

Over the Back Fence

Amusing morsels and bits of wisdom...
overheard and read here and there.

A Tad Too Humble

MY 12-year-old son's first attempt to write a letter to his newly found girlfriend following summer camp is a real classic. I'm sure lots of men will see themselves long ago at the same stage in the game of love.

My son, Bruce Kester, is now 60. Here are some excerpts from the letter, spelling mistakes, typos and all, sent from our home in West Milton, Ohio, about 1957 or '58.

"Dear Linda,

"You probably think I'm a fool writing to you but I want to thank you for the most wonderful last dance I've ever had, I was in the air from then on. Don't take this as A mushey letter but you are the most beautiful girl I ever met...I don't realy know why I'm writing to you because you probably can't stand the sight of me, but I hope otherwise...

"By now you probably gusted that I'm the idiet that asked you to dance the last one friday...Please send me a pitchure of your self please! Don't take that bit about you being the doll you are for granted because you are...

"I'm sending you A pitchure of my self so you can through darts at it, or it makes wonderful mouse elimenator. Don't think I write to every girl I met, because you are the first...I realy don't know why I should expect you to even look at me because you probably dance with every boy you met like that...I don't know how to ask you to write to me about how you feel about me but please do!

“Well so long for now and probably forever, good ridience ei?”
—Janette Roberts, Round Rock, Texas

A Product of Advertising

THIS POEM is shared by Margaret Davis of Alamosa, Colorado as she recalls it from an Editor & Publisher magazine in her daddy's newspaper office when she was a little girl.

She Read the Ads and Got Her Man

She has the skin
you love to touch.
Her toothbrush isn't pink.
She takes her Lux bath every night,
And Cocomalt's her drink.

She wears Max Factor
on her lips.
Her hair is washed
with Drene.
Her best friends tell her everything.
She thrives on Ovaltine.

And Dr. West has
done his best
To brighten up her smile.
Her soft white hands,
her real silk hose
Add lure and oomph
and style.

In 2 months' time
her name and fame
Have spread throughout the land.
She has a thousand suitors
Pleading for her hand.

To whom should

all the credit go?
To Listerine? To Lux?
Or to the fact her
daddy died
And left a million bucks?

FROM Thomas Quigley Jr. of Green Cove Springs, Florida comes
this tombstone epitaph for an atheist:

All Dressed Up and No Place to Go