

Why don't he say something and tell us to hang the Jap? I had never seen a man hung before. What was he thinking? Didn't he know that Kato had killed Bill? Now the men were on the porch demanding that Sheriff Mason bring out Kato. Sirens started blowing from everywhere as three

cars of state troopers pulled up. Sheriff Mason had probably called the Evansville post for help. With Father leading the way, we ducked behind the new feed store building and ran home. I was really cold when I got home.

THE MAD RUSSIAN

GEORGE FULLEN

The Russian composer bravely sings
Mad melodies on ranting strings,
Inspires us to the passionate stage,
And leaves us while we turn the page

With tongue in cheek, he makes a jest
By turning east when we go west,
His forte measures prophesy
The end is near, but by and by,

He thinks of something else to say;
So then, the listener must stay
To hear him make a witty pun
Which adds to nothing but his fun.

Mad Russian, do relearn your scales
To tell us some sincere tales.
But Russian, do not get us wrong
And go away to stay too long.