

## HUMPTY DUMPTY NEEDS HELP

Anonymous

Dear Abby,

Well, I never thought I'd be writing to dear Abby, but I have a problem I just can't seem to solve by myself. About a year ago my son, Humpty, had a terrible accident. He was sitting on a high wall watching girls one afternoon when all of a sudden he lost his balance and fell. I know he shouldn't have been sitting on high walls, but with peer pressure as it is today I guess he had no choice. Besides it is not like he's one of a rotten dozen, he's a Grade A boy.

Anyway, he fell and cracked his head open and broke almost every frail bone in his body. A milk man was making an egg delivery, and saw the accident. He acted quickly and scraped Humpty off the ground and rushed him to the emergency room of the King Medical Clinic.

Kings, doctors and nurses worked very hard putting the broken pieces of Humpty's scrambled head back together. I thought they did a wonderful job of caring for him, although my wife stated she thought the nurses looked more like horses than trained medical personnel.

Doctor E. G. Benedict was the specialist called in for the case and he was very optimistic. He made sure everything was hard-boiled before it came in contact with Humpty to avoid infection.

Before we knew it, Humpty was home and seemed to be in perfect health. He acted just like he always did with one exception. Every day after school, Humpty returns to that same high wall and sits watching not girls, but boys.

Abby, I can't begin to explain how upset my wife and I are. We've tried everything we can think of, from skilled doctors to the hardware

man who suggested we fry him. We've threatened, lectured, loved, and hated, and now I appeal to you for help. Please, Abby what do we try next?

Eggleton Dumpty

Dear EggDum,

Your case is very interesting and frankly I do not know what to say. I have been in contact with my experts and none can offer any suggestions that you have not already tried. I did however forward your letter to Anita Bryant; perhaps she will be of help. In the meantime, I'd try to keep him away from the other children and discourage a teaching profession. We must Save the Children.

At

## WREATHS

Nathan Harter

Beyond the tranquil lawn and shady trees,  
Beyond the regimented rows of stone  
Whose beaten faces bear the names and dates  
Of countless dead, beyond the copper plates  
And marble crosses—far beyond all these—  
A smattering of scattered wreaths lie blown.  
Beyond the peaceful plots those flowers rot . . .  
For money sold, for quiet-conscience bought.