

Lots of people imagine comph is a form of hair-lip — great, big, beefy lips that open up like a clamshell-bucket.

If so, then a hippopotamus has it — and as I remember it: my uncle owned a cow that had comph and was the best "milker" in Otter Tail County. On the other hand you can claim to have glamor if you own a set of buckteeth, genuine or imitation. B.C. (Before Crises): Control yourself boys, the Kings in the "olden time" used to grease themselves to hold down the stink and posed as "Lord's Anointed" — bear grease, goose grease or snake oil.

But we are not discussing metaphysics now! The problem before the house is (in view of the NFBP — national free board program) It seems sacrilegious to buy laxatives to expel borrowed dung and a better way might be had by paying the money into one of the 17,000 labor organizations and practicing up on unionism — needless to say there is very little comph in 5 lbs of spuds 5 lbs of rice and a lb of sourbelly a week; even with buckteeth your glamor is shot to the middle of dandelion time (for the blood) and spring-freshets when the suckers and catfish run.

For ten-thousand years we've been waiting for George to do it for us — but George never came. What little is done was done by us and if we look real hard we'll find George hiding out in the WPA pretending to be a communist or Alexander The Great. George is a myth even so as