

Nuts to 1951

—Frank Koonts

Nuts to nineteen fifty-one,
The woeful year that has just begun.
Nuts to all you White House men;
Look at the fix you've got us in!
Nuts to Mr. Malik, too,
And all his motley Russian crew.
Nuts to the call to rearm;
I'm for staying on the farm.
Nuts to MacArthur and his campaign;
Now he must write "I shall return
again".
Nuts to the year that made me ten
and eight;
The army will get me and college
must wait.
Nuts to any current event,
Because to the army I'm sure to be
sent.
Nuts to '51 and all its whirls—
All that looks inviting are the
Esquire girls.

Music of the Bells

—Henrietta Bruton

Sing praises to the New Year,
Ring, wild bells, rejoice.
Let every man hear music;
Raise aloud your voice.

Yet, toll deeply for the old year,
All bittersweet joy and care.
Let the poignant peals of memories
Ring out through all the air.

Clear, bright notes of hope blend well
Into deep chords of love and peace.
Ring out, glad bells, rejoice, and sing,
"Let good will to men increase."

The Grasshopper

The grasshopper hopped
Around with a smile,
Over many and many
A long country mile.
'Twas then the Biology class
Went to work,
The grasshopper smiled
And gave a small twerp.
They'll never catch me in
All of this grass;
Nor put me in a jar that
Is made out of glass.
On grasshoppers now there
Is an inflation.
Ain't you learned something?
This is edge-u-cation.

Editor's Note: Will the author of
the above poem please notify the Lit-
erary Editor so she can receive due
credit for her work.

Sam Digaditch

—Corky King, Esq.

It all happened on Friday, the thir-
teenth. Me, a great detective, and not
a single client in my office.
Slowly the door opened and my first
client entered. "Who are you?" a voice
boomed.
"Sam Digaditch, private ear, I mean
eye," I replied.
Before me stood a tall young blond.
She had a knife between her teeth,
two pistols hanging by her side, and a
rifle in her hands. I could see right
then she was no pushover. She made
a lunge for the door; I made a lunge
for her—right then and there we had
lunged together! She opened the door,
ran down the stairs, and jumped into
a cab. There was a terrific crash!!
I forgot to open the door. I followed
her to a night club, walked up to a
waiter and said, "Anybody around here
been looking for me?"
"Yeh, a guy about nine feet tall,
purpl epants, pink shoes, television set
strapped on his back, and wearing a
set of gold teeth."
"Anything unusual about him?"
"Nope," he replied, "could be anyone
of the crowd!"
I never found that girl, so then and
there I lost my first case. The only
reason I think I lost, though, was be-
cause it happened on Friday the thir-
teenth!

How To Put On a Coat

—Frank Koonts

Take the coat firmly by the collar
and hold it at almost an arm's length
before you. Let us say, as is often the
case, that the coat is turned wrong
side out. You should be facing the
back of the coat in such a case. Then,
take the free left hand and put it
completely through the left sleeve.
Grasp the coat firmly by the edge of
the sleeve and pull. This, as you will
find, will reverse the sleeve. Repeat
this with the other sleeve. After the
sleeves have been turned right side
out, the body of the coat will, as if by
magic, right itself.

Now, the coat is ready to be put on.
Up until now you may think that my
directions have been commonplace.
However, I shall now confide to you
on entirely new directions that have
a new twist. In the place of laying
the coat down to get a new grasp for
putting it on—simply twist the wrist.
This twist will turn the coat in the
right direction, and it will keep your
coat from getting wrinkled. Swing
the coat over toward the left shoul-
der. Place your left arm in the sleeve
of the coat and push. All the while,
the right hand should be tugging away
at the coat. All this will be off with-
out a hitch if you will only remember
to hold the shirt cuff down with the
fingers. After the left arm is in the
coat sleeve, drop the coat, and with
the right arm reach around behind the
back to grasp the coat once more.
Again you may run into trouble. The
next step takes practice. Try to find
the remaining sleeve with the remain-
ing arm. A mirror will help wonder-
fully. Try until you have succeeded
in getting the right arm in the right
sleeve. Then, with both hands, reach
up over the shoulder and straighten
the collar. If these directions cannot
be followed by you, your mother will
come to your aid.

Merry Valentine

—Suzanne Myers

The little girl who lives across the
street from me, in Spruce Pine, North
Carolina, is three years old. She has
big blue eyes and almost white hair.
Her little face is as round as a saucer,
and her cheeks are rosy red.

When she was born her parents,
having had four other children, were
undecided as to what they might
name her.

For several days the little girl didn't
have a name; then one day her daddy
was looking at her, and he thought of
a name. Since she was born on Feb-
ruary fourteenth, they named her
Merry Valentine.

Her hair was soft and golden;
Her cheeks were rosy red;
She looked just like a picture,
Lying cuddled in her bed.

Her daddy's face was beaming
As he watched his little girl.
And he wondered what to name her,
Maybe Martha, Jane, or Cheryl.

These all seemed very trite to him;
Then this thought came his way.
He named her Merry Valentine,
For this was Valentine's Day.

The Two Ducks

—Tilly Beck, 8th Grade

Once upon a time there was a Great
Big Duck, and a little Duck. They
would come out of their ponds and
strut along the banks. All the hens,
cats, and other farm animals would
stand around and watch them.

While they were strutting one day
the Big Duck rolled here eyes around
to see who was admiring her. She
suddenly looked down to see the little
Duck waddling along beside her. She
was ashamed because she was walking
by such a funny creature. She said,
"I'm ashamed to be in such company."

The little Duck fell behind to watch
the Big Duck so she could learn to
walk. She saw that the Big Duck
was walking the same way.

The little Duck said, "If you want
me to walk straight you will have to
walk straight yourself."

Moral—The only way to teach others
what is right is to do right yourself.

The Fable of the Tiger
Who Forgot or Eggs
Cause Trouble

—Eddie Cathell, 8th Grade

Once there was a tiger who loved
to eat eggs, fried eggs, scrambled eggs,
boiled eggs, all kinds of eggs.

But one day, as quick as anyone
could say Jackson a 1,000 times they
had an egg shortage where Mr. Tiger
lived.

Now, the only person who had any
eggs was Mrs. Chicken. She had plen-
ty of eggs, but she wouldn't sell them

Well, Mr. Tiger was in an awful
uproar. So he went to Mrs. Chicken
and begged, pleaded, coaxed, and
threatened. When finally he decided
to resort to the last resort to get some
eggs.

That night Mr. Tiger got his gun
and started for Mrs. Chicken's house.

He pushed open the door and said,
"Gimme all your eggs, you cluck,"
but Mrs. Chicken said, "No, you rat,"
and pulled out her trusty gun. Mr.
Tiger was a fast drawer, so he beat
ole' lady Chicken to the draw. Then
he pulled the trigger, and "click,
click," his gun was empty, he had for-
gotten to load it. Then Mrs. Chicken
fired her gun with "blam," and Mr.
Tiger fell dead.

Moral: One should not starve when
he can get shot.

The Fable of the
Elephant and the
Squirrel

—Leonard Beck, 8th Grade

Once there was an elephant and a
squirrel that liked to argue and try
to outdo each other. One day they
were walking alone, and the squirrel
said, "I have something on you now."
The elephant wanted to know what it
was. The squirrel said "I will show
you." He politely picked up a nut and
started cracking it. When he was fin-
ished he said to the elephant, "Let me
see you crack a nut with your teeth."
The elephant knew he was out-done
and started walking the other way.

The Moral

It does not matter how large you
are, but what you can do.

The New Year Baby

—Betsy Stoner

Deep in thought, Howard Urda stood
gazing through the one small window
of his living room into the smoke
and filth of the New York slum dis-
trict which had been his home since
he left the old country with his par-
ents twelve years ago. Here he was,
a man of twenty-two, jobless as of
yesterday. But to make bad matters
worse, he was to become a father any
minute now. What would be do? How
could he support a wife and child?
It would be all he could do to pay the
doctor's bill.

What day was it, anyway? He should
at least know what day he would
become a father. He glanced at the
calendar and checked his watch. It
was eleven o'clock, December 31, 1950.
Well, it was New Year's Eve.

An hour passed before the doctor
entered the room and informed How-
ard that he was the father of a
healthy eight-pound boy.

After Howard talked to his wife, he
went to bed. Howard slept little that
night and when he finally dozed, he
was awakened by a knock on his apart-
ment door. When he opened the door,
he was too surprised to speak. Who
were those people and what were all
these packages for? Before he recog-
nized the person, the mayor of the
city stepped into the room and began
to explain. "You see, your little boy
was the first baby born in the new
year within the city limits. The peo-
ple of the city always make large con-
tributions of almost everything imag-
inable to the first child born in the
new year."

Howard's prayers had been answered.
Now, he had more food, clothes, toys,
and furniture than he had ever seen
before. Tomorrow he would get a new
job, for could he not now conquer the
world?

"Jackpot"

—Scott Craven, 8th Grade

One time the people of the woods
had a quiz show. Mr. Owl was chosen
to be the master of ceremonies. Every
time you missed a question you had
to give Mr. Owl one dollar. So Mr.
Owl thought he would make a lot of
money so he asked questions about
humans. All the animals knew noth-
ing but animal history, so everybody
missed the questions and Mr. Owl got
rich. Soon nobody would come to the
show, so he raised the jackpot to
nearly all the money he had.

It so happened that Benny Chip-
munk was going by the show and when
he saw the big jackpot of one hun-
dred dollars, although he was very
stupid he decided to try for it.

Soon his turn came and Mr. Owl ex-
plained the rules to him. The first
question was, "What do you call a fe-
male deer?"

He stuttered; he was scared but he
finally said, "It's a-a-d—"

"That's right, and here is the jack-
pot question. Who improved many
steam engines?"

Benny didn't hear him, so he said
"What?"

Mr. Owl collapsed into his chair and
exclaimed, "That's right. You win one
hundred dollars. James Watt improved
the steam engine."

Moral—"It pays to be ignorant."