

HI, COUSIN!?!

—Alice Deese

Monkeys are smart animals. Nevertheless, my pride suffered shamefully when I read in a book some time ago a statement which maintained that monkeys, while they are considered extraordinary animals, are not given due credit; the only reason some of the more intelligent ones do not take over the world and run our factories, schools, and governments is the fact that they exceed human beings in brain-power; they realize that man is in a constant state of worry and hardship, and therefore they think it is best to refrain from showing their genius and stick strictly to monkey business. Maybe they've got something there.

Convinced that such animals would be a worthy topic of study, I investigated them and found them to be quite interesting little brutes. For example, the Prebascis monkey is remarkable on account of his long nose, which in the male turns down and in the female turns up. Oh, well, a great many humans have spectacular noses, too.

The baboon, a ferocious fellow of about three or four feet in height, adds esteem to the monkey race. This story is told concerning them. "The army of Alexander the Great marched in complete battle array into a country inhabited by baboons and camped there for the night. The next morning, when the army was about to proceed on its march, the soldiers saw at some distance an enormous number of baboons drawn up in rank and file like a small army with such regularity, that the Macedonians, who could have no idea of such a maneuver, imagined at first that it was the enemy drawn up to receive them."

Speaking of brainy monkeys, there is a species known as the hoonuman, or entellus monkey, which has an odd projection above the eyebrows, actually caused by a growth of hair, but sometimes confused with the brain.

The chimpanzee is another little monkey which has managed to get quite a big name for himself. He has been spoken of as the nearest like man of any other animal. I wonder if he thinks that is a worthy statement to be made in his behalf? Anyhow, he has not given any reply as yet, although a sermon naturalist once said that chimpanzee will eventually reach the point of intellectual ability that they will be able to converse with man. On the other hand, should man prove to be the smarter, maybe he would figure out the monkey language, and eventually, instead of studying simple Latin and French, we will be learning the more complex and more important monkey lingo. I'd really like to hear a conversation between a human being and a monkey!

As far as the relationship to man is concerned, the chimpanzee has nothing at all on one of his relatives, a cute little brute called the Ursine Howler. This species, which lives in South America, bears such a resemblance to the Indians of that region that they are often mistaken for them. Some people concede that there is little difference in men and monkeys anyway.

If you should chance to meet one of these cultured brutes called monkeys, that is, if you can distinguish him from a human being, by all means, be nice to him! He probably knows some enlightening facts that you have not yet been exposed to, and, what is more important, if monkeys should decide to take charge of our world, as the aforesaid statement concerning the likelihood of such implies, my estimation of the matter is that an early established friendship with them would be valuable.

Monkeys sprang, that's plain to see,
And they're still springing from tree to tree,
But—they didn't spring from me!

Old Tex Vs. Dead Eye Dick

—Corky King

Old Tex had come into the town;
He crossed the darn state line!
He walked into the "Red Saloon"
And got a glass of wine.

He saw a pretty "fancy" gal
A'dressed up in fine lace.
And everywhere he looked from then
He saw her lovely face.

Then Dead Eye Dick, he saw Old Tex
a'leaning 'gainst the bar.
He walked up to that old cowpoke
And said, "Let's git things quar!"

"You leave that little gal alone.
She's mine, all mine, ya see?
And if you try to see my gal,
How dead you gonna be!"

"Now, listen here," said lean Old Tex,
"Don't tell me what to do,
Or folks will be a'staring hard
'Cause they'll see light through you."

"Them's fighting words whar I come
from,"
Said Dead Eye Dick to Tex.
"So meet me on ole Bootleg Hill
The night of 'morrow next."

Then they went out upon the hill
And had their little fight.
When Old Tex came from out them
woods,
Oh, man! he looked a sight.

Old Dead Eye Dick, he's back up
there
Where they had their rub.
The buzzards, they will clean him up
And use him for their grub.

Well, Tex, he come on into town

And got himself real clean;
Put on his best of Sunday clothes,
And saw his girl, a dream.

And Tex, he loved this little gal,
So he married Sally.

Now they own a cattle ranch,
The best in the valley.

The moral of this story is:
Don't set a "killing" date,
Or you'll end up like Dead Eye Dick,
Just plain old buzzard bait.

The Realization

—Mary Cox

I walked out into the world today
To see if I could get away
From the suffering and toil of men
From the burden and wrath of sin.
Upon a hill I stopped to rest,
Facing the setting sun in the West,
While all alone and quiet in thought,
I realized the wonder's God had wrought.

He gave the beauties of the earth,
sky, and sea
For all the world, including me.
Surely He meant for us to spend
A peaceful life with women and men.
I'm sure He meant for us to share,
To treat each problem with greatest care.

Troubles were quickly left behind;
I seemed refreshed in spirit and wind.
Without a doubt of the nearness of
God,
The homeward path I have often trod,
But this time I felt the nearness of
God!

Goin' Fishin'

—Jean Hall

I wonder if I ever will
Find the one for me?
What's this I've heard and heard
again,
'Bout fishes in the sea?

There's a man for every woman,
At least that's what they say,
But sometimes I just can't see
One floating in the bay.

Oh, there's oodles and oodles of 'em,
And lots that go to school,
But sometimes I just wonder
Who might be the biggest fool.

Sometimes men act so silly,
They play the nit-wit's parts,
And maybe they don't know it
But they break lots of hearts!

You'd think if they broke hearts
They'd maybe buy some glue,
But sometimes they don't think at all
To make those hearts anew.

But again sometimes they act so sweet,
Gosh, they make one wonder so!
We couldn't do without them
'Cause they make our lives just glow.

And although eighteen years have
passed,
I ain't found the one for me,
But there's still lots of time left,
And more fishes in the sea.

Then and Now

—Jean Hall

Remember when I met you?
Remember how you cared?
Remember how you followed me
And pretended you were scared?

The fun we had, the time we spent,
It seems so long ago!
And now it hurts to even think
You used to love me so.

And now when I see you
Walking down the hall,
You're usually with some cute girl
That you'll later call.

Yes, I've found another,
Maybe two or more:
I really should be satisfied
Because I know the score.

And when I see you having fun
And know your fun will last,
The more I try to tell myself
That you are in my past.

Cinquains

Softly
Snow fall, bringing
Whiteness, to the earth;
All becomes a lovely winter
World.

—Janet Brown

Trig,
It racks the brain;
One's thoughts begin to slip;
How in the dickens did they think
this up?
... Nuts!

—Corky King, Esq.

Shakespeare—
Wonderful fellow—
He wrote plays and poems,
His big mistake was that he kept
them
... Darn it!

—Corky King, Esq.

Unc' Sam,
Best unc' I have,
He taxed my "mon" away,
But he gave me a suit in return—
know why?
Drafted!

—Corky King, Esq.

The books,
That stand on shelves
With worlds of knowledge contained,
Remain to catch the dust of years
And wait.

—Joan Kearns

Limericks for Laughs

Editor's Note: Do not judge the
Senior Class by the following exam-
ples of literary genius!

I always like to shoot pool,
I know I'm like any fool.
But when I lose money,
It's not very funny,
And then I'm not very cool.

—Burke Giles

There was once a girl called Cinder-
ella
Whose sisters made her sleep in the
cellar;

But to a dance she went
And fell in love with a prince;
Now she sleeps with the feller!

—Herbert Sink

There once was a Koonts named
Frank

Who had lots of money in the bank,
But he was a fool
And liked to shoot pool;
So now he's a penniless crank!

—Webb Leonard

There was a girl named Linda
Whose figure was always slender;
She ate and ate
At a terrible rate;

Now she is as big as a window.
—"Freak" Purdee

There was once a boy named Millie
Whose habit it was to be silly.

He never wore a frown,
For he loved a gal named Brown,
And when mad they always "recon-
cille".

—Don Yates

The fellow that we all call coach
Had a driving class he would re-
proach;

While out driving one day
Three of them got away;
Who had to walk? You guessed it;
poor coach!

—Amelia Brown

Now there was a girl named Whitt,
On a pin-cushion once she did sit,
The lass felt a pain
And got up again,

And sat down no more for a bit.
—Johnny Dixon

There was a young boy named Freak,
At basketball he was really a streak;
Though tall as a pine,
His personality was fine.
So why is he such a freak?

—Don Yates

There once was a boy named Clum
Who dearly loved to bum.

He went to school,
Became an educated fool;
Now Clum, the bum, ain't dumb!

—"Corky" King

There was a young man named
Charles Hill,

Who had such a wonderful build;
He was not short and fat,
But was built up like that,
And even Charles Atlas he thrilled.

—"Kitty" Philpott

There was a young man named
Herb-ie,

So tall that he looked like a tree;
The resemblance was great;
He was chopped by mistake;
So Herbie's now fire wood for me.

—"Kitty" Philpott

There was a man named Joe,
Who always loved to blow;

His stories were full
Of what people believed bull;
Now they believe Joe no mo'!

—"Punkin" Leonard

There once was a student named
Frank,

Whose French grades went on the
bank;
He worked harder every day,
But for all he could say,
His grades just sank and sank!

—Frank Koonts