

**Tom Marshall's Weekly News, July 2, 2007**

**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.