



Dear Lewis:

You boast you took a chance last year
And wore my pants and other gear.
Decked out in stolen loot you found
You still are beautiful though round.

Right welcome were you to my old gear;
I forgive the connivance of Bevier.

I grant that you have cut a "figger"
In pants and boots either small or bigger
Than modern fashion has approved;
No wonder the lamblike muchachas mowed
With backward glances to the fold,
Resigned, but grieved, their virtues to hold.

If redbugs and ticks I happen to chance on
When next those boots and pants I put on
I shall not accuse you of dirty tricks
I'm quite accustomed to their pricks.
In fact it has long been my surmise
That in the seams they colonize
So the bugs you thought came from normal hants
May really have nested in my old pants.

But Lewis, would you have me suppose
If I should find among my clothes
Other creepers than redbugs and ticks
That you were really up to dirty tricks
With fond mama, whose fiercest glance
Was for the muchachas as she eyed you askance?

Fred