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[Fables in Slang]

Fables in Slang.
(without apologies)

The Fable of the “sure” young man and how he received it in the jugular.

Once upon a time there lived in “Spotless Town” (made famous by “Sapolis”) a certain happy-go-lucky, ordinary Sandoff [?] “Indian” with the average amount of gray matter and a more than average amount of what our friend J. Caesar [Julius Caesar] called “Gall.”

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Not that he was a real Indian, except that he “scalped” railroad rates and tried to assume the indifference of the “red man.” (I mean of course the “well red man.”)

Glorying in his health (which by the way was his sole possession) he started forth like a Kansas cyclone on a Mrs nation crusade to conquer all of the then known world. While

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on the conquering tour and before he had made a single “conk,” there passed before his vision, one mayday. another “vision,” “so fair, so sweet, so good to meet he felt twould [it would] make his joy complete” – to have her. So he “cut out” the world from his conquering tour and told it to go conquer itself. Even in vast conceit and his lusty strength

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he had the large and wise “think” coming, that he would need all the aforesaid “gall” and gray matter to use in pursuit of the aforesaid vision.

At first, it was like, an ugly noisy little tug boat catching up with an immaculate steam yacht.

The tug boat would screech out and almost hide its appearance in a cloud of steam and puffing like

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the proverbial porpoise would draw up alongside, when the graceful yacht would laugh and running up the “keep your distance” flag, scoot away and lean “his tuglets” in her wake (not yet awake, however) Then “tuglets” would run up the “distress” flag and “tack” on the port side (or some such crazy thing such as sailors talk about) and

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her “yachtlets” getting sorry would surep [?] back grandly and say nice things to “tuglets” until he would begin to whistle and pain forth steam again in his joy and conceit. Then “yachtlets” would get the

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wildered ~~and~~ and decide he didn’t know “where he was at.” This kept up until “tuglets” who had by this time lost a large amount of nerve and strain whistled in a subdued toar [?] asking her royal yachtlets to “layto” [?] for conversation. “Tuggie” between puffs told “Yactlie” that she

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ought to let him tow her the rest of her days, that there was no use both using up so much steam – He would do the steaming himself. “Yachtie” smiled and said she liked “tuggie” better than any other tug she knew but she didn’t care enough yet to be attached by a rope to him and let him tow her whither he would.

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“No sir”, She said “Not on your quarter-deck” (this boat language is equivalent to “not on your tintype.”)

Then she made a swift turn and flirted her pennant at him and whispered “Perhaps, sometime, if you are good and patient and I get out of steam and need some one to tow me, why” – She was off by tuggie almost sunk him –

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Self in his delight and blew a blast on his whistle that scared the timid little sailboats almost to death.

Then “tuglets” got arrogant, and puffed up and down the bay and began to get “flosser” with “Yachtie”, He persisted in wanting to tow her around and she wanted to do her own steaming

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She remarked that he had better not be too surer [?] or he wouldn’t go to tow her at all. She guessed she could steam by herself. Besides there were other tugs with just as much steam and just as loud whistles. When upon “Tuggie” in disgust ran himself into a sand bank.

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when he is at present. The great question with him is, shall he wait in the sand or horne
[?] around on her starboard bow and wait then. ² Because it's a "cinch" he must wait
someplace.

The story of the tug and the yacht is the story of the man and the "vision."
What is the answer.²