Dear Pogo,

This here crittur, name of Porkypine, just wish to convey its deep appreashun 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 everiovin' 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 excitingments was carryin' on when I got home. Lumpy Looie's li'l tad nephew had upped and got hiself 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

Manuscripts

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 Seek," 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...