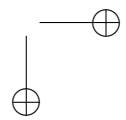
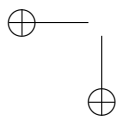
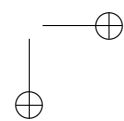
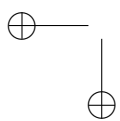
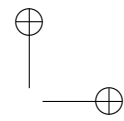
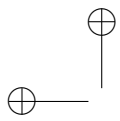
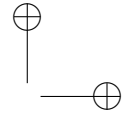
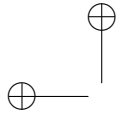


YOURS FOR THE ASKING



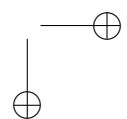
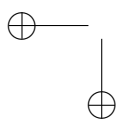


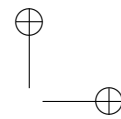
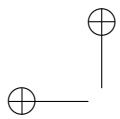


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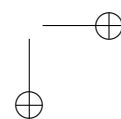
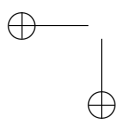
Richard Armour

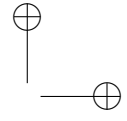
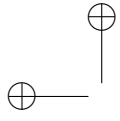
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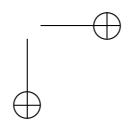
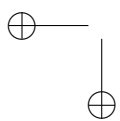


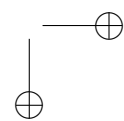
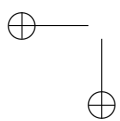
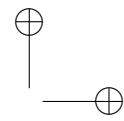
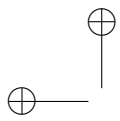
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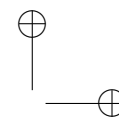
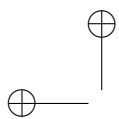




TO H. W. A.
WHO LIKES THEM BECAUSE I WROTE THEM



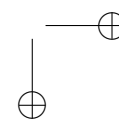
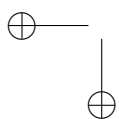


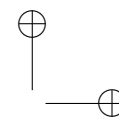
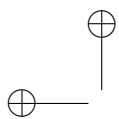


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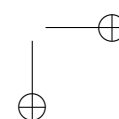
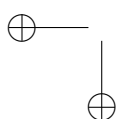


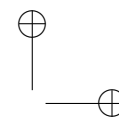
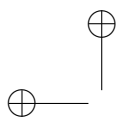


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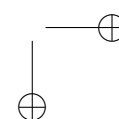
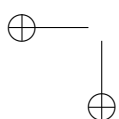
IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

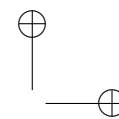
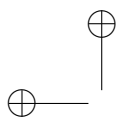
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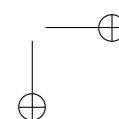
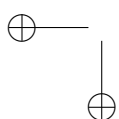


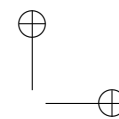
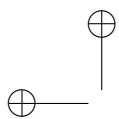


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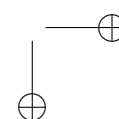
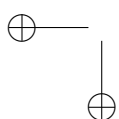


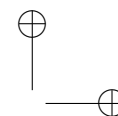
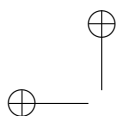


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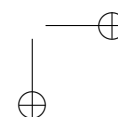
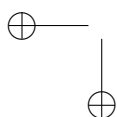
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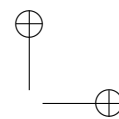
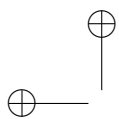
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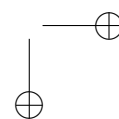
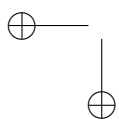


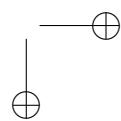
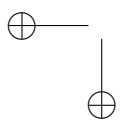
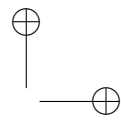
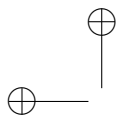
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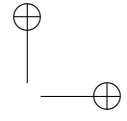
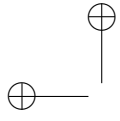




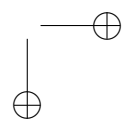
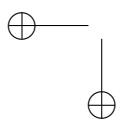
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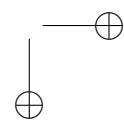
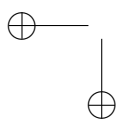
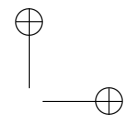
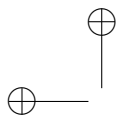


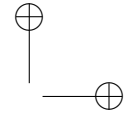
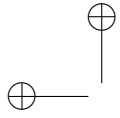




WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

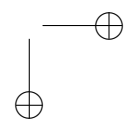
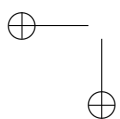


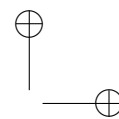
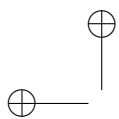




THE LADIES

Liking their looks
But not their notions,
I view the sex
With mixed emotions.



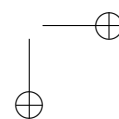
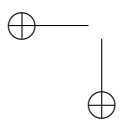


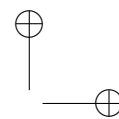
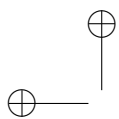
MUSIC HALL MUSINGS

I thought of shuttles weaving cloth,
Of slowly marching centipedes,
Of waves that beat and break in froth,
Of beauty in a string of beads,

Of pillars in a colonnade,
Of pebbles on a sunny beach,
Of soldiers passing on parade,
Of stars, alike and out of reach.

I looked again along the row,
Admiring symmetry, and yet
I thought I still would rather know
A lone, unsynchronized Rockette.



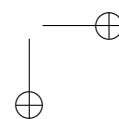
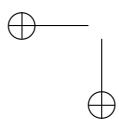


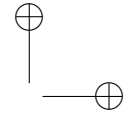
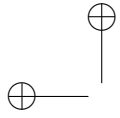
TECHNIQUE

Girls Seeking Jobs Told to Be Subtle. — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

Girls be subtle,
Girls be coy,
If you're looking
For employ,

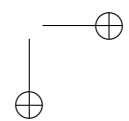
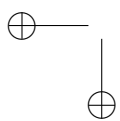
And the selfsame
Method is as
Good if you would
Be a Mrs.

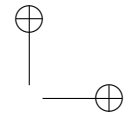
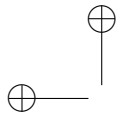




FORM FITTING

She who over-indulges
Turns her curves into bulges.





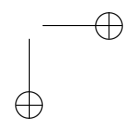
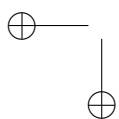
BAD TO WORSE

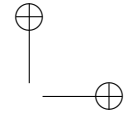
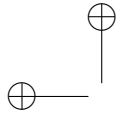
The infant's loud, unmeaning cry
Is not so bad as children's "Why?"

A monosyllable repeated
Until all patience is depleted.

And yet although this constant query
Makes even model parents weary,

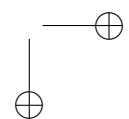
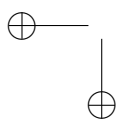
The adolescent youth's superior,
You-can't-tell-me way, makes them wearier.

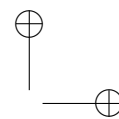
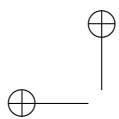




FACT AND FICTION

Girls with brains as well as looks
Flourish mostly just in books.
But, if both cannot be had,
Girls with either aren't so bad.



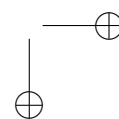
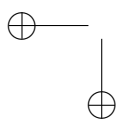


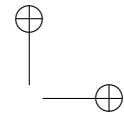
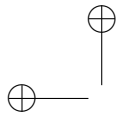
COPY

His mother's eyes,
His father's chin,
His auntie's nose,
His uncle's grin,

His great-aunt's hair,
His grandma's ears,
His grandpa's mouth,
So it appears. . . .

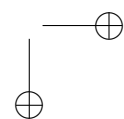
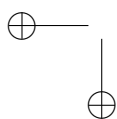
Poor little tot,
Well may he moan,
He hasn't much
To call his own.

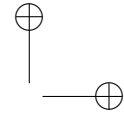
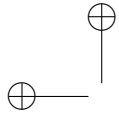




JUST A MEMORY

Consider the confident waitress who
Takes never so much as a note,
But thinks it refined to rely on her mind
As to who ordered table-d'hôte,
And who will have peas and who will have beans
And who, of a party of six,
Likes his steak well done, who the blood to run,
Who a medium broiling picks,
Who takes coffee now, who takes coffee later,
And who will have milk or tea,
What salads to get us, what dressings on lettuce,
How many of what there shall be.
As out to the kitchen she wends her way,
Her written notations nil,
She trusts to her fate to keep everything straight –
And possibly someday she will.

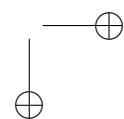
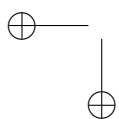


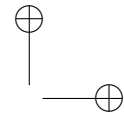
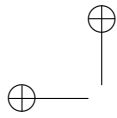


FOR OFFSPRING UNDER EIGHTEEN

My child, if at this season
I'm uncommonly forbearant,
Ascribe it to this reason:
You're a credit* to your parent.

(* The credit that dependents earn
Upon one's income tax return.)

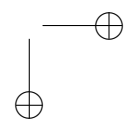
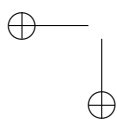


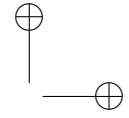
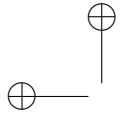


DEVIL AND THE DEEP

Some women, when angered, give vent to their spleen
And don't give a damn if they do make a scene.
They're sore, and by actions and words plainly show it.
The neighbors for blocks all around come to know it.
Yet after a brief and spectacular flurry,
They return to their usual selves in a hurry.
But others, and these form a sizable bulk
Of the women I've known, are the species that sulk.
They've too much good breeding, or maybe it's vanity,
To lower themselves to loud screams and profanity;
They never throw anything, ash trays or glasses,
Yet take out their wrath in a way that surpasses
The tantrums of even the very most violent.
They do it by being abnormally silent.
Unlike the first type, the tempestuous tartar,
The sulker's a tight-lipped and stony-faced martyr
Who, spurning your bonbons, your bent knee, your orchid,
Makes you feel like a fiend with a tail that is forkèd.
Then days and days later – it seems like a season –
For no earthly good or explainable reason
She's normal again, and commences to chatter
As if not a thing were, or had been, the matter.

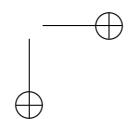
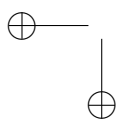
Now women with terrible tempers are bad,
Especially when they're too frequently mad,
But my purpose in writing this true little verse
Is to tell you that women who sulk are much worse.

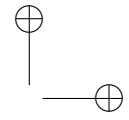
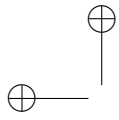




TEARS, IDLE TEARS

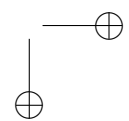
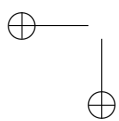
I've held, since a lad,
That women are sappy:
They cry when they're glad,
And they cry when they're happy.

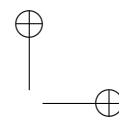
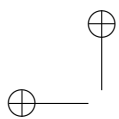




STRIP TEASE

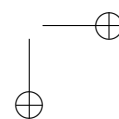
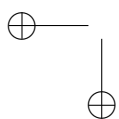
She can emerge
From draping dress
To very verge
Of nakedness
And yet with skill
And motions deft
Contrive that still
There's something left.

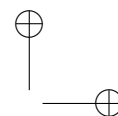
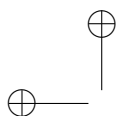




DOUBLE STANDARD

The distinction's so hazy
It really should anger us:
A man is called lazy,
A woman is languorous.





SCALE OF VALUES

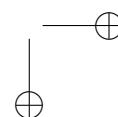
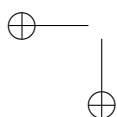
According to a Harvard study, women's clothes are about a third the weight of men's. — NEWS ITEM.

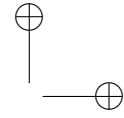
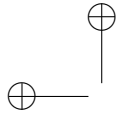
Though but a fraction of the weight
And even less extensive
Than man's attire, that of his mate
Is vastly more expensive.

And yet what Harvard scholar knows
The economic whimsy
Behind the fact that women's clothes
Cost more when they are flimsy?

And why, for instance, stockings, just
To that degree they're sheerer
And less substantial always must
Be *ipso facto* dearer?

Oh, speed the day the prophet sings –
I hope I'm still around –
When evening gowns and underthings
Are purchased by the pound.





BEHIND PRISM BARS

Youngsters fall into two classes:
Those who wear or don't wear glasses.

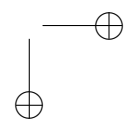
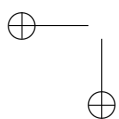
Those who do, for weak or sore eyes,
Wittily are nicknamed Four Eyes.

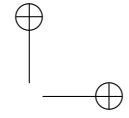
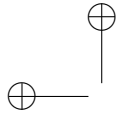
Boys with glasses look pathetic
When they try to be athletic,

Yet, marked Fragile, they are fully
Safe from every schoolyard bully.

Girls, however, sing no hymns
To the blessings of steel rims,

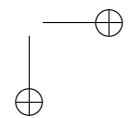
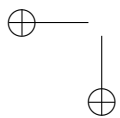
And, by adolescence, specs
Are a pain to either sex.

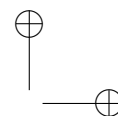
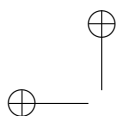




FIGURES DO LIE

Women do not mind their years,
Much as they may feel them,
Just so long (the silly dears)
As they don't reveal them.





HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

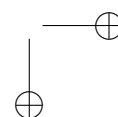
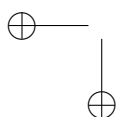
Most women close their eyes when kissed, according to the Better Vision Institute, in order to shut out visual contact with everyday objects. — NEWS ITEM.

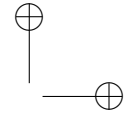
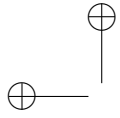
Oh, when you close your eyes, my love,
Who is it you are thinking of?
And what has your dream hero got
That I, the everyday, have not?

Perhaps, of course, the man you see
Is just a renovated me –
A trifle taller, broader shoulders,
A glance that passionately smolders,

A little younger, not so stout,
With more hair in and less hair out,
A straighter nose, a firmer chin,
A voice more deeply masculine.

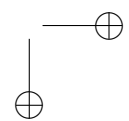
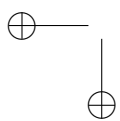
But if it's Taylor, Grant, or Gable,
I warn you, darling, that I'm able
To close my eyes and thus enjoy
The kisses of Lamarr and Loy.

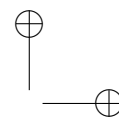
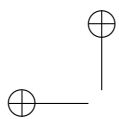




SO MUCH FROM SO LITTLE

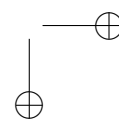
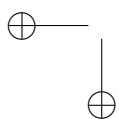
A baby's cries
Don't match its size.

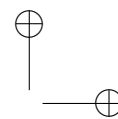
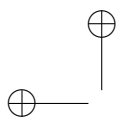




KIBITZERS

Consider those who,
Though not themselves mothers,
Know just what they'd do
With the children of others.





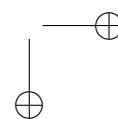
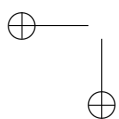
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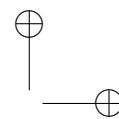
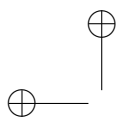
Dress Designers Decree Longer Torso. — NEWSPAPER HEADLINE.

With shrewd designs,
With subtle craft,
They shape her lines
Both fore and aft,

Reduce the hips,
Extend the shoulder,
Fill certain dips,
Make others bolder,

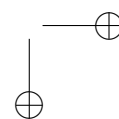
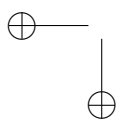
Push up the bust,
Move down the waist,
Till nothing's just
Where first 'twas placed.





TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

Kiddy cars of little tikes,
Slightly older children's bikes,
Skis and sleds for winter needs,
Wagons, trucks, velocipedes,
Skooters, ice (and roller) skates –
How the stuff accumulates –
Piles of articles vehicular,
On the front porch in particular,
Things your children go like heck on,
And you fall and break your neck on.



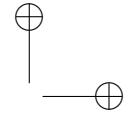
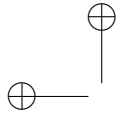
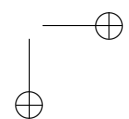
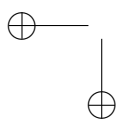
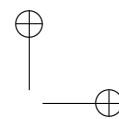
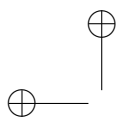


PHOTO FINISH

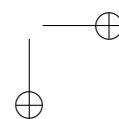
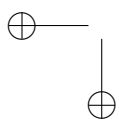
With girls renowned
For having glamour a
Lot depends
Upon the camera.

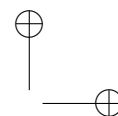
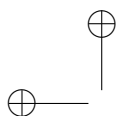




BABIES

I think whenever I see one
That I'd rather have been than still be one.

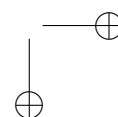
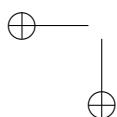


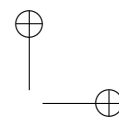
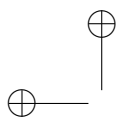


CROWNING GLORY

No trick of magician I've seen can compare
With the wonders a woman can work with her hair.
The elegant damsel who dazzles the eye
In her evening coiffure swept up gorgeously high
Gets scarcely a glance from the male over yonder
Next day when her hair is let straggle and wander.
A garland of ringlets, and presto! one thinks
That here is a giddy, impractical minx;
But the masculine trim of a businesslike bob
Turns her into the sort who could hold any job.
A face-framing cluster of flattering tresses
Brings out all the glamour the lady possesses.
A bun or a braid makes her look rather quaint,
Which maybe she is, and then maybe she ain't.

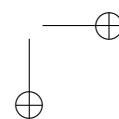
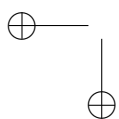
While a woman thus alters her looks with her hair-do
And tries every kind of both common and rare do,
To the end of his days, as he youthfully started,
A man wears his hair either straight back or parted.

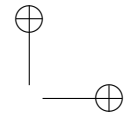
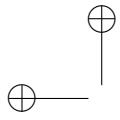




TO A WIFE-ERRANT

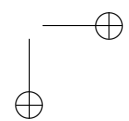
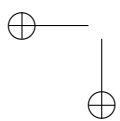
Though absence makes the heart grow fonder,
It's safer if you do not wander,
For there's a sporting chance I shall
Grow fonder of some other gal.

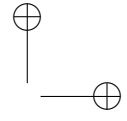
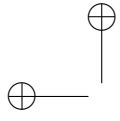




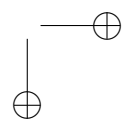
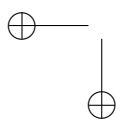
GROWING PAINS

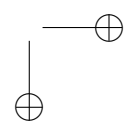
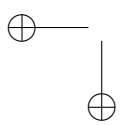
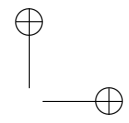
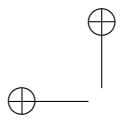
High school youngsters
Often impress
One as doing little
But adol esce.

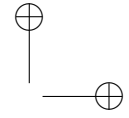
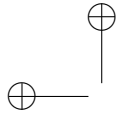




IT TAKES ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

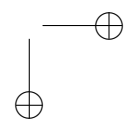
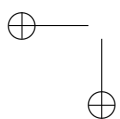


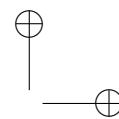
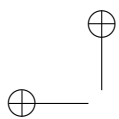




NAME THEM YOURSELF

Sometimes one thinks
The world would profit
If certain persons
Now on, were off it.



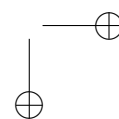
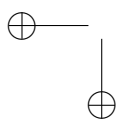


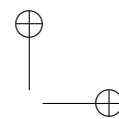
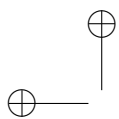
BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Though disagreement and debate
And argument may stimulate

The self-contented, sluggish mind,
I must admit I am inclined,

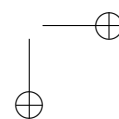
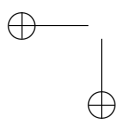
Whenever possible, to be with
Those kindred souls whom I agree with.

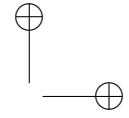
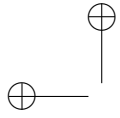




BOX OF CHOCOLATES

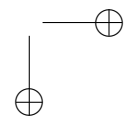
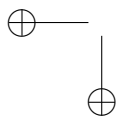
I've never met the person who
Unerringly can pick a chew
Or without faltering tell what
Identifies the lurking nut
Within what otherwise would seem
A plain and unexciting cream.
In fact it's not until you bite
That you know if you've chosen right,
Then when, as often, you have not,
There's no returning what you've got.

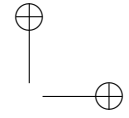
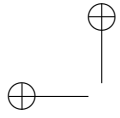




WIDE OPEN

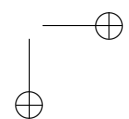
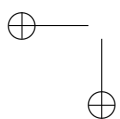
He has, he says, an Open mind,
And there can be no doubt of it,
For it is such an open kind
His brains long since fell out of it.

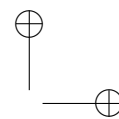
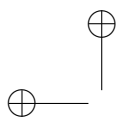




RETORT DISCOURTEOUS

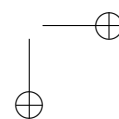
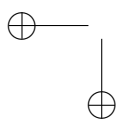
The wisest men of history,
Including even Plato,
Have failed to solve the mystery
Of what a chap should say to
Those weary cynics who rebut
Your prize remarks with "Well, so what?"

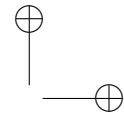
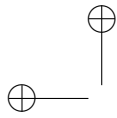




CAUGHT SHORT

Condolences to all you men
Who share this state with me:
I once seemed tall at five feet ten,
But Sonny's six feet three.





THE FOOD IS FAMILIAR

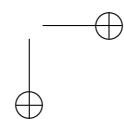
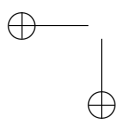
We husbands discover
Quite soon, to our sorrow,
That the roast of today
Is the hash of tomorrow,

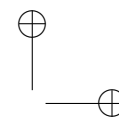
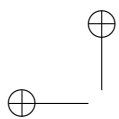
That sabbatical chicken
Not eaten on Sunday
Is creamed and croquetted
For far more than one day,

That foodstuff is never
Thrown out by a housewife,
Who saves tiny morsels
Too small for a mouse wife.

But don't get us wrong, please.
As long as we're able
We'll go right on eating
What's put on the table.

Left-overs are saving,
We know, and that's dandy –
So long as the soda
Bicarbonate's handy.



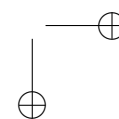
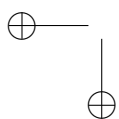


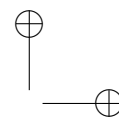
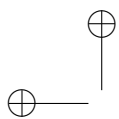
SONG FOR SUMMER

Rejoice and sing, good citizens,
For summer has returned,
 And nothing's done
 In Washington
When Congress is adjourned.

Sing high, sing low, Americans,
For summer has returned,
 And there will be
 Tranquillity
When Congress is adjourned.

Sing once again, my fellow-men,
For summer has returned.
 Come, let us hymn
 That interim
When Congress is adjourned.



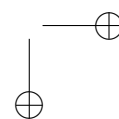
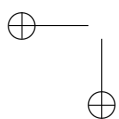


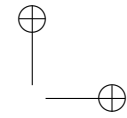
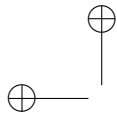
TO A HUMAN SKELETON

Encountered in the Museum of Natural History

It's hard to think,
Albeit true,
That without flesh
I'd be like you,

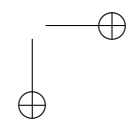
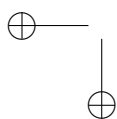
And harder still
To think, old pal,
That one of these
Fine days I shall.

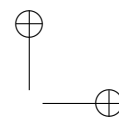
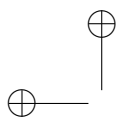




PICTURESQUE CAREER

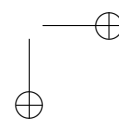
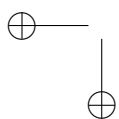
I saw the life of Edison
And worked on his inventions;
I campaigned with Napoleon
And, with the best intentions,
Beheld the intimate affairs
Of Henry VIII, of Mary,
And of Elizabeth, whose cares
Of state were heavy, very.
I suffered with Miss Nightingale
And with nurse Cavell too,
And then, of course, I did not fail
To see Rasputin through,
And Lincoln early, Lincoln late,
With Fonda and with Massey.
I watched Pasteur inoculate
Until my eyes grew glassy.
I saw Flo Ziegfeld get his start
And also Herbert. Gaily
I heard Victoria retort
To sallies of Disraeli.
I saw the life of Mr. Bell,
Who made the telephone,
The ring of which reminds me well
Of one more life: my own.

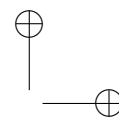
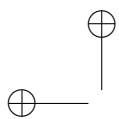




ACCIDENTAL DEATH

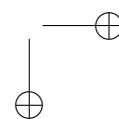
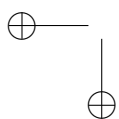
If you've plenty of time and no place to go,
And really and truly would like to know,
Then ask, if you must, in accents tender,
A motorist nursing a furrowed fender,
"Say, how did it happen, whatever befell you?"
You asked for it, brother. And will he tell you!

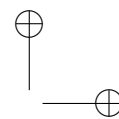
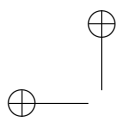




**WHEN LONG DISTANCE
DOESN'T LEND ENCHANTMENT**

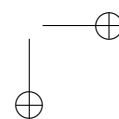
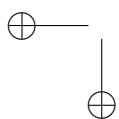
Distinctly *not* known
As one of life's blisses
Is the voice on the phone
That demands, "Guess who this is!"

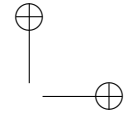
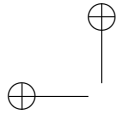




GOODBYE FOREVER

Vacation friendships warm the heart
So much that, when you come to part
With people you have known a day,
“Be sure to look us up,” you say.
And they in turn insist that you
Look *them* up when you’re passing through.
They wring your hand, and you wring theirs,
No other parting’s pang compares.
So great your joy in having met them,
It’s strange how soon you can forget them.

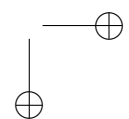
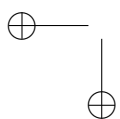


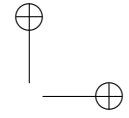
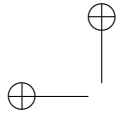


ELECTION RESULTS

An office-seeker, if defeated,
Finds his stock of friends depleted.

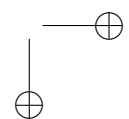
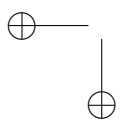
An office-seeker, if elected,
Has friends he'd not before suspected.

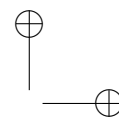
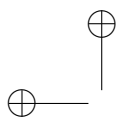




EXTREMIST

To go travelling South
In the winter is nice,
But isn't it rather absurd
To keep travelling South
Until back in the ice
Like Admiral Richard Byrd?

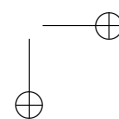
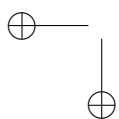


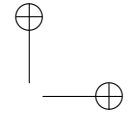
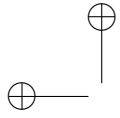


SILENT PARTNER

Consider, please, the happy host
Whose confidence attests
That he is luckier than most
Who entertain their guests,

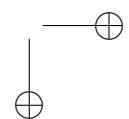
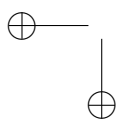
The husband in a million, who
Enjoys the cream of life:
He gets to tell a story through
Unhampered by his wife.

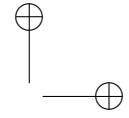
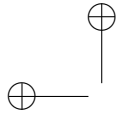




SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

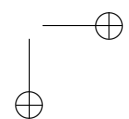
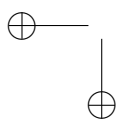
I and my cousins, aunts, and such
Each other underbid,
Exchanging gifts that don't cost much,
But look as if they did.

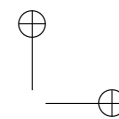
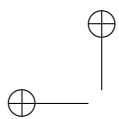




WORTH WAITING FOR

I hope I'm alive on the day
Some honest chap precedent shatters
By saying, "It isn't the principle,
It's only the money that matters."





SUCCESS STORY

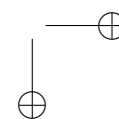
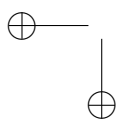
Come on now, let's
Be perfectly frank –
Who owns half the stock
In the local bank,

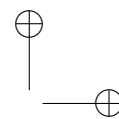
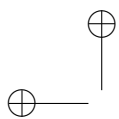
And a business block
And a marble mansion
And plenty of cash
For added expansion?

Is it one who in youth,
Being very ambitious,
Left Mother and Main Street
To further his wishes?

The fellow whom now
We find sitting so pretty,
Did he come back rich
From the fabulous city?

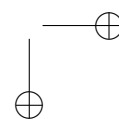
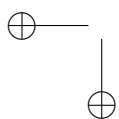
No, he of the gold
And the marble and chrome
Is the home town boy
Who made good at home.

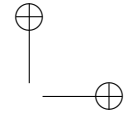
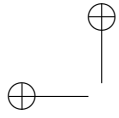




POEM FOR POLLYANNAS

That worry is wrong and hard on your health
I haven't the slightest doubt,
But most of the people who tell me this
Have nothing to worry about.



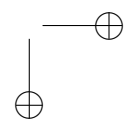
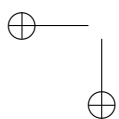


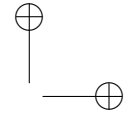
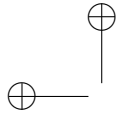
BEAU GUEST

Hostess, if you would invite
Me to your next party,
Don't expect me to be bright,
Don't count on a smarty;

I don't want to scintillate,
Even if I'm able,
When I sit before my plate
At the dinner table,

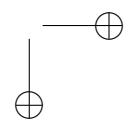
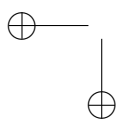
I don't want to entertain,
Haggle, or compete,
I don't want to use my brain,
I just want to eat.

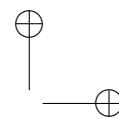
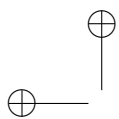




RELATIVELY IMPORTANT

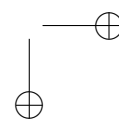
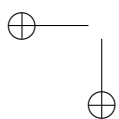
Oh, relatives are excellent,
But tell me, please, why is it
They think your days are idly spent
Unless they come to visit?

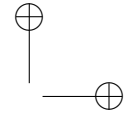
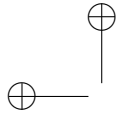




AS ADVERTISED

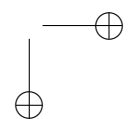
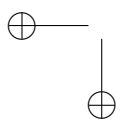
Those pictures of Before and After
Would make me double up with laughter –
The weak made strong, the plain made fair,
The balding newly sown with hair,
The drab made chic, the fat made slim,
The enervated given vim –
Were I not growing more and more
To look precisely like Before.

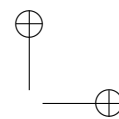
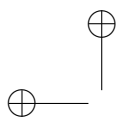




RECIPROCITY

To listen to the woes
Of others would be fine,
If I could just impose
On them a few of mine.

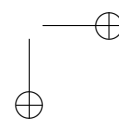
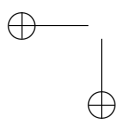


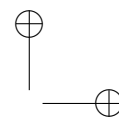
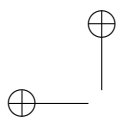


CHECKMATE

Consider the way,
When you've hardly stopped munchin',
You tussle to pay
Both the checks for the luncheon:
You pounce and you clutch,
You connive with the waiter,
And the hubbub is such
That you blush at it later.

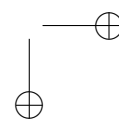
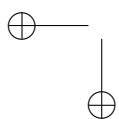
A polite song and dance,
But what does it get you?
There's always the chance
Your companion will let you.

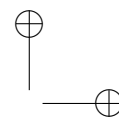
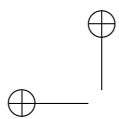




STAYING POWER

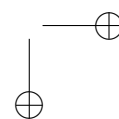
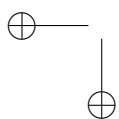
A person blest
With a lot of cheek
Is the week-end guest
Who stays all week.

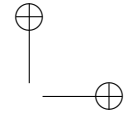
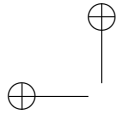




GREENER GRASS

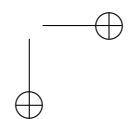
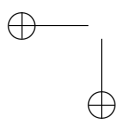
When I'm South, I would be North;
When I'm home, I would be forth;
Far away, I'd give a lot
For the old, familiar spot;
When I'm East, I would be West.
Where I'm not, I love the best.

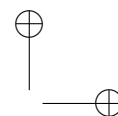
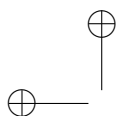




OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE

Guests who come, or stay, too late
Make their host and hostess surly;
Which one may quite as truly state
Of guests who *will* arrive too early.

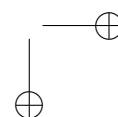
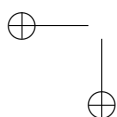


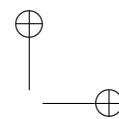
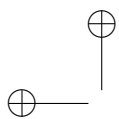


DO NOT DISTURB

The former president of the Poetry Society of America... urged poets not to contribute anything for the next year that would add to the agitation of the world. — NEWS ITEM.

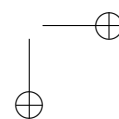
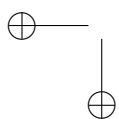
Steady, Spender,
Careful, MacNeice,
The world's on a bender
And wants surcease
From poems that tend
To have troublesome leanings.
And Auden, an end
To recondite meanings.
MacLeish and Millay,
Lewis, Eliot, Pound,
Take care that you say
Nothing new or profound.
Write nothing inclined
To agitate, gall,
Or set fire to the mind:
I.e. nothing at all.

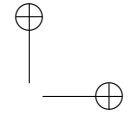
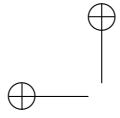




HOME FROM THE RANGE

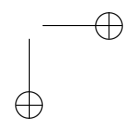
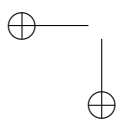
Returned from two weeks or a month of vacation,
There's nothing that causes quite such a deflation
Of ego as suddenly coming upon
The fellow who isn't aware you'd been gone.

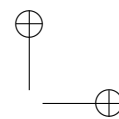
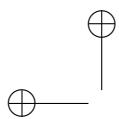




GRAPH

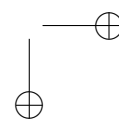
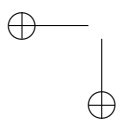
My spirits rise
With spring and go
Through summer on
A high plateau,
Then in the dying
Days of autumn
They slide again
Towards the bottom.

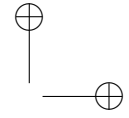
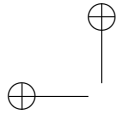




DON'T LAUGH, CLOWN

I should like to see
The number diminished
Of persons who laugh
Ere their jokes are finished.





HYMN FOR HABERDASHERS

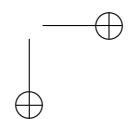
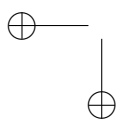
We leap with joy and we cry hooray,
We hail the arrival of Fathers' Day!

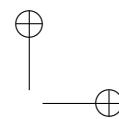
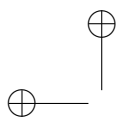
The day when daughters drop in to buy
That otherwise simply unsaleable tie.

When wives run up an outlandish bill,
Which Father will pay, yes indeed he will.

When sons, stopping in to look over our shelves,
Spend a dollar on Dad and ten on themselves.

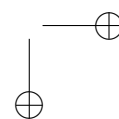
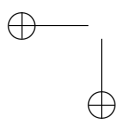
To fathers we utter this paeon of glory,
Oh, long may they lighten our inventory!

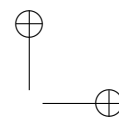
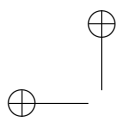




TO TELL THE TRUTH

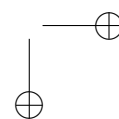
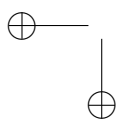
A person who wins
From you nary a thank
Is he who begins,
“To be perfectly frank —”

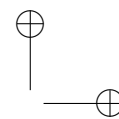
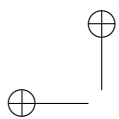




MONEY

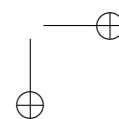
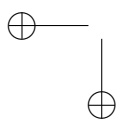
Workers earn it,
Spendthrifts burn it,
Bankers lend it,
Women spend it,
Forgers fake it,
Taxes take it,
Dying leave it,
Heirs receive it,
Thrifty save it,
Misers crave it,
Robbers seize it,
Rich increase it,
Gamblers lose it. . .
I could use it.

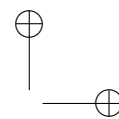
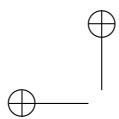




UNDONE WITH MIRRORS

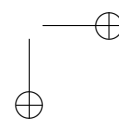
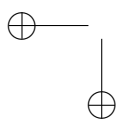
One mirror does not constitute
A vital threat to me,
But when I'm trying on a suit
And see myself in three,
I get a sudden, full-length view
Of profile and of rear,
A sight I'm unaccustomed to
And which I always fear.

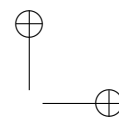
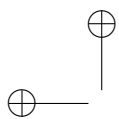




BLESSED IGNORANCE

One sort of knowledge
Good to lack
Is what is said
Behind your back.



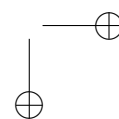
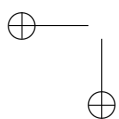


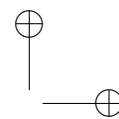
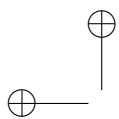
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF KINDNESS

Dear hostess, if you don't wish to
Embarrass or upset us,
Please serve our salad on a few
Substantial leaves of lettuce,

A stuff which, though it can't excite
The salivary juices,
Has in its own peculiar right
Some very handy uses,

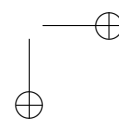
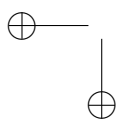
Such as, for instance, to divide
And pull somewhat asunder,
And make a camouflage to hide
Uneaten salad under.

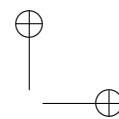
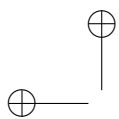




PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

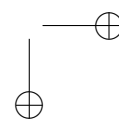
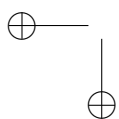
No matter how busy,
How driven till dizzy,
How frazzled and worn-out and gaunt too,
You always can summon
The time and the come-on
To do all the things that you want to!

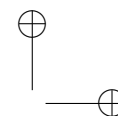
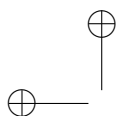




HAPPY ENDING

Out of the haze
When one is dozing
Comes the speaker's phrase
"And now, in closing —"





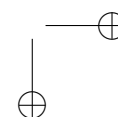
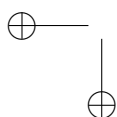
SELF-PRESERVATION

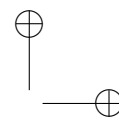
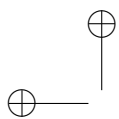
A minute a day of massaging the scalp,
They tell me, will husband my hair,
And regular brushing of gums sends blood rushing
And helps hold a tooth here and there.

A period daily of rolling the eyes,
Of focusing near and then far,
Quite often surpasses, I'm told, even glasses,
In keeping the eyesight at par.

A session of barefooted clutching at marbles
Works wonders, they say, for the arches,
While a series of bendings and end-over-endings,
The joints that have stiffened, unstarches.

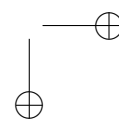
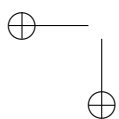
No doubt such a program each morning and night
Would make me both handsome and strong enough,
But that's merely theory, for since I soon weary,
I never keep at it quite long enough.

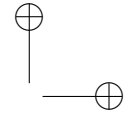
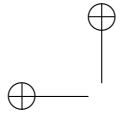




MUTUAL ADMIRATION

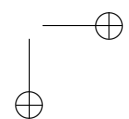
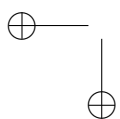
Who have a sense of humor?
Well, I can tell you who do:
Those understanding persons
Who always laugh when you do.

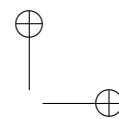
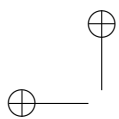




SURPLUS COMMODITY

The getting is easy,
The giving is nice;
The taking's the tough part
About advice.

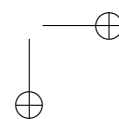
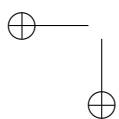


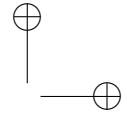
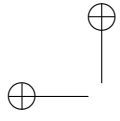


NOT ENVIOUS

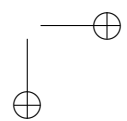
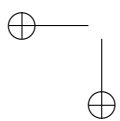
Solomon was plenty wise,
Croesus had the gold,
Washington would tell no lies,
Napoleon was bold,
Samson gloried in his might,
Columbus could discover,
Shakespeare knew just how to write,
Byron – what a lover!

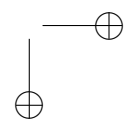
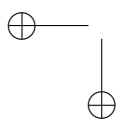
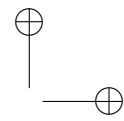
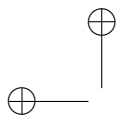
Yet when everything is said
And done, I think that I've
The best of it, for they're all dead,
While I am still alive!

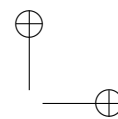
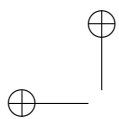




WON'T YOU STEP OUTSIDE?







CHARM FOR A PICNIC

(To Be Chanted Feelingly)

West wind, bring not at this hour
Swift descending, sodden shower.

South wind, blow not hot and dry
Bits of refuse in the eye.

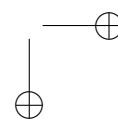
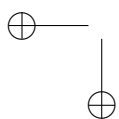
Keep, O Powers above, our son
Out of trouble till we're done.

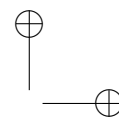
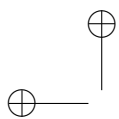
Nor let ill befall our daughter
Splashing gaily in the water.

Family feuds, declare a truce;
Tempers, break not at abuse.

Insect life, both ant and fly,
Otherwhere your business ply.

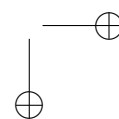
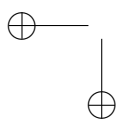
Lastly, falter not nor question,
Triumph over all, digestion!

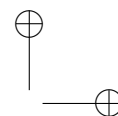
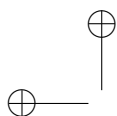




HORSES

They head the list
Of bad to bet on,
But I insist
They're worse to get on.



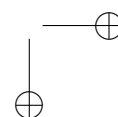
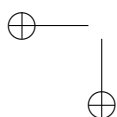


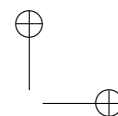
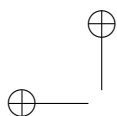
HEAVENS ABOVE

Hooray, hooray, again hooray!
It is a warm and cloudless day,
The kind that should be simply grand
For such a thing as getting tanned.

And so you pick a private spot,
Exposed to sun, to neighbors not,
Take off your coat, your shirt, your shoes,
Also your pants, if so you choose,
Rub suntan oil upon your face
And any other likely place
That might turn red instead of brown,
And so that you'll not have to frown
Against the brilliant sunny glare,
Put on the darkened specs you wear.
This done, and feeling very fine,
You now are ready to recline.

O.K., but time and time again
This is the very moment when,
Before you can say, "Sunshine, howdy!"
You know what happens? It gets cloudy.





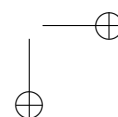
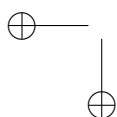
BETTER BE GOOD

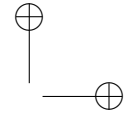
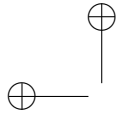
The pitcher's in the batter's box,
The batter's on the mound,
The field is cluttered up with rocks,
The balls are square, not round.

The bats are cracked beyond repair,
The bases slide on rollers,
And fair is foul and foul is fair,
And pitchers pitch like bowlers.

The peanuts sold are empty shells,
The hot dogs pant and flop,
You thirst, and yet the vendor tells
You he's all out of pop.

It rains at game time every day,
The umpires all are ladies –
And that's the kind of ball they play
For sinners down in Hades.





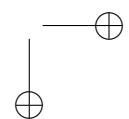
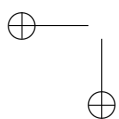
SPRING SONG FOR DRY CLEANERS

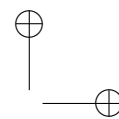
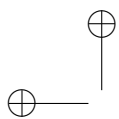
Come, let us sing
Of happy hours,
Of verdant spring
And sudden showers.

Loud be the laud
Our tongues shall utter
Of staining sod
And splashing gutter

And gusts that send
New headgear scudding
To journey's end
For thorough mudding.

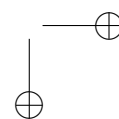
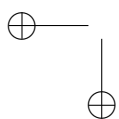
Nor let us cease
To hymn the sprinkle
That turns a crease
Into a wrinkle.

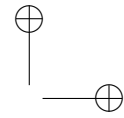
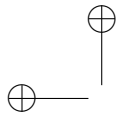




GOLF: FOR MEN ONLY

A woman's place is in the home,
As it is often said;
Out on the course she courts divorce,
For we men have a dread
Of being married to a wife
Who either will entreat us
To show her how (and do it now)
Or worse, one who can beat us.





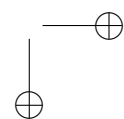
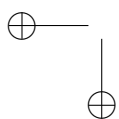
OUT OF STEP

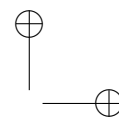
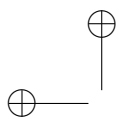
When men wear suits of lightest weaves,
Trees snugly bundle up in leaves.

When men put vests and topcoats on,
Trees mostly doff instead of don.

When men go forth in warmest wear,
Trees strip themselves completely bare.

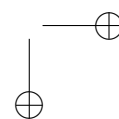
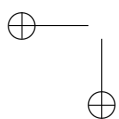
Thus not in any kind of weather
Do trees and men quite get together.

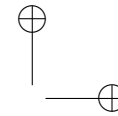
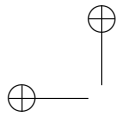




LINES ON LUCK

A golfer's luck is always tough,
His good luck's simply nil;
The bad bounce goes into the rough,
The good bounce – well, that's skill!





AND HE'S NOT TELLING

Science Seeking Worms Secret of Self-Repair. — NEWSPAPER
HEADLINE.

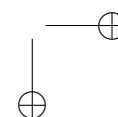
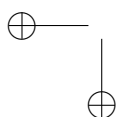
Consider the lowly, downtrod worm:
His walk is a groveling, servile squirm,
He wears no clothes and he bears no fur,
And it's hard to distinguish a him from a her.

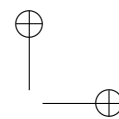
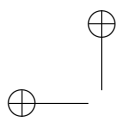
Though he passes his days in toiling for us
By making the ground all nice and porous,
We either are quite unaware he is near
And tread him into a dark-brown smear
Or show him our thanks and our warm good wishes
By casting him out to attract the fishes.

But the worm in at least one way is smart,
He can grow at will a replacement part.
If his head's cut off, he can sprout another
As good as the one he got from mother;
If his tail's detached, a new one will burgeon
Without any help from nurse or surgeon.

Now this is a trick that men of science
Would like to pass on for the use of their clients,
But its secret they ruefully grant is known
To the lowly, downtrod worm alone.

From which it may readily be discerned
That at long, long last the worm has turned.





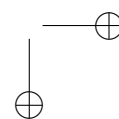
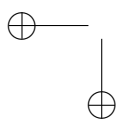
THE BEACH

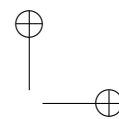
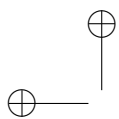
Sun shines down on it,
Skin turns brown on it,

Infants crawl on it,
Youths play ball on it,

Lifeguards pace on it,
Lovers embrace on it,

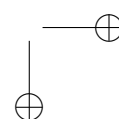
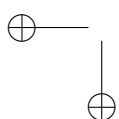
Models pose on it,
Most of us doze on it.

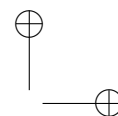
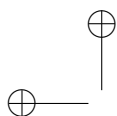




**ON AN INSECT
COLLIDING WITH THE WINDSHIELD**

Preoccupied with flying,
The fatal glass he nears;
Precipitously dying,
He joins the other smears.





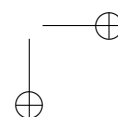
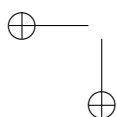
CHANTEY FOR LANDLUBBERS

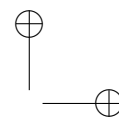
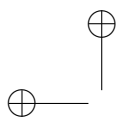
Seasickness may eventually be conquered by mathematical formulae, according to a report made at a meeting of the Society of Naval Architects Marine Engineers. — NEWS ITEM.

Ye men of science, haste to add,
Subtract and multiply, O,
Work slide rules to and fro like mad,
Give yet another try, O;

Use algebra and calculus,
Determine the square root, O,
Try logarithms various,
The worth of x compute, O;

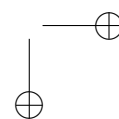
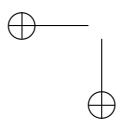
Keep at your figuring, wise men,
Produce your formulae, O,
And let us know precisely when
We may put out to sea, O!

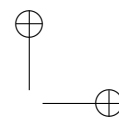
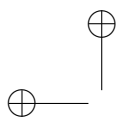




KNIGHTHOOD NOT IN FLOWER

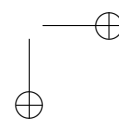
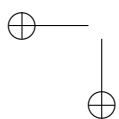
When I consider flowers,
I must admit I'm silly,
For I can't tell an aster
From a calla lily.
I can't identify
An iris or a peony,
And if I had to grow them
There simply wouldn't be any.

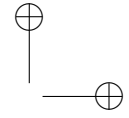
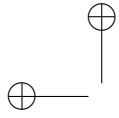




WISH

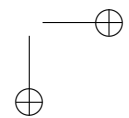
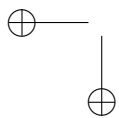
I wish mosquitoes might
Do as the butterfly
And neither buzz nor bite,
But merely flutter by.

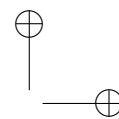
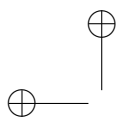




**EMILY POST TO THE CONTRARY
NOTWITHSTANDING**

When skies are clear and winds are warm
I must admit I see no harm,
While talking with a girl, to stand
Politely with my hat in hand.
But in the teeth of wintry gales
My ardor for politeness fails,
And when the chilling snow descends
My chivalry completely ends.
One thing I'm sure of, and it's that
In winter I shall keep my hat
Upon my head and not be told
By etiquette to catch a cold.





RAIN

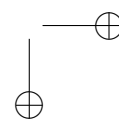
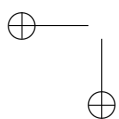
It makes the springtime flowers bud,
And, mixed with dirt, produces mud.

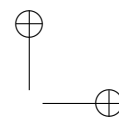
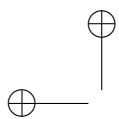
It washes sooty rooftops clean,
And spots the polished limousine.

It brings at night a drowsy feeling,
And leaves a blotch upon the ceiling.

It quenches thirst of man and beast,
And drowns, in floods, a few at least.

With elements so disagreeing,
It's very like a human being.

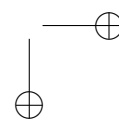
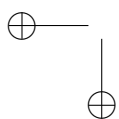


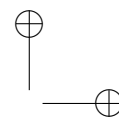
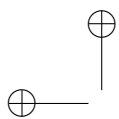


THE DRIVEN-ON SNOW

The snow that fell the other night
Upon the countryside lies white
And undisturbed, while what came down
Upon the pavements here in town
The turning wheels of traffic crush
Into an ever browner slush.

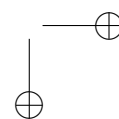
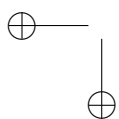
Oh, let the rural folk admire
The snow whose drifts each day pile higher,
And let us soon have thawing rains
To send it hustling down the drains!

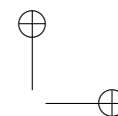
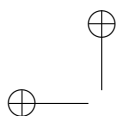




SPEED THE PARTING GUST

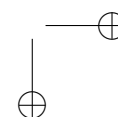
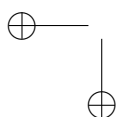
Like some very tiresome bore
Who, departing, at your door
Stands and gabs and doesn't know
That it's time for him to go,
Winter makes a move to part,
Giving you a rise of heart,
Then, before proceeding far,
Prattles on with door ajar.

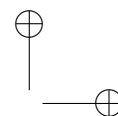
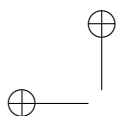




SAND

Sand, the stuff that makes a beach,
Never quite gets out of reach,
And in time becomes a bore
On a Sunday at the shore.
Take a picnic on the sand,
Is it perfect? Is it grand?
Not when you have known the colors
Caused by grit between your molars.
After eating, you recline.
This is splendid, simply fine,
Till some youngster playing nigh
Throws a fistful in your eye,
Then what scrapings of the lid,
What wild threats to "kill the kid!"
Sight restored, you get in motion,
Head for home, far from the ocean.
There, for days and even weeks,
Sand in such a volume leaks,
By the gallon and the barrel
From the family's apparel,
From each crevice large enough,
Pleat and fold and trouser cuff,
That it's strange that there could be
Any left beside the sea.





GARDEN PLOT

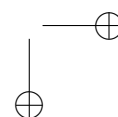
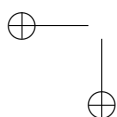
The finest plant
I e'er did grow
Was one, I grant,
I did not sow,

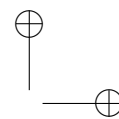
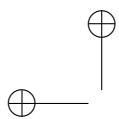
It came unasked,
And in the sun
Awhile it basked,
O'ertopped by none.

It got no care,
It was not nourished,
Yet wondrous fair
Indeed it flourished,

Its stalk was tall,
Its leaves were green,
It ruled o'er all
The garden scene.

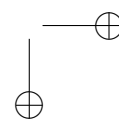
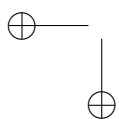
But brief the hour
Of such a breed –
It was no flower,
It was a weed.

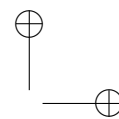
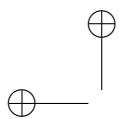




GRASS

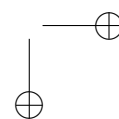
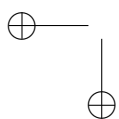
The earth and sky
Conspire to grow it,
And you and I
Perspire to mow it.

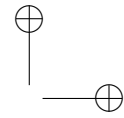
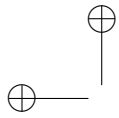




NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY

The Indians chant and dance about
To break a crop-destroying drought,
But I've a simpler means by far:
I only have to wash my car.



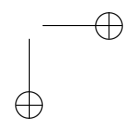
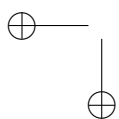


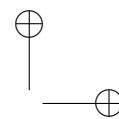
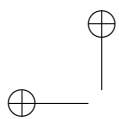
READERS TO THE SEA

New Rochelle's public library will again provide a book wagon this ear so that bathers may improve their minds as well as tan their bodies. — NEWS ITEM.

The mountain came not to Mahomet,
The sea would not stay for Canute,
And man cannot harness a comet
Or make an iron lamppost bear fruit;

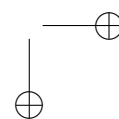
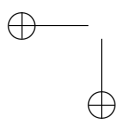
But libraries roll to the ocean,
Minerva and Neptune are kin,
And bathers may, when they've the notion,
Improve both without and within.

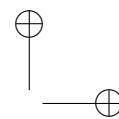
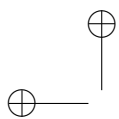




DOGS

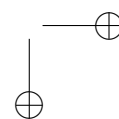
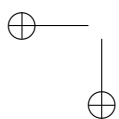
The person always bragging
Of dogs as man's best friend,
Is thinking of their wagging
And not their biting end.

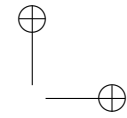
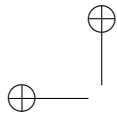




ONE DOWN

Weight distributed,
Free from strain,
Divot replaced,
Familiar terrain,
Straight left arm,
Unmoving head –
Here lies the golfer,
Cold and dead.

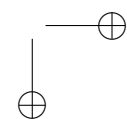
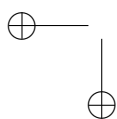


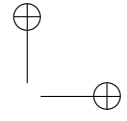
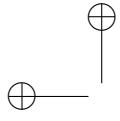


SEASONAL PHENOMENON

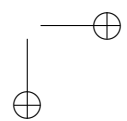
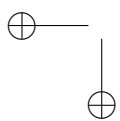
The lifeguard is a man of brawn.
He has a streamlined swim suit on
That fits him like his very skin.
He is not fat, he is not thin;
It is, in fact, his lucky fate
To have no need to watch his weight.
His limbs are trim, his knees unknotted,
His tan is even and unspotted,
He has a profile like Adonis,
And as, with stately, godlike slowness
He regularly paces by,
He wins the soft, admiring eye,
Without half trying to, of each
And every female on the beach.

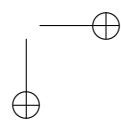
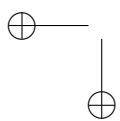
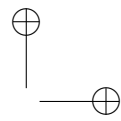
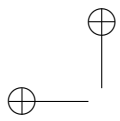
Oh, let him have his hour of glory –
This creature of a season – for he
Will, as the days grow short, grow sober.
Who cares for lifeguards in October?

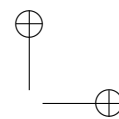
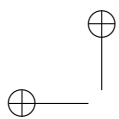




IF IT ISN'T ONE THING
IT'S ANOTHER



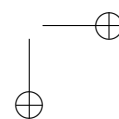
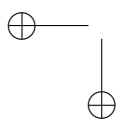


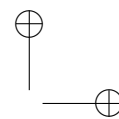
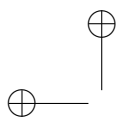


HOW OLD IS OLD?

This side of forty you are said
To lack experience,
And after that, until you're dead,
The weight of years prevents

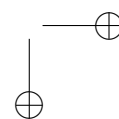
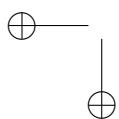
Your stepping briskly up among
The leaders of the fold.
Thus half your life you are too young
And half your life, too old.

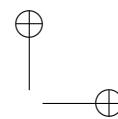
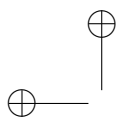




VESTED INTEREST

Socks give way at heel and toe,
Shirts fray at the cuff,
Pants grow shiny in the seat,
Shoes go soon enough,
Underwear disintegrates,
Coats can't stand the test,
Yet in twenty winters you
Can't wear out a vest.





FOOTNOTE

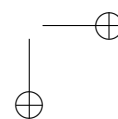
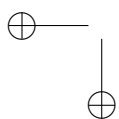
Dancing is “conversation” to music. — ARTHUR MURRAY IN
“HOW TO BECOME A GOOD DANCER.”

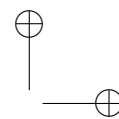
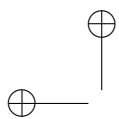
Though tongues be still, the feet yet wag
Colloquially in the Shag,

Emit an expletive or two
While stepping off the Suzi-Q,

Incline toward true, and likewise false,
Confession in the dreamy Waltz,

And in the Rumba mood affect
A pseudo-Spanish dialect.



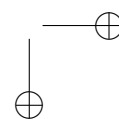
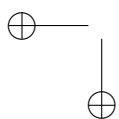


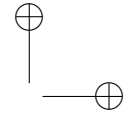
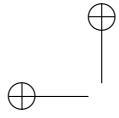
JUNE

June is the month to graduate
Or else to take oneself a mate;

And if one's getting neither bride
Nor sheepskin, one must still decide,

By dint of shopping near and far,
Just what to give to those who are.



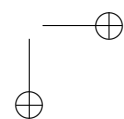
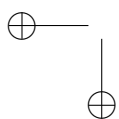


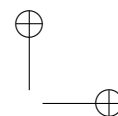
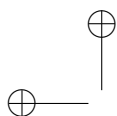
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The names with scientific care
We set down on a list,
And check and double check for fair,
To see that no one's missed.

We number o'er the relatives,
We call the roll of friends,
We ascertain where Laura lives
And whether she still sends.

And yet, alas, we can assume,
Try we however hard,
That there will be someone to whom
We should have sent a card.





GUARDIAN DEVIL

Although I neither see nor hear it,
I'm confident an evil spirit

Attends upon me. I assume
That it is he who brings to bloom,

When I set out upon a trip,
A lurid cold sore on my lip,

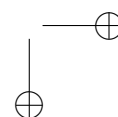
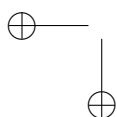
Who finds it devilishly simple
To time a party and a pimple,

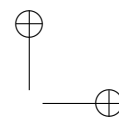
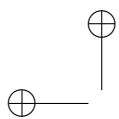
While for a business interview
A sty, and nothing less, will do.

Year in, year out, July to June,
At moments most inopportune,

This indefatigable sprite
Is on the job with some choice blight.

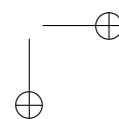
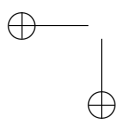
I wish he were not quite so dutiful
At keeping me from being beautiful.

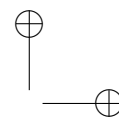
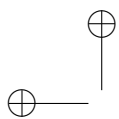




DEPRECIATING INTEREST

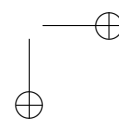
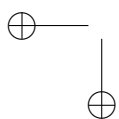
A man always meets
 With fewer side glances
As his hairline retreats
 And his waistline advances.

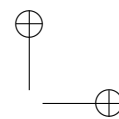
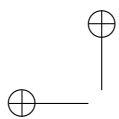




HOUSE MULTIPLIED

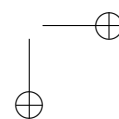
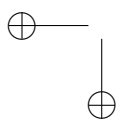
Though in-laws living with you may
Be something to condemn,
I'd rather have it thus, I say,
Than go and live with them.
(And yet, quite frankly, I rejoice
That I don't have to make the choice.)

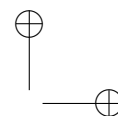
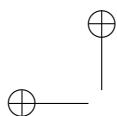




NO SNAP

Attired in most becoming clothes,
Assuming, then, a favored pose,
You face the sun's relentless glint,
Suppress a painful urge to squint,
And, quite against the mood you're in,
Somehow contrive a silly grin –
In order that, in years to come,
On turning through an album some-
One may in wonderment thereat be
Moved to remark, "Now who could *that* be?"





BAD BUSINESS

The Colby Academy of Brooklyn is offering a course for newsboys, intended to improve their diction, enunciation, pronunciation, and appearance. — NEWS ITEM.

Imagine, those of you who can,
The corner newsboy spic and span,

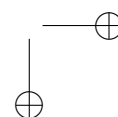
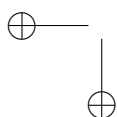
A very model Colby crammer,
With well-creased pants, consummate grammar,

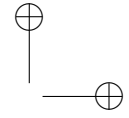
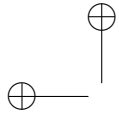
And diction almost apropos
The stage or screen or radio,

Enunciation, too, so good
That every word is understood.

If such were true, you would not need
To buy a paper and to read

In order merely to find out
What all the shouting is about.



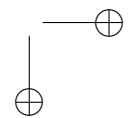
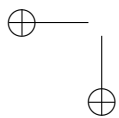


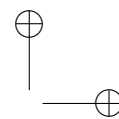
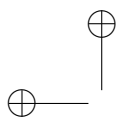
OVEREMPHASIS

The thing that really is too bad
About those extra pounds you add

Is that, in almost every case,
They concentrate upon one place,

A spot where, if you're two times twenty,
Already there is more than plenty.

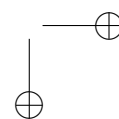
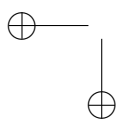


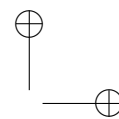
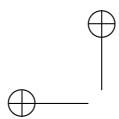


AUGUST

Sultry month,
Ripening month,
Sate with sun,
Ragweed grows,
Pollen blows,
Days are thirty-one.

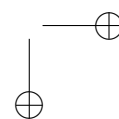
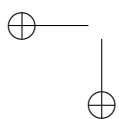
Middle month,
Tranquil month,
Month of summer clearance,
And when fall
Fashions all
Make their first appearance.

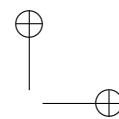
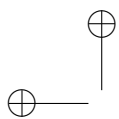




BREAKFAST SERIAL

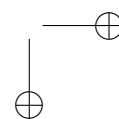
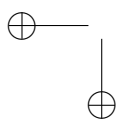
She in curlers,
He unshaved:
The road to Reno
Is being paved.

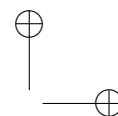
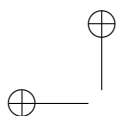




SING A SONG OF SILENCE

It pains me that at gatherings
When everyone around me sings
The old, familiar songs, I'm dumb
Or at the most I faintly hum.
Nor am I quiet out of choice,
Nor shamed because I lack a voice
With which to trill as do the birds –
I simply can't recall the words.





DEATH OF A HERO

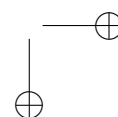
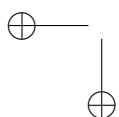
Science Still Can't Tell Why Rubber Bounces. — NEWSPAPER
HEADLINE.

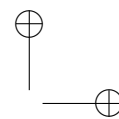
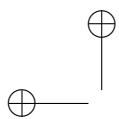
It split the atom, sped the plane,
Conditioned air and deadened pain,

It lengthened life and streamlined wars,
It measured molecules and stars. . . .

Then one day lamely it announced
It didn't know why rubber bounced,

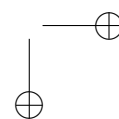
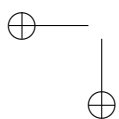
And science, dating right from then,
Just never seemed the same again.

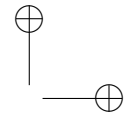
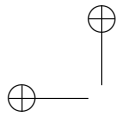




SPEAKING OF DESTRUCTION

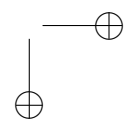
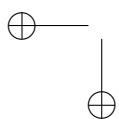
Neither Vandal,
 Hun, nor Goth
Holds a candle
 To a moth.

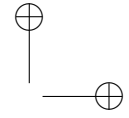
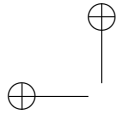




THRICE-TOLD TALES

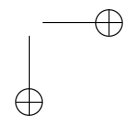
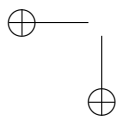
Though thoroughbreds race neck and neck,
And storm-tossed ships are cast aground;
Though cars collide in tangled wreck,
And bombs explode with fearful sound;
Though bathing beauties strut their charms,
And boxers battle, toe-to-toe;
Though firemen race to three-alarms,
And workers shovel record snow,
I yawn, I fidget, and I sigh –
I call it all an utter bore;
I say to hell with it, and why? . . .
I've seen *this* newsreel twice before!

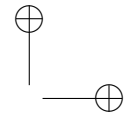
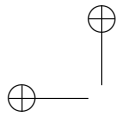




MONEY (2)

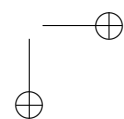
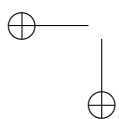
The printing bureau
Of the Treasury makes it;
The tax division
Of the Treasury takes it.

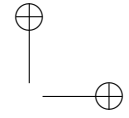
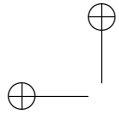




INEXPLICABLE

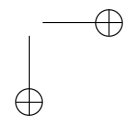
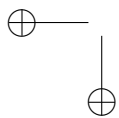
It seems to me somewhat ironic
That tender care, massage, and tonic
Should be required of men who cherish
A scalp that's adequately hairish,
Whereas unwanted hair that's strewn
Across the chin and cheeks, though hewn
And levelled to the skin and thwarted
When it is barely getting started,
Despite mistreatment, curse, and scorning
Returns augmented every morning.

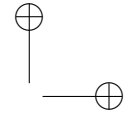
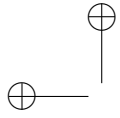




UNHAPPY HUNTING GROUND

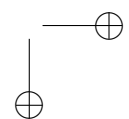
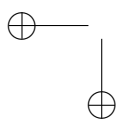
Oh, in our house we have closets galore,
Their size and plenty I sing,
We have many a cupboard and many a drawer,
We've a place for everything.
However it's queer how an article sought
At times into thin air melts;
We've a place for everything, borrowed or bought,
But everything's somewhere else.

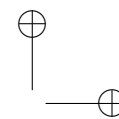
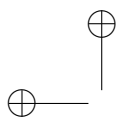




COBWEB

The spider swings from shelf to shelf
And spins a web out of himself,
A subtle net to catch the fly,
Or else the housewife's wary eye.





CONSUMED WITHOUT CURIOSITY

The milk we drink is graded A
And purified, the labels say;

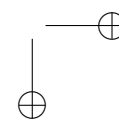
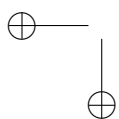
It is, moreover, pasteurized
And, oftentimes, homogenized,

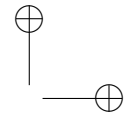
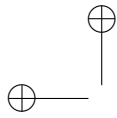
And measured into divers sorts
Of small containers, pints and quarts,

By some means that we know is very
Dependable and sanitary.

In fact it's so reworked before
It's placed each morn beside our door

That we forget just when and how
It was connected with a cow.





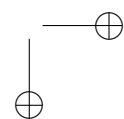
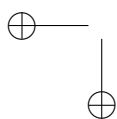
ENTER JULIET, ABOVE

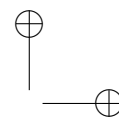
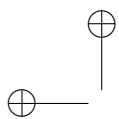
A hall from a castle in Verona, Italy, incorporating the balcony on which Romeo wooed Juliet, is awaiting a purchaser. —
NEWS ITEM.

The storied ledge where Juliet bade
(According to the scholars)
Her fond good nights, may now be had
By anyone with dollars.

And purchasers will doubtless rise,
Those who, ad infinitum,
Could contemplate in rapt surmise
This rare collector's item.

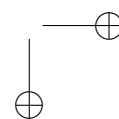
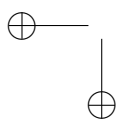
It's Juliet, though, who interests me,
Not where her lover wooed her —
And purchase of this balcony
Would not, alas, include her.

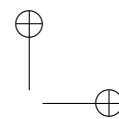
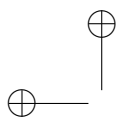




LINES WRITTEN IN A SHOE STORE

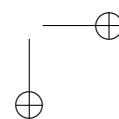
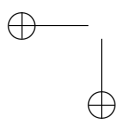
Old shoes always look their worst
When set beside the new,
But new shoes never feel so good
As the old ones do.

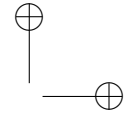
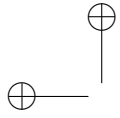




LAMENT ON A LACK OF LETTERS

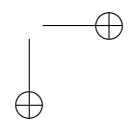
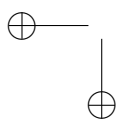
How I love to get a letter!
I can think of nothing better
Than perusing an epistolary item.
But deep is my despondence,
For I've found that correspondence
Means that if you want to get 'em, you must write 'em!

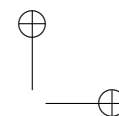
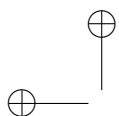




CRY FOR HELP

Waiter, waiter, if you're able,
Wait a while upon our table;
We are hungry, it is late –
Waiter, it is we who wait.





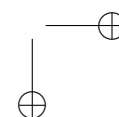
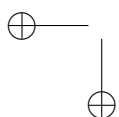
SAVING GRACE

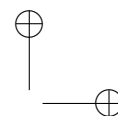
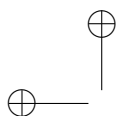
To hedge against inflation or
An economic crash,
I cannily am looking for
A place to put my cash.

I've thought of buying common stocks
And gilt-edged bonds and such,
I've contemplated business blocks
And goods that I can touch.

A farm would furnish food and drink,
A house would save me rent,
Defense bonds ought at least, I think,
To help the government.

But while I wonder where to stow
My savings, come the worst,
Perhaps it would be apropos
To try to get some, first.





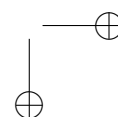
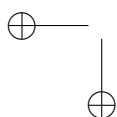
WYNKEN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

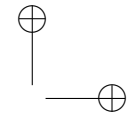
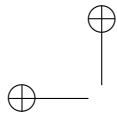
Photographic research reveals three main types of winks. The natural, or reflex, takes from one-eighth to one-quarter of a second; that used to begin a flirtation lasts from three-eighths to half a second; and that expressing boredom takes from three-quarters to one whole second. — NEWS ITEM.

The wink that takes
The smallest fraction
Is nothing but
A reflex action.

The wink of less
Than half a second
Implies that you
Are being beckoned.

The longest wink,
It's well worth knowing,
Suggests that you
Had best be going.





HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

I wonder why there's nothing done
With all the human hair
That slowly sifts and falls in drifts
Beside the barber's chair,

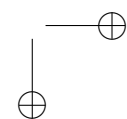
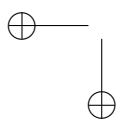
That gravitates like winter's snow
And with as little noise:
The childish curls of little girls,
The stubborn spikes of boys,

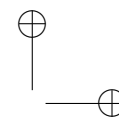
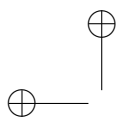
The heavy locks of manly men
That sink in lanky parcels,
The tiny trim of bald-pates' rim
That flutters down in morsels,

The black, the brown, the in-between,
The blonde, the red, the hoar
That slowly waft from up aloft
And settle on the floor.

By-products there must surely be,
If modern men of science
Will sagely view the residue
Left by the barber's clients.

Oh, must it all be swept away,
Can't someone put a stop
To throwing out what's just about
Man's only home-grown crop?

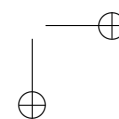
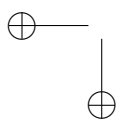


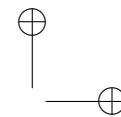
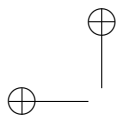


HOME ECONOMICS

In our household account book
 We set down what's spent
Under headings like Food,
 Entertainment, and Rent.
There are columns for Travel
 And Illness and Church
(Though the latter's inclined
 To be left in the lurch),
Plus, of course, Education,
 Insurance, and Clothes
(Under which the good wife
 Has a heading called Hose),
Besides Magazines, Taxes,
 And one or two other
Odd items, the oddest
 Of these being Brother.

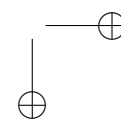
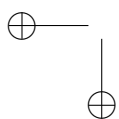
Yet all the above
 Are but trifling, extraneous,
When compared with that bane
 Of finance, Miscellaneous!

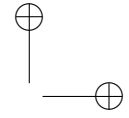
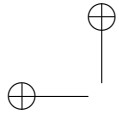




COMPARISON

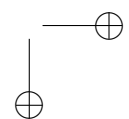
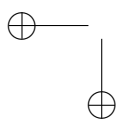
Nature's hues
Seem somewhat duller
After views
In Technicolor.

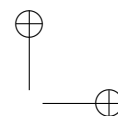
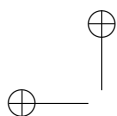




ANATOMICAL OBSERVATION

The stomach is, in every creature,
An interesting sort of feature:
When it works well, you're not aware
That you have any organ there,
But when it gets to working ill you
Are quite convinced it's going to kill you.





ASSORTMENT

Well-Dressed Man Must Have 12 Hats. — NEWSPAPER HEAD-
LINE.

The first is a topper, which one never fails
To wear when out swanking in white tie and tails;

The second, the same – a collapsible model
Compressed at the opera, sprung on the noddle;

The third and the fourth, quite essential because
Of the sun in the summer, a couple of straws;

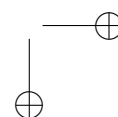
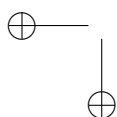
The fifth, a Tyrolian job with a feather
And maybe a band made of counterfeit leather;

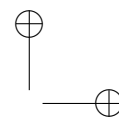
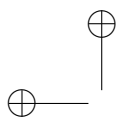
The sixth and the seventh, two Homburgs, the style
That Eden and Whalen wear most of the while;

The eighth, a conservative derby (or bowler),
The kind that when doffed by the wind is a roller;

Ninth, tenth, and eleventh, three felts with snap brims
To be shaped in accordance with personal whims;

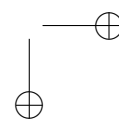
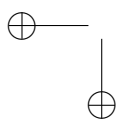
And finally, since life is earnest and real,
The twelfth one had best be a helmet of steel.

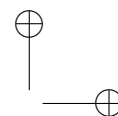
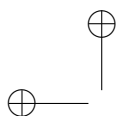




TRAGIC CARPET

How aptly named the throw rug is
I do not need to show you,
For on a freshly polished floor
The throw rug's sure to throw you.





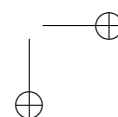
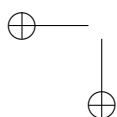
NONCHALANCE

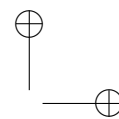
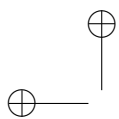
Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean has purchased a pair of penguins. . . . Already the stately birds have passed some time swimming and diving in the bathtub of the McLean apartment. — NEWS ITEM.

Far from his native habitat,
Far from his wonted path,
The penguin's at home wherever he's at,
Though it be in a penthouse bath.

Flawlessly garbed in evening dress,
Serene in the knowledge thereof,
He swims with a veteran's sure success
And dives from the fixtures above.

Oh, whose is the heart that is not stirred
To personal longings vain
By the savoir-faire of this stately bird
In the bathtub of Mrs. McLean?





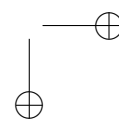
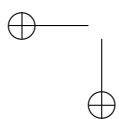
THE AARDVARK

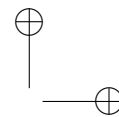
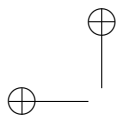
The aardvark is, to say the least,
A seldom seen or heard of beast,

And yet a certain sort of fame
Attaches to this creature's name,

For with its double-barrelled a's
In proud pre-eminence it stays

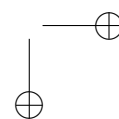
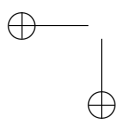
Year after year up at the very
Beginning of the dictionary.

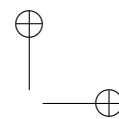
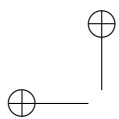




SEQUENCE

The nocturnal life
Of a man and his wife
This pattern quite often assumes:
First two in a bed,
Then each in a bed,
Then sleeping in separate rooms.



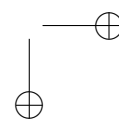
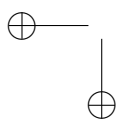


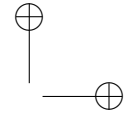
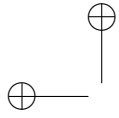
SONG FOR SEPTEMBER

Oysters on the half shell,
Oysters in a stew,
Oysters scalloped, deviled, fried,
Any way will do.

Blue Points, Chinoteagues, Malpeques,
Lynnhavens, all the rest,
The season is upon us when
The bivalve's at its best.

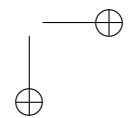
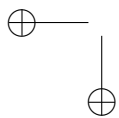
So never mind your taxes,
Forget about the war,
Sing praises to September with
Its reassuring R.

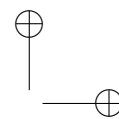
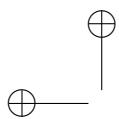




PASTURES NEW

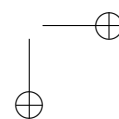
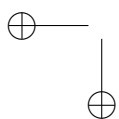
There is no balm of Gilead,
No salve, no soothing ointment
To stay the pain of one who's had
In love a disappointment –
Unless it be that healing lotion
Of fixing on a new devotion.

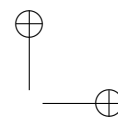
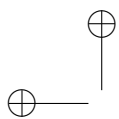




ARGUMENT

If you convinced me
And I convinced you,
Would there not still be
Two points of view?





ASSORTED RELISHES

CELERY

When forced to wait and wait for luncheon,
A stalk or two will serve to munch on,
A use which would, indeed, be laudable,
If only it weren't quite so audible.

OLIVES

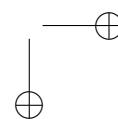
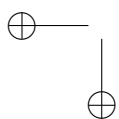
Unless its innards are pimento,
Each olive leaves its own memento,
And therefore, should you nibble any,
The seeds will testify how many.

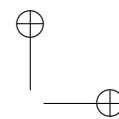
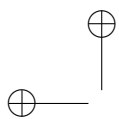
RADISHES

Though pretty things, they like as not
Are either pithy or too hot,
Nor do you know, till you have bitten,
If you've a tiger or a kitten.

PICKLES

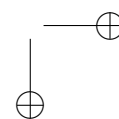
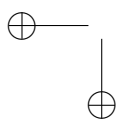
Since people are of many minds
About the sundry sorts and kinds,
Some way is needed to empower one
To tell a sweet one from a sour one.

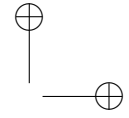
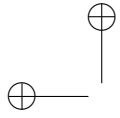




ONIONS

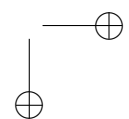
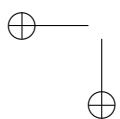
The onion eater and his brother,
Though inoffensive to each other,
Are by their diet alienated
From those who've not participated.

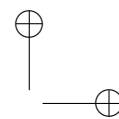
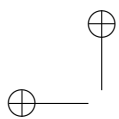




LURE

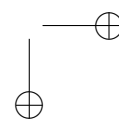
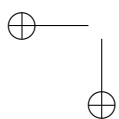
The hat check girl and cloakroom boy
Are fond of leaving as decoy,
Expressive of a pious wish,
A lonely quarter in a dish,
Which is, for me, a waste of time,
Since I don't go above a dime.

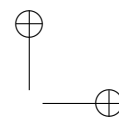
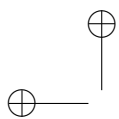




HARD COME, EASY GO

You know how it is with a bank account:
You watch it ever so slowly mount
(The notion being, as like as not,
That a penny saved is a penny got),
And then, after many a hard-earned deposit,
One check, in a minute, completely withdraws it.





LOWER MATHEMATICS

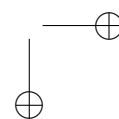
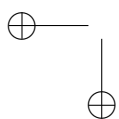
A dollar ninety-eight, it's true,
Is very little short of two;

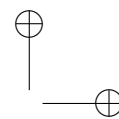
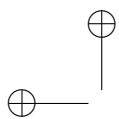
Two ninety-eight, it's plain to see,
Is similarly close to three;

Three ninety-eight is almost four;
Four ninety-eight – but why say more?

What seems a very simple trick
That even my arithmetic

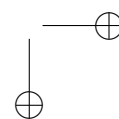
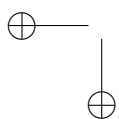
Should handle with but half a try,
Defeats me every time I buy.

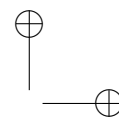
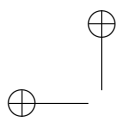




ALL EARS

You're flat on your back,
And so can't get near it,
You catch a few words
But don't really hear it:
A word... and a whisper...
A word... and a mumble...
A laugh... and a giggle...
And then some more jumble.
Oh, the hospital hasn't
A torture that's horrider
Than trying to hear
What is said in the corridor!





LIFE EXPECTANCY

John Masefield, the poet laureate, placed the "fatal age" for poets at thirty-six, saying it was surprising the number who had died about that age. — NEWS ITEM.

The poet who is thirty-five
May not much longer be alive;

The poet who is thirty-six
Had best get in his final licks;

The poet who is thirty-seven
Is overdue in hell or heaven.

