Anyone Remember?

Daffy Descriptions

GROAN, if you like, over these witticisms from James H. of Quincy, Massachusetts.

I'm not telling as many Christmas jokes as I used to. I guess I'm getting to be a Noel Coward.

What do you call the ghost of a door-to-door salesman? A dead ringer.

Little-Girl Logic

OUR YOUNGEST daughter, Ruthie, still believed in Santa Claus in 1951, and after school one day, she came running into the house shouting, "Mommie, Mommie, Mike said there isn't any Santa Claus. He said my daddy brings the presents."

"But that's silly," she giggled. "Daddy wouldn't want to slide down that dirty old chimney!"

And she believed for another year. —Dorothy C.
Black Canyon City, Arizona

A POEM TO CHILL THE SOUL

THE FOLLOWING verse is from Don McNeill's Favorite Poems, a book compiled by the Breakfast Club radio show host in 1951 and sent to us by Doral M. of Sedro-Woolley, Washington.

Cold Feet

Did you ever go to bed at night
And crawl beneath the sheet,
To have your slumber ruined

By a pair of icy feet?

There's many a poor husband
Who groans in deep despair
When he finds beneath the covers
Lies a two-foot Frigidaire.

What is the use of counting sheep
It's just a waste of breath;
Those poor defenseless animals
Would simply freeze to death.

It's bad enough to try to rest
Where heated comforts lack,
But, oh, the shivering torture
Of a chilled foot in one's back.
No male on Earth can rise at morn
With spirits gay and bright
When he's been thus imprisoned
In cold storage all the night.

The little wife who shares his bed
May have a heart of gold,
But why did nature spoil the job
With feet so bitter cold?

There's far more frigid temperature
In a woman's single toe
Than there is in Arctic circles
Where it's 45 below.

Why don't some brilliant scientist
Invent an antifreeze
To bring the circulation back
Below milady's knees?

Still, there's one consolation
If you'd check upon it, men.
Be glad your spouse has but two feet
Instead of nine or 10.

—Ruth Ann Dunne