

A SATIRE IN RHYME

As head of the division of provision
for revision
Was a man of prompt decision, Merton
Quirk
Ph.D. in calisthenics, PDQ in patho-
genics,
He had just the proper background for
the work.

From pastoral aroma of Aloma, Okla-
homa
With a pittance of a salary in hand.
His acceptance had been whetted, even
aid and abetted
By emolument that netted some five
grand.

So with energy ecstatic this fanatic left
his attic
And hastened on to Washington, D. C.
Where with verve and vim and vigor
he went hunting for the nigger
In the woodpile of the WPB.

After months of patient process Mer-
ton's spicular proboscis
Had unearthed a reprehensible hiatus
In reply by Blair and Blair to the thir-
teenth questionnaire
In connection with their inventory
status.

They had written, "Your directive
when effective was defective
In its ultimate objective, and what's
more,
Neolithic hieroglyphic is, to us, much
more specific
Than the drivel you keep dumping at
our door."

This sacrilege discovered, Merton
fainted, but recovered
Sufficiently to write, "We are convinced
That sabotage is camouflaged behind
perverted persiflage;
Expect me on the 22nd inst."

But first he sent a checker, and then a
checker's checker;
Still nothing was disclosed as being
wrong
So a checker's checker came to check the
checker's checker.
And the process was laborious and long.

Then followed a procession of the fol-
low-up profession
Through the records of the firm of
Blair and Blair;
From breakfast until supper some new
super-follow-upper
Tore his hair because of Merton's ques-
tionaire.

The file is closed, completed though our
hero, undefeated,
Carries on in some department as before
But victory is in sight, not because of,
but in spite
Of Merton's mighty efforts in the
war.

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

MANY ARE DYING

HOW MANY

ARE YOU BUYING