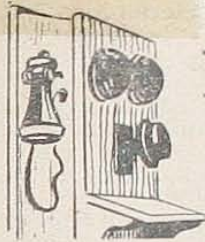


Communication



Party Line

with
Viola Phillips

Say by heck, it sure, is cold,
Thirty below, so I've been told,
Too darn cold to be outside,
Nicer by the fireside.
In the rocker Ma is sitting,
On a mitt so fast she's knitting.
Pa is lying on a cot,
Snoring so hard it makes you hot.
Ma says, "Ain't the wind a-roarin'
But Pa keeps right on a-snoring'.
Bill is tired of reading a book
A streak of lonesomeness he took.
A date he broke with his gal tonight,
Because the storm is such a fright.
Soon Pa stretches and groans and says,
"Ma, ain't it just about time for bed?"
But first of all I have a hunch,
I'd like to have a bit of lunch.
So ma she puts her knitting down
And weary, though without a frown
She gets Pa a bit of lunch,
And cookies, too, that he can munch.
Some sandwiches, two or three,
How he eats so much, it sure gets me.
By the time he gets through and wipes his chin,
Bill says, "It's late. Come, let's turn in . . ."