

When I was very young somebody told me a dandy little story. It was about a careless mother who sent her innocent little daughter through the hazardous woods with a basket of food for grandma. On the way, a stupid wolf spied her and took a short cut to the grandma's house to lay in wait for her. A smart wolf would have grabbed her right where he found her but he rushed off and climbed into grandma's bed. The little girl was not too smart either because she mistook the wolf for grandma and every body knows that wolves do not look like grandmas. Grandmas wear glasses. There is much more to this story but I am not going to tell it here because I hope to sell it to a book publisher before somebody beats me to it.

If God had wanted man and wife to sleep together he would have given women warm feet.

Pious Jimmy Carter's weather bureau has established a record of monumental irreverence and he should do something about it. Frigid temperatures for the 1979 World Series. No snow on the ground for Christmas. Torrential rains on the Bob Hope Golf Classic. No snow on the ski slopes at Lake Placid. Sacrilege! Sacrilege!

Was Leon Czolgosz acting alone? Should the Justice Dept. reopen the case?

One needs to look for evidence of our inherent strength no farther than to our survival from such disasters as World Wars 1 and 2, the Great Depression, Rudy Valess, Father Coughlin, Tiny Tim and Howard Cosell.

It has been our custom to select license plates to match our house number. This is no longer possible. Now we are looking for a house with a street number that matches our new license plates.

If we do not solve the energy problem terrible things are in store for us. Can you imagine living without electric tooth brushes, hot combs and neon lights?

John Wayne has left us. Bert Parks has been fired. What is in store for Harold Stassen?

I swell with pride at thoughts of my humility.

When I was a little boy we lived on an unpaved street. It had cobble stone gutters which very often became filled with dirt. My friends and I used to clean these gutters, hoping that the home owners would pay us. Some did. Some did not. Sure, we had our share of dry holes, but we also hit an occasional gusher; and each of us had more money after cleaning the gutters than we had before.

I can see it now. War in the Middle East to protect our source of oil. Millions of fuzzy-faced boys will be handed guns and pushed into the fray - in the name of patriotism; and Congress will search and search for enough incentives to motivate the oil companies to search for new domestic oil.

By the end of 1980 I hope to publish contributions from each of my readers. So, pick up a pen and scribble yours now. Here is one from Julie Rankin. If you are Italian in the kitchen, what are you in the bathroom? European.