

There, to my astonishment, I found penned, in a minute but scholarly hand, these words:

"To all whom it may concern: I, Hyacinth Cuthbert Cadawallader, in all humbleness, do hereby leave this record of the last two years of my existence upon Earth to posterity.

On December twenty-first, 1941, I entered, of my own free will, the portals of The Master's Rhyming Dictionary. After excursioning through said book's contents for some three weeks I became of mind to abandon its habitat for something of a more profound nature. It was then that I made the frightful discovery that my paths of exit were blocked in such a way as to prevent either ingress or egress.

Resolved to my fate I wandered aim-

lessly through this accursed dictionary for months. It was on December thirteenth, 1942 that I first observed that my constant diet was having a most singular effect upon my speech. (To clarify this account I herewith provide the information that in so much as I have never taken unto myself a spouse I have cultivated, as a defense against loneliness, the eccentricity of continually talking to myself. HCC) To continue. This hiss miss kiss bliss strange mange range grange exchange derang—"

Fantastic, yet, is it not feasible? A delicately balanced mind such as Hyacinth's being unable to withstand the continual repetition of rhymed words.

What a ghastly vastly lastly fate bait date hate mate sate strait wait debate relate incuba— —

Tribute to "Bessie, The Jalopy"

BILL FREELAND

"Bessie" was a good old Ford, even if she was of the 1924 vintage, with old-fashioned clincker tires and all the out-of-date accessories that made her comfortable like an old, old shoe.

To really appreciate the virtues of "Bessie" the reader should know that she cost John Ganger and Bill Freeland, the proud owners, ten dollars in cash, not to mention many a sleepless night and dateless week to aquire the aforementioned sum.

To return to "Bessie's" physical features, she had a coat of brilliant blue paint starting at her anterior end and progressing to her posterior section, said coat of blue being generously splashed with a subtle shade of red, thus creating quite an aesthetic, or sometimes anesthetic effect upon the on looker. One beautiful feature about "Bessie" was her body design. Her engineering lines flowed together with all the

grace and elegance of a soap box. Even with this, all who rode in her loved her, and but few could leave her without some fond token of remembrance, generally a grease smudge, or more often a sprain here or a bruise there from one of her thoughtless, jolting moments on a rough road.

With gasoline "Bessie" was a bit more of a spend-thrift, but to do her justice it must be mentioned that she drank 14 cent per gallon with the same pride and pleasure that she did the very rare 22 cent per gallon brand.

As with all good things, though, "Bessie" soon came to an end. She never recovered from the rationing of her food to four gallons per week, and was soon retired to the scrap heap for the paltry sum of \$2.50.

All hail to "Bessie," queen of the Jalopies.