HAVEN'T WE GIVEN WOMEN ENOUGH?

by Dick Whiteman

Men, listen here. I think we’ve given those girls quite a bit of fun in the past decade, but it’s time to be honest with each other: Have we not given women enough? Nowadays, the average woman luxuriates in all the great American innovations of this new century from the comfort of her kitchen. She alone lords over this most significant room, the depths of which are home to that most monstrous heat box, which produces my favorite mealtime delicacies, though I daren’t peek into its abyssal maw. The American woman is pampered, spoiled, and cherished now more than ever before, a testament to this great country’s dedication to endless progress. A woman may live out her days with only the minor threat of cholera!

But, just as the embers were dying out on this most miraculous decade, we men delivered unto women a gift well beyond the scope of their meek understanding: the vote. What, pray tell, could a woman do with a ballot? Sew it into a blanket?! I urge my fellow red-blooded American men, whom I know are of sound mind and excellent breeding, to reconsider this most egregious mistake. A woman at the polls is a woman away from that enormous metal contraption in the kitchen, the purpose of which I do not understand, but upon its opaque surface I did once burn my hand quite severely.

With my female companion now burdened with the task of molding our nation’s political future, how could I possibly expect her to uphold the standard of living to which I am accustomed?

At this moment in my desperate plea to all you men, I must divulge in a brief interlude to my beloved yet cotton-headed betrothed, Beatrice. My darling, I implore you: Do not stray from our hearth and home! I daren’t step foot in the kitchen for fear of the heat-driven automaton that resides within, and only your gentle, womanly touch can tame such a monstrosity. Cast your ballot aside to return to me, the one to whom you’ve devoted your life. Without you I fear I will starve, so afraid am I of the inner workings of this blasted kitchen.

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OPINION

by Horace N. Round

Next time it’s -60º out and I’m setting out on a frosty morn, the last thing I want to do is grab a Model T’s accelerator while engaging the clutch. Hayburner wouldn’t demand this much of me. Tin Lizzie hasn’t got any heat, not like the warmth of a greased saddle after a rooster’s cock-a-doodle-doo at the crack of dawn. Even if the Flivver has the buggy beat in speed, no horse-drawn four-wheeler is going to leave you smelling like gasoline — and what in the hell is gasoline anyway? Where does it come from? Those giant pickaxes in the sky? Anything that runs on the same thing as my favorite lamp is going to turn a man into fried chicken, mark my words. Plus, no fancy tin can is going to offer me the sweet companionship of a tamed hoss. While everyone’s stalling as they slam on the clutch and hit the accelerator, I’ll be sharing molasses with my critter.

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by Anonymous and Concerned Parent, Ph.D.

German scientist Albert Einstein has made a blasphemous claim that light does not travel in a straight path, but along a curve. His notion asserts that the locations of every object in our heavens is a great distance away from where we know — and can clearly see — them to be. Are we to presume that the great Polaris that pointed our ancestors Northwards is now Southeasterly?

Whether or not you believe in the — I cannot stress this enough — THEORY of Evolution, bear in mind that Einstein’s claims are merely theory as well, and we must not accept these “truths” so blindly!

The New York Times granted this absurdity a whopping six headlines, one of which states, “Stars Not Where They Seemed or Were Calculated to be, but Nobody Need Worry.” Well, we are worried. If we are to trust this idiocy of Einstein’s curved light, then what are we to trust next? A cure for Polio? Absurd!

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WE STILL LOVE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS!