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FANCY with **erma**
FISTE

I'm not an old fuddy duddy!

I do not hide under a sofa when I am asked to push the button on a television set. I'm not at all stuffy about taking a jaunt in a helicopter. Why, I take to new fads like a bobby soxer takes to "Humphrey." But as for escalators . . .

I would feel safer about the whole thing if I could climb a 50-foot rope inspired by an Egyptian charmer from floor to floor. Indeed, all this nonsense about getting on right or your foot doubles over into a step would drive a sane person running to the medicine chest for an overdose of sulphuric acid. (A speedy term for drop dead!)

It is not generally known, but the word escalator is taken from two Greek words "escalle" and "latum" meaning "miss a step and there'll be one less voter at the polls this election." They were discovered by an American Chemist who was frightened by a soap slogan that claimed to do everything. He promised a dying guinea pig he would disprove this theory. One night in his laboratory, he discovered there was one thing the soap could not do. It could not move people about from place to place without an effort on the part of the person. Working feverishly, he lit his bunsen burner, started a beaçon full of metal to brewing and in less time than it takes Ohio residents to figure out the time changes in the fall for Ohio, the escalator was born.

It's like I say. I hate to limit progress to the stone age. I glanced half-heartedly at the young woman on duty. "I'll fight this," I said. "It's bigger than both of us." I poised my foot above the moving metal. Before I could put it down, a wayward child came racing down the stairs and slodged me in the stomach. I closed my eyes, planted my 10½ firmly on the step and prayed hard. The whole affair reminded me of a gala circus premiere. I thought of the possibilities of peddling popcorn on the trip and rejected it. I would get over this . . . why after 10 or 12 years, I would probably laugh . . . yes, laugh at this moment.

I waved gaily to my friends and shouted something about, "Look at me, Mom, I'm breathing in a 35,000 feet altitude without oxygen." That's when the young woman with the "Information" band on her arm caught me before I fell flat on my face.

A fuddy duddy? Never let it be said. I'll fight it!