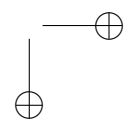
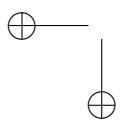
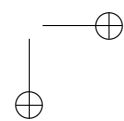
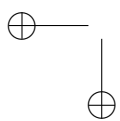
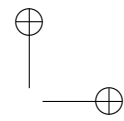
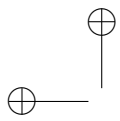
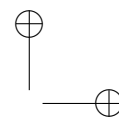


**TIME FOR A QUICK ONE**



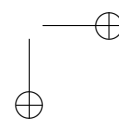
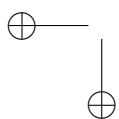


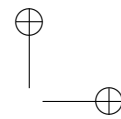
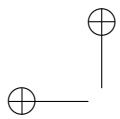


**TIME FOR A QUICK ONE**

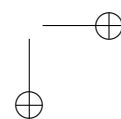
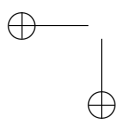
*Margaret Fishback*

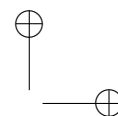
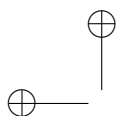
*IWP*





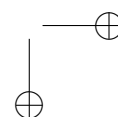
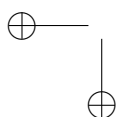
2026  
First Published, 1940

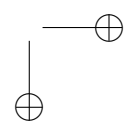
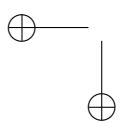
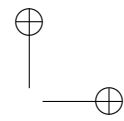
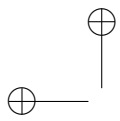


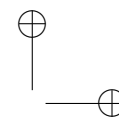
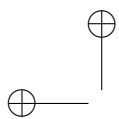


**TO –**

*To Mother, Jim, and Brother Comie,  
To all the young at Home, Sweet Homie,  
To wit, Miss Margaret in her crib,  
And also to her brother, Zyb,  
As well as to his sister, Kitty,  
All natives of my native city,  
And to their lovely mother too.  
To little Jimmy, Judy, Sue,  
To Evie who produced the latter,  
But never got the least bit fatter.  
To Dante, Egle, and to Skippy,  
Who call me Boots, and also Nippy.  
To Fifi, Mu, and little Bobby,  
Born in the Polyclinic lobby.  
To Marylou, and roomy Renny,  
Whose strength is as the strength of tenny.  
In fact, to all the Fisholinis –  
The flock includes no dopes or meanies –  
I dedicate these lines today.  
This covers tadpoles on the way,  
And most of all my darling Tony,  
That matchless prince of matrimony.*



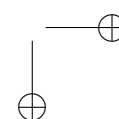
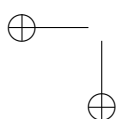


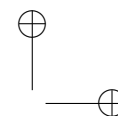
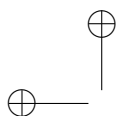


## CONTENTS

### ON THE TOWN

<i>Heigh-Heigh Fever</i> . . . . .	3
<i>Local Love Lyric</i> . . . . .	4
<i>The Farmer Goes to Town</i> . . . . .	5
<i>Sun Worshipers</i> . . . . .	6
<i>The Cliff-Dweller's Guest Room</i> . . . . .	7
<i>Glorifying the Manhattan Bulrushes</i> . . . . .	8
<i>Light Dawns</i> . . . . .	9
<i>Child Labor in the Stores</i> . . . . .	10
<i>Sparring Partners</i> . . . . .	11
<i>Divided We Stand</i> . . . . .	12
<i>Little Shut-In</i> . . . . .	13
<i>Manhattan Die-Hard</i> . . . . .	14
<i>Lines of Lease Resistance</i> . . . . .	15
<i>Gilt-Edged Securities</i> . . . . .	16
<i>Morpheus Among the Night Clubbers</i> . . . . .	17
<i>Return to Treasure Island</i> . . . . .	19
<i>Girl About Town</i> . . . . .	20

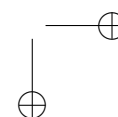
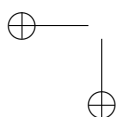


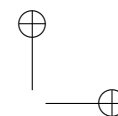
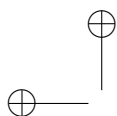


<i>The Shivering Shepherdess to Her Love</i> . . . . .	21
<i>Lines on Putting Fifth Avenue in the Shade</i> . . . . .	22

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

<i>Lady, Reducing, Gets Mate Down</i> . . . . .	25
<i>Bring on the Whipped Cream</i> . . . . .	26
<i>Anxious Daughter to Anxious Mother</i> . . . . .	27
<i>It's a Man's World</i> . . . . .	28
<i>Housewife's Pique</i> . . . . .	29
<i>Career Girl</i> . . . . .	30
<i>Fair Enough</i> . . . . .	31
<i>A Bride Sees Red</i> . . . . .	32
<i>Open House</i> . . . . .	33
<i>Information, Please!</i> . . . . .	34
<i>Stockholder Say: "Confusing"</i> . . . . .	35
<i>Burning Our Bridgets Behind Us</i> . . . . .	36
<i>Short Cut</i> . . . . .	37
<i>Candid Thoughts on Candied Sweets</i> . . . . .	38
<i>Reunion at Rising Gorge</i> . . . . .	39
<i>Wishful Thinking</i> . . . . .	40
<i>I'll Take the Highway</i> . . . . .	41
<i>Boy Loses Grip</i> . . . . .	42
<i>A Bunch of Gripes</i> . . . . .	43
<i>Revolt in a Flat</i> . . . . .	45
<i>Creepy, Crawly</i> . . . . .	46
<i>Moderne</i> . . . . .	47





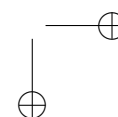
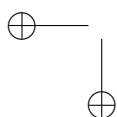
<i>To Mine Host</i> . . . . .	48
<i>The Sinful Cinema</i> . . . . .	49
<i>Pride and Prejudice</i> . . . . .	50
<i>Music in Our Hair</i> . . . . .	51

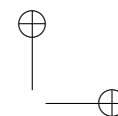
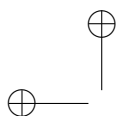
HEARTS AND FLOWERS

<i>Triolet on a Window Sill</i> . . . . .	55
<i>Soft-Hearted</i> . . . . .	56
<i>Lovelorn Maiden's Prayer</i> . . . . .	57
<i>Meditations in Transit</i> . . . . .	58
<i>Me First!</i> . . . . .	60
<i>Streamlined Etiquette for the Bride-To-Be</i> . . . . .	62
<i>Shine, Little Glowworm</i> . . . . .	63
<i>Love Marches On</i> . . . . .	64
<i>Nuptial Note</i> . . . . .	65
<i>Matrimonial Note: Night Shift</i> . . . . .	66

NATURE STUDIES

<i>Nature Study</i> . . . . .	69
<i>Gluttons for Punishment</i> . . . . .	70
<i>Merry Murray Hill</i> . . . . .	71
<i>Pot Luck</i> . . . . .	72
<i>Spring Song</i> . . . . .	73
<i>View of the Palisades</i> . . . . .	74
<i>Plans for May Day</i> . . . . .	75
<i>Triolet on Vacation</i> . . . . .	76

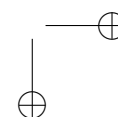
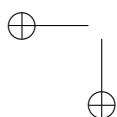


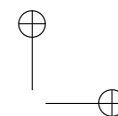
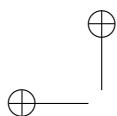


<i>A Case of Mistaken Identity</i> . . . . .	77
<i>Fogbound</i> . . . . .	78
<i>The Desperate Suburbanites</i> . . . . .	79
<i>Home Run</i> . . . . .	80
<i>December Harvest</i> . . . . .	81

SEASON'S GREETINGS

<i>January Lines to February 22</i> . . . . .	85
<i>Lines to January 23</i> . . . . .	86
<i>It's May in February</i> . . . . .	87
<i>More Slush for Feb. 14</i> . . . . .	88
<i>Throw on Another Shovelful</i> . . . . .	89
<i>Spring Tonic</i> . . . . .	90
<i>March Thaw</i> . . . . .	91
<i>A Law Unto Herself</i> . . . . .	92
<i>Memo to Be Presented to a Husband</i> . . . . .	93
<i>Query as Daylight Saving Sets In</i> . . . . .	94
<i>Nocturne</i> . . . . .	95
<i>Lines to Long Island and Westchester</i> . . . . .	96
<i>Hot Tip on the August Fur Sales</i> . . . . .	97
<i>Under the Influence</i> . . . . .	98
<i>It's a Promise!</i> . . . . .	99
<i>Two's Company</i> . . . . .	100
<i>Cold Comfort</i> . . . . .	101
<i>Home Girl</i> . . . . .	102



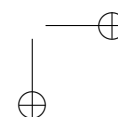
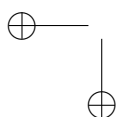


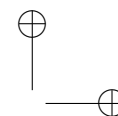
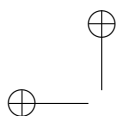
FASHIONS, PAN-BROILED

<i>On Her Uppers</i> . . . . .	105
<i>Look Before You Pinafore</i> . . . . .	106
<i>Death of a Wasp Waist</i> . . . . .	107
<i>“Soft, Feminine, Youthful” – Nuts!</i> . . . . .	108
<i>The Low-Down</i> . . . . .	109
<i>Men Get It in the Neck</i> . . . . .	110
<i>Bird-Brained!</i> . . . . .	111
<i>Crisis in the Cruise Shop</i> . . . . .	112
<i>Fashion Plate</i> . . . . .	113
<i>Gentlemen, the Queen!</i> . . . . .	114
<i>No Matter How Thin You Slice It</i> . . . . .	115
<i>Requiescat in Pace</i> . . . . .	116
<i>From a Ringside Seat</i> . . . . .	117
<i>Sisters Under the Skin</i> . . . . .	118
<i>Triolet on the New Freedom</i> . . . . .	119
<i>Toehold</i> . . . . .	120
<i>A Tailor’s Market</i> . . . . .	121
<i>What a Yarn!</i> . . . . .	122

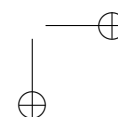
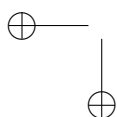
SUNDRIES

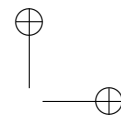
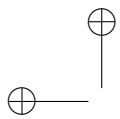
<i>Claustrophobia on the Home Grounds</i> . . . . .	125
<i>Sic Transit Gloria Mundi</i> . . . . .	126
<i>Case History</i> . . . . .	127
<i>Up-To-The-Minute Gift for the New-Born Baby</i> . . . . .	128



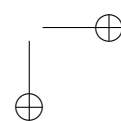
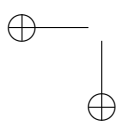


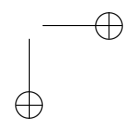
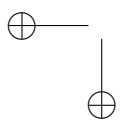
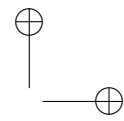
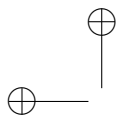
<i>Five Little Senses – And How They Grow!</i> . . . . .	129
<i>Memo to the Cook</i> . . . . .	131
<i>Thar She Blows</i> . . . . .	132
<i>Sun Spots Before My Eyes</i> . . . . .	134
<i>Open Letter to Santa</i> . . . . .	135
<i>Lip Service</i> . . . . .	136
<i>McNutt, Apollo of Politics</i> . . . . .	137
<i>Lines Between Turkeys</i> . . . . .	139
<i>Clean Crazy!</i> . . . . .	140
<i>Fun on the Front Page</i> . . . . .	141
<i>Moment Musicale</i> . . . . .	142
<i>Wooden Anniversary</i> . . . . .	143
<i>Oh, Say, Can You See?</i> . . . . .	144
<i>Our Hero</i> . . . . .	145
<i>Parlez Moi D'Amour</i> . . . . .	146
<i>Tabloid in the Making</i> . . . . .	147
<i>Reunion</i> . . . . .	148
<i>Acquiescat in Pace</i> . . . . .	149
<i>Away From It All</i> . . . . .	150
<i>A Word From Queen Elizabeth</i> . . . . .	151
<i>Jupiter Goes Begging</i> . . . . .	152
<i>The Car Awaits</i> . . . . .	156
<i>She Knew What She Wanted</i> . . . . .	157

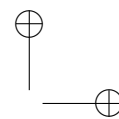
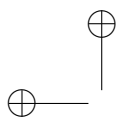




ON THE TOWN







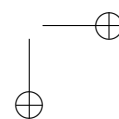
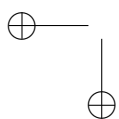
### **HEIGH-HEIGH FEVER**

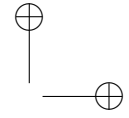
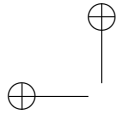
The peaceful countryside is pretty,  
But I am partial to the city.

Brought up on straight monoxide gas,  
I don't react to new-mown grass.

Besides, commuting leaves me cold –  
Commuters all look tired and old.

Their backs are bent, their legs are lame –  
I live in town, and look the same.

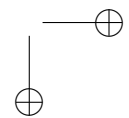
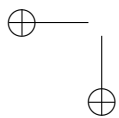


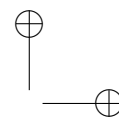
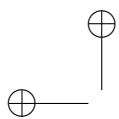


### LOCAL LOVE LYRIC

I love New York, its glittering stores,  
Its stimulating out of doors,  
Its parks, its harbor, and its rivers,  
Its sky, discernible in slivers,  
Its Wagner and Rachmaninoff,  
Its “Newly Seeded Lawn – Keep Off,”  
Its clams, its oysters, and its stew,  
Its churches on Fifth Avenue,  
Its seashore radiance after showers,  
Its Rockefeller elms and flowers,  
Its light and shade in brilliant patches,  
Its sunsets visible in snatches,  
Its engines streaking out to fires,  
Its ferries, buses, steeples, spires,  
Its window boxes, and its zoo,  
Its markets, movies, theaters too,  
And such implausibilities  
As moonbeams gilding maple trees.\*

\*Address on request.



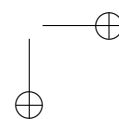
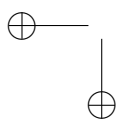


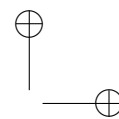
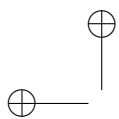
### THE FARMER GOES TO TOWN

Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough,  
Hangs on the bough that continues to thrive  
Seventeen floors above Riverside Drive.

Never was stamina equal to that!  
Hail to our city! Hurrah for our flat!  
Rural azaleas don't blossom like this...  
See what a game little bloomer she is.

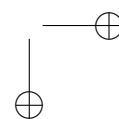
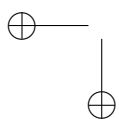
Life in the country had much to bestow –  
Sun, space and air... but for watching things grow,  
Give me New York with its elegant sod,  
Farmed out in pots not dependent on God.

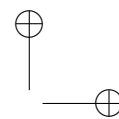
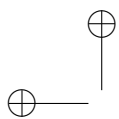




### SUN WORSHIPERS

New York is full of glowing girls  
With suntanned cheeks and burnished curls.  
Five days a week they're moles, and then  
A session in the sun again  
Resuscitates their copper shade  
Before it has a chance to fade.  
That's why you'll hear them raising Cain  
On Friday, if it looks like rain.

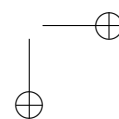
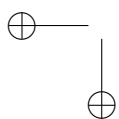


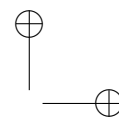
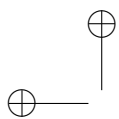


### **THE CLIFF-DWELLER'S GUEST ROOM**

The way we treat our guests is cruel –  
We sleep them in the vestibule,  
We dress them in the dining room,  
But if that moves you to assume  
They do not come again, you make  
A most inordinate mistake.

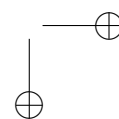
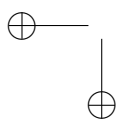
Again and yet again they crouch  
On window seat and fireside couch,  
Assuring us they do not mind  
Cramped quarters, till we grow resigned  
Ourselves, and bottle up our wrath  
At traffic jams in hall and bath.

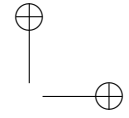
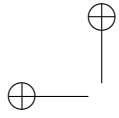




### **GLORIFYING THE MANHATTAN BULRUSHES**

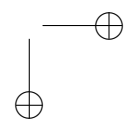
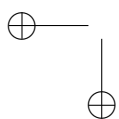
The Park that flanks the Hudson is  
A veritable bed of roses.  
It fills my heart with pride that this  
Is Gotham. Glory be to Moses!

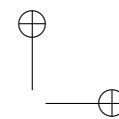
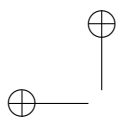




### LIGHT DAWNS

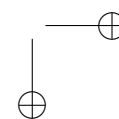
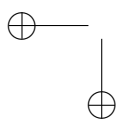
It is the ashman, not the lark,  
Who heralds morn. He loves to park  
Beneath us in the city street,  
And bounce his babies on concrete.  
Such symphonies have little charm;  
They make me hanker for a farm  
Where all is quiet out-of-doors. . .  
On second thought, my daily chores  
Would start at dawn and probably  
Include the job he does for me,  
Wherefore I'll turn the other ear  
And thank my lucky stars I'm here.

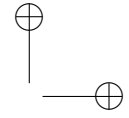
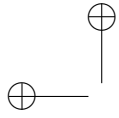




### CHILD LABOR IN THE STORES

Mother, cuff your little chap,  
Jerk him, give his face a slap.  
Though he's tired and bored, he should  
Trudge beside you and be good  
While you look at boudoir chairs,  
Handbags, gloves and brassières,  
Christmas shirts, and socks, and ties.  
Wait until your youngster cries,  
Then when he's too limp to stand,  
Take him up to Toyland  
As a fair reward, although  
By that time he'll gladly go  
Home with you, and all your parcels,  
Just to rest his metatarsals.



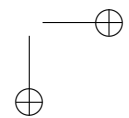
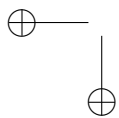


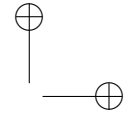
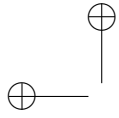
## SPARRING PARTNERS

“Hallelujah!” “Holy night!”  
Shout the shops with all their might.  
Hymns and carols amplified  
Greet their customers outside.

Standing with bewildered feet  
Where the bells and organs meet  
Head-on, I’m confused for fair.  
Shall I shop, or kneel in prayer?

Are they playing store, or church?  
Won’t some master of research,  
Worldly, yet withal, devout,  
Straighten my dilemma out?





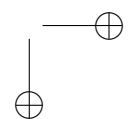
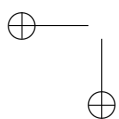
## DIVIDED WE STAND

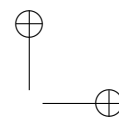
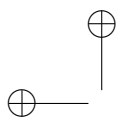
### SOCIAL BUTTERFLY

Her cocktail bouts are long and loud,  
She asks a monumental crowd,  
For, to be frank, her one concern  
Is being feted in return.

### HERMIT CRAB

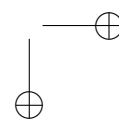
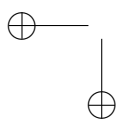
He wants no "WELCOME" on his mat.  
He's going to have one made to order,  
Embellished with a simple "scat"  
Flanked by a poison ivy border.

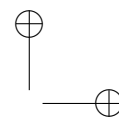
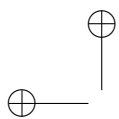




### LITTLE SHUT-IN

The model secretary fights  
    To keep her boss from being seen  
By unimportant lesser lights.  
The model secretary fights  
Savagely to preserve his rights.  
    (I envy him his barbed-wire screen.)  
The model secretary fights  
    To keep her boss from being seen.

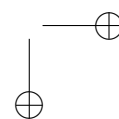
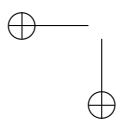


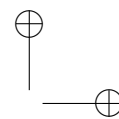
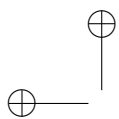


### MANHATTAN DIE-HARD

A subway ride at half-past eight,  
When everyone is almost late,  
Engenders in each rider's breast  
A prejudice against the rest.

We snarl and knock each other down  
In this contentious, cut-throat town,  
But I, for one, deserve no pity,  
I'd rather choke than leave the city.

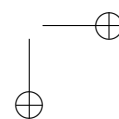
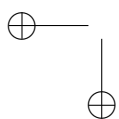


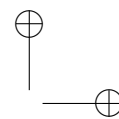
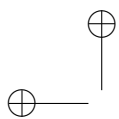


### LINES OF LEASE RESISTANCE

The month of August's here again –  
That yearly zero hour when  
We start to seek a better place  
In which to live. It's a disgrace  
To pay the rent we're paying now  
For this apartment anyhow.

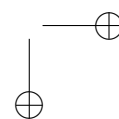
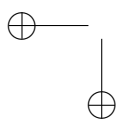
The kitchen's lamentably small;  
We have no room for guests at all;  
Our closets give me housewife's cramp;  
The sunless bathroom's always damp.  
So we will go a-hunting – then  
Renew the same old lease again.

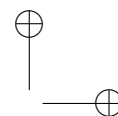
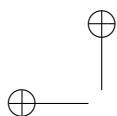




### **GILT-EDGED SECURITIES**

I wandered up Third Avenue,  
And there, upon my word,  
Sunflowers blossomed on a fire escape  
At Forty-third!  
Three cheers for Mother Nature,  
And the resolute magician,  
Who got the crop to grow in that  
Precarious position!





## MORPHEUS AMONG THE NIGHT CLUBBERS

DOWAGER

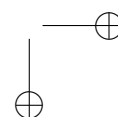
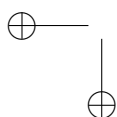
Smile glassily, although your legs  
And arches ache. The scrambled eggs  
Are yet to come. Could you but creep  
Away and nip a good night's sleep,  
How happy you would be. It's tough  
You must pretend you're young enough  
To like this booby hatch, and take  
So cruel a clubbing for the sake  
Of keeping up with Mrs. Jones,  
Who also longs to rest her bones.

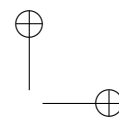
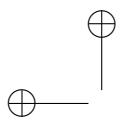
PATRIARCH

Old man, forswear that dogged rumba.  
Go home and yield to Christian slumba.

DEBUTANTE

Glazed blue eyes and wavering feet,  
Strident voice and bobbing head,  
Where's your nurse, poor little sweet?  
She should put you straight to bed!



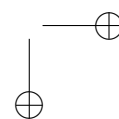
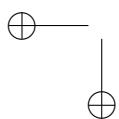


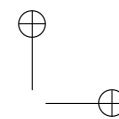
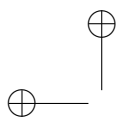
BUTTER-AND-EGGER

The Scotch and food are costly, so  
That proves you're having fun, I know.  
At least that's what you think, poor chap,  
While fighting off that furtive nap.

HOW ABOUT AN ASPIRIN?

My head is heavy, likewise bowed.  
I hate the smoke, the noise, the crowd.  
And why I am not in the hay  
Instead of here, I cannot say.



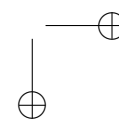
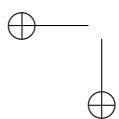


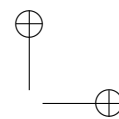
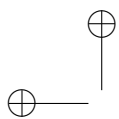
### RETURN TO TREASURE ISLAND

O blessed Gotham privacy!  
Our rural popularity  
This summer makes Manhattan seem  
An unadulterated dream.

How restful to be all alone,  
And hear the plaintive telephone  
Pipe down at last, unanswered. What  
A joy to know that we will not  
Have uninvited droppers-in  
Who stay for hours on end, and chin  
Until the last long drink is gone,  
When we would rather mow the lawn.

A country home is dandy, BUT  
Take my advice – when building, cut  
Your windows in the roof or dome,  
So people can't tell when you're home.

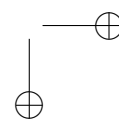
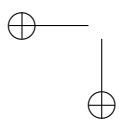


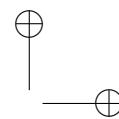
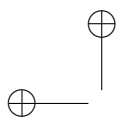


### GIRL ABOUT TOWN

“No-thank-you” never figures in  
Her attitude toward Scotch or gin  
Or even adolescent rye,  
Although she cannot tell you why.

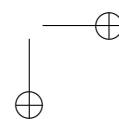
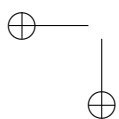
When abstinent, her spirit soars;  
When primed, it waddles on all fours.  
She has remorse, headaches, and all,  
But rests her case in alcohol.

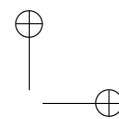
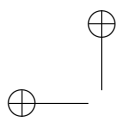




**THE SHIVERING SHEPHERDESS  
TO HER LOVE**

Come skate with me at Radio City,  
Where ice floes soon will be replaced  
By cherry trees and other pretty  
Phenomena more to my taste.



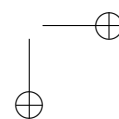
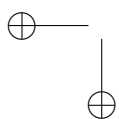


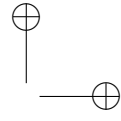
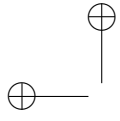
**LINES ON PUTTING FIFTH AVENUE  
IN THE SHADE**

*A vote of thanks is due, I think,  
To Rockefeller Center, Inc.*

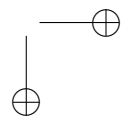
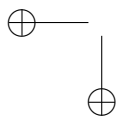
Though only God can make a tree,  
Money can move them where they'll be  
A daily inspiration to  
New Yorkers on Fifth Avenue.

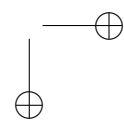
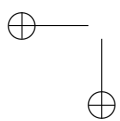
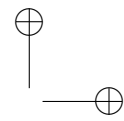
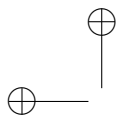
What's more, it's nice to see an elm,  
In healthy splendor, take the helm,  
And flourish on the front page where  
We're much in need of clean fresh air.

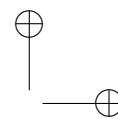
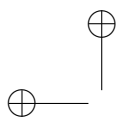




COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT





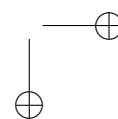
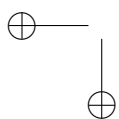


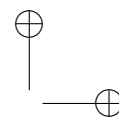
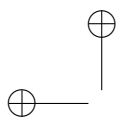
### **LADY, REDUCING, GETS MATE DOWN**

You read the menu through and through.  
It takes you twenty minutes to  
Digest it. Then, upon my soul,  
You choose the same old salad bowl.

The same discouraged radishes  
And lettuce leaves spell Happiness,  
Regardless of the month and weather,  
Each time we go to lunch together.

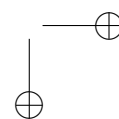
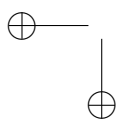
Perhaps grass makes you slim and strong,  
But must you hesitate so long,  
And keep me and the waiter waiting  
While you appear to be debating?

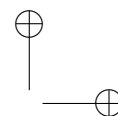
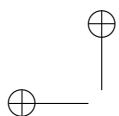




### **BRING ON THE WHIPPED CREAM**

I've stood reducing long enough;  
I want to gorge, I want to stuff.  
I don't believe I ever can  
Absorb another bit of bran  
Or look a batch of spinach in  
The face. I'm sick of getting thin,  
And if you do not like me fat,  
We'll have to let it go at that.



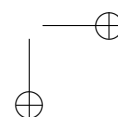
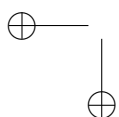


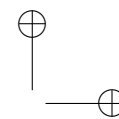
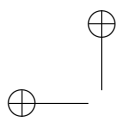
## **ANXIOUS DAUGHTER TO ANXIOUS MOTHER**

Mother, please don't hover so.  
When you try to make my beau  
Promise he'll come soon again,  
He reacts like other men.

Claustrophobia sets in.  
I can see his eyes begin  
Instantly to hunt about,  
Hoping for a quick way out.

Your anxiety is sweet  
But it dooms me to defeat.  
Can't you see he'll run away  
If he's over-urged to stay?





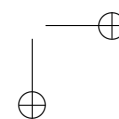
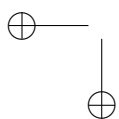
### **IT'S A MAN'S WORLD**

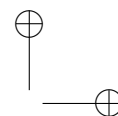
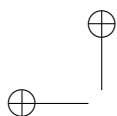
It seems unfair that men can wait  
Till half past six to make a date.

If one girl's busy, Gus will find  
Another babe not far behind.

Don't tell me just because they pay,  
Men have a right to act that way.

They take advantage just as much  
Of wistful women who go Dutch.



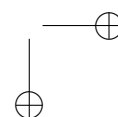
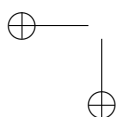


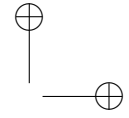
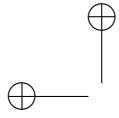
### HOUSEWIFE'S PIQUE

One of these days when in you flock  
You may expect a frightful shock.  
One of these Sunday afternoons  
You will be handed cups and spoons –  
Cups abundantly filled with tea.  
That's what you're going to get from me.

For roadhouse life has begun to pall,  
I'm sick of the sight of alcohol.  
I long for a spot of peace and quiet  
With Ella A. Boole to direct our diet.  
And maybe a conjugal sinking fund  
For travel, before we are moribund.

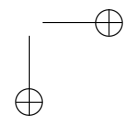
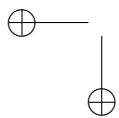
It's all very nice to have you come  
And flatter our Scotch and rye and rum,  
But we got a statement on the first,  
And the cash it cost us to quench your thirst  
Is too imposing. So please prepare!  
For temperance, pals, is in the air.

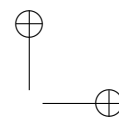
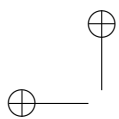




### CAREER GIRL

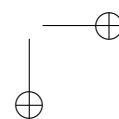
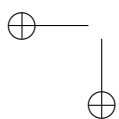
Getting and spending, we lay waste  
Our powers, whereupon we're faced  
With jobs, continually better.  
This satisfies a real go-getter,  
But I've a melancholy notion  
All is not gold that's called promotion,  
And so I hope, before I'm through,  
To eat my cake, and bake it, too.

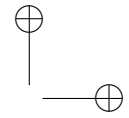
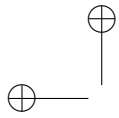




### FAIR ENOUGH

The souvenirs begin to pall  
And make New Yorkers long for fall,  
When scarves, and collar pins, and smocks,  
Thermometers, and traveling clocks,  
Pajamas, bracelets, aprons, ties  
Will give our enervated eyes  
A temporary respite from  
The enterprising tedium  
Of Trylons flanked by Perispheres.  
The natives shed nostalgic tears,  
And hope the day will come again  
When there will be a fountain pen  
Uncluttered by that shapely pair  
Designed to symbolize the Fair.

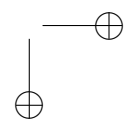
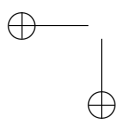


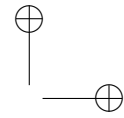
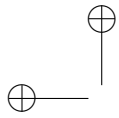


### A BRIDE SEES RED

Won't someone tell my lord and master  
That he is heading for disaster  
When he opines our steaks are tough?  
Of such complaints I've had enough.

I'm well aware that he could buy  
Much choicer cuts. And so could I,  
Were I to scrap the budget, which  
I'd gladly do if we were rich.





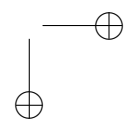
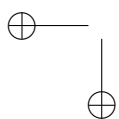
## OPEN HOUSE

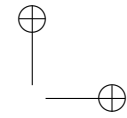
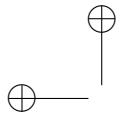
The kids are all away at camp,  
And I am getting writer's cramp  
Corralling the reluctant guest  
For week-ends in my rural nest.

For I'm the hostess who intends  
To *force* my city slicker friends  
To visit me this summer, though  
They do not want to, that I know.

It's clear they'd rather loll in town,  
Their windows up, their shutters down,  
And wallow hour after hour  
In armchair, frigidaire and shower.

But why should *they* have all the fun?  
I'm bored with sitting in the sun.  
So let me at my fountain pen. . .  
I'll *make* some imbecile say when.

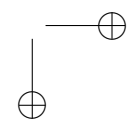
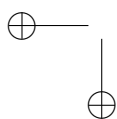


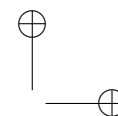
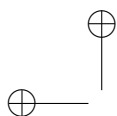


### **INFORMATION, PLEASE!**

Though neither snaggle-toothed nor old,  
Nor mean, nor pigeon-toed, nor cold,  
There's something radically wrong  
With me, that I cannot belong  
To that successful sisterhood  
Whose members are so extra good  
At chiseling emeralds, furs and checks  
Out of the not-so-deadly sex.

Never for me the sable coat.  
A movie and a table d'hôte  
Are what I get; and now and then  
When Fortune smiles upon my men,  
The theater and a spot of rye.  
Now tell me, pretty maidens, why  
I never have been able to  
Demand the tasty things you do.





## STOCKHOLDER SAY: “CONFUSING”

*To the Stockholders of*

SELECTED INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED:

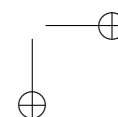
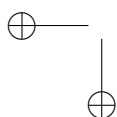
*The Treasury Department has ruled that (based on figures submitted by the Corporation) 83.751% of the distributions made by this Corporation on its Prior Stock (including shares underlying Allotment Certificates) during the year 1939 constituted taxable dividends within the meaning of Section 115(a) of the Internal Revenue Code, and that the remainder of 16.249% of such distributions constituted distributions from capital to be applied against and reduce the cost or other basis of the stock as provided in Section 115(d) of said Code.*

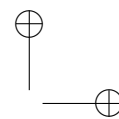
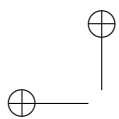
PAUL BARTHOLET,

*Vice-President and Treasurer*

In Latin I did not excel  
But even so, I did right well  
Compared to how I'm doing now.  
Although I corrugate my brow,  
I can't make out the meaning of  
The message reproduced above.

I need an unadorned translation  
Of Mr. B's communication,  
And if he's stuck himself, I hope  
He'll not consider *me* a dope,  
But will be kind enough to send  
A plain, old-fashioned dividend.

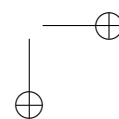
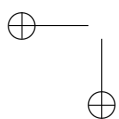


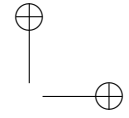
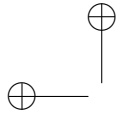


### **BURNING OUR BRIDGETS BEHIND US**

Never will a dining nook  
Get me on the well-known hook.  
Of the "alcove" I'm a scorners.  
Mine the drug store on the corner  
Rather than a dinette by  
Boiling pot and baking pie.

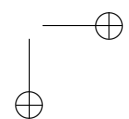
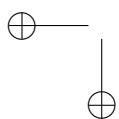
Midnight suppers in the kitchen  
Are a different matter rich in  
Vitamines and cozy cheer.  
Join me in another tear  
For the kitchen unaffected  
Which we moderns have rejected.

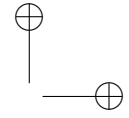
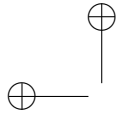




### SHORT CUT

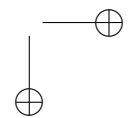
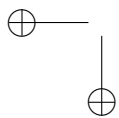
With furious cries I fain would lunge  
On strawberry shortcake, made of sponge.  
A berry or two is its only claim  
Upon that fair old American name.  
Perverted's the baker who would foist  
This desecration, composed of moist,  
Unspeakable dough, on gourmets who  
Could never be wheedled from the true,  
Original biscuit shortcake, bright  
With scarlet strawberries. May this blight  
Of impious cakes soon be subdued,  
Never again to rear their nude,  
And angular shapes before our eyes.  
Come, patriots, one and all, arise!

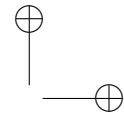
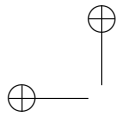




### CANDID THOUGHTS ON CANDIED SWEETS

Many a time my heart has ached  
On viewing sweet potatoes baked  
And mashed and buried underneath  
Marshmallow whip. It sets my teeth  
On edge to see a veg-e-table  
Mated with candy. I'm unable  
To stomach such miscegenation.  
It ruins each one's reputation.



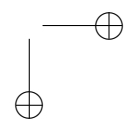
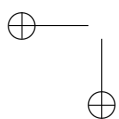


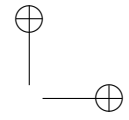
### REUNION AT RISING GORGE

Bright college days have come and gone;  
I toast them with a craven yawn,  
And pusillanimously note  
Your extra chin where all was throat.

Those hips are likewise on the make;  
And children toddle in your wake  
To call me Auntie, which I find  
Repulsive to my girlish mind.

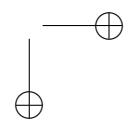
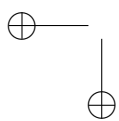
So may I wistfully suggest  
For both of us, new friends are best?  
You'll doubtless feel the way I do  
If you love me as I love you.

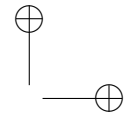
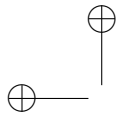




### WISHFUL THINKING

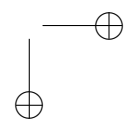
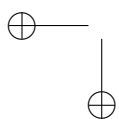
Two thousand years Europe has tried  
To settle quarrels by suicide.  
Will peace-on-earth, good-will-to-men  
*Ever* hallow the world again?

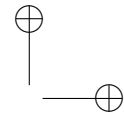
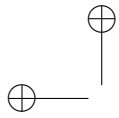




**I'LL TAKE THE HIGHWAY  
AND YOU TAKE THE HOME GROUNDS**

Tell me, why is no one able  
To provide upon her table  
Coffee equal to the nectar  
Served in diners. Though I hector  
Men in white upon the highway  
To explain what's wrong with my way,  
I regret to say my Java  
Still resembles molten lava.





### BOY LOSES GRIP

My dear young woman, does it bore you  
To let me give your order for you?

Can't you decide upon a dish,  
And then entrust me with your wish?

I'll stop the waiter in his tracks,  
And croon, "Crab Newburg." You relax.

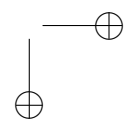
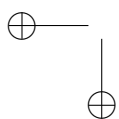
Be soft and helpless as a kitten,  
And you will have me quickly smitten.

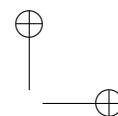
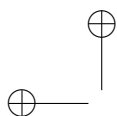
But pull that crisp efficiency,  
And you will see the last of me.

For take my tip, no men are fond  
Of militant brunette or blonde.

When you rely upon yourself,  
You put your escort on the shelf.

And that's a point from which romance  
Is quite unlikely to advance.





## A BUNCH OF GRIPES

### DOWN IN FRONT!

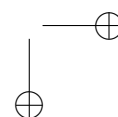
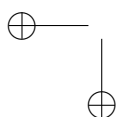
Never trust a marigold!  
Marigolds are fast and bold;  
Up they shoot and out they spread,  
Blotting out the poppy bed,  
Mocking me, a novice, struck  
Dumb by their prodigious pluck.

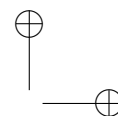
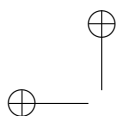
### GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The heart within my bosom bleeds –  
I took the hollyhocks for weeds,  
And struggled hard one solid day,  
Uprooting them in early May.  
Now half a dozen dauntless flowers  
Survive to plague my waking hours  
And haunt my dreams, reproaching me  
For pastoral stupidity.

### BEAUTIFUL BUT DAMNED

The dandelion is so pretty,  
It seems to me a major pity  
That sheer abundance makes it so  
Incontrovertibly de trop.



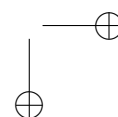
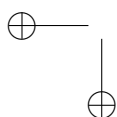


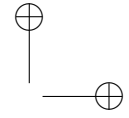
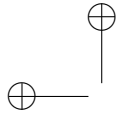
YOU AND WHO ELSE?

I am reluctant to applaud  
The roses of the garden fraud  
Whose hair and nails and shoes are neat,  
Whose slacks aren't baggy as to seat  
Or muddy as to knee. I know  
*She* didn't make her garden grow!

PUPPY LOVE

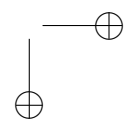
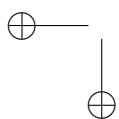
When weeding, I could do without  
The friendly dog that frisks about  
And thinks each cuff abaft his beam  
Is but a token of esteem.  
Forever leaping at conclusions,  
He makes continuous intrusions  
Upon the little holes I dig  
For pansy plants. Each stone and twig  
I toss aside, he hurriedly  
Retrieves. Then tense with ecstasy,  
He waits, alert in every sinew,  
For his lawn party to continue.

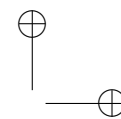
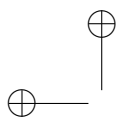




### REVOLT IN A FLAT

I shall stay in bed all day.  
I am tired of making hay  
While the sun shines. Let it rain.  
Let it shine. My sullen brain  
Needs a rest. I want to root  
Here beneath my quilt and snoot  
Capital. Nor wheel nor cog  
Of progress shall dispel my fog.  
I am sick of zeal and action.  
What *I* want is stupefaction.



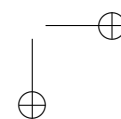
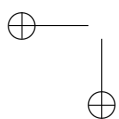


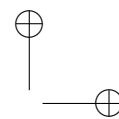
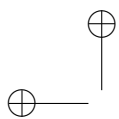
### **CREEPY, CRAWLY**

The so-called drivers who proceed  
At fifteen miles an hour deserve  
Tickets as much as those who weave  
And loop-the-loop on hill and curve.

The snail's misguided life is spent  
Precipitating traffic jams;  
Because of him, mudguards are bent  
And skies are blue with hells and damns.

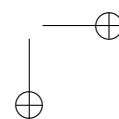
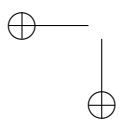
So please, indomitable cop,  
Make Dopey either go or stop.

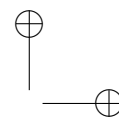
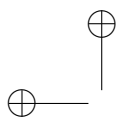




### MODERNE

Christmas cards confuse me so –  
Why the kittens? Why the doe?  
Why the little coal-black Scottie?  
Have I gone completely dotty,  
Or will anyone agree  
That it would be nice to see  
Something simple now and then,  
Saying just “Good will to men”?





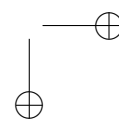
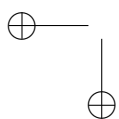
### TO MINE HOST

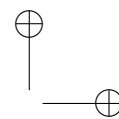
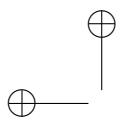
We *must* have the Millers to dinner. . .  
They wined us and dined us in May  
With port, smooth as satin by Skinner,  
And flounders from Barnegat Bay.

We *must* have a party for Fifi  
Before all the roses are gone,  
And now that the arbor is leafy,  
We *should* have a rout on the lawn.

We owe Sunday lunch to the Bronsons,  
We haven't made good with the Cooks,  
We ought to remember the Johnsons  
At home with their noses in books.

Oh, doubtless they're glad to be quiet. . .  
*I'd* fancy a holiday too  
With solitude straight, for my diet,  
Administered solely by you.





### THE SINFUL CINEMA

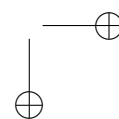
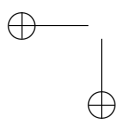
I'm just a normal human creature,  
Indignant at the double feature.

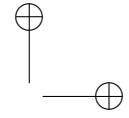
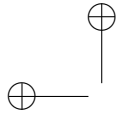
The good one always starts at seven,  
And not again until eleven.

So even though I bolt my meal,  
I miss the first and second reel.

To see them, I must languish there  
On my protesting *derrière*,

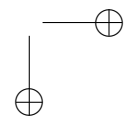
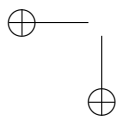
And doze, upright, through hours of drivel,  
Which leaves me feeling far from civil.

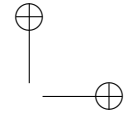
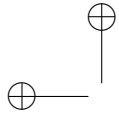




## PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Why is it that a husband seems  
Amenable to style extremes  
On other women, while his wife  
Must stick to sanity for life?



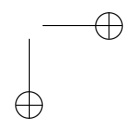
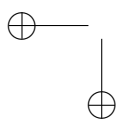


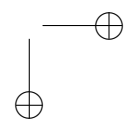
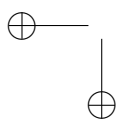
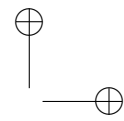
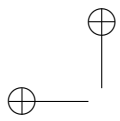
**MUSIC IN OUR HAIR  
(VIA THE NEIGHBOR'S RADIO)**

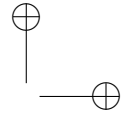
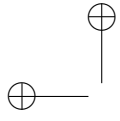
Your radio plays loud and late.  
It's time for bed, but we must wait  
Until *you're* ready, which may be  
At twelve, or one, or two, or three.

We don't deny you have a right  
To keep it going day and night,  
But why full blast? You must admit  
It might be throttled down a bit.

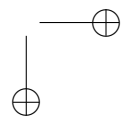
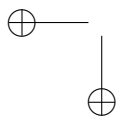
Of course you won't hear us complain,  
For with your hubbub on the brain,  
There's nothing left for us to do  
But turn ours on and stay up too!

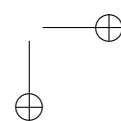
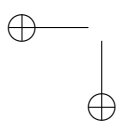
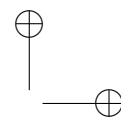
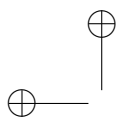


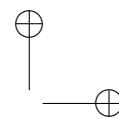
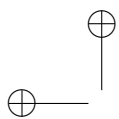




HEARTS AND FLOWERS

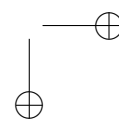
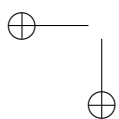


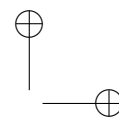
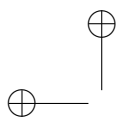




### TRIOLET ON A WINDOW SILL

I think I'll just look out again –  
    Perhaps he's at the corner now.  
I can't expect him yet, but then  
I think I'll just look out again.  
Of course he's never early when  
    I watch for him, but anyhow  
I think I'll just look out again –  
    Perhaps he's at the corner now.

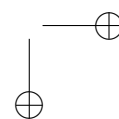
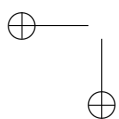


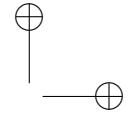
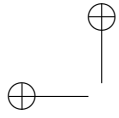


### SOFT-HEARTED

Hearts Molded of Rice Offer St. Valentine's Day Novelty. —  
*The Herald Tribune.*

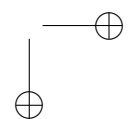
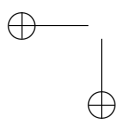
Hearts of granite, hearts of stone,  
Hearts of reinforced concrete,  
Hearts as hard as nails I've known,  
But it's true I've yet to meet  
Hearts of rice. And I maintain,  
Though a yielding heart is nice,  
It would go against the grain  
To encounter one of rice.

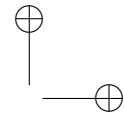
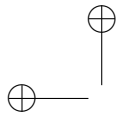




### LOVELORN MAIDEN'S PRAYER

I'm far too faithful, I suppose,  
And why I should be, Heaven knows;  
So, God, please teach me how to be  
As unreliable as he.  
Teach me, O God, the hateful art  
Of bruising his capricious heart,  
Although I am aware I may  
Not find much happiness that way.





### MEDITATIONS IN TRANSIT

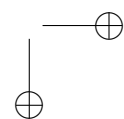
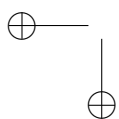
“DANGER – SOFT SHOULDER. STAY ON CEMENT”

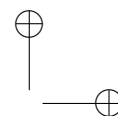
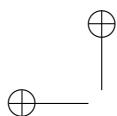
To yield is human; to resist  
Discreet, but very little fun.  
And girls who never have been kissed  
Are safe, when all is said and done.

I, too, would emulate cement –  
Be even harder, even colder,  
Yet now my reckless head is bent,  
En route to your pernicious shoulder.

“WE FIX FLATS”

Darling, let me fix your flat,  
Hem your curtains, make your bed,  
Sweep beneath the Welcome mat.  
Darling, let me fix your flat.  
Let me hang my coat and hat  
Next to yours with “I thee wed.”  
Darling, let me fix your flat,  
Hem your curtains, make your bed.





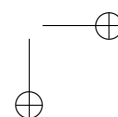
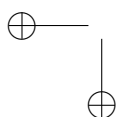
“ROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION.  
PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK”

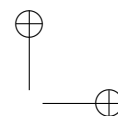
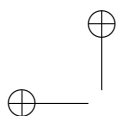
You’ve done the groundwork deftly. Now  
Beware the glib, impassioned vow,  
The sudden “Please be mine for life,”  
Or you will find you’ve got a wife!

“NO PARKING AT ANY TIME”

Be off! I’m quite contented here.  
I want no one to interfere,  
Or threaten my tranquillity.  
This restful self-sufficiency  
Is all I ask. So, tool along,  
My friend, for I am calm and strong.

I’ve books and sun and hollyhocks,  
And weeds to vanquish from the phlox.  
I’m busily at peace, which is  
A potent substitute for bliss.  
And why I even think of you  
Electrifies me. But I do!



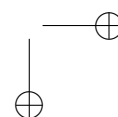
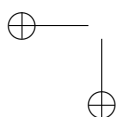


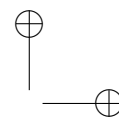
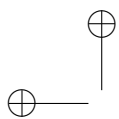
### ME FIRST!

Be still, my beating heart, be still.  
I must conceal this eagerness.  
Let *him* remember, if he will  
The day for tender messages.  
I'll hold my tongue. It is not meet  
To hint that I should like some sign  
(*Not* necessarily discreet)  
That I'm elected Valentine.

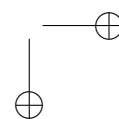
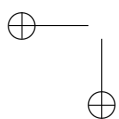
Forget-me-nots would strike a note  
Emotionally eloquent,  
While sweetheart roses fairly float  
Upon a sea of sentiment.  
If he should favor me with such  
An old-world vegetable plate,  
It would delight me very much. . .  
Though I might think him out of date.

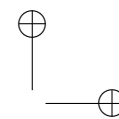
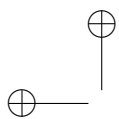
A case of rye or Scotch or gin  
Is not so delicate, but still  
I like the heartiness therein –  
'Twould definitely fill the bill.  
A diamond ring, a sable wrap,  
They, too, would hit the well-known spot,  
Should this fine figure of a chap  
Be cold to the forget-me-not.





But should my dream man simply say,  
    "I love you," that would also be  
A most ingratiating way  
    To celebrate, it seems to me.  
Let him use words, or flowers, or wine  
    To vow he's lost both heart and head,  
If he'll but name *me* Valentine,  
    And not some other wench instead!

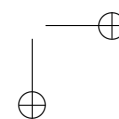
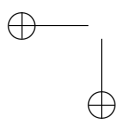


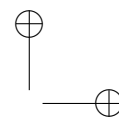
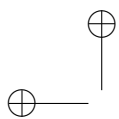


### **STREAMLINED ETIQUETTE FOR THE BRIDE-TO-BE**

You may do without a train,  
A reception, and champagne,  
    You may wed without a prayer book or a flower.  
You won't be beyond the pale  
If you marry, minus veil.  
    And the nuptials may be set for any hour.

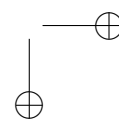
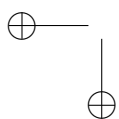
You may wear a dress or suit.  
Gloves are optional, to boot.  
    And a church, or city hall, or living-room  
Is a proper place to wed.  
But just get THIS through your head:  
    You can never be a bride without a groom.

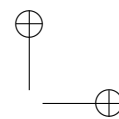
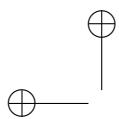




### SHINE, LITTLE GLOWWORM

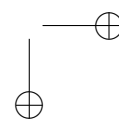
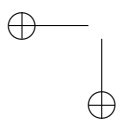
I love to buy him shaving cream,  
Pajamas, garters, shirts and ties –  
Which may not sound like Love's Young Dream,  
But gentlemanly merchandise  
Like that, evokes a tender glow,  
That makes my spirits rise and shine.  
As all enamored females know,  
Such purchases proclaim he's mine.

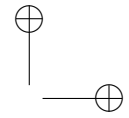
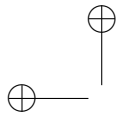




### LOVE MARCHES ON

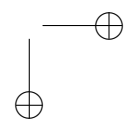
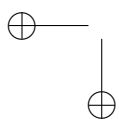
He was a very prince of men  
The way he sent me roses when  
He courted me... I loved those days...  
Now I have found the woman pays  
For vegetation once she's wed.  
Old Faithful pays the rent instead.

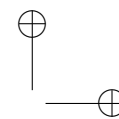
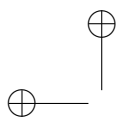




### NUPTIAL NOTE

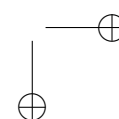
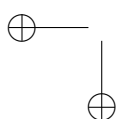
The wife who wonders how to hold  
Her wandering husband, should be told  
To give a thought to food and drink.  
That lowly, well-established link  
'Twixt heart and stomach still obtains,  
And no amount of sex or brains  
Or pulchritude is any treat  
When what he wants is good red meat.

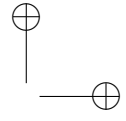
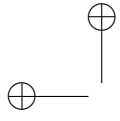




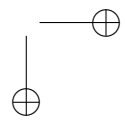
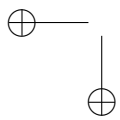
### **MATRIMONIAL NOTE: NIGHT SHIFT**

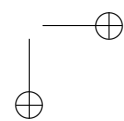
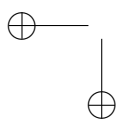
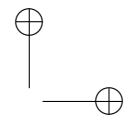
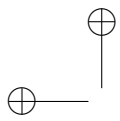
I like to hear him toss about –  
It proves he's in instead of out.

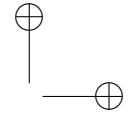
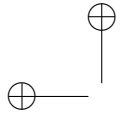




NATURE STUDIES

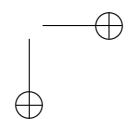
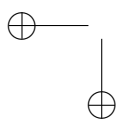


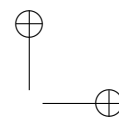
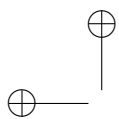




### NATURE STUDY

Will German jonquils hang their heads?  
Will Roman robins sing?  
Or will they cower in their beds  
And close their eyes to spring?





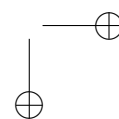
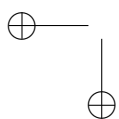
## GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT

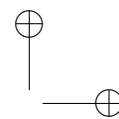
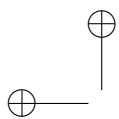
Bumpers lock horns, and dispositions  
Buckle on Sunday expeditions.

It's true, the country is intriguing,  
But getting there is too fatiguing.

Let's stay at home and rest next Sunday,  
And feel like human beings Monday.

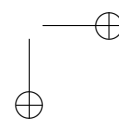
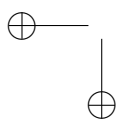
That's what we snarl in traffic, then  
Next Sunday finds us out again.

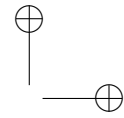
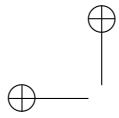




**MERRY MURRAY HILL**

March first, the crocuses will be  
Bright exclamation points upon  
The Pierpont Morgan property  
At Thirty-sixth and Madison.

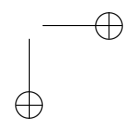
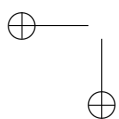


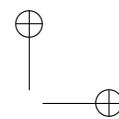
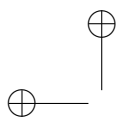


### POT LUCK

Though April-foolish I may be,  
It's only natural for me  
To hope that unassuming dot  
Of green in last year's flowerpot  
May be a stubborn daffodil  
That Old Man Winter could not kill.

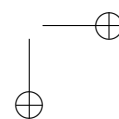
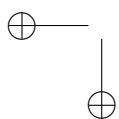
But even though it proves a weed  
Engendered by some gypsy seed  
Pitched overboard by breeze or bird,  
I shall be glad that it occurred  
To Mother Nature thus to spill  
Her bounty on our window sill.

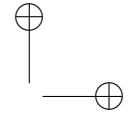
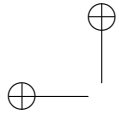




### SPRING SONG

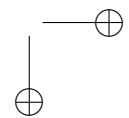
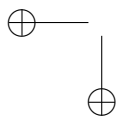
I'm glad the styles in cherry trees  
And dogs and marigolds and cats  
Don't change each year along with these  
Perpetual shifts in coats and hats.

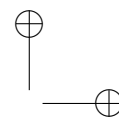
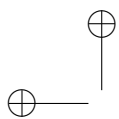




### VIEW OF THE PALISADES

Many a specimen cavorts  
In tight, abbreviated shorts,  
While other mammals grimly prance  
In spindle heels and denim pants.

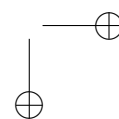
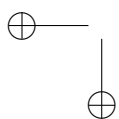


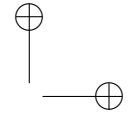
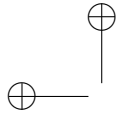


### PLANS FOR MAY DAY

I'd like to gather daisies for my hair  
From Mr. Finley Shepard's window sills;  
And Mr. Rockefeller could prepare  
A garland from the ample beds he fills  
Each month with hyacinths, leaves, vines or such,  
(Except – I do not like petunias much).

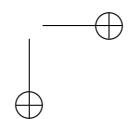
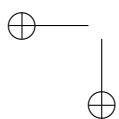
And from the Bank at Forty-fourth I'd take  
Some English daisies, primly pink and white,  
While tulips from the Plaza parks would make  
My floral garb a devastating sight.  
And so, with rosebuds scattered in my way,  
I'd celebrate the Merry Month of May.

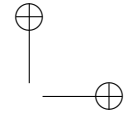
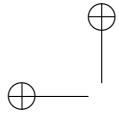




### TRIOLET ON VACATION

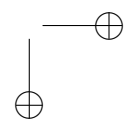
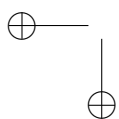
Ecstatic birds proclaim the dawn  
    With chirps and arias seraphic.  
Though only half the night is gone,  
Ecstatic birds proclaim the dawn.  
I glower at the misty lawn  
    And think of soothing city traffic.  
Ecstatic birds proclaim the dawn  
    With chirps and arias seraphic.

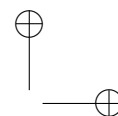
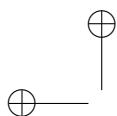




### A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Although it's raining cats and dogs  
And pitchforks and assorted frogs,  
The maples are so gold and red,  
You'd think the sun was out instead.



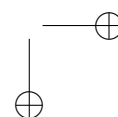
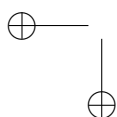


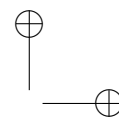
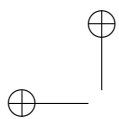
### FOGBOUND

Our house has windows all around.  
We own a little patch of ground.  
The sun is bright. The river gleams.  
The air is salty. So it seems  
Absurd to think of going back  
To Gotham, and the beaten track.

But if we linger in these hills,  
Who'll pay the meat and grocery bills  
And buy the gas to run our pump?  
Those are the little points that stump  
A hundred thousand city slickers  
In overalls, and shorts, and knickers.

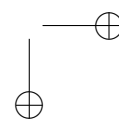
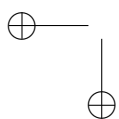
And so we all go back to town,  
A temporary chocolate brown,  
To work for our annuities.  
It's clear we must in times like these,  
Although we'll probably expire  
Before we're able to retire.

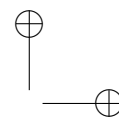
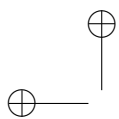




### THE DESPERATE SUBURBANITES

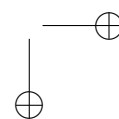
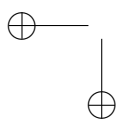
What week-end will you spend with us?  
What Sunday share our misery?  
And will you come by train or bus?  
What week-end will you spend with us?  
It's true we have no right to fuss –  
We left town voluntarily...  
What week-end will you spend with us?  
What Sunday share our misery?

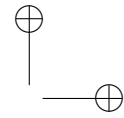
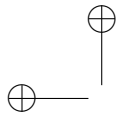




### HOME RUN

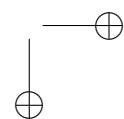
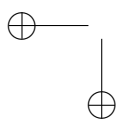
The maples on the hill are tawny,  
The poplars 'round the house are scrawny,  
The ferns beneath the firs are brown. . .  
Let's drain the pipes, and go to town.

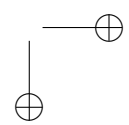
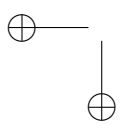
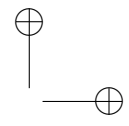
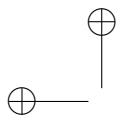


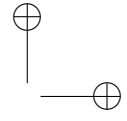
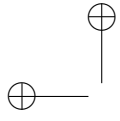


## DECEMBER HARVEST

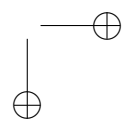
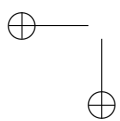
Truckloads of fallen giants go  
Careening through the startled snow.  
Thus the ethereal design  
Of graceful fir and glistening pine  
Changes once more against the blue  
Backdrop of heaven. Where beauty grew,  
Raw stumps beseech the tender grass  
To bind their wounds. Winters must pass,  
And many springs return before  
The shivering orphan saplings soar  
Up to the bright, compassionate skies.  
So may this Christmas sacrifice  
Spread joy, and permeate the air  
With peace, before these trees lie bare,  
Tatters of tinsel for their shrouds  
Whose heads last month were crowned with clouds.

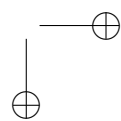
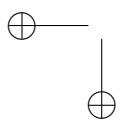
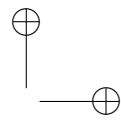
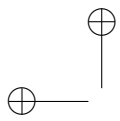


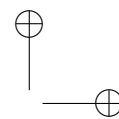
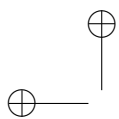




SEASON'S GREETINGS

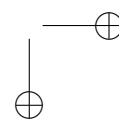
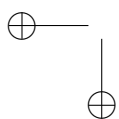


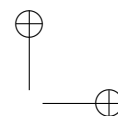
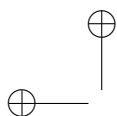




### JANUARY LINES TO FEBRUARY 22

Gone, another cavalcade  
Of eggnog, Scotch and masquerade.  
Gone, another siege of shopping.  
Now, with cerebellum flopping,  
I am glad to note there'll be  
No more holiday for me,  
No more need for making merry  
Till the end of February.

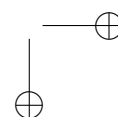
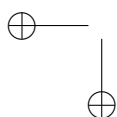


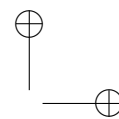
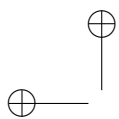


**LINES TO JANUARY 23**  
**(WHEN THE SUN SETS AT 5:01)**

When January's zero breezes  
Precipitate sore throats and sneezes,  
It's pleasant to reflect that Spring  
Is definitely on the wing  
And heading north. My frozen fingers  
Start thawing out as daylight lingers.

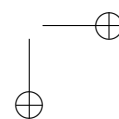
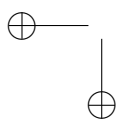
One minute more of sun at five  
Convinces me I'm still alive  
And kindles confidence that May  
And June will come again someday,  
Complete with flowering apple trees,  
While attics bloom with skates and skis.

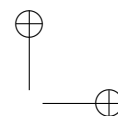
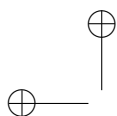




### IT'S MAY IN FEBRUARY

Despite the fact that there will be  
Another long eternity  
Of winter days in which to shiver,  
Department stores already quiver  
A tremulous response to spring.  
With February on the wing,  
They offer sheers and lightweight twills...  
There's gold in them thar daffodils!





### MORE SLUSH FOR FEB. 14

Won't you be my Valentine,  
Panama Pacific Line?

"Mexico – one way by sea"  
Sounds as right as rain to me.

I would settle for a trip  
*Anywhere*, by land or ship.

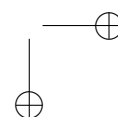
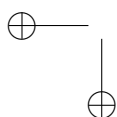
Panama, I hear, is nice,  
But I haven't got the price.

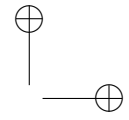
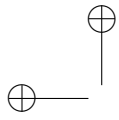
Mine the chilblains, yours the sun,  
Mine the grippe, all yours the fun.

Save me, then, from slush and cold.  
Harbor me in suite or hold.

Harbor me in hold or suite,  
Then head south, where all is heat.

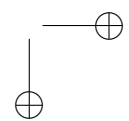
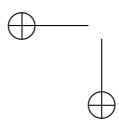
Have a heart, I say! Be mine,  
Panama Pacific Line.

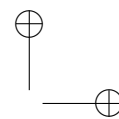
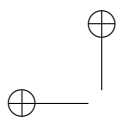




### **THROW ON ANOTHER SHOVELFUL**

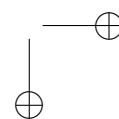
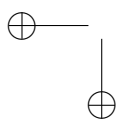
I'm very fond of March, although  
It's full of slush and sleet and snow,  
And icy roads on which to slip,  
And chilblains, not to mention grippe.  
It's frequently much colder than  
December, Feb, and likewise Jan.  
But even so, its praise I sing  
Because it introduces Spring.

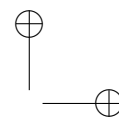
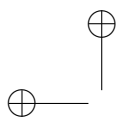




### SPRING TONIC

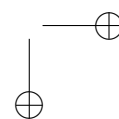
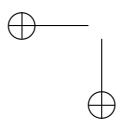
When crocuses poke through the ground  
To promise springtime's just around  
The corner, that's a sure-fire sign  
A tonic's due. . . I don't mean wine,  
Or even sulphur and molasses,  
Or kisses, or rose-colored glasses.  
What Mamma needs at times like that  
Is just a brand-new cockeyed hat.

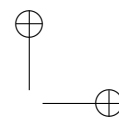
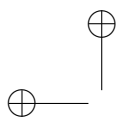




### MARCH THAW

Boys play baseball, girls play jacks,  
Father pays his income tax,  
Mother plows her window box,  
Moths make eyes at skating socks,  
Flower pushcarts reappear. . .  
Raise the flag! Spring's almost here!

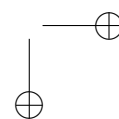
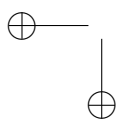


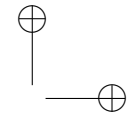
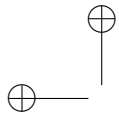


### A LAW UNTO HERSELF

At 7:29 A.M.

On March the twenty-first,  
Song sparrows and forsythia  
Must be prepared to burst  
With song and bloom respectively  
To herald spring's arrival,  
And call New York's attention to  
The imminent revival  
Of earth and all that grows therein.  
Three cheers for Mother Nature,  
Whose operations don't depend  
On any legislature!



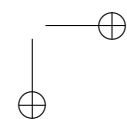
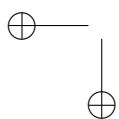


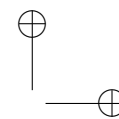
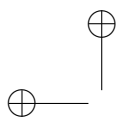
**MEMO TO BE PRESENTED TO A HUSBAND  
AFTER THREE COCKTAILS  
AND A PORTERHOUSE STEAK**

Though I'm a nature lover, much  
Attached to daffodils and such,  
When Easter falls in March, I think  
Acquisitively, too, of mink.

A new fur jacket may not be  
As springlike, but it seems to me  
A coat would warm me even more  
Than hyacinths, which I adore.

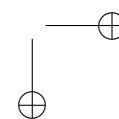
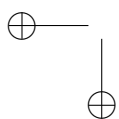
And though I do not like to chisel,  
This penetrating wintry drizzle  
Prompts me to say I'd not refuse  
To join you on an Easter cruise.

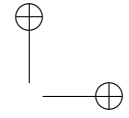
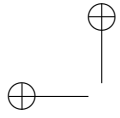




### QUERY AS DAYLIGHT SAVING SETS IN

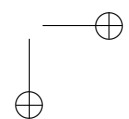
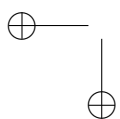
Do we set them  
Up or back? Oh,  
I'm an addle-pated goose.  
Do we gain or  
Lose an hour  
When our clocks go on the loose?  
I can never  
Quite remember  
Till I rack my brains. And then  
Months go zooming  
By so fast, it's  
Time to change them back again.

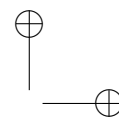
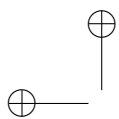




## NOCTURNE

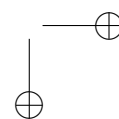
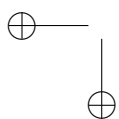
The trees are molting with the squirrels  
In Central Park, as August hurls  
Her savage heat across the town.  
And shirt-sleeved men are lying down  
Upon the parched, exhausted grass,  
To sleep, and wait for night to pass.

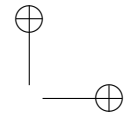
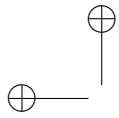




### LINES TO LONG ISLAND AND WESTCHESTER

If anyone else says he slept in a bed  
Under two blankets, a sheet and a spread,  
While into his room galloped breeze after breeze,  
Until he was just about ready to freeze,  
I think I shall give way to violence and  
Take hold of him then with my hot little hand –  
And lock him up tight in my hot little flat  
Until he has learned to stop talking like that.

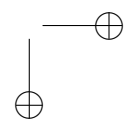
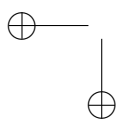


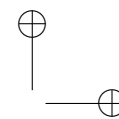
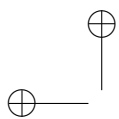


### **HOT TIP ON THE AUGUST FUR SALES**

Midsummer minks and foxes seem  
More like a nightmare than a dream.  
You'd think my Benedict would be  
Safe in suggesting one for me.

But that is not the case at all –  
No wife would wait until the fall  
For fear that when the weather cools,  
Her man would likewise. We're no fools!

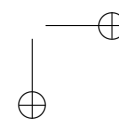
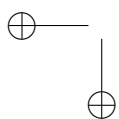


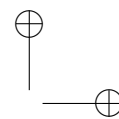
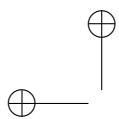


### UNDER THE INFLUENCE

Bring on the imitation holly,  
The plaster angels, too, by golly,  
The phony trees and churches, bright  
With simulated candle-light,  
The cardboard icicles and frost. . .  
It's true the scenery will cost  
A mint, but since consumers love it,  
Why should the merchants be above it?

So start the fans and let them blow  
A blizzard of synthetic snow  
Against each tolling paper bell,  
While hymns and Christmas carols swell  
Out from that resolute machine  
Concealed behind the festive scene. . .  
O joyous month, O happy season  
So uninhibited by Reason!

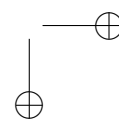
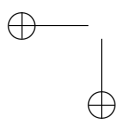


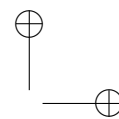
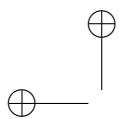


### IT'S A PROMISE!

Winter starts Dec. 22 at 1:06 P.M. Sun sets at 4:31. Sun sets  
Dec. 23 at 4:32. — *Figures from the World Almanac.*

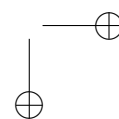
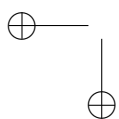
On Saturday, the twenty-third,  
when winter's just begun,  
It's nice to know we also get  
one minute more of sun.

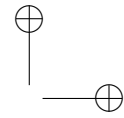
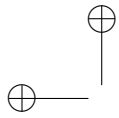




## TWO'S COMPANY

Away from slush and sleet and snow,  
To Port-au-Prince and Mexico  
Sail brides and grooms and aged spouses,  
Who've stored their pups and locked their houses.  
Like Noah's ark-lights, off they cruise  
To sun themselves by two's and two's.



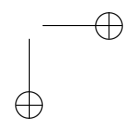
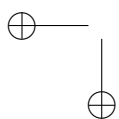


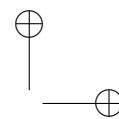
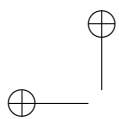
## COLD COMFORT

Work can be done under the most adverse weather conditions, for example, box construction and even planting as *our source of soil is kept unfrozen*. — *From a Garden Guild letter on business bent*.

O happy source of soil, to be  
Unfrozen would appeal to me,  
But no one will espouse my cause  
So I must wait for April thaws  
To melt my fingers and my toes.  
O source of soil, pray do disclose  
This happy hunting ground where you  
Are kept UNfrozen through and through.

Although I wistfully decant  
Into my central heating plant  
A periodic dash of rye,  
The simple fact remains that I  
Am stiff and cold as glacial ice,  
And envy you that Paradise  
Wherein you hibernate so smugly  
While I grow chilled and chapped and ugly.



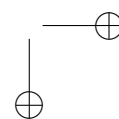
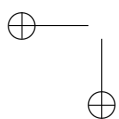


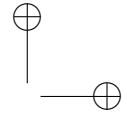
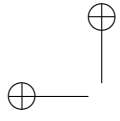
## HOME GIRL

South Shops, North Shops,  
Sunlight, snow. . .  
Will you swim,  
Or will you ski?  
All Manhattan's  
On the go.  
Everybody  
Loafs but me.

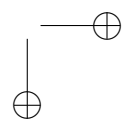
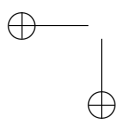
Daily do  
My comrades take  
Off for Nassau  
Or Quebec.  
Blithely do  
My friends forsake  
Gotham, while  
I glumly trek

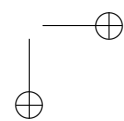
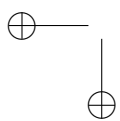
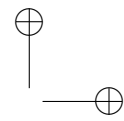
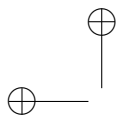
Back to work,  
My spirits damp,  
What with having  
To abide  
By the ultra-  
Violet lamp  
And the indoor  
Borax slide.

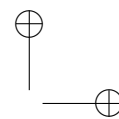
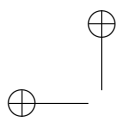




FASHIONS, PAN-BROILED





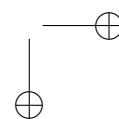
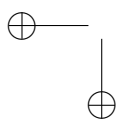


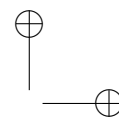
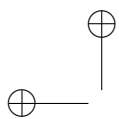
### ON HER UPPERS

Whenas in silks Miss Julia goes,  
Her shoes have neither heels nor toes,  
But does she piteously bleat  
Of chilblains or of frozen feet?

Oh, not at all, though if she were  
Compelled to freeze, we'd hear from her  
Of tattered shoes and frosty breezes,  
And colds accompanied by sneezes.

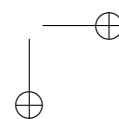
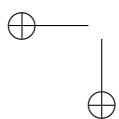
Poor giddy orphan of the storm,  
Does Fashion really keep her warm?

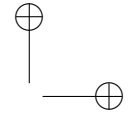
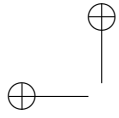




### **LOOK BEFORE YOU PINAFORE**

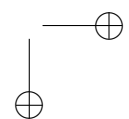
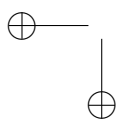
Look in the mirror, before and behind.  
Look in the mirror, and make up your mind.  
Have you a pinafore face and caboose?  
Do you resemble an elf or a moose?  
Are you sixteen, or a pre-World War cruller?  
Study the facts, in the name of Maud Muller!

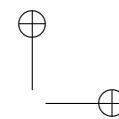
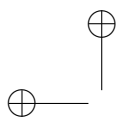




### DEATH OF A WASP WAIST

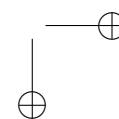
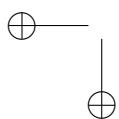
The hourglass has come and gone.  
Its fleeting life evoked a yawn  
And nothing more. Perhaps that shows  
We have more sense than men suppose.

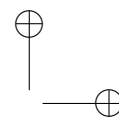
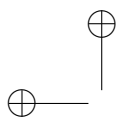




**“SOFT, FEMININE, YOUTHFUL” – NUTS!**

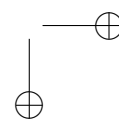
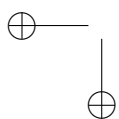
I'm sick of little bows and curls  
On great big grown-up business girls.  
I hereby raise a hue and holler  
Against the Peter Pansy collar  
That coyly decks the current gilet  
Preferred by “girls” who've passed the filet  
Mignon age. I cannot see  
Why babies' christening robes should be –  
The inspiration for designers  
Whose products are not meant for minors.

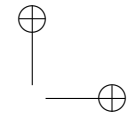
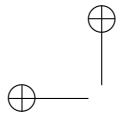




### THE LOW-DOWN

The dachshund's proportions are all very well  
For dachshunds, but I am inclined to rebel  
At cars that have bodies so streamlined and flat  
The tops always manage to knock off my hat.  
We used to have headroom, but now we must crawl  
If we're to get in a new model at all.

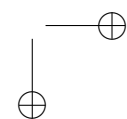
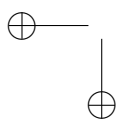


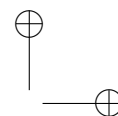
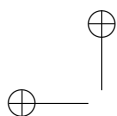


### MEN GET IT IN THE NECK

It's woman's lamentable duty  
To suffer in the name of beauty.  
    High heels make ankles feminine;  
    Tight girdles *force* waists to be thin;  
And though we shudder as we broil,  
To so-called "permanents" we're loyal,  
    While we must prod and stab and file  
    And paint our nails to be in style.

It isn't pretty, but it's art  
To pluck our eyebrows till they smart.  
    We stew and starve and even roll  
    To keep our contours in control;  
And when we lay us down to sleep,  
With sticky unguents we're replete...  
    But you can bet your bottom dollar  
    We wouldn't wear a high stiff collar!

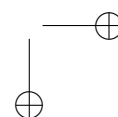
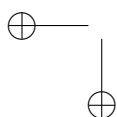


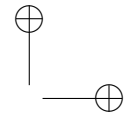
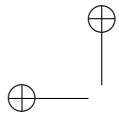


### **BIRD-BRAINED!**

Screech and snow owls, whose silent whir is due to the sleekness of their feathers, are contributing square-clipped quills and plumes for fall trimmings on sports hats. — *Paris fashion cable*.

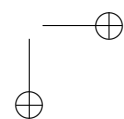
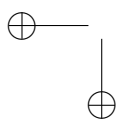
The owl, reputed to be smart,  
Has sacrificed himself to art.  
I'd think a wise bird would demur  
At giving up his "*silent whir*"  
And foliage, in the name of hats.  
He must have gone completely bats.

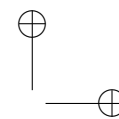
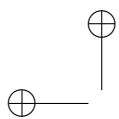




**CRISIS IN THE CRUISE SHOP  
OR WHAT THE SALESLERK SAID  
(TO HERSELF)**

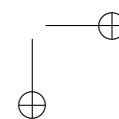
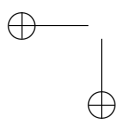
Madam, since you say you're just  
Size Sixteen, that means I must  
Stuff you in a twenty, then  
Swear the tag is wrong. And when  
Twenties strain at every seam,  
I'll apologize, and scheme  
How to break the horrid news  
That you either must reduce  
Or resign yourself to Fate  
And endure a Thirty-eight.  
Cottons shrink, and so do I  
When I see a woman buy  
Clothes I *know* she shouldn't wear...  
I can see her *derrière*!

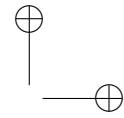
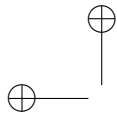




### FASHION PLATE

Her vampire nails are painted red.  
The so-called hat upon her head  
Bears no relation to her skull.  
Her shoes have heels but little hull.  
Her strangled torso's gone the way  
Of Molyneux and Mainbocher.  
And even though her molars chatter  
Because she's cold, that doesn't matter –  
Her chin is high, her heart is too...  
That's what Spring finery can do!



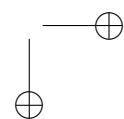
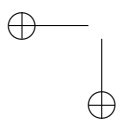


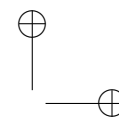
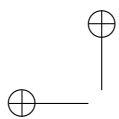
### GENTLEMEN, THE QUEEN!

Norman Hartnell is making all the clothes her majesty will wear on her American tour and it is due to Mr. Hartnell's clever designing that Queen Elizabeth has become a leader of fashion. — *News item from the Bureau of Fashion Trends.*

Her majesty now walks in state,  
A veritable fashion plate,  
So give three cheers for her Svengali.  
Though style was never up her alley,  
He's made her chic as all outdoors  
To dazzle these provincial shores.

But still I think it might be said  
The crown upon her pretty head  
Made Norman's conquest fairly simple.  
*She'd give an apron or a wimple*  
Prestige. So I shall save my breath  
For praise of Queen Elizabeth.

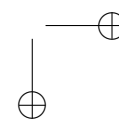
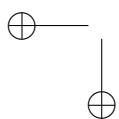


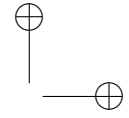
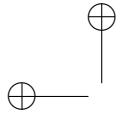


**NO MATTER HOW THIN YOU SLICE IT,  
IT'S STILL KOLINSKY**

Spring Phillip – Two-Yard Kolinsky Stole, \$295. — *Advt.*

Would that I could my neck enroll  
In a six-foot length of kolinsky stole  
Priced at two hundred and ninety-five.  
But hardly a man is now alive  
Who'd call *that* a fillip I'm afraid,  
So wives who wish to be so arrayed  
Had better suppress the "fillip" angle,  
The answer to which is, "Papa strangle."



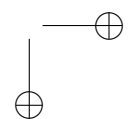
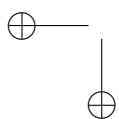


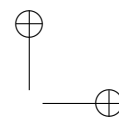
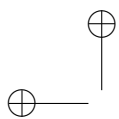
### REQUIESCAT IN PACE

My bathing suit, which I remember,  
Looked fashionable last September,  
Emerges from the closet shelf,  
A shadow of its former self.

What robbed my darling of its glory?  
What makes it seem so drab, so hoary?  
No uninvited moths attacked it,  
For I was careful how I packed it.

There are no rips, not one, and yet  
It won't do this year, dry or wet.  
Can't someone offer me a reason  
Why this should happen every season?





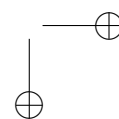
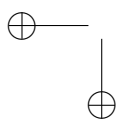
### FROM A RINGSIDE SEAT

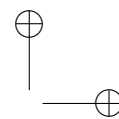
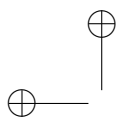
The sidewalk restaurants reveal  
That life is earnest, life is real.

The curves that pass supply a graph  
Which constitutes an epitaph.

Inspection of the passers-by  
Has made me cease to wonder why

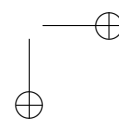
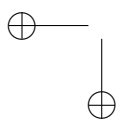
The girdle business goes to pot  
In summer, when the weather's hot.

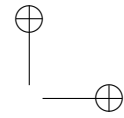
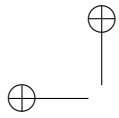




**SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN  
OR FASHION MAKES THE FUR FLY**

The bunny and the lamb are shorn  
And combed and dyed so when they're worn  
By fashionables, they will feel  
Akin to beaver and to seal.  
The skunk is dyed to simulate  
Baum marten whose majestic fate  
It is to masquerade as mink.  
And so it goes, although I think  
The little creatures might prefer  
To stay exactly as they were.

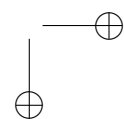
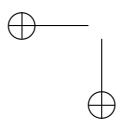


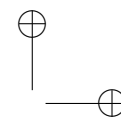
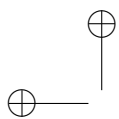


### TRIOLET ON THE NEW FREEDOM

Chanel's Straight Lines Have Rounded Hips. — *Headline*  
from "Women's Wear."

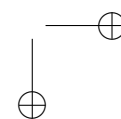
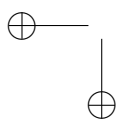
Chanel's straight lines have rounded hips. . .  
Bring on the cream of mushroom soup!  
With Nature she has come to grips –  
Chanel's straight lines have rounded hips.  
We epicures are in the chips;  
No longer need our spirits droop,  
Chanel's straight lines have rounded hips. . .  
Bring on the cream of mushroom soup!

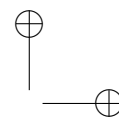
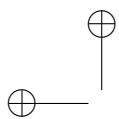




### TOEHOLD

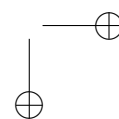
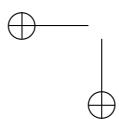
I bought a pair of open toes,  
Because, as everybody knows,  
There are no closed ones to be had.  
What started as a minor fad  
Is now a "must." But who am I  
To question what I'm forced to buy?  
I'm only a consumer who  
Must glumly wear the sort of shoe  
That manufacturers decree  
For spineless female worms like me.

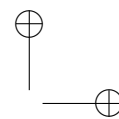
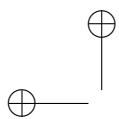




### A TAILOR'S MARKET

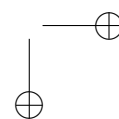
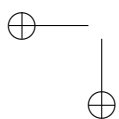
Whenever wars are waged, our skirts  
Grow short, and that device that squirts  
White chalk around hemlines gets busy,  
And tailors everywhere are dizzy  
With extra work. . . . Last winter's frocks  
Must all be pruned to show our socks,  
Unless we're rich enough to buy  
A brand new, glittering supply.  
But most of us will have to lop  
Two inches off of last year's crop,  
Aided by tailors, which I think  
Will put *their* business in the pink.

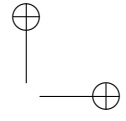
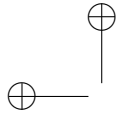




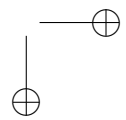
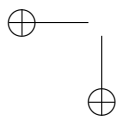
### WHAT A YARN!

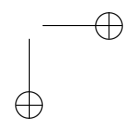
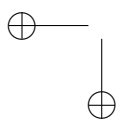
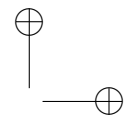
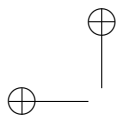
Said Dad to his expensive daughter,  
“These stockings made of coal and water,  
With just a little air thrown in,  
Sound economical as skin.  
With summer here, I’ve coal to burn  
Left in the bin, so kindly learn  
To knit your own, since we have air  
And also H<sub>2</sub>O to spare.”

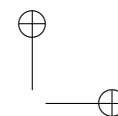
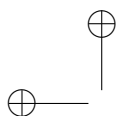




SUNDRIES



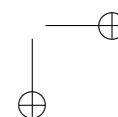
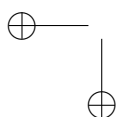


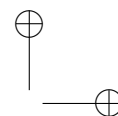
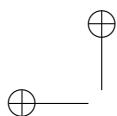


### CLAUSTROPHOBIA ON THE HOME GROUNDS

I long for closets big enough  
To house the weather-beaten stuff  
That's still "too good to throw away":  
Old curtains that have seen their day,  
Old pictures and repulsive vases,  
Old lampshades that have lost their bases,  
The tablecloth that once was blue,  
A pile of faded guest towels too –  
All members of the family  
That have been ours too long for me  
To drive them out into the snow,  
Though I should love to see them go.

Like all good housewives, I maintain  
The day may come, complete with rain,  
When we'll congratulate ourselves  
On having overcrowded shelves,  
And all these pensioners will prove  
Godsends. Meanwhile each time we move  
I shed another crop of jetsam  
(With gratitude to him who gets 'em)  
And store the residue again,  
A prayer upon my lips that when  
I'm through, there'll be for one sweet minute  
A closet left, with nothing in it.



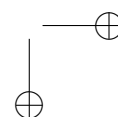
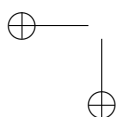


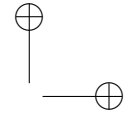
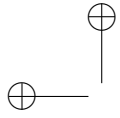
### SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

BOLOGNA (162,111 inhab.), the ancient capital of Romagna – and one of the oldest cities in Italy, the seat of an archbishop – and of a famous university, is situated at the S. verge of the Emilian plain, at the foot of the lower slopes of the Apennines. . . . “Bologna” sausages have enriched the English language with the word “polony” (sic). Not less than two days should be devoted to this interesting city – *Muirhead’s Northern Italy.*”

O ancient capital, I squirm  
With pity, as I contemplate  
How ruthlessly the human worm  
Consigns you to this sorry fate.

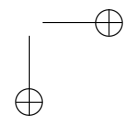
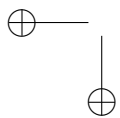
In two short days the tourist copes  
With one of history’s fairest flowers,  
While sausages eclipse its popes  
And venerable leaning towers.

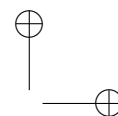
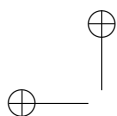




### CASE HISTORY

He's tired because he drinks too much.  
He drinks because he's tired.  
Because he drinks, he gets in Dutch.  
Then drinks because he's fired.



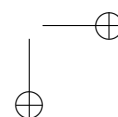
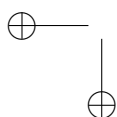


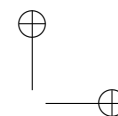
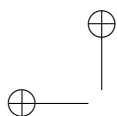
**UP-TO-THE-MINUTE GIFT  
FOR THE NEW-BORN BABY**

Within twenty-four hours of its birth a British baby was provided today by the government with a gas mask. — *News item from London.*

A gas mask as a substitute  
For lacy cap and knitted boot  
Lacks charm and warmth, good cheer and tact,  
And makes a mother's heart contract.

Who dares to be a parent when  
Death threatens babes as well as men?  
Who dares to hope an infant son  
Will even live to fire a gun?





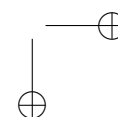
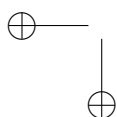
**FIVE LITTLE SENSES –  
AND HOW THEY GROW!**

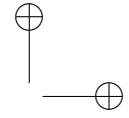
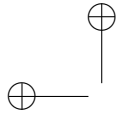
SWEET MUSIC

The smell of freshly barbered grass  
Enchants my nostrils as I pass  
The Morgan plot on Murray Hill.  
While out for lunch, I drink my fill.  
Then, back at work, my mind retreats  
To other havens, other streets  
A-shimmer in the sun-flecked shade,  
Where files of elm trees on parade  
Border the polished lawns. I would  
Delight in hearing, if I could,  
A lawn-mower humming as it did  
When I was very young, and hid  
My drowsy early-morning head  
In one last lingering clutch at bed.

PRETTY PICTURES

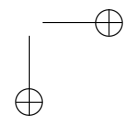
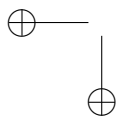
A woman knitting as she rocks,  
    Intent on Getting Something Done;  
A bee inspecting hollyhocks;  
    A sea gull flashing in the sun;  
A youngster solemnly engaged  
    In savoring a stick of candy –  
When spectacles like these are staged  
    For me, I think the world looks dandy.

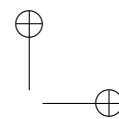
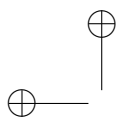




WEEK-END WEATHER

Cold and damp is the ocean spray,  
Wet is the fog against my cheek,  
Gusts come whipping across the bay.  
Cold and damp is the ocean spray.  
Here I shiver my one free day  
Salvaged out of the busy week.  
Cold and damp is the ocean spray,  
Wet is the fog against my cheek.

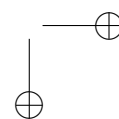
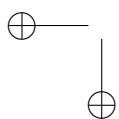


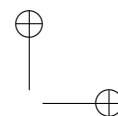
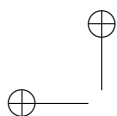


### MEMO TO THE COOK

Asparagus is very nice,  
And chicken fricassee with rice,  
And filet mignon when it's rare –  
All these are things for which I care.

But leeks I do not like, or beans,  
Or bitter dandelion greens,  
Or even molar-building milk,  
Or custards, puddings, or their ilk.

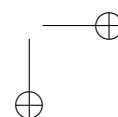
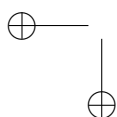


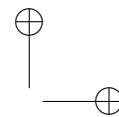
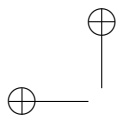


### THAR SHE BLOWS

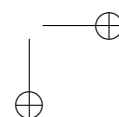
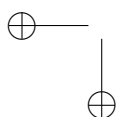
Out of the night that covers me  
(But oh, how ineffectively!)  
The banshee cop, his siren blowing,  
Catches me and my goodman going  
Lickety-split through the open spaces,  
Miles from even the tiniest places.  
Out from under a rock he snuck. . .  
Wasn't it just a lady's luck!  
There to be nipped before her mate,  
There to be lectured by the state,  
Disapproval on every side!  
What a blow to a lady's pride!  
And what was even a good deal worse,  
What a blow to the family purse!

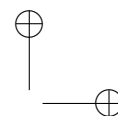
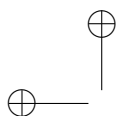
Think, dear officer, think, I pray,  
What two sawbucks will buy today –  
Shoes and stockings and hats to boot,  
Maybe even a winter suit,  
Cloth of gold for an evening dress,  
Hundreds of orchids, more or less,  
Eggs by the crate, chops by the score. . .  
*I should have thought of that before?*  
Yes, but, officer, tell me, do,  
Doesn't it seem unfair to you  
That cars today should be so agile  
While traffic laws remain so fragile?





Don't you think it's a scurvy trick  
To make the roads so wide and slick?  
Please unflex that bellicose brow.  
Sympathy's all I'm seeking now.

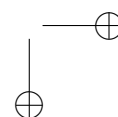
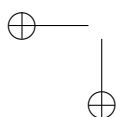


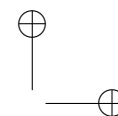
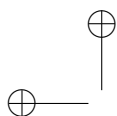


### SUN SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES

Heed, now, the urging of your own best interests. Turn gratefully toward the sun. Life is leisurely, merry, smoothly served aboard our sunships. — *Advt.*

I concede it would be nice  
To escape this land of ice.  
Nothing could be finer fun  
Than to frolic in the sun.  
So I do not mean to cavil  
When I say my ocean travel  
Cannot be aboard your ships.  
Mine is limited to trips  
In this neighborhood, although  
I am sold on Curacao,  
And would think it simply grand  
To be far from Ferryland.



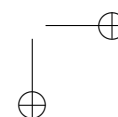
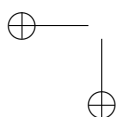


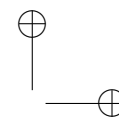
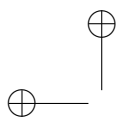
### OPEN LETTER TO SANTA

Santa Claus, remember please  
Not to bring me poles and skis.  
If you *must*, pray bear in mind  
I shall have to stay behind  
When the restless snow train toots,  
If you have omitted boots.

Woolen underwear and mittens  
Soft and warm as half-grown kittens,  
Wax, and jackets, socks, and pants  
Smartly tailored to enhance  
What's beneath – all these must be  
In the bag, if I'm to ski.

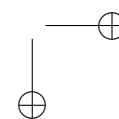
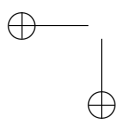
Now perhaps you'll let me sit  
Here beside the fire and knit,  
Overjoyed to be alone  
Far from stem and herringbone.  
Let the nation break its neck...  
Give me slippers, or a check.

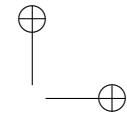
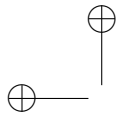




### LIP SERVICE

Women are wacky. Women are vain.  
They'd rather be pretty than have a good brain.  
They'd rather be minus their shirts and their slips,  
Than ever be caught without rouge on their lips.  
The house might be burning right under their feet,  
But still they'd not leave till their maps were complete.  
Of wives, and career girls as well, this is true...  
P.S. This admission applies to me too.



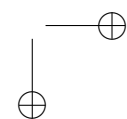
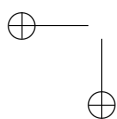


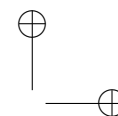
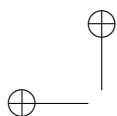
### MCNUTT, APOLLO OF POLITICS

All hail to thee, snow-capped McNutt!  
How ornamentally you strut  
Across the pages of the press.  
It is my duty to confess  
That when I view your godlike pan,  
I weakly murmur, "What a man!"  
When I regard that head of hair,  
I feel that I could grow to care.

But stay! 'Twere well to analyze  
This star from Indiana's skies,  
For all that glisters, I've been told,  
May not be eighteen-carat gold.  
What lies beneath that noble chest,  
Sheathed in its finely chiseled vest?  
What *does* that broad, dynamic brow  
Conceal? Let Paul's past take a bow: –

In Bloomington he bloomed as Dean  
Of Law – the youngest ever seen.  
What's more, this conquering Alexander  
Was Legion National Commander,  
A post achieved by guts and guile,  
Plus an ingratiating smile.  
'Twas then this able politician  
Asserted he had no ambition



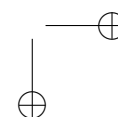
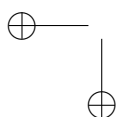


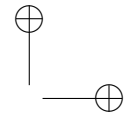
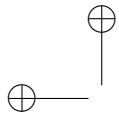
Politically. . . Was he dreaming?  
Or could Our Hero have been scheming?

Ah, well, it wasn't long before  
Paul V. McNutt was Governor,  
And those who hadn't seen the light  
Were banished from his august sight.  
All non-supporters got the gate.  
With iron hand he ruled the state,  
And proved he was no bag of wind,  
This native son of Franklin, Ind.,  
For though in many ways excessive,  
His reign was on the whole progressive.

Next, he embellished tropic scenes  
By going to the Philippines  
As High Commissioner. And then  
Last summer found him back again  
In these United States, where he  
Is Fed-er-al Se-cur-i-ty  
Administrator, so it seems  
He's creeping closer to his dreams.

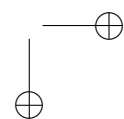
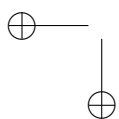
Does Handsome hanker to go homeward?  
No, gentle readers, Paul looks *domeward*. . .  
The Democratic nomination  
Is P. McNutt's great Aspiration.  
He may not ever get there, BUT  
He craves the White House for McNutt,  
And prays the gods in Washington  
That Franklin Delano won't run.

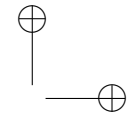
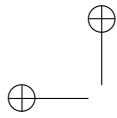




### LINES BETWEEN TURKEYS

Could I but gear myself to mutter,  
“No, thanks,” to sugar, cream and butter,  
And other foods of which I’m fond,  
I might grow slender as a wand.  
But since I neither puff nor waddle,  
Nor wish to be an artist’s model,  
I’ll trouble you to pass the jam,  
And let me stay just as I am.

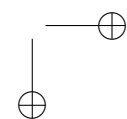
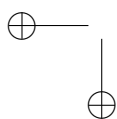


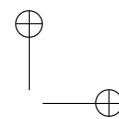
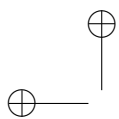


### **CLEAN CRAZY!**

Poor Baby skids across the floor,  
Because the rugs are here no more;  
They're out to take a beating on  
Our little patch of backyard lawn.  
No furniture is left in place  
As Mother slides from base to base  
In this, her springtime urge to scour.  
Possessed, she has us in her power,  
And like a lusty Kansas twister,  
She flattens Father, Brother, Sister.

The naked windows look forlorn;  
Of curtains they've been rudely shorn.  
The skates and marbles, balls and bats  
That chummed with all our coats and hats  
To make the closet in the hall  
A free-and-easy place for all,  
They've vanished like the morning dew,  
And life is utterly askew.  
Where once we lived in peace and clover  
We'll cower till the siege is over.



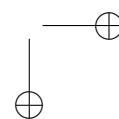
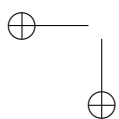


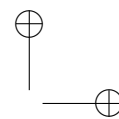
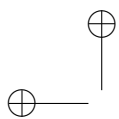
### **FUN ON THE FRONT PAGE**

Raise the flag and fling confetti  
For Joe DiMaggio and Crosetti,  
For Dickey, Ruffing, Rolfe. . . The Yanks  
Deserve a hearty vote of thanks.

Let all our hats on all our heads  
Be doffed in honor of the Reds  
As well. Hip, hip, likewise hurray,  
No matter which team wins today,

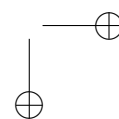
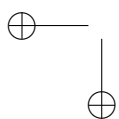
No matter which club comes to grief,  
It will afford us some relief  
To see Page One display a score  
That has no bearing on the war.

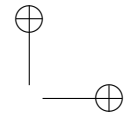
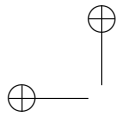




### **MOMENT MUSICALE**

I want to vegetate and read,  
And joyously repair to seed. . .  
This burning itch to Get Ahead  
Leaves much too little time for bed.

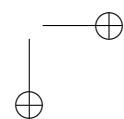
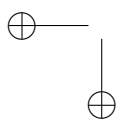


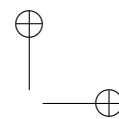
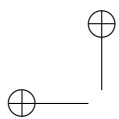


### WOODEN ANNIVERSARY

When I was but a bride, I thought  
That every chest and table ought  
To go through life without a scratch  
Or stain, and I was prone to snatch  
All cocktails, in the act of dripping,  
Away from my tormentors, sipping.

Today, though I still have my pride,  
I take scar tissue in my stride,  
Content to know each blemish is  
A by-product of wedded bliss.  
*Now* I'd consider it a bore  
To have our home look like a store.



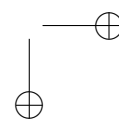
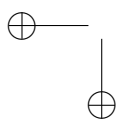


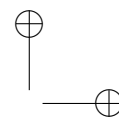
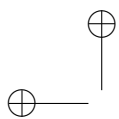
### OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE?

People are learning to see in the dark. — *London news item.*

They see in the dark, like the owl and the cat.  
Oh, say, are you gifted with vision like that?  
On many an issue *I'm* blind as a bat!

But even myopic observers can see  
There's nothing as nice in the world as to be  
A citizen here in the land of the free.



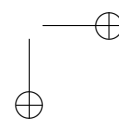
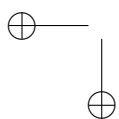


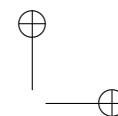
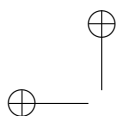
### OUR HERO

What's the celebration for?  
Father's Day is here once more. . .  
See the glorious array  
Of gifts in honor of the day:

A spade with which to prod the flowers  
This summer, in his twilight hours;  
A can of paint, and cotton jeans  
To use when fixing up the screens;

A fine new clock to wake him up  
In time to brew his morning cup  
Of coffee, while the family  
Relaxes down beside the sea.

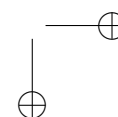
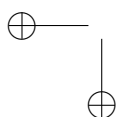


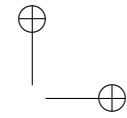
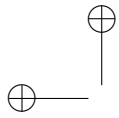


### PARLEZ MOI D'AMOUR

You must admit there's not a doubt  
We've other things to talk about,  
So why confine ourselves to war?  
What fascinated us before  
Might still enable us to keep  
Our balance. Why abandon sleep  
In favor of the panics, when  
That cannot help our fellow men?

Consider, then, the football scores,  
And tulip bulbs, in place of wars.  
It's time Fall planters had their fling  
Or hyacinths won't bloom next Spring.  
Let's talk of opening nights ahead,  
And worry lest the elms are dead  
At Rockefeller Center. . . . We  
May thus preserve our sanity.



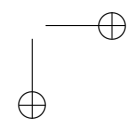
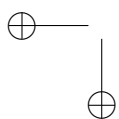


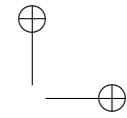
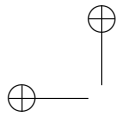
### TABLOID IN THE MAKING

She's glum when he drinks,  
He's glum when he doesn't.  
She constantly thinks  
Out loud, that he mustn't.

So then to the grape  
And grain he goes skulking,  
In hope of escape  
From marital sulking.

But still the poor devil's  
Predestined to catch it,  
And will, till he levels  
Her off with a hatchet.





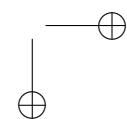
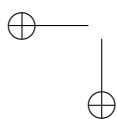
**REUNION  
OR THE LIE OF THE LAND**

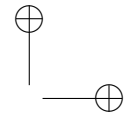
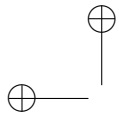
That same old charitable lie,  
Repeated as the years scoot by,  
Perpetually makes a hit –  
*“You really haven’t changed a bit!”*

Career girl, spinster, wife, and mother,  
We dish it out to one another.  
You don’t believe me, nor do I  
Believe you in so bald a lie.

You note my hips, I study yours,  
While private twinges of remorse  
Assail us. . . I’ve neglected to  
Take exercises. So have you.

We haven’t used our texture cream.  
Yet still we have a yen to seem  
As young as when we couldn’t wait  
To cut our teeth, and graduate!





### ACQUIESCAT IN PACE

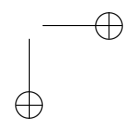
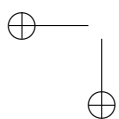
When morning comes, I'd rise and shine  
If I would go to bed at nine.

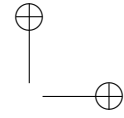
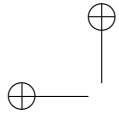
By drudging I might get ahead,  
But I'm a putterer instead.

Perhaps I'd make a pile some day,  
If I could quell my urge to play.

Success might clamor at my door,  
If I resolved to fool no more.

But why stop having FUN, when that  
Is really what I'm driving at?

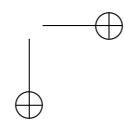
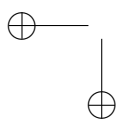


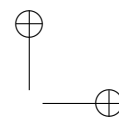
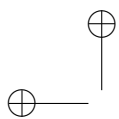


### AWAY FROM IT ALL

Off for our holiday we go  
Away from our daily papers, so  
We'll not be subject to the blues  
Precipitated by the news...  
What's that you're stuffing in between  
The Gladstones? You know what I mean.

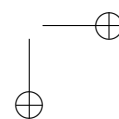
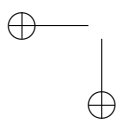
As sure as shooting, if we lug  
A radio that needs no plug  
Along, to say what's going on  
Beyond our broad, bucolic lawn,  
We'll not find peace, no matter how  
We emulate the placid cow.

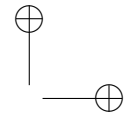
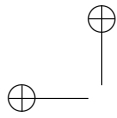




### **A WORD FROM QUEEN ELIZABETH**

Nights are dark, and a trifle scary  
Since my mother-in-law, Queen Mary,  
Sailed from her berth, and left me here  
Tied to a Hudson River pier.





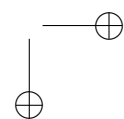
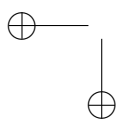
### JUPITER GOES BEGGING

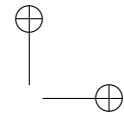
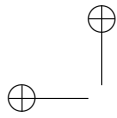
“I’m thinking [and it almost drives me mad]  
How sweet a time those Heathen ladies had.”\*  
I’m thinking, too, what fun it is to see  
God Lunt at work upon the family tree  
Of Jupiter, with Mortal Fontanne’s aid.  
Alkmena, so felicitously played  
By Mistress Lunt, makes matrimony seem  
As gay and rapturous as Love’s Young Dream.

You know the legend – Jupiter on high  
Free-wheeling airily across the sky,  
Looks down, and lusts articulately for  
Alkmena; sends her husband off to war,  
And then (Oh, never was a god so nosy!)  
Despatches Mercury disguised as Sosie  
(Amphitryon’s man) to say her lord and master  
Is coming back. Oblivious of disaster,  
Alkmena is convinced her turtle dove  
Means to return for one more night of love.

Thus shameless Jupiter horns in as spouse  
And gains the unsuspecting lady’s – house,  
Guised as Amphitryon, to spend the night.  
And though from this short résumé you might

\*Kindness of John Dryden; from his *Amphitryon*, published in 1691.



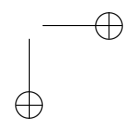
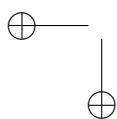


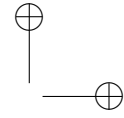
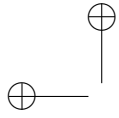
Assume the play to be sheer bedroom farce,  
You would be wrong. Its sentences all parse,  
Its language glitters, thanks to S. N. Behrman,  
Adapter of Giraudoux' little sermon  
On Jovian philandering. There's wit  
In dextrous words. And in his craftsman's kit  
Are tools with which he molds each apt expression.  
I'd wager Behrman has in his possession  
That eloquent, co-operative chorus –  
A chubby dictionary and thesaurus.

Unerringly he finds the fertile word,  
And laughter burgeons, sprightly as a bird.  
His comedy is born of conversation,  
Not wisecracks, plot, or slapstick situation.

Says Mercury of Alk-e-mena's walk,  
"It overflows with promise." In her talk  
With Jupiter of death and worldly care  
And all that gets in every housewife's hair,  
There's pathos, humor, and philosophy,  
So if it's short of plot, what's that to me?  
I like to hear of pear trees "genuflecting"  
And witness anxious Jupiter correcting  
Alkmena's estimate of what it took  
To shape the universe. . . . She thinks a cook  
And pantry shelves and grafted cherry trees  
Are *faits accomplis* likelier to please.  
So, unaware of who he is, and what,  
She blandly puts His Godship on the spot.  
And Jupiter, persistent lovelorn devil,  
Then tries to win Alkmena on the level!

The ancient anecdote is good for three  
Short acts, plus prologue – it's in that you see

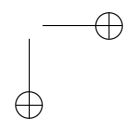
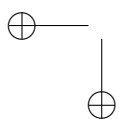


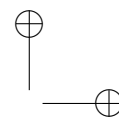
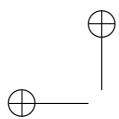


The naked, plaster bodies of the gods  
Reclining on their clouds above our clods.  
*That* scenery and make-up rate first prize –  
The Master's beard all ringlets, and his eyes  
A-glitter, Mercury with wingéd feet  
And pensive gaze. Both constitute a treat!

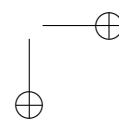
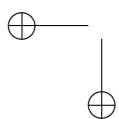
The settings you'll not easily forget,  
Especially the Act III parapet  
Complete with statues, posing *en caboose*.  
The costumes, too, dramatically loose  
And flowing, are as lyrical as May.  
Alkmena's, loveliest of all, are gay  
And dominantly colorful, to fit  
Her beauty and vitality and wit.  
The Ruler of the Gods is likewise dashing  
Whether in mortal raiment or when crashing  
Upon the stage, accompanied by thunder  
And lightning. As it rips the sky asunder,  
He towers in and has himself a whirl. . .  
P.S. Don't ask me if he gets his girl!

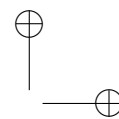
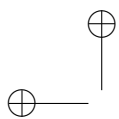
And while it is the Lunts who turn the play  
Into a rousing Theban holiday,  
The other actors in this merry crew  
Enjoy the polished monkey-business too,  
And make the Guild's *Amphitryon 38*  
A comedy and an affair of state!  
Greenstreet, who plays the proud, poetic role  
Of trumpeter, is garrulously droll.  
And Richard Whorf, as nimble Mercury,  
Savors his part. There's Meader, too, and he  
Is excellent as Sosie. And we should  
Remember Barry Thomson, also good –  
He plays the real Amphitryon, who is  
Involved with Leda, "through no fault of his."





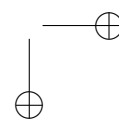
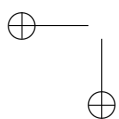
Now lest you think this incandescent story  
Reflects on Jupiter in all his glory,  
Remember, as *der Führer* and *der Cause*  
Of all creation, he could juggle laws  
To suit his tropic nature and desires. . .  
Why should the Master quench his private fires?  
A god can't be ungodly, that you know!  
As Dryden analyzed it long ago:  
"In all his Reign, Adult'ry was no Sin;  
For Jove the Good Example did begin."  
Which made his little outing good clean fun  
For Jupiter – if not Amphitryon!

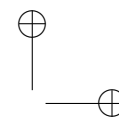
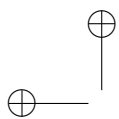




### THE CAR AWAITS

If all chauffeurs who snooze and sit  
Would use their time and sew or knit,  
They could supply all refugees  
With sweaters, socks, and B.V.Ds.





### SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTED

A lady Big Shot, in her sleep,  
Confessed at length that way down deep  
She'd love to stay at home and cook  
And sew and sweep and read a book  
And wash and iron and make a bed  
And rest her whirling-dervish head.  
But she had worked so hard to get  
Her job, she *couldn't* stop quite yet.

So on she struggled, thinking maybe  
Next year she'd quit and have a baby.  
Next year she'd stay at home and be  
The soul of femininity.  
She'd look so beautiful at night  
Her husband would mistrust his sight.  
That's what she thought until the day  
She took time out to pass away.

