

SHORT FURROWS

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Short Furrows by Kin Hubbard

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KIN HUBBARD

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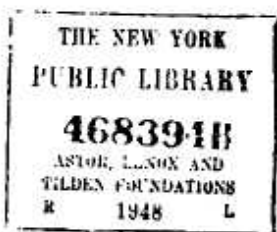
By
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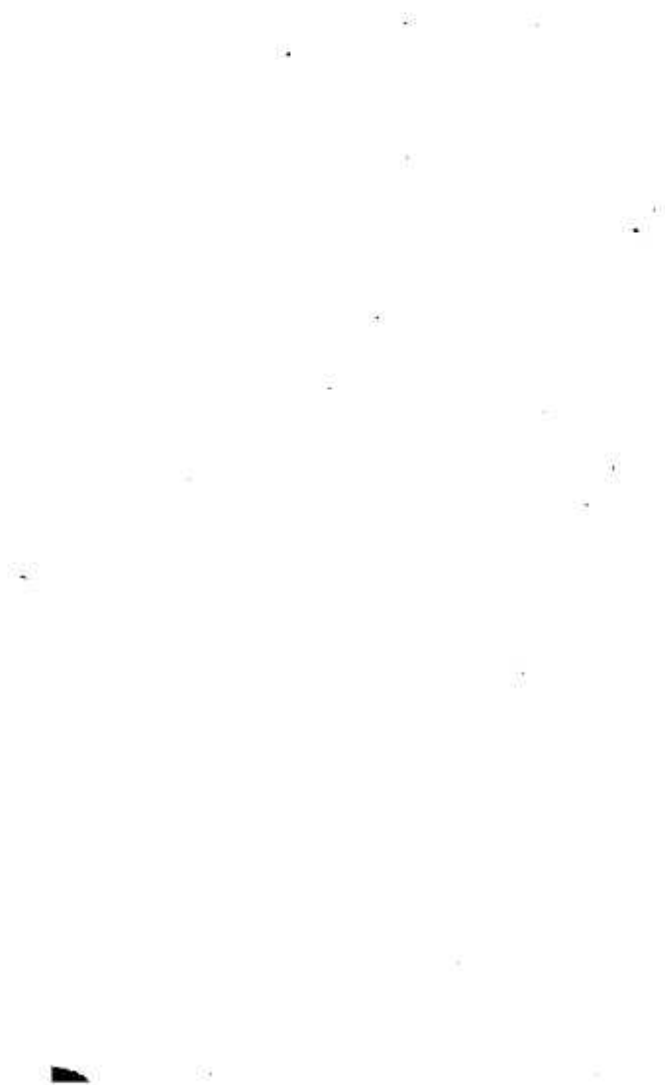
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THE GRAND MARSHAL

BY HON. EX-EDITUR CALE FLUHART



A grand marshal is a fellow who is not strong enough politically to pull down a deputy game wardenship, but who possesses all the essential qualities of a gilt

edged general or a fiery rear-admiral. Grand marshals come in all shapes and

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sizes, but a first class A No. 1 grand marshal weighs 250 pounds, clips his head and wears a stiff, drooping mustache that not only gives him the appearance of being a man who is quick to act, but also serves as a dandy little soup strainer. He retires on the evening preceding the day he is to scintillate at the usual hour and gets up in the morning with the milk men and jumps into his glossy black suit and shines his boots with stove polish. After worrying down a heavy breakfast, the grand marshal summons his wife, and then the work of adjusting his red oiled muslin sash begins. At 6 o'clock he is in the saddle and by 6:30 he has four drinks under his sash. By 8 o'clock he is pickled. It does not make any difference to a regular grand marshal what hour the festivities of the day are to begin. All he wants to know is the day and date. Rushing madly up and down the main

