

I RAN FROM CONGRESS

by

Robert Traver

This summer I debated running for Congress. My wife was against it from the start. "Didn't you know there's an open season on congressmen?" she said. I swiftly told Grace that now that the shooting was transferred from Korea to Congress we statesmen could doubtless persuade the Army to lend us their vests--those new bullet-proof ones. "We'll investigate 'em if they don't," I hissed, *"and devisor them of their vests."*

"You always make joke," Grace said. "But remember--I warned you."

"Traver for Congress!" I intoned.

Unfortunately there is no way of running for Congress without confiding in someone. I confided in someone--and then came the deluge.

The first tidal wave that overran my office was a delegation from a ladies' discussion group. They sat around with pursed lips and folded arms until nostalgia for Helen Hokinson engulfed me.

"Yes?" I ventured, to break the spell.

"We understand you're running for Congress," the chairman suddenly shot at me. It was more of a challenge than a question.

"Well--ah--I've been considering it," I replied, a little pompously, fluttering my eyelashes that anyone should care. "Traver for Congress!" I thought.

The ladies looked significantly at each other. "Then how do you stand on Joe?" the leading lady asked.

"How's that again?" I said.

"How do you stand on McCarthy," the lady declared.

A dead silence fell. The perfumed ladies leaned heavily together, like herd bulls. It was a picture Helen Hokinson had been spared.

"Gingerly," I said.

"How's that?" the lady said.

"I said gingerly."

*Devisor them
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New*

The ladies looked at each other, baffled, then back at me. "What we want to know--are you for McCarthy or against him?" the leader said. "Yes or no?"

"Madam," I replied. "I'm against conventional burial. I'm for outright cremation--followed possibly by urn burial."

"Oh," said the lady, herding her fleeing delegation to the door. "Gwendolyn, did you hear what ^{the} ~~that~~ man said? We must wire Washington..."

"I'll compromise by allowing him to be stuffed with old subpoenas and mounted in the Senate washroom--as the horrible example," I hurled after the last lady.

I told Grace about it. She shook her head. "The trouble with you is you're too honest and candid--and you must always make ^{you} little joke," she said.

"There are those," I fought back, "who claim that integrity and a sense of humor are about the same thing."

"But they never become politicians," Grace answered. "Not successful ones."

The next delegation was from "labor." "How do you stand on Taft-Hartley?" they demanded.

"I hesitate to criticize the dead, gentlemen," I answered, "and I don't know Mr. Hartley."

"Don't be funny. What we mean is the law--how do you stand on the act?"

"I've never read it and, moreover, I doubt that any of you have," I said. "Like a good juror I am trying to bring to the enterprise an open mind. Apparently you would prefer me to close it before the facts are in. Do you men want a congressman or a lobbyist? You ask how I stand on the act. Before standing on the act I'd first like to get into it."

"Wise guy, eh? Well, that's all we wanna know, fella. Goodbye."

They were gone.

I did not tell Grace.

The next delegation was a tourist outfit. "How do you stand on the St. Lawrence Waterway?" they asked.

New ✓
"Poorly," I murmured. "I sink every time." I ^{wagged} shook my head and lifted a hand. "No faith, I guess."

"How do you stand on increasing personal income tax exemptions," a flying wedge of bankers pressed me.

"Ah, how do you stand?" I countered, developing sudden low animal cunning.

"We're agin 'em."

"Then I'm for 'em," I heard myself saying. "You've just this moment convinced me."

"How do you stand on Joe?" a League for better-something-or-other shot at me.

By this time I was growing cagey as a fox. I arose and struck an attitude. My eyes grew misty. "As I contemplate the long vista of four years to go for Joe, gentlemen," I poetically intoned, "I see a vast need!" I paused. "What this country needs is a good five-scent perfume."

New ✓
That night in our bedroom Grace and I talked far into the night. The candidate was sore perplexed and told all his troubles. I rambled. I told how, ever since I was a kid, I'd longed to go to Washington to see those remarkable hybrid cherry ^{trus.} blossoms. "They were Japanese when I was in grade school," I told her. "Then in 1941 they suddenly became Korean. Then in 1945 they miraculously became Japanese again. I've just got to see them. Their symbolism ^{somewhat} oppresses me."

"Look," Grace said. "Why don't you give up this crazy Congress thing. It's not for you. You get that new fly rod and go fishing in Canada instead. Then next spring we'll go see the Koranese blossoms together. How do you stand on that?"

I lay blinking in the dark. I saw myself on distant waters waving a glistening fairy wand over rising trout. My dreams of statesmanship were melting away. "It's a deal," I finally whispered. "Traver for Trout!"

And that, folks, is how close I came to getting beat for Congress.

2nd.
4/15/54.

I RAN FROM CONGRESS

by Robert Draver

This summer I debated running for Congress. My wife was against it from the start. "Didn't you know ~~that~~ there's an open season on congressmen?" she said. I told Grace that now that the shooting was transferred from Korea to Congress, ^{swiftly} ~~the Army~~ ^{we stationers} could doubtless ~~be~~ ^{the Army} persuaded to lend us their vests--those new bullet-proof ones. "We'll investigate 'em if they don't," I hissed. ^{Grace} ~~Grace~~

"You always make joke," Grace said. "But remember--I warned you."
Q "Traver for Congress!" ^{is} ~~is~~ I intoned. ^{of} ~~of~~
Q Unfortunately there seems to be no way to contemplate running for Congress without confiding in someone. I confided in someone--and then came the deluge.

The first tidal wave that overran my office was a delegation from a ladies' discussion group. They sat around with pursed lips and folded arms until ~~my~~ ^{engulfed me.} nostalgia for Helen Hokinson became ~~oppressive depressing depressed me.~~

"Yes?" I ventured, to break the spell.

"We understand you're running for Congress," the chairman suddenly shot at me. It was more of a challenge than a question.

"Well--ah--I've been considering it," I replied, a little pompously, fluttering my eyelashes that anyone should care. "Traver for Congress!" I thought.

The ladies looked significantly at each other. "Then how do you stand on Joe?" the leading lady asked.

"How's that again?" I said.

"How do you stand on McCarthy," the lady ~~hissed.~~ ^{performed} declared.

A dead silence fell. The ladies leaned heavily together, like herd bulls.

~~Helen Hokinson.~~ It was a picture Helen Hokinson had been spared.

"Gingerly," I said.

"How's that?" the lady said.

"I said gingerly."

~~blabbered~~ babbled,
The ladies looked at each other ~~and~~ then back at me. "What we want to know--are you for McCarthy or against him?" the leader said. "Yes or no?"

"Madam," I replied. "I'm against conventional burial. I'm for cremation--
possibly followed by urn burial." outright

"Oh," said the lady, ~~leading~~ ^{herding} her delegation to the door. "Swendolyn,
what that man said? ~~Oh~~ ^{Oh}, did your hear ~~Oh~~ ^{Oh} We must wire Washington...."

"I'll compromise by allowing him to be stuffed with old subpoenas and ~~the~~
mounted in the Senate washroom--as ~~the~~ ^{the} horrible example," I hurled after the last lady.

I told Grace about it. She shook her head. "The trouble with you is you're too honest and candid--and you must always make ^{little} joke," she said.

"There are those," I fought back, "who claim that integrity and a sense of humor are ^{about} the same thing."

"But they ~~don't~~ ^{never} become politicians," Grace answered. "not successful ones."

The next delegation was from "labor," "How do you stand on Taft-Hartley?"
they demanded.

"I hesitate to criticize the dead, gentlemen," I answered, "and I don't know Mr. Hartley."

"Don't be funny. What we mean is the law--how do you stand on the act?"

"I've never read it and I doubt that any of you have," I said. "Like a good juror I am trying to bring to ^{moreover} the enterprise an ^{men} open mind. Apparently you would prefer me to close it before the facts are in. ^{Do you want a congressman or a lobbyist?} You ask how I stand on the act. Before standing on the act I'd first like to get into it."

"Wise guy, eh? Well, that's ~~just what~~ ^{all} we wanna know, fella. Goodbye."

They were gone.

I did not tell Grace.

The next delegation was a tourist outfit. "How do you stand on the St. Lawrence Waterway?" they asked.

lifted a hand and spread my hands.

"Poorly," I murmured. "I sink every time." I shook my head. "No faith, I guess."

"How do you stand on increasing personal income tax exemptions," a flying wedge of bankers pressed me.

H "Ah, how do you stand?" I countered, developing sudden cunning. *low animal*

"We're agin 'em."

"Then I'm for 'em," I heard myself saying. "You've just convinced me." *this moment*

"How do you stand on Joe?" a League for better-something-or-other shot at me.

By this time I was growing cagey as a fox. I arose and struck an attitude. *My eyes gave misty, I saw a need, I opened.*
"As I contemplate the *long* vista of *with four long* years to go for Joe, gentlemen," I poetically intoned, "what this country needs is a good five-scent perfume."

I space That night in our bedroom Grace and I talked far into the night. *Space* I told *The candidate was sore*

all his troubles. I *drummed.* I also told her how, ever since I was a kid, I'd longed to go to Washington to see those remarkable hybrid cherry blossoms. "They were Japanese

when I was in grade school," I told her. "Then in 1941 they *became* suddenly Korean. Then in 1945 they miraculously *became* transformed into Japanese again. I've just *got* to see them. *This statement symbolizes oppression.*

"Look," Grace said. "Why don't you give up this Congress thing. You get that new fly rod and go fishing in Canada instead. Then next spring we'll go see the *Korean* cherry blossoms together. How do you stand on that?" *It's not for you.*

I lay blinking in the dark. My dreams of statesmanship were melting away. *I could see myself wearing a ghosting fairy wand*

"It's a deal," I finally whispered. "I never *for* fruit!" *own name from over there*

And that, folks, is how close I came to getting beat for Congress.

imperfect name

2nd.
Apr. 8, 1953.

1 draft

I RAN FROM CONGRESS

This summer I ~~almost~~ ^{debated running for} ~~ran~~ ^{decided to run} for Congress. I get goose pimples all over whenever I think of how close I came. My wife was against it from the start. "Didn't you know? -- there's an open season on congressmen," she said. I told Grace that now that the shooting was transferred from Korea to Congress, the Army could doubtless be persuaded to lend us their vests -- those new bullet-proof ones. ^{will} ~~will~~ investigate 'em if they didn't. ~~don't~~."

"You always make jokes," Grace said. ^{But} "Remember -- I warned you."

↕

Unfortunately there seems to be no way to ^{contemplate running} ~~run~~ for Congress without confiding ^{in someone} ~~that fact~~ and confided ^{in someone -- and} ~~that fact~~ ^{then} came the deluge.

The first tidal wave ^{that overran} ~~of people to~~ ~~to~~ my office was a delegation from a ladies' discussion group. They sat ^{around} with pressed lips and folded arms ^{and until} my nostalgia for Helen Waksman became acute oppressive.

"Yes?" I ventured, to break the spell.

"We understand you're running for Congress,"
that chairman suddenly shot at me. It was more
of a challenge than a question.

"Well -- ah -- I've been considering it," I
replied, a little pompously, fluttering my eyelashes
that anyone should care.

The ladies looked significantly at each other.
"Then how do you stand on Joe?" the leading lady
asked.

"How's that again?" I said.

"We demand to know ^{How do} how you stand on
~~Senator~~ McCarthy," the lady hissed.

A dead silence fell. The ladies leaned
heavily together, like herd bulls. *Helen Hokinson*

"Gingerly," I said.

"How's that!" the lady said.

"I said gingerly."

The ladies looked at each other and then back
at me. "What we want to know -- are you for ^{McCarthy}
or against him?" the leader said.

"Madam," I replied. "I'm again against
conventional burial. I'm for cremation -- ^{possibly} followed

by urn burial."

"Oh," said the lady, leading her delegation to the door. "Oh, did you hear what that man said?"

"I'll compromise by ^{allowing} ~~permitting~~ him to be stuffed ^{with old subpoenas and then} and mounted in the Senate washroom -- as an horrible example," I hurled after the last lady.

I told Grace about it. She shook her head. "The trouble with you is you're too ^{honest and candid} ~~honest~~ -- and you ^{must} always make joke," she said.

"There are those," I fought back, "who claim that ^{integrity} ~~honesty~~ and a sense of humor are the same thing."

"But they ^{don't become} ~~can't become~~ politicians," Grace answered.

The next delegation was from "labor."
"How do you stand on Taft-Hartley?" they demanded.

"I hesitate to criticize the dead, gentlemen," I answered, "and I don't know Mr. Hartley."

"Don't be funny. What we mean is the law -- how do you stand on the act?"

"I've never read it," ~~I said~~ "and I doubt that ~~many~~ of you have," I said. "Like a good

prior I am trying to bring to the enterprise
an open mind. Apparently you would prefer
me to close it before the facts are in. You
ask how I stand on the act. Before standing
on ^{the act} ^{first} I'd like to get into it."

"Wise guy, eh? Well, that's just what
we wanna know, fella. Goodbye."

They were gone.

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The next delegation was a tourist outfit.
"How do you stand on the St. Lawrence Waterway?"
they asked.

"I mumbled.
"Poorly," I sink every time." I shook my
head. "No faith, ~~I mumbled~~. I guess."

"How do you stand on increasing
personal income tax exemptions," a flying
wedge of bankers ^{pressed} ~~asked~~ me.

"How do you stand?" I countered, developing
sudden cunning.

"We're agin 'em."

"Then din ~~for them~~ for 'em," I heard
myself saying. "You've just convinced me."

"How do you stand on Joe?" a League for better something, or other shot at me.

By this time I was ^{growing} eager as a fox. I arose and struck an attitude. "With four ^{long} ~~more~~ years ~~to go~~ for Joe, ~~to go~~, gentlemen," I ^{poetically} intoned, "what this country needs is a ^{good} five-scent perfume." That ^{night} ^{in our bedroom} ~~night~~ ^{morning} Grace and I talked far into the night. I told her ~~my~~ my troubles. I also told her how, ever since I was a kid, I'd longed to go to Washington ^{to} see those remarkable hybrid cherry blossoms. "They were Japanese ^{when I was in grade school,}" I told her. "Then in 1941 they suddenly turned Korean. Then in 1945 they miraculously became Japanese again. ~~It's got me I've just got to see~~ transformed into them."

"Look," Grace said. "Why don't you give up this Congress thing. ^{You get that new fly rod and} ~~Let's~~ go fishing in Canada instead. Then next spring ^{both of us will} ~~we can~~ go see the cherry blossoms ^{together.} ~~How do you stand on that?~~"

I lay blinking in the dark. My dreams of statesmanship were melting away. "It's a deal," I ^{finally} whispered. ^{folks,} ~~And that,~~ how close I came to getting beat for Congress.

"How do you stand on the St. Lawrence
waterway?" the next delegation, ^{a tourist outfit,} asked.

"I wish every Tom, Dick, and Harry ^{I shook my head.} "No faith."

"How do you stand on raising
income tax exemption?" a group of bankers asked me.

"How do you stand?" I countered, deadpan.

"We're agin 'em,"

"Then I'm for 'em," I replied. "You've just
persuaded me."

"How do you stand on Joe?" a League for
^{something or other} Delegation, shot at me.

By this time I was getting downright cozy.
With four more years for fact go, gentlemen, "I intoned," in my
opinion "What this country needs, ^{I intoned,} is a good
five-cent perfume."

The burning ^{that still perplexes me}
question is: How does a man stand
running for Congress?

I came over me as in a dream that
I possessed two bad traits to be a successful
politician: candor and a sense of humor. There
are those who claim they are the same thing.

"Look, I said,
"Let's take a
fishing trip in
Canada."

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