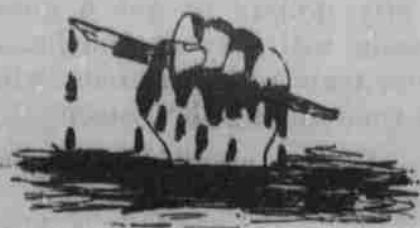
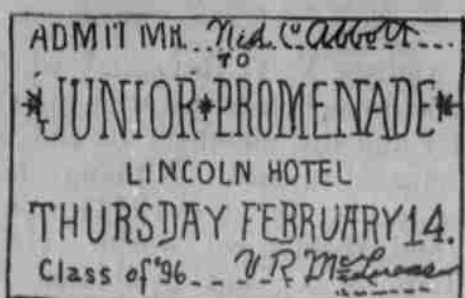


O Mr. Strausmann you'll look this way
And become a pie-face some fine day
From eating those pies at Don's café.



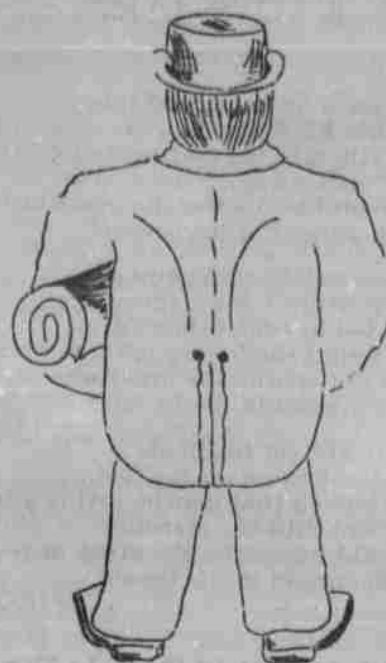
This is for "Billy," of journalist fame,
Who writes her roasts in words of flame
And gives it to everyone just the same.



We are sorry you got mad,
Mr. Abbott.
We are very, very sad,
Mr. Abbott.
But just take this little card,
Your good name will not be marred,
And be present at the Prom,
Mr. Abbott.



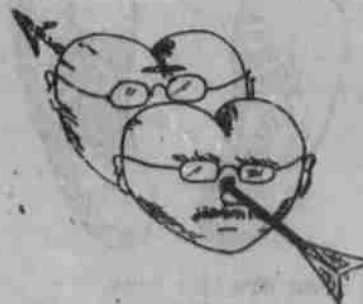
We do not wonder that you're dead,
Such a lifeless thing as you have been.
You'll not be mourned except by those
Who for a dollar were taken in.
And now you're gone may you rest in peace
And come no more your victims to fleece.



And then—well, yes—we all know who
This is, the man we all go to
When any trouble begins to brew.
We hope he will get that old bill through
He has worked hard enough to get through two.



This is Polly, the dear little boy,
Whose face is plastered with chunks of joy,
He's just about right, but a little too coy.



To H. E. Newbranch and—
'Two hearts that beat as one.'