston style.

INFORMATION: Even Doc Stork agrees that the female of the species in Poston is leading over the other half of human nature. Perhaps, they're more courageous in facing the issue.

QUOTE: Women are a religion in themselves--you pray, they'll give you a tumble when you first meet 'em. You worship them during courtship. Then they preach to you after you marry the heavenly bodies. Furthermore, in a way, they are like angels: They're always up in the air. UNQUOTE.
 AND now to our nightly game of bridge, 'bye.

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Letters from friends in other camps write us to verify whether; Poston added two more camps namely, Roaston and Toaston? Poston temperature rose to 130 degrees in the shade causing 200 deaths?