

## 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

**T**O 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.

Less conservative are the middle class buttons which sport bright and varied colors and are of different sizes and shapes. These flashy buttons amuse themselves by playing follow the leader on pretty blouses and dresses.

The aristocrats of the button clan are often made of gold, silver, crystal, and other precious substances. They try to out-do one another by adorning themselves with rhine-stones and pearls which flash and sparkle on chic, high fashion clothes.

Members of a dying generation are the shoe buttons. The dictates of fashion occasionally bring them back into existence as members of the fashionable clan, but their number is steadily decreasing.

Other members of the button tribe are the collar button, the elevator button, and the black sheep of the family—the Dewey button.

Buttons, like hobos and children, are very fond of wandering. They also like to play games. Some of the buttons' favorite games are called "Popping Off," "Hide and Come Scek," and "Who Misses Me?" Buttons most enjoy their playtime when the button-wearer is already fifteen minutes late for an important engagement. It is at such times that buttons are often replaced by safety pins.

To the unobservant, safety pins are safety pins. But to those who know them. . . .

## Spring

Carol Manwaring

**S**CENERY is no longer ethereal. The pleasant mystery of the white is over. There is an awkward stage of transition everywhere.

There is no heraldry of summer. Not yet. There is no cheery promise of that which is to come; only the ugly reminder of that which was beautiful a few days ago. White crystals are now black mud, unpleasant and inconvenient. Trees, whose branches had been laid barren for the explicit purpose of receiving the bounty of winter, are barren now without purpose. Their branches hang limply, overcome by the weight of the struggling sap. A few bilious yellow crocuses try to shout the message. Lacking the volume needed to make themselves heard, they surrender to their environment. The brown, patchy grass surrounding them wilts their exuberance. Unhappy robins and cardinals, dirty, muted in color and voice, pick their ways distastefully across mires that once were lawns. They find food scant and tasteless. The dingy grass, insulted by its aggressors' appearance, is impervious to making itself more desirable. Earthworms, tricked by the concealing beauty of the night, lie listlessly, pink and bloated on sidewalks. This is the beginning of Spring.

Then, suddenly, the grass seems to resent the tweaking of the birds. Its color rises, and its blades bristle upward. The silt of the puddles finds a certain affection for the rocks at the bottom and