Simple Ditties of the 1930s: The stories are deteriorating; here are some of my favorite ditties from the 1930s:

“They missed the turn,
Car was wizzin’,
Fault was her’n,
Funeral his’n.” -Burma Shave

There was a young man from Wheeling
Who walked upside down on the ceiling.
When he fell on his neck
He hollered like heck
“That was a peculiar feeling.”

I’m Pop-Eye the sailor man,
I’m Pop-Eye the sailor man,
I fight to the finish
‘Cause I eat my spinach,
I’m Pop-Eye the sailor man.

When the One Great Scorer
Comes to write against your name,
He writes not that you won or lost,
But how you played the game.

I promise a better story next week.