
The Fable of the Faded Green Waist

Once there was a Girl who came Meandering down Armour Pike. It was about seven years before this time that, in a little Three-Ball Affair out her way, she came across a Green Waist. It hit her where she never Washed 'cause her Collar covered it. It was marked 73 cents, but after a little Guff and a few Glad Jollies, she got it for 49. It stood by her. She couldn't even Shake it long enough to get the Dust out.

In spite of its age, the thing was full of Life. It leaned against the Bookcases for Hours at a Time, till frightened Away by the Guardian Dragon.

It flapped with a Giddy Flip before the Eyes of Youth. It would, in its confiding Way, rest on a Man if Conditions were Right.

If there was anything going On, walter didn't seem afraid to Take it Around. He appeared gray by Contrast. But when the track was Heavy, a rank Outsider came to the Front, and while walter didn't get the Frozen Mitt, it was just as bad. So he Climbed to Oblivion.

Moral: There may be too Much of a Good Thing.



The Fable of the Solemn Kid and the Inspiration

There used to be a Solemn Guy on the Basket Ball Team. He was a Grave Kid, with Bats in his Belfry.