THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SMOOCH

In my courting days (the raccoon coat was all the rage), everybody was singing Good Morning, Morning Zip Zip Zip, and young Bonaparte had just left Comice, back, I say, in my courting days, the standard way to meets a girl's heart was to write poetry to her.

I don't understand why young men today have abandoned this gambit. There is nothing like poetry for moving a difficult girl. What's more, poems are ridiculously easy to write. The range of subjects is endless. You can write a poem about a girl's hair, her eyes, her lips, her walk, her talk, her clothes—anything at all. Indeed, one of my most effective love lyrics was called "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword." It went like this:

"Oh, Maude pencil box, It won't live this year."

In your dear little kentine pencil box
Are pencils of yellow and red,
And if you don't tell me you love me now,
I'll hit you on top of the head.

Honesty compels me to admit that this poem fell short of success. Nothing daunted, I wrote another one. This time I pulled a torrent of trochaic tetrameter:

"But I did not mourn for Maud long, for after Maud came Doris—"

But when I reached for Doris, a pencil box, she was working in Galveston as a Pulsall line supervisor, and I have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Pulsall line supervisor. Accordingly I took back my Hi-Y pen, bade her adieu, and have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Pulsall line supervisor.

When this heart-rending ballad failed to win Maud, I could only conclude that she was cruel and heartless and I was better off without her. Accordingly I took back my Hi-Y pen, bade her adieu, and have not clapped eyes on her since. Last I heard, she was working in Galveston as a Pulsall line supervisor.

But I did not return Maud until, for after Maud came Doris—"

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Of course, the dear girl couldn't resist a poem like that—"what girl could?—and she instantly became my slave. For the rest of the summer she marked my books, washed my clothes, and cured my apples. There is no telling where it all would have ended if she hadn't been drafted.

So, now, you can see the power of poetry. Try yourself. All you need is a rhyming dictionary, a quill pen, and a second-hand music note.