

A Letter to Pogo

(IN THE STYLE OF WALT KELLY)

Peggy Edwards

Okeefenokee Extra Special

Dear Pogo,

This here crittur, name of Porkypine, just wish to convey its deep appreshiashun for the top-notch time that was had by all at yo' fish-fry and stomp.

Churchy and Porky (name of me) had us a humdinger of a confab on the way home. Mr. Racketty Coon deposited me on my own everlovin' doorstep about middle day, safe, sound, and chonk full of happiness and cinnamon-type balls. All ten toe-bones is gettin' a li'l rest; but they also claims they had fun, even if'n they *was* throwed out of their natural-born joints.

A pretty sizeable hunk of excitingsments was carryin' on when I got home. Lumpy Looie's li'l tad nephew had upped and got hisself lost in the batter of a raisin cake, an' Miz Frog kep' on a' fishin' out raisins a' stead of her own everlovin' tad. Man, how terribobble it would've been if'n she hadn't cotched him. Ol' Looie was beginnin' to get quite a worry on him.

Li'l Grundoon, the groun'chuck chile, still has the bitin'est set of natural-born tooth-bones I ever seed. Bit ol' Albert's ceegar in two places and guv it a mortal ache.

Miz Manzelle Hepzibah and Boll Weevil enjoyed the circus magnet's perloo—you know ol' P. T. Bridgeport, the circus feller with the drummer named Floyd, don't you?

Write to me when ol' Homer Pidgeon starts his south to north mail delivery in the summer. I will send you postern card from the East Okeefenokee when I go over for a couple weeks to visit my Uncle Baldwin.

Profound reegards from
Porky-Pine, Esq.
(writ by han'.)

"Button, Button——"

Skip Bloemker

TO THE unobservant, buttons are buttons. But to those who know them, buttons are as different as people. The common work-a-day buttons are round, flat, and white. Their centers are pierced by two to four small holes used for sewing them on garments. This everyday group earns its living by holding together the various, ordinary garments of human beings.