

Just like three gals before.
She missed the foot log - jumped the stream
The owner gave a shout,
As her silk stockings, down at her knees
Caught on a sassafras sprout.
She tripped and fell - got up, and then

In obvious disgust,
Ran to the car, stepped on the gas,
And faded in the dust.

Of course we all desired to know
What made the gals all do
The things they did, and then we found
The whittling owner knew.

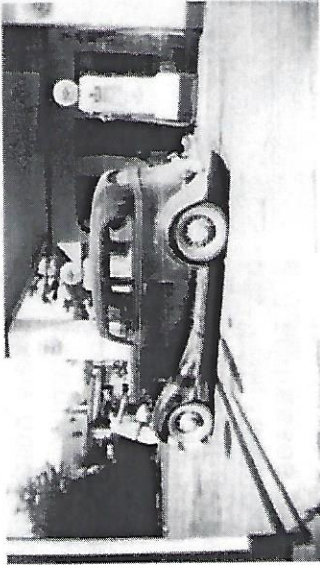
A speaking system he'd devised
To make the thing complete,
He tied a speaker on the wall
Beneath the toilet seat.

He'd wait until the gals got set
And then the devilish tike,
Would stop his whittling long enough,
To speak into the mike.

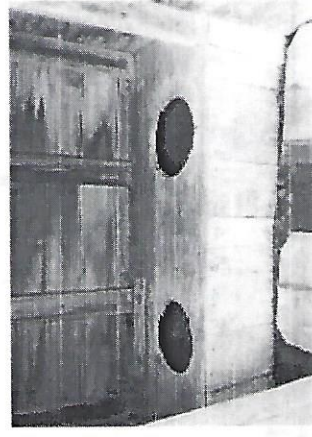
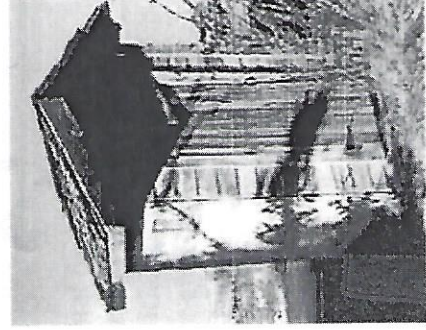
And as she sat, a voice below
Struck terror, fright and fear,
"Will you please use the other hole,
We're painting under here!"

The Outhouse Poem Submitted by Gary Beatty

*Only those who have used an outhouse would appreciate
this as much as I do.*



The service station trade was slow
The owner sat around,
With sharpened knife and cedar stick
Piled shavings on the ground.
No modern facilities had they,
The log across the rill
Led to a shack, marked His and Hers
That sat against the hill.
"Where is the ladies restroom, sir?"
The owner leaning back,
Said not a word but whittled on,
And nodded toward the shack.
With quickened step she entered there
But only stayed a minute,
Until she screamed, just like a snake
Or spider might be in it.
With startled look and beet red face
She bounded through the door,
And headed quickly for the car



Typical 2 Holer



Adam and I hope all
of you had a Merry
Christmas and have a
happy, healthy and
prosperous New Year