

"Sallys Open Air Barber Shop"

(Written: July 2, 1951)

Revised " 5, 1951.

Wall St. Journal

Jul. 2, 1951. July 12. note.

Atlantic

July 16. Aug. 9. Note.

Harpers.

Aug. 9. Aug. 25 Mini

And one never caught bankers
and brokers permitting drunks to
daub home-made red signs on
their establishments, ^{he slyly pointed out.} They had
become slaves to sand blasting.

"The Stalk" (Jug Cooney)

Arbitrariness of the Blacks

Jack Jovy

"Then He Was, Gone."

Danny & the Bear Trap

The Haunted Mine

Wot 'as three legs an barks
like a dog

Just put in the dog to make it
'ard

'Ow many men up there.

"Three"

"'Alf of you come do down 'ere."

Some was even makin' love.

"You get any, John?"

1st
July 2,
1951

Written by:

3 final
all heavy

Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.

Roberto
Traversi
Guzzetti

Sabatone, Barber Bonetti has nearly completed the alterations to his Barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived last Saturday and Sally and the boys had her installed by Sunday morning. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run wine -- the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They're the length of the shop. They're all looking forward to being lit before summer is over and the tourists have flown south. Sally also has a new electric massage machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair.

because they on

The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't substituted a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his hair.

But Sally has been having trouble over the installation of a new thermo-pane window. A thermo-pane window is two windows with the air pumped out between so they don't ever freeze and steam over.

one of those free-trial deals. K 160-day

Anyway, Sally got the new thermo-pane window installed and Moona Runari was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big letters on the outside window when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his shop across the street and got Sally in the back room and told Sally he would sandblast the same thing on Sally's window for only five dollars. He told Sally sandblasting was more dignified and lasted longer than paint.

He said he would ^{cheerfully} give a lifetime guaranty on that.

He also said ^{sand blasting} that it would tend to improve the ^{general} tone of the neighborhood and ^{ultimately} help both of them. ^{that besides} ^{gaining the dignity} ^{and the tone}

That's why ~~he~~ Guido told Sally he was making the price ^{sand-blasting} go ^{a good deal to him} lower, he told Sally.

Sally said O.K. and ^{finally} ^{it looked like} the figure ^{was} ^{otherwise} ^{that is,} ^{he would save it} ^{until the installation} ^{of the} ^{new} ^{oldest} ^{right} ^{red} ^{that} ^{gallon} of wine he was going to give ^{to} ^{Moona} ^{Kunari} for painting the window ^{for} ^{where}

^{double-paned} ^{plate glass} window and carted ^{it} ^{across} the street to Guido's shop. Guido was ^{always} a fast worker and had the job ^{sand-blasting} finished while Sally was ^{still out} ^{gone} for lunch. ^{Meanwhile} ^{Moona} ^{three pieces} ^{on account of no window,} was watching the shop for Sally, ^{so} ^{when} Guido came over ^{with} ^{the} ^{new} ^{double-paned} ^{plate glass} window, ^{he} ^{and} ^{Moona} both thought it would be ^{nice} to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have ^{it} ^{all} ^{installed}.

They went to work ^{fast} and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he ^{was} ^{sure enough} ^{real} surprised. For there ^{sand} ^{blasted} ⁱⁿ ^{big} ^{letters} on his ^{new} ^{window} were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido ^{naturally} felt bad about it and bawled out his son ^{in front of everyone} who ^{had} ^{gone} ^{to} ^{sixth} ^{grade} for not telling him ^{half way through} ^{about it} when they ^{had} ^{made} ^{the} ^{layout}. Sally felt very bad, too, because he ^{couldn't} ^{use} ^{the} ^{window} that way ^{and} there wasn't much you could do about it except ^{to} ^{install} ^a ^{new} ^{brand} ^{new} ^{double-paned} ^{plate glass} window. ^{read it for a while and they}

He ^{then} got out his ^{new} ^{policy} ^{insurance} and he and Guido took it ^{over} ^{to} the insurance man, but the insurance man ^{read} ^{all} ^{the} ^{fine} ^{print} and ^{shook} ^{his} ^{head}.

Guido had spoken of he would also

Kunari

Sally spelled out each letter as Guido blasted away,

He said that he was ^{very} sorry but ^{inside on misty night} and said the policy didn't cover things like that. ^{He} ^{that} ^{he} ^{was} ^{very} ^{sorry} ^{but} ^{inside on misty night} ^{sit and}

Guido ^{finally} said he would order a new window for Sally and ^{then remove the old one and use it} in his camp on Shag Lake. ^{That way he could watch for rising base, he said.} The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido ^{like a teacher} to ^{tackled} sand blasting ^{He was going} it to make sure ^{Guido} he spelled it right this time. Guido ^{quite} perspired a lot but he spelled it right. ^{Then} Guido and his son carted ^{the new window} the new window across the street and took out the old window. Sally stood right there ^{watching every movement} watching every move. This ^{must have} made Guido kind of nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly ^{gave a terrific} sneezed ^{it seems} and Guido was so nervous he dropped his end of the ^{new window on the sidewalk} glass and it ^{shattered} shattered into a million pieces. Even the ^{part with Sally's name on it} part with Sally's name on it ^{too} ^{Shido} felt bad and Sally felt bad and they ^{again} went over to the insurance man with the policy, but the insurance man ^{shook} shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. ^{He even looked under a big microscope} He even looked under a big microscope ^{under a microscope} under a microscope. Guido ^{finally} offered to put the old window in till the ^{new window} new one arrived, but Sally said he wouldn't stand for the old ^{new} window another moment, even if he had ^{stand and cut hair all winter} stand and cut hair all winter ^{in stadium} in stadium ^{That was when things got pretty tense for awhile} barts and waiters' mits. ^{That was when} That was when

the new job of

carted

part with Sally's name on it

It was no use. Then

absolutely

original

Guido ^{finally} said he would order a new window for Sally and ^{then remove the old one and use it} in his camp on Shag Lake. ^{That way he could watch for rising base, he said.} The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido ^{like a teacher} to ^{tackled} sand blasting ^{He was going} it to make sure ^{Guido} he spelled it right this time. Guido ^{quite} perspired a lot but he spelled it right. ^{Then} Guido and his son carted ^{the new window} the new window across the street and took out the old window. Sally stood right there ^{watching every movement} watching every move. This ^{must have} made Guido kind of nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly ^{gave a terrific} sneezed ^{it seems} and Guido was so nervous he dropped his end of the ^{new window on the sidewalk} glass and it ^{shattered} shattered into a million pieces. Even the ^{part with Sally's name on it} part with Sally's name on it ^{too} ^{Shido} felt bad and Sally felt bad and they ^{again} went over to the insurance man with the policy, but the insurance man ^{shook} shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. ^{He even looked under a big microscope} He even looked under a big microscope ^{under a microscope} under a microscope. Guido ^{finally} offered to put the old window in till the ^{new window} new one arrived, but Sally said he wouldn't stand for the old ^{new} window another moment, even if he had ^{stand and cut hair all winter} stand and cut hair all winter ^{in stadium} in stadium ^{That was when things got pretty tense for awhile} barts and waiters' mits. ^{That was when} That was when

Moona Kunari spoke up. Moona was evidently still ^{old new} quibbling about losing the painter's job ^{on the window} and the gallon of ^{red} wine. "Bluffs," Moona said, "I suggest that you call the new paint the new window: 'Sally's Barber Shop.'" Then he ^{turned and} ran from the place.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

*3 final
all heavy*

SALLY'S OPEN AIR BARBER SHOP

by

Robert Traver

Salvatore Guizetti has nearly completed the alterations to his barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived ^{last} Saturday and Sally and the boys got her from the freight depot and had her ^{installed} ~~unstable~~ by daylight Sunday morning. Moona Kunari took the first ride in it. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run Italian red wine--the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They run ^{in tiers} the entire length of the shop. We are all looking forward to seeing them actually lit up. ^{This} That naturally won't be until summer is over and the last tourist has flown south. ^{then} ~~Then~~ Sally will be forced to turn them on ^{then} ~~because~~ ^{because} it starts getting real dark before closing time.

Sally also has a new electric machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair. The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't felt compelled to substitute a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his hair. He may return the machine as it's one of those 60-day free-trial deals. ^{thinning} [^] "Only God can *make a head of hair,*" he muttered.

But Sally has been having real bad trouble over the installation of the new thermo-pane window in front of his shop. A thermo-pane window is really nothing more than two ^{plate glass} windows with the air pumped out in between so they don't ever freeze and steam over. Like fancy storm windows. Anyway, Sally got the

thermo-pane job installed and Moona Kunari was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big ^{red} letters on the outside when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his monument shop across the street. ~~He~~ ^{Guido}

~~and~~ got Sally in the back room and told him he would gladly sand blast the same thing on Sally's window with his new sand blaster for only five dollars. He told Sally ^{that} sand blasting ^{was all the rage and} was essentially more dignified and lasted longer than an ordinary paint job. ^{drunks painting} ~~He said he would cheerfully give a lifetime guaranty~~ ^{One never saw home-made ^{red} signs on banks and} ~~brokers' offices, he shyly pointed out.~~ ^{on that.} He also said that sand blasting would tend to improve the general tone of the neighborhood and thus ultimately help both of them. That's why he was making the sand-blasting price so low, he told Sally.

Sally finally said O. K. It looked like a good deal to him. He figured that besides gaining ^{all} the dignity and ~~the~~ ^{tone} Guido had spoken of he would also save the gallon of red wine that he ^{was} otherwise going to give Moona Kunari for painting the window. He would save it, that is, until the installation of the new revolving chair. So Guido and his oldest son came right over and took down the big double-paned plate glass window and carted it across the street to Guido's tombstone shop. ~~¶~~ Guido was always a fast worker and had the sand-blasting job finished while Sally was still out for lunch. Meanwhile Moona Kunari was left watching the shop for Sally, on account of there being no window, so when Guido and his son came over from his shop lugging the new sand-blasted window both he and Moona thought it would be ^a nice ^{gesture} to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have her all in and installed. They ~~went to~~ ^{worked} fast and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he was sure enough real surprised. For there sand-blasted in big ^{block} letters on his new thermo-pane window were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido naturally felt bad about it and bawled out his son in front of

everyone for not telling him about ^{his bones} it when they had made the layout. His son ^{was the} ~~intellectual of their establishment~~ ^{having} had gone half way through sixth grade. Sally felt very bad, too, because he

knew he couldn't very well use the window that way and there wasn't much you could do about it except to install a brand new window.

~~It~~ Sally then ^{he felt bad for Guido, too, for having such a stupid son} got out his ~~in~~ plate-glass insurance policy and he and Guido

read it for awhile and then took it over to the insurance man. The insurance man read all the fine print and ^{the flapping} riders and then looked up and ~~shook his head.~~

~~and~~ He said that he was very sorry but the policy didn't cover things like that.

Guido finally ^{sighed and} said he would order a new window for Sally and then remove the old one and use it in his camp on Shag Lake. That way he could sit inside on misty nights and watch for rising bass, he said. ^{he even managed to smile} The new window arrived in eight

days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido like a teacher while he tackled the new job of sand blasting. ^{Quite a crowd gathered to watch.} Sally spelled out each letter as Guido ^{He was particularly careful with "barber."} blasted away. He was going to make sure Guido spelled it right this time.

Guido perspired quite a lot but he spelled it right. ^{old} Then Guido and his son

carted the new window across the street and took out the ~~at~~ ^{old} window. ^{quite a crowd} Sally stood right there watching every move. ^{By this time Guido was nervous} This must have made Guido

kind of extra nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly gave a terrific sneeze--it seems he was allergic to sand-blasting--and by that time, Guido ^{gave a little yelp and} was so nervous he dropped his end of the new

window on the sidewalk and ^{it} shattered into a million pieces. Even the part with Sally's name on it. ^{sand-blasted} The crowd cheered.

Guido naturally felt bad and Sally felt bad, too, and they tramped over to the insurance man with the policy, but the insurance man shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that ~~either~~. The policy only covered windows that were already in, he ^{patiently explained.} said. He even looked in a big leather-covered insurance book under the head of "allergies" ^{He shook his head.} It was no use.

Then Guido and Sally went back to the shop ^{arguing all the way.} and Guido finally offered to put the old new window in till the new new window arrived, but Sally ^{The crowd was still there & waiting.} said he absolutely wouldn't stand for the old new window another moment, even if he had to stand and cut hair all winter in stadium boots and aviator's mitts. ^{the mitt}

Things got pretty tense for awhile. That was when Moona Kunari spoke up. Moona was evidently still rankling ^{over} about losing the original ^{sign-painting} painting job on the old new window--and the gallon of red wine.

^{sign} "Boys," Moona said, "I suggest that you sand blast this here on the ^{blasted} ~~new~~ new window: 'Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.'"

Then he ran.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

3 final

SALLY'S OPEN AIR BARBER SHOP

by

Robert Traver

Salvatore Guizetti has nearly completed the alterations to his barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived last Saturday and Sally and the boys got her from the freight depot and had her installed by daylight Sunday morning. ~~Moona~~ ^{Kakhuri, the Finn,} took the first ride in it. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run Italian red wine--the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They run in tiers the entire length of the shop. We are all looking forward to seeing them actually lit up. This naturally won't be until summer is over and the last tourist has flown south. Sally will then be forced to turn them on because it starts getting real dark before closing time.

Sally also has a new electric machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair. The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't felt compelled to substitute a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his thinning hair. He may return the machine as it's one of those 60-day free-trial deals. "Only God can make a head of hair," he muttered.

But Sally has been having real bad trouble over the installation of the new thermo-pane window in front of his shop. A thermo-pane window is really nothing more than two plate glass windows with the air pumped out in between so they don't ever freeze ^{or} steam over. Like fancy storm windows. Anyway, Sally got the thermo-pane job installed and ~~Moona~~ ^{Kakhuri} ~~got~~ ^{bought a paint} brush at the dime store and was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big red letters on the outside when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his monument shop across the street. ~~Guido~~ ^{maneuvered} got Sally in the back room and told him

he would gladly sand blast the ^{new sign} same thing on Sally's window with his ^{tombstone} new sand blaster for only five dollars. He told Sally that sand blasting was ^{getting to be} all the rage and was essentially more dignified and lasted longer than an ordinary paint job. ^{And one} ^{that} ^{daubing} ^{sand blasting} One never saw drunks painting home-made red signs on banks and brokers' offices, he slyly pointed out. ^{It was high time barbers and cleaners of tombstones got in on the act.} Guido also said that sand blasting would tend to improve the general tone of the neighborhood and thus ultimately help both of them. That's why he was making the sand blasting price so low, he told Sally.

Sally finally said O. K. It looked like a good deal to him. He figured that besides gaining all the ^{gratuitous} dignity and tone Guido had spoken of he would also save the gallon of red wine that he was otherwise going to give Moona Kunari for painting the window. He would save it, that is, until the installation of the new revolving chair. So Guido and his oldest son came right over and took down the big double-paned plate glass window and carted it across the street to Guido's tombstone shop.

Guido was always a fast worker and had the sand-blasting job finished while Sally was still out for lunch. Meanwhile Moona ^{Kakkuri Peruma} ~~Kunari~~ was left watching the shop for Sally, on account of there being no front window, so when Guido and his son came over from his shop lugging the new sand-blasted window both he and Moona thought it would be a nice gesture to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have her all in and installed. They worked fast and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he was sure enough real surprised. For there sand blasted in big block letters on his new thermo-pane window were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido naturally felt bad about it and bawled out his son in front of everyone for not telling him about his boner when they had made the layout. His son was the intellectual of their tombstone establishment, having gone half way through sixth grade. Sally felt very bad, too, because he knew he couldn't very well use the window that way and there wasn't much you could do about it except to install a brand new window.

Sally felt bad for Guido, too, for having such a stupid son. Then he had an idea. He got out his plate-glass insurance policy and he and Guido read it for awhile and then took it over to the insurance man. The insurance man read all the fine print and the flapping riders and then looked up and said that he was very sorry but the policy didn't cover things like that.

Guido finally sighed and said he would order a new window for Sally and then remove the old one and use it in his camp on Shag Lake. That way he could sit inside on misty nights and watch for rising bass, he said. He even managed to smile a little. The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido like a teacher while he tackled the new job of sand blasting. Quite a crowd gathered to watch. Sally spelled out each letter as Guido blasted away. He was particularly careful with "barber." He was going to make sure Guido spelled it right this time. Guido perspired quite a lot but he spelled it right.

Then Guido and his son carted the new window across the street and took out the old window. The crowd followed to observe the ceremony. Sally stood right there watching every move. By this time Guido was nervous anyway, but ^{Sally} ~~this~~ must have made Guido extra nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly gave a terrific sneeze--it seems he

was allergic to sand blasting--and Guido gave a little yelp and dropped his end of the new window on the sidewalk and shattered it into a million pieces. *philosophically got out the feeling and he*
Even the sand-blasted part with Sally's name on it. *Sally sneezed; Guido wept; the crowd cheered, roared.*
After an interval Sally and Guido again
~~Guido naturally felt bad and Sally felt bad, too, and they tramped over to the insurance man, with the policy, but the insurance man shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. The policy, *it misadventures to* only covered windows that were already in, he patiently explained. *"Kerchoo!" sneezed Sally. She murmured* He even looked in a big leather-covered insurance book under the head of "allergies." He shook his head. It was no use.~~

Then Guido and Sally went back to the shop, arguing all the way. The crowd was still waiting. Guido finally offered to put the old new window in till the new new window arrived, but Sally started shouting and said he absolutely

"kerchoo!" - absolutely

wouldn't stand for the old new window another moment, even if he had to stand
and cut hair all winter in stadium boots and aviator's mitts. ^{He had never been so mortified in his life. He glared at Guido.} Things got
pretty tense for awhile. That was when Moona ^{Perrina Kabbini} ~~Kunari~~ spoke up. Moona was
evidently still rankling over losing the original sign-painting job on the old
new window--and the gallon of red wine.

"Look, boys," Moona said, "I suggest that you sand blast this here sign
on the ~~blasted~~ new window: 'Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.'"

Then he ran.

"Kerchoo!" ^{barked} ~~went~~ Sully.

EATON'S
CORRASABLE
BOND
U.S.A.
HERTSVILLE

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

SALLY'S OPEN AIR BARBER SHOP

by

Robert Traver

Salvatore Guizetti has nearly completed the alterations to his barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived last Saturday and Sally and the boys got her from the freight depot and had her installed by daylight Sunday morning. Moona Kakkuri, the Finn, took the first ride in it. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run Italian red wine--the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They run in tiers the entire length of the shop. We are all looking forward to seeing them actually lit up. This naturally won't be until summer is over and the last tourist has flown south. Sally will then be forced to turn them on because it starts getting real dark before closing time.

Sally also has a new electric machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair. The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't felt compelled to substitute a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his thinning hair. He may return the machine as it's one of those 60-day free-trial deals. "Only God can make a head of hair," he muttered.

But Sally has been having real bad trouble over the installation of the new thermo-pane window in front of his shop. A thermo-pane window is really nothing more than two plate glass windows with the air pumped out in between so they don't ever freeze ^{or} ~~and~~ steam over. Like fancy storm windows. Anyway, Sally got the thermo-pane job installed and Moona Kakkari bought a paint brush at the dime store and was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big red letters on the outside when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his monument shop across the street.

Guido maneuvered Sally into the back room and told him he would gladly sand blast the new sign on Sally's window with his tombstone sand blaster for only five dollars. He told Sally that sand blasting was getting to be all the rage and was essentially more dignified and lasted longer than an ordinary paint job. And one never caught bankers and brokers permitting drunks to daub home-made red signs on their establishments, he slyly pointed out. They had become slaves to sand blasting. It was high time that barbers got in on the act. Guido also said that sand blasting would tend to improve the general tone of the neighborhood and thus ultimately help both of them. That's why he was making the sand blasting price so low, he told Sally.

Sally finally said O. K. It looked like a good deal to him. He figured that besides gaining all the gratuitous dignity and tone Guido had spoken of he would also save the gallon of red wine that he was otherwise going to give Moona Kakkuri for painting the window. ~~He would save it, that is, until the installation of the new revolving chair.~~ So Guido and his oldest son came right over and took down the big double-paned plate glass window and carted it across the street to Guido's tombstone shop.

Guido was always a fast worker and had the sand-blasting job finished while Sally was still out for lunch. Meanwhile Moona Kakkuri was left watching the shop for Sally, on account of there being no front window, so when Guido and his son came over from his shop lugging the new sand-blasted window both he and Moona thought it would be a nice gesture to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have her all in and installed. They worked fast and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he was sure enough real surprised. For there sand blasted in big block letters on his new thermo-pane window were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido naturally felt bad about it and bawled out his son in front of everyone for not telling him about his boner when they had made the layout. His son was the intellectual of their tombstone establishment, having gone half way through sixth grade. Sally felt very bad, too, because he knew he couldn't very well use the window that way and there wasn't much you could do about it except to install a brand new window.

Sally felt bad for Guido, too, for having such a stupid son. Then he had an idea. He got out his plate-glass insurance policy and he and Guido read it for awhile and then took it over to the insurance man. The insurance man read all the fine print and the flapping riders and then looked up and said that he was very sorry but the policy didn't cover things like that.

Guido finally sighed and said he would order a new window for Sally and then remove the old one and use it in his camp on Shag Lake. That way he could sit inside on misty nights and watch for rising bass, he said. He even managed to smile a little. The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido like a teacher while he tackled the new job of sand blasting. Quite a crowd gathered to watch. Sally spelled out each letter as Guido blasted away. He ^{lingered over the word} ~~was particularly careful with~~ "barber." He was going to make sure Guido spelled it right this time. Guido perspired quite a lot but he spelled it right.

Then Guido and his son carted the new window across the street and took out the old window. The crowd followed to observe the ceremony. Sally stood right there watching every move. By this time Guido was nervous anyway, but Sally must have made Guido extra nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly gave a terrific sneeze--it seems he was allergic to sand blasting--and Guido gave a little yelp and dropped his end of the new window on the sidewalk and shattered it into a million pieces. Even the sand-blasted part with Sally's name on it. Sally sneezed; Guido wept; the crowd roared.

After an ^tinterval Sally philosophically got out the policy and he and Guido again tramped over to the insurance man, but the insurance man shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. It only covered mis-adventures to windows that were already in, he patiently explained. "Kerchoo!" sneezed Sally. The insurance man then looked in a big leather-covered insurance book under the head of "allergies." He shook his head. It was no use.

Then Guido and Sally went back to the shop, arguing all the way. The crowd was still waiting. Guido finally offered to put the old new window in till the new new window arrived, but Sally started shouting and said he absolutely--

"kerchoo!"--absolutely wouldn't stand for the old new window another moment, even if he had to ~~stand~~ and cut hair all winter ^{clad} in stadium boots and aviator's mitts. He had never been so mortified in his life. He glared at Guido. Things got pretty tense for awhile. That was when Moona Kakkuri spoke up. Moona was evidently still rankling over losing the original sign-painting job on the old new window--and the gallon of red wine.

"Look, boys," Moona said, "I suggest that you sand blast this here sign on the new window: 'Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.'"

Then he ran.

"Kerchoo!" barked Sally.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

SALLY'S OPEN AIR BARBER SHOP

by

Robert Traver

Salvatore Guizetti has nearly completed the alterations to his barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived last Saturday and Sally and the boys got her from the freight depot and had her installed by daylight Sunday morning. Moona Kunari took the first ride in it. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run Italian red wine--the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They run in tiers the entire length of the shop. We are all looking forward to seeing them actually lit up. This naturally won't be until summer is over and the last tourist has flown south. Sally will then be forced to turn them on because it starts getting real dark before closing time.

Sally also has a new electric machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair. The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't felt compelled to substitute a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his thinning hair. He may return the machine as it's one of those 60-day free-trial deals. "Only God can make a head of hair," he muttered.

But Sally has been having real bad trouble over the installation of the new thermo-pane window in front of his shop. A thermo-pane window is really nothing more than two plate glass windows with the air pumped out in between so they don't ever freeze and steam over. Like fancy storm windows. Anyway, Sally got the thermo-pane job installed and Moona Kunari got a ^{paint}brush at the dime store and was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big red letters on the outside when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his monument shop across the street. Guido got Sally in the back room and told him

he would gladly sand blast the ^{sign} same thing on Sally's window with his new sand blaster for only five dollars. He told Sally that sand blasting was all the rage and was essentially more dignified and lasted longer than an ordinary paint job. One never saw drunks painting home-made red signs on banks and brokers' offices, he slyly pointed out. He also said that sand blasting would tend to improve the general tone of the neighborhood and thus ultimately help both of them. That's why he was making the sand blasting price so low, he told Sally.

Sally finally said O. K. It looked like a good deal to him. He figured that besides gaining all the dignity and tone Guido had spoken of he would also save the gallon of red wine that he was otherwise going to give Moona Kunari for painting the window. He would save it, that is, until the installation of the new revolving chair. So Guido and his oldest son came right over and took down the big double-paned plate glass window and carted it across the street to Guido's tombstone shop.

Guido was always a fast worker and had the sand-blasting job finished while Sally was still out for lunch. Meanwhile Moona Kunari was left watching the shop for Sally, on account of there being no front window, so when Guido and his son came over from his shop lugging the new sand-blasted window both he and Moona thought it would be a nice gesture to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have her all in and installed. They worked fast and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he was sure enough real surprised. For there sand blasted in big block letters on his new thermo-pane window were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido naturally felt bad about it and bawled out his son in front of everyone for not telling him about his boner when they had made the layout. His son was the intellectual of their tombstone establishment, having gone half way through sixth grade. Sally felt very bad, too, because he knew he couldn't very well use the window that way and there wasn't much you could do about it except to install a brand new window.

Sally felt bad for Guido, too, for having such a stupid son. Then he had an idea. He got out his plate-glass insurance policy and he and Guido read it for awhile and then took it over to the insurance man. The insurance man read all the fine print and the flapping riders and then looked up and said that he was very sorry but the policy didn't cover things like that.

Guido finally sighed and said he would order a new window for Sally and then remove the old one and use it in his camp on Shag Lake. That way he could sit inside on misty nights and watch for rising bass, he said. He even managed to smile a little. The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido like a teacher while he tackled the new job of sand blasting. Quite a crowd gathered to watch. Sally spelled out each letter as Guido blasted away. He was particularly careful with "barber." He was going to make sure Guido spelled it right this time. Guido perspired quite a lot but he spelled it right.

Then Guido and his son carted the new window across the street and took out the old window. The crowd followed to observe the ceremony. Sally stood right there watching every move. By this time Guido was nervous anyway, but ^{Sally} ~~this~~ must have made Guido extra nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly gave a terrific sneeze--it seems he was allergic to sand blasting--and Guido gave a little yelp and dropped his end of the new window on the sidewalk and shattered it into a million pieces. Even the sand-blasted part with Sally's name on it. The crowd cheered.

Guido naturally felt bad and Sally felt bad, too, and they tramped over to the insurance man with the policy, but the insurance man shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. The policy only covered windows that were already in, he patiently explained. He even looked in a big leather-covered insurance book under the head of "allergies." He shook his head. It was no use.

Then Guido and Sally went back to the shop, arguing all the way. The crowd was still waiting. Guido finally offered to put the old new window in till the new new window arrived, but Sally started shouting and said he absolutely

wouldn't stand for the old new window another moment, even if he had to stand and cut hair all winter in stadium boots and aviator's mitts. Things got pretty tense for awhile. That was when Moona Kunari spoke up. Moona was evidently still rankling over losing the original sign-painting job on the old new window--and the gallon of red wine.

"Look, boys," Moona said, "I suggest that you sand blast this here sign on the blasted new window: 'Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.'"

Then he ran.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

SALLY'S OPEN AIR BARBER SHOP

by

Robert Traver

Salvatore Guizetti has nearly completed the alterations to his barber shop on Pearl Street. The new revolving plastic-covered chair arrived last Saturday and Sally and the boys got her from the freight depot and had her installed by daylight Sunday morning. Moona Kunari took the first ride in it. All it cost Sally was one gallon of second-run Italian red wine--the installation, of course, not the chair.

Sally also has new fluorescent lights. They run in tiers the entire length of the shop. We are all looking forward to seeing them actually lit up. This naturally won't be until summer is over and the last tourist has flown south. Sally will then be forced to turn them on because it starts getting real dark before closing time.

Sally also has a new electric machine for stimulating and massaging the scalp. It's supposed to help grow hair. The other day a customer caught Sally using it on his own head, but so far Sally hasn't felt compelled to substitute a comb for the damp cloth he usually uses to comb his thinning hair. He may return the machine as it's one of those 60-day free-trial deals. "Only God can make a head of hair," he muttered.

But Sally has been having real bad trouble over the installation of the new thermo-pane window in front of his shop. A thermo-pane window is really nothing more than two plate glass windows with the air pumped out in between so they don't ever freeze and steam over. Like fancy storm windows. Anyway, Sally got the thermo-pane job installed and Moona Kunari got a ^{paint}brush at the dime store and was just getting ready to paint "Sally's Barber Shop" in big red letters on the outside when Guido Pantalone, the tombstone man, came running over from his monument shop across the street. Guido got Sally in the back room and told him

he would gladly sand blast the ^{sign} ~~same thing~~ on Sally's window with his new sand blaster for only five dollars. He told Sally that sand blasting was all the rage and was essentially more dignified and lasted longer than an ordinary paint job. One never saw drunks painting home-made red signs on banks and brokers' offices, he slyly pointed out. He also said that sand blasting would tend to improve the general tone of the neighborhood and thus ultimately help both of them. That's why he was making the sand blasting price so low, he told Sally.

Sally finally said O. K. It looked like a good deal to him. He figured that besides gaining all the dignity and tone Guido had spoken of he would also save the gallon of red wine that he was otherwise going to give Moona Kunari for painting the window. He would save it, that is, until the installation of the new revolving chair. So Guido and his oldest son came right over and took down the big double-paned plate glass window and carted it across the street to Guido's tombstone shop.

Guido was always a fast worker and had the sand-blasting job finished while Sally was still out for lunch. Meanwhile Moona Kunari was left watching the shop for Sally, on account of there being no front window, so when Guido and his son came over from his shop lugging the new sand-blasted window both he and Moona thought it would be a nice gesture to surprise Sally when he got back from lunch and have her all in and installed. They worked fast and installed the window and when Sally got back from lunch he was sure enough real surprised. For there sand blasted in big block letters on his new thermo-pane window were these words:

SALLY'S BABAR SHOP.

Guido naturally felt bad about it and bawled out his son in front of everyone for not telling him about his boner when they had made the layout. His son was the intellectual of their tombstone establishment, having gone half way through sixth grade. Sally felt very bad, too, because he knew he couldn't very well use the window that way and there wasn't much you could do about it except to install a brand new window.

Sally felt bad for Guido, too, for having such a stupid son. Then he had an idea. He got out his plate-glass insurance policy and he and Guido read it for awhile and then took it over to the insurance man. The insurance man read all the fine print and the flapping riders and then looked up and said that he was very sorry but the policy didn't cover things like that.

Guido finally sighed and said he would order a new window for Sally and then remove the old one and use it in his camp on Shag Lake. That way he could sit inside on misty nights and watch for rising bass, he said. He even managed to smile a little. The new window arrived in eight days and Sally locked his shop and stood over Guido like a teacher while he tackled the new job of sand blasting. Quite a crowd gathered to watch. Sally spelled out each letter as Guido blasted away. He was particularly careful with "barber." He was going to make sure Guido spelled it right this time. Guido perspired quite a lot but he spelled it right.

Then Guido and his son carted the new window across the street and took out the old window. The crowd followed to observe the ceremony. Sally stood right there watching every move. By this time Guido was nervous anyway, but ^{Sally} this must have made Guido extra nervous, because when he and his son were lifting in the new window, Sally suddenly gave a terrific sneeze--it seems he was allergic to sand blasting--and Guido gave a little yelp and dropped his end of the new window on the sidewalk and shattered it into a million pieces. Even the sand-blasted part with Sally's name on it. The crowd cheered.

Guido naturally felt bad and Sally felt bad, too, and they tramped over to the insurance man with the policy, but the insurance man shook his head and said the policy didn't cover things like that. The policy only covered windows that were already in, he patiently explained. He even looked in a big leather-covered insurance book under the head of "allergies." He shook his head. It was no use.

Then Guido and Sally went back to the shop, arguing all the way. The crowd was still waiting. Guido finally offered to put the old new window in till the new new window arrived, but Sally started shouting and said he absolutely

wouldn't stand for the old new window another moment, even if he had to stand and cut hair all winter in stadium boots and aviator's mitts. Things got pretty tense for awhile. That was when Moona Kunari spoke up. Moona was evidently still rankling over losing the original sign-painting job on the old new window--and the gallon of red wine.

"Look, boys," Moona said, "I suggest that you sand blast this here sign on the blasted new window: 'Sally's Open Air Barber Shop.'"

Then he ran.

