

# MUSICAL CORN

—Audrey Blackburn and Isabel Essick, '48

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, and all of you who should be. This is station K-O-R-N coming to you from the studios of Moronville, North Carolina. Today we have with us the most thought about, talked about, and wondered about person of this modern age, the winner of our Krispy Korn contest, Miss Mooney Moron. But first, we bring to you that eagerly awaited event on all radio programs, the commercial. Do you have that run-down feeling? Are you lacking in pep, vitality, energy, life? Are you anaemic, apathetic, arthritic, neurotic? You are? Then I insist that you try our new colossal, super-sonic, atomic, Krispy Korn Breakfast Food made from 99 44/100% pure corn by the I. M. Korny Manufacturing Company, Crazy Creek, U.S.A.

This cereal is made in the shape of tiny stoves to keep you warm on cold mornings, and is absolutely guaranteed to make you develop the brain of Einstein, the beauty of Lamour, or the handsomeness of Madison, and the strength of the mighty Atlas, in just ten days.

Now, on with our speaker of the day, Miss Mooney Moron.

Good morning—victims. In the interest of the Krispy Korn Breakfast Food, the I. M. Korny Manufacturing Company has asked me to tell about my recent round-the-world flight. This "Sentimental Journey" was the first prize in the contest sponsored by the I. M. Korny Manufacturing Company. I won it because I was the only one who lived after eating an over-indulgent serving of Krispy Korn Breakfast Food. In "All of My Life" I had never won such a contest and "You'll Never Know" how thrilled I was.

As a matter of fact, I haven't quite completed my trip yet. I left from New York and I am now in Moronville. So you think I'll never get back to those "Sidewalks of New York!" But as MacArthur said, "I shall return!"

The sponsors furnished an airplane which was almost ready to fall apart. But it was "All or Nothing at All" and I could not turn down a free world tour. Yes, it was a "Dream" come true.

"With a Song in My Heart" I took my "Old Dog Tray" and went to the New York airport, where we said "Good-bye, Broadway," and soon found ourselves "Flying Through the Air With the Greatest of Ease." There were "Blue Skies" everywhere. Oh, no, what was that? There was "Stormy Weather" below. I yelled to the pilot, "What's That Down There?" And he had the nerve to start laughing. "My Heart Stood Still" as he casually explained, "Oh, that's the Atlantic Ocean." "How Deep is the Ocean?" I began wondering, and I surely was glad when we got "Over There" and saw those "White Cliffs of Dover."

This little plane didn't once let us down until we tried to cross the Hump. I said to myself, "It's All Over Now" and we crashed. When I came to my senses, I was sitting on top of the Hump. The first thing I said was, "Oh, Where, Oh, Where Can My Little Dog Be?" Presently I saw him "Coming Around the Mountain." Suddenly I had a vision. From "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" there flew a carrier pigeon. This was better luck than would have been possible if I had been "Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover." I asked him to postpone his meeting with Mrs. Pigeon for "Five Minutes More." I proceeded to prepare a message for him to deliver to this company which had supplied my means of transportation. Then I directed Mr. Pigeon to "Straighten Up and Fly Right" and he soared out of sight.

In just one week, I saw a familiar-looking contraption winging its way toward me. Soon I found myself up in the clouds again. I thought, "California, Here I Come," when suddenly the plane began acting crazy and it seemed more as if it would be a "Hawaiian Sunset" for me than anything else. Nevertheless, I soon saw that sunny shore of California and I said, "Now Is the Hour" for me to get

some rest."

We were once more flying over home soil, when the pilot asked, "How far have we come from the Hump?" I thought he said jump; so I did just that. "I Can't Begin to Tell You" how deserted I felt up there. I guess "Time Stood Still" for I thought I would never come down to earth. I might have been able just to "Take It Easy" if only I had had a parachute. Then I began thinking about my boy friend, "Oh, Johnny." He had been wearing "Bell Bottom Trousers" ever since the Japs and Germans began "Feudin', Fussin', and Fightin'." Even "The Stars Will Remember" that night "Long, Long Ago" "In the Good Old Summertime" when we said goodbye. As we were "Dancing in the Dark" beneath that "Carolina Moon," he began "Whispering," "'I'll Be With You in Apple Blossom Time' and we'll have an 'Apple Blossom Wedding.' 'That's My Desire.' Then we'll 'Always' Be 'Together' on the 'Sunny Side of the Street.' 'Till Then, 'I'll Walk Alone.' In the meantime, 'Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree With Anyone Else' or I'll have 'Heartaches.'" Ever since that night, I have really believed that "Saturday Night Is the Loneliest Night in the Week." Yes, Johnny was "My Ideal." And while I was up there where I could see so much of the sky, I began to sing, "You're the Only Star in My Blue Heaven."

Suddenly everything became dark and a little later I heard "Strange Music" in my ears. What had happened? "Oh," I said, "'I'm Beginning to See the Light.'" I had fallen to earth but it hadn't hurt me at all. You see, I fell in a field of cotton. Well, I thought, I must be down "South" in "Dixie." I picked myself up and looked around. I heard "Old Dog Tray" bark and "Down the Road Apiece" I saw the plane. I ran to it and there were the pilot and co-pilot patiently waiting as they "Smoked Those Cigarettes." When tears began streaming down my cheeks, the pilot said, "'Beg Your Pardon,' I guess the 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.'" Then we took to the air once again—destination, home. It was "Three O'Clock in the Morning," when I told the pilot, "I want to be in 'Carolina in the Morning.'" So for several hours we were "Racing With the Moon," and when I saw the "House I Live In," I realized that "The Best Things in Life Are Free" and one of those best things is life in these United States of "America." "Civilization," I'll stay right here.

Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard the thrilling adventures of our contest winner, and I'm certain you're all eager to enter our next contest which will be held in the year 2048. The winner will receive a free trip to Mars.

And now, boys and girls, a word to you from the makers of Krispy Korn cereal. For just one dime and two Krispy Korn box tops, we will send you a book entitled "How to Make a Million Dollars" in ten easy lessons. When you have made a million dollars, please send us an additional \$999,999 for the advice.

On the back of the box you will find the complete life story of that newcomer to the stage and screen, Al Jolson, II, alias Bob Hendricks. On the sides of the box, there are recipes including a delicious morsel called Krinkly Korn Kookies made from a combination of Krispy Korn cereal, glue, and corn cobs. On the inside of the box you will find—why, cereal, of course.

And now, listen to what these famous people say about Krispy Korn Breakfast Food:

H. V. Kaltenborn reports: "With men who know cereals best, it's Krispy Korn two to one."

Frank Sinatra croons: "Why be irritated, light into a bowl of Krispy Korn."

Remember our slogan, "If you hate other cereals, you'll love that new Krispy Korn." Try it today.

This is station K-O-R-N signing off until next week, same time, same station.

# Poets' Corner



## MEMOIRS OF L. H. S.

—Bob Holmes, '48

Aye, tear her faded name piece down;  
Since '22 it's hung,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
The antics of the young.  
Beneath this sign the students shout;  
And when that spring day comes,  
One can hear that age old chant of  
"School will soon be out!"

Her gym, once new and flawless,  
And fine in every way,  
Where the cagers oft went lawless  
When vict'ry was their pay,  
No more shall feel the victors' tread  
Or know the victors' glee;  
The workers of the wrecking crew  
Shall send her to eternity.

Oh, better that this aging shell  
Should crumple away and fall,  
Her sacred walls might crash someday  
To end her life for all.

## TO J. L. PEELER

—By Doug Craver

(With humble apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see  
A boy who looks so like a tree.

A boy whose big flat feet are prest;  
Whose chest resembles a chicken's  
breast.

A boy who looks at girls all day,  
But never does a word he say;

A boy who may in ignorance wear,  
A rat's nest in his tangled hair;

Upon whose head his hat has lain  
Beneath which hat there is no brain.

Many boys look dumb like me,  
But only Peeler looks like a tree.

## CONSEQUENTIAL CINQUAIN

—Nancy Witherspoon, '48

Slowly  
The tide went out,  
And with it went my heart,  
Far out to sea where it shall be  
Forever.

No more  
Will he be here.  
Someday I shall forget;  
He'll be a relic of the past.  
Farewell.

And now  
He's gone away  
From me, returning never;  
This is the end, and now at last,  
Good riddance!

## LOST LOVE

—Jane G. Shoaf, '48

Among the shadows  
Of the starless night,  
As dry leaves fall  
There is no light.

I call for you—  
But all's in vain,  
And all is still  
Save the beat of pain.

My thoughts are old—  
There's nothing new;  
My dreams of life  
Are all of you.

The darkness cries,  
"This must not last;  
Look to the future—  
Forget the past!"

And now I know  
As dreams draw nigh,  
When dreams are lost  
So love must die.

## LIMERICKS

There was a young editor, Young,  
And loudly his praises they sung;  
'Til they said, "Mercy sake,  
Why you're just a big fake."  
And that was the end of poor Young.  
—Nancy Witherspoon

If I were up where the angels sing,  
I'd write a poem for the bells to ring.  
But, since Heaven's the place,  
And one goes there with grace,  
I'll never get up where the Angels sing.  
—Lyniel Beck

The wind blows through the leaves;  
The chill soon leaves the breeze;  
It won't be long  
Until the song  
Of birds will fill the trees.  
—Patsy Leonard

There once was a Betsy named Sink,  
Who never took time out to think.  
She looked into the sea  
Thought how cool it must be,  
And then she fell over the brink.  
—Nancy Witherspoon

There was an old lady from York,  
Who happened to sit on a fork;  
This instrument of steel  
Caused her to feel  
Perforated, just like a cork.  
—Zacky Taylor

Once there was a boy named Jake  
Whose girl told him to go jump in  
the lake;  
The poor boy used not his head,  
And now he is dead.  
Alas, alas, poor Jake!  
—John Foust.

Then there was Betty Anne Wall,  
Who took a most terrible fall;  
She saw her hurt finger—  
The pain long did linger,  
So loudly and long did she bawl.  
—Tommy Young.

There once was a cute little bee  
Who chose as prey cute little me;  
He stung me behind—  
Which wasn't so kind—  
Dear bee—don't let victim be me.  
—Bill Blalock

Once there lived a priest in Trieste  
Where religion was at its least.  
He drank some whiskey,  
And became quite frisky,  
And now he is known as "high" priest.  
—James Tate

Then there was one Roland Swing,  
Who removed red flannels in the spring.  
A sudden cold spell  
Caused him to yell,  
"Someone my red flannels please  
bring!"  
—Tommy Young

A woman is careful of her looks,  
And all through life she reads the  
books  
That show her how  
Her figure to endow,  
Which at sight turns men into crooks.  
—Edgar Swing

Once there lived a man in Slater,  
His occupation was "common-tater."  
Every thing went well  
Until he fell  
For some little "sweet-tater."  
—James "Tater" Tate