
My Misfortunes

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I HAVE ALWAYS had more than my share of trouble. I have been bitten by dogs, shot at by irate householders and I also have played the part of a side of beef for a few seconds, to name just a few of my misfortunes. I am always the one who is hurt or who is caught when I try to do anything. You have seen people who drive forty or fifty miles an hour in thirty mile-an-hour zones and never get arrested. But if I were to drive thirty-one or thirty-two miles an hour, I would probably get a ticket.

When I was about five years old, I was swimming at the Riviera Club. I jumped in backwards and hit my chin on the side of the pool. Result: four clamps. At the age of seven I tried to make friends with a neighbor's dog. Apparently he was anti-social because I am now one of the few Butlerites with only one dimple. Then one day when I was playing "cops and robbers" (I was nine at the time), in a friend's basement, I jumped off a stairway and caught my arm on a clothes hook. As a result I was in the hospital two days and had thirty-two stitches taken in my arm. My Mother said that trouble comes in threes; so I was not to have any more accidents. But a few years ago I was out on Halloween with a few friends. We had been playing a few pranks, nothing serious, but when we went to one house and gave it our "Grade A" treatment, the man of the house started out after us with a shotgun. He fired once, but I was the only one who got hit. I then found out what it is like to have rock salt picked out of the seat of my pants.

I have given my parents more than their share of gray hair with my escapades. I think that I have had my share of hard luck, but you can never tell. I may live to be eighty or ninety, but at my present rate I do not see how. It may be that I am one of the poor unfortunates who has been deserted by Lady Luck.