ois O'Love

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Dear Wondering: So far there has been no evidence that Eisenhower did have an affair with his secretary, although Larry Flynt claims to have videotapes of the two in action. Although no one has proven the authenticity of the Eisenhower-Summersby liaison, there seems to be little doubt that George Patton did have a pas-sionate affair with his jeep. Indeed one of Patton's first acts after entering Paris when the Allies liberated that city was to buy his jeep two liters of French gasoline.

Dear Lois O'Love: Lately I've noticed something strange about my husband. Lois, I find him lying under the bed snapping at dust bunnies. This has happened several times now, and all he ever says is: "Don't stop me now, I'm on a roll."

When he comes out, he has dust in his hair, mustache and his nose. He often is wearing golf shoes and some of my makeup, and his favorite bowling shirt. Then he acts like nothing has happened and tells me to clean the toilet or something. What I want to know is, have I married a pervert, or what?

Mrs. B. W. Quiver

Dear B.W.: I have often heard of your husband's problem. He is not perverted. If you love him, you will accept his "little habit" and continue to clean the toilet. Mr. Quiver is simply afflicted with Suburbanman Dustball Snapping Syndrome. Don't worry

Dear Lois O'Love: I'm five foot two eyes of blue, but oh what those five foot can do, and my fiance has a turned up nose and turned down hose, she's a flapper yessir one of those.

We're getting married in May sometime, we'd love to have it done in rhyme. A poetic minister is what we seek, prospects so far have been bleak.

Can you suggest a church to free us from this lurch?

> Rhyming couplet from Nantucket

3) My father had another nifty phrase

for this piece of advice: "Just thank

them, for goodness sakes. And clean

your room, it looks like a pig sty." Ignor-

ing the latter piece of advice for a

moment, speed is of the essence when

writing thank-you notes. The quicker

you are, the better you are. I was quick

at writing thank-you notes, my wife

wasn't. In fact, I was so quick I thanked

a few people who hadn't given us pres-

ents, thus hastening (and ensuring)

Dear Lois O'Love: I'm 83 years old and worth \$36 million. I'm in love with a cheerleader at the local high school and have proposed marriage to her. She accepted on the condition that she be allowed to wear her letter sweater to the ceremony. I find this rather foolish, but she insists. What should I do? Very Rich and Almost Dead in Hebron

Dear Very Rich: You're right, it is very silly. Tell the little hussy to get lost. My daughter's a cheerleader and I'm sure she'll wear whatever you buy, I mean, want.

Dear Lois O'Love: I got married in July, and on our honeymoon in San Diego, my wife and I decided to take in the Padres-Cardinals game. In the top of the third inning, with two outs, leadoff man Tommy Herr tripled and Willie McGee walked. The next batter, Ken-Oberkfell came to the plate and hit a line drive that bounced between the outfielders and got lost in a hole in the safety padding against the outfield wall.

Two weeks later, a bachelor friend of mine and I drove to Milwaukee from our home in Mason City, Iowa, to take in the weekend series between the Brewers and the Orioles. I planned to tell her, but in my haste I forgot until I got to Milwaukee. I tried to call Twila twice, but she says she was home and didn't hear the phone ring. I say she was just mad and wouldn't answer the phone because I used our secret ring and she knew it was me.

Lately, she has been saying that she may have made a mistake, and is thinking about a divorce. I love Twila dearly and do not want to lose her. My question is this: If McGee had kept running after Oberkfell had passed him, would his run have counted?

Confused in Corn Country

Dear Confused in Corn Country, The run would not have counted, because Oberkfell never bats third in the Cardinals' batting order. Oberkfell was out when he stepped into the batters box for batting out of turn, and what McGee did didn't matter. By the Dear Couplet: I looked but drew a way, your marriage is over.

fine gift-giving. 4) Thank-you notes should be an end, not a means. Because of the nature of weddings, you will receive gifts from people you otherwise would have little to do with.

If you're not careful, it could turn into a full-fledged correspondence, and you then might find yourself invited to a wedding. Oh well, at least it would be a good opportunity to get rid of those McDonald's gift certificates.

Something borrowed

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She pulled from the box a handsome, deep blue goggles-and-snorkel outfit. "Here, put this on," she said brusquely.

Alice hesitated.

"C'mon, time's a-wastin"." Lori said. "Sure, it's a little unusual, but I read where the blue thing the bride wears has to have been kept underwater for 24 hours before the wedding to ensure the health of the newlyweds. Well, this was all I could find, Do you want a healthy marriage?"

Alice, who put more than the usual stock in good luck charms, reluctantly put on the goggles and snorkel.

"Don't worry about a thing. You look just beautiful," said Lori, trying to hide a wide grin. "We also found you something borrowed."

Lori reached into the box again, and presented a sash that said "Miss Hebron Tractor Pull 1962.

"From Miss Hebron Tractor Pull of 1962," said Lori nonchalantly. "We thought of her because she's been married for 19 years, and you have to borrow something from a married per-

You do want good luck, don't you?" "Yes, of course!" blurted Alice. "She didn't want to part with it at first, but when we explained that you were going to wear it at the wedding,

son. It's much better luck that way.

she was glad to help. She said she was sorry she couldn't attend, but would pay a fortune to see pictures of you walking down the aisle with this sash

"How moving," Alice said.

"Speaking of moving, we've got exactly 10 minutes," Lori said, all but throwing the sash over Alice's head and onto her shoulder.

"We had a lot of trouble finding something new," Lori continued. "The only place open was a hardware store." She lifted a small leather band from the box. "They had these dog collars on sale. I figured you could put it on your wrist. I couldn't get the little dog identification tag off the collar, but what the hell, just tell people it's a charm bracelet.

The bridesmaids crowded around Alice to ooh and aah as she labored to get the dog collar fastened around herwrist. "You've got enough good luck here to last five marriages," said one as seriously as possible, after seeing the complete ensemble.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" said Alice, almost in tears. "I'll never forget what you guys have done."

"What are friends for, anyway?" said Lori, not quite holding back a giggle. "Now get out there and give them a blushing bride they'll all be talking about for years."

