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Katherine McFfay

A girl named Katherine McFfay
Who never had a thing to say
Not any time, not anywhere
Sometimes had cornflakes in her hair
And no one knew who put them there
But when told about the flakes
She'd give her head a few quick shakes
Wink her eye and turn around
But never make a single sound
For she was Katherine McFfay
Who never had a thing to say.

There Was A Man Named Willie Hunter

There was a man named Willie Hunter
Who grunted so, they called him grunter
Another man named Wilson Porter
Snorted, so they called him snorter
Another man named Charlie Steiner
Whined so much they called him whiner
And yet a man named Sammy Spring
Who went 'round saying "Ding, ding, ding"
Was never called a single thing.

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SONGS AND STORIES FOR CHILDREN

Ed McCurdy

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SONGS AND STORIES

Ed McCurdy



ED McCURDY

Born: January 11, 1919, Willow Hill, Pennsylvania. Last of 12 children. Sang since childhood. Grew up listening to church music, white and black jazz, Bach, blues, hill billy. Started to study voice at age 14. First singing job at W.K.Y. Oklahoma City in 1938, as a hymn singer. Have worked as a singer, M.C. in night clubs, theatres, straight man in burlesque, radio announcer, song writer ("Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream"), did children's radio and television in Canada and U.S. have worked as an actor and narrator in Canada and U.S. Have worked as an actor and narrator in radio and television. Recorded six albums of erotic songs, some twenty albums of folk, childrens songs, sacred songs, etc.

Now writing stories, songs, poems (religious, erotic, satiric, nonsense). I hope to write an autobiographical novel.

Wife: Beryl, ex-dancer—now bookkeeper (34 years)

Children: Mary (married to Steven Brady, motorman, NY subway). Granddaughter, Kathleen, Grandson, James.

James (32—recording engineer, song writer, NYC)

Dana (28—synthesist, guitarist, singer, with me)

Live in, and love with devotion, NYC. Am striving to practice peace and brotherly love.

SIDE I

Young People All Come Listen Clearly

Young people all now listen clearly,
I had a dog that I loved dearly
But on a lovely summer's day
That dog just up and ran away.
If he'll be back I do not know
He's never called to tell me so.
So I'm afraid he's left me flat
I guess I'll get a pussy cat
A cat could stay inside the house
And if she chanced to see a mouse
Then she could just get rid of it
Not like that dog, he'd have a fit
Oh yes, a cat would be much better
Than some old run off Irish Setter.

There Was A Man Called Mr. Price

There was a man called Mr. Price
Who could not stand the sight of mice
If just one mouse came in his house
When first he saw the mouse appear
He'd yell out "Mouse get out of here."

The Balloon

I am a balloon, one of the gas filled kind, that
can soar away and far off. I have been honored
by my fellow gas filled balloons by being asked
by them to speak for them, to all young ladies
and gentlemen who may have had the experience
of having a balloon slip from their small hands
and drift away.

Young ladies and young gentlemen, sometimes get
upset and feel sad when this happens. A young
lady or a young gentleman may think that the
beloved balloon is lost. Now it is true, that
the balloon may disappear and never be seen again
by that one particular young lady or young gentle-
man. Or several young ladies and young gentlemen
gathered together in a friendly group may think
their balloon, or in some cases, more than one
balloon, may indeed be lost. But, let me tell you
something that may bring you some degree of surcease
from sorrow, or to put it more simply, make you feel
better.

Balloons do not get lost. They just go somewhere,
various places. Let me explain. Now if there is
a strong wind and the balloon is a large balloon
and full of gas, helium is the name of the gas by
the way, the balloon can go quite high and quite
far. Perhaps to a high hill or a mountain top.
If there are tall trees around, the balloon may
get caught in a tree. It may be a tree that has
an eagle's nest in it. A bald eagle's nest. Now
that would be something because the bald eagle is
the national symbol of the United States and it is
in its own unusual way, a very beautiful bird.

Now just suppose that the little eagles in the nest
see - this to them - strange thing. And the littlest
one of them asks its mother eagle, "What kind of
bird is that that just flew up here? It's bald like
daddy but it doesn't have any feathers." "No," says
the mother, "And it also has no beak, no eyes, no

legs, and no claws. And it seems to have a string
on it. We'll ask your father when he flies home,
maybe we can eat it." Well then perhaps when father
bald eagle comes home they all ask him and he says,
"Well I've seen one or two things a little like this
but not generally where I fly. But let's see if we
can eat it." So the eagles all start pecking and
clawing at the balloon with their beaks and claws.
Now the mother and daddy eagles have very strong
beaks and very sharp talons (claws) and the balloon
breaks with a big POP, scaring the little eagles.
And the gas pours out of the balloon, and in a very
few moments, it's flat.

Just a rather small piece of synthetic rubber or
plastic, whatever. And that's only natural because
before balloons are filled up with gas or air to
be full and round, they are empty and flat. Now
that seems perhaps sad to you, but not to a balloon
because, like all things, balloons come and go.
And balloons, knowing that to be a condition of
being balloons accept it.

Now what do you suppose happens then? Well perhaps
the mother eagle lays the nice soft piece of rubber
or plastic material in the bottom of the nest and
they all sit on it. That's a nice thought. Now
that is one thing that can happen to a balloon.
That's not so sad is it?

So next time one of you young ladies or you young
gentlemen loses a balloon, or several young ladies
and young gentlemen gather together in a friendly
group, lose more than one balloon, don't feel bad.
Maybe your daddy or mother will get you a new one
sometime. Sic transit a lona or something like
that. You may ask some very smart grown-up like
your mother or your father what that means.

Be happy, be happy.

A Wealthy Man Named Enoch Slaughter

A wealthy man named Enoch Slaughter
Had a quite peculiar daughter
His daughter liked to spend her time
Finding words that would not rhyme with
any other.

And wishing that she had a brother.
For a brother surely would be a comfort
And he could sit with her when things
got hazy
And she felt a little crazy.

So she went and asked her father
But he said "No it's too much bother
She said "Dad you make me sick"
He said, "Of course you silly stick
And in spite of all my wealth I do
the same thing to myself.

And that's the tale of Enoch Slaughter
And his quite peculiar daughter
And the brother not to be
If you think that's strange well I agree.

I'd Like To Go Back

Oh I'd like to go back to where I have been
If I only remembered the where
But I don't remember a single thing
Just that I have really been there.

For I guess I will never go back again ever
Go back to the where that I was
You may think I feel that that merits a sigh
You're right I feel that it does.
But I really do like the where I am now
I do like the now that I'm in.
But wherever the this or wherever the that,
When the time comes to be I'll begin.

When I Grow Up To Be A Man

When I grow up to be a man
What sort of person will I be?
Will I be any other than an older
and a bigger me?

When I'm As Grown Up As My Mother

When I'm as grown up as my mother
What sort of person will I be?
Will I be any other than an older
and a bigger me?

Sometimes I'm Happy

Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm not
Sometimes I'm cold, sometimes I'm hot
Every time it rains, it rains
Every time it snows, it snows.
Every time it hails, it hails
And every time it blows it blows.

I Once Had A Pain In My Belly

I once had a pain in my belly
It really hurt a great deal
I'd eaten too much cake and jelly
With pickled pigs feet and smoked eel.

Albert The Pigeon

Once there was a young pigeon named Albert. He lived with his mother, Mrs. Pigeon and his father, Mr. Pigeon up in the rafters of an old deserted barn on the edge of a town.

He was a handsome and pleasant young pigeon and his parents were very fond of him.

One day, Albert's father came to him and said, "Albert, it's time you learned to fly. Now don't be afraid I'll teach you." "Aah, I'm not very much interested," said Albert. "What," said his father very surprised, "you're not interested in learning to fly?" "No," said Albert, "not very much. The idea just doesn't appeal to me." Well Mr. Pigeon was rather upset by this. Pigeons are supposed to fly and Albert was a pigeon. But he wasn't interested

in learning to fly. His father just couldn't understand it. "Now, now dear," said Mrs. Pigeon, "don't get yourself all upset, he's just a boy he'll change his mind, give him a little time."

So Mr. Pigeon waited a few more weeks. But when he talked again to Albert about learning to fly, Albert still wasn't interested. "Now listen to me, son" said his father, "you've got to learn to fly. What will our friends think, a pigeon that can't fly? Why they'll laugh at us." "Oh, I don't care what our friends think" said Albert. "I'm just not interested in flying. I have my reasons." "Well I'd be very interested in hearing your reasons" said Albert's father. "Well," said Albert, "I'll tell you. Now I haven't been around very long, I'm just a young pigeon, but I've been around long enough to make up my mind about flying. I've been watching other pigeons fly and I'm just not impressed. They do it well enough I suppose, but they certainly aren't very graceful at it. But have you ever noticed how they walk? Now I like that. Pigeons are very nice walkers, very dignified. I've decided to be a walking pigeon. "I'm rather good at it already." And he walked proudly up and down in front of his father. Now Mr. Pigeon had to admit that Albert was a fine walker but he still thought Albert should learn to fly. However, he was a patient father and he decided to let his son go his own way. "After all," he thought to himself, "the boy's still young, he'll get over this silly idea."

So Albert didn't learn to fly. He just walked. And he got very good at walking, very good indeed. He could walk probably better than any other pigeon. He even learned to walk up ladders.

Now one day, Albert was walking along in the park when he saw a cat. The cat saw Albert too and started chasing him. Now Albert had heard about cats and knew that they sometimes caught pigeons and ate them. So he decided he'd better run. And he did. He ran just as fast as his legs could carry him, which was really quite fast. Fast that is, for a pigeon. But not fast enough. Cats can run very, very fast, much faster than any pigeon. And soon the cat was close enough to touch Albert's tail with his paws. Well, Albert was just about to be caught when he came to a fence with a small hole in it, just big enough for him to squeeze through, but too small for the cat. So through he squeezed and got away. But it was a close call, a very close call. And Albert was very frightened. He also was all scratched up and had lost some feathers squeezing through the small hole in the fence. So he hurried home and hid in a pile of straw in the barn.

Now Mr. Pigeon, who had heard about Albert's narrow escape, and had been trying to find him to make sure he was all right, finally came to the pile of straw where Albert was hiding. He looked his son over very carefully to be sure he wasn't badly hurt and then sat down beside him and talked to him in a very gentle and fatherly way. "Albert my son", he said, "I'm sorry you had this unpleasant and dangerous experience and I'm very glad that you're home safe and sound. But my dear little boy, it's really your own fault. Now if you had learned to fly, that cat would never have gotten even close to you. You could have just flown away into the air out of his reach. Now don't you think you'd better let me teach you to fly?"

But Albert was a very proud young pigeon and just a little bit stubborn. "Father," he said, "I'm

sorry to worry you so much but my mind is still made up, I don't want to fly. I want to walk and I'm going to walk." So Albert walked.

His father and mother worried about him and tried to get him to change his mind but Albert was absolutely determined he would not learn to fly. And even though he had many more narrow escapes, he still stuck to his decision. Albert was a walking pigeon.

Now one fine summer's day, Albert was out walking in the park, keeping a sharp lookout for cats, when all of a sudden something very wonderful happened to him. He met a beautiful, young girl pigeon. Oh, she was beautiful, so beautiful. The sight of her made Albert's pigeon heart beat faster. And what was even more wonderful, she seemed to like him. "My but you're a fine, handsome young pigeon," she said. "I'd like very much to be friends with you. Let's fly over to the lake and watch the boats." "Oh I'd love to," said Albert, "but let's walk instead. Walking is so much nicer than flying, don't you think so?" "Goodness no," said the beautiful girl pigeon. "Walking's all right I suppose, but we're pigeons and we can fly, it's much quicker. Come on, let's fly over to the lake." "I can't," said Albert. "What do you mean you can't," said the girl pigeon. "I can't fly," said Albert. "I never bothered learning. I think pigeons fly very ungracefully. I'd much rather walk, it's much more dignified." "Oh really," said the beautiful girl pigeon. "I think you're just being silly. I never heard of such a thing. I'm sorry but if you can't fly I'm just not interested. Goodbye." And off she flew, leaving Albert standing there feeling very sad and very lonely. "Oh dear," he said, "What am I going to do? I'd like so much to be friends with that beautiful girl pigeon. I love her but she won't have anything to do with me, I can't fly." And tears came to Albert's eyes. And he cried all the way home to the barn. And he cried all that day, and he cried all that night, and he cried all the next day, and he cried all the next night until he couldn't cry anymore.

Then he just sat and thought. He thought about his decision never to learn to fly and he thought about the beautiful girl pigeon. Poor Albert, he was in an awful fix. Suddenly he got up from where he was sitting and walked right up to his father and said, "Father I want to learn to fly." And then he told his father about the beautiful girl pigeon and how much he loved her, and how she wouldn't be his friend unless he could fly. "It's just not worth it," he said, "I still don't think much of flying but I love her and if she wants me to fly, I'll fly. That is if you can teach me?" "Of course I can teach you," said his father. "It won't be easy but if you try very hard I'm sure you'll soon learn. You're a fine young pigeon Albert, and I'm proud of you. You'll learn to fly and you'll learn to fly very well." And Albert did learn to fly. It wasn't easy. He had to practice a lot but he did learn and he learned so well that soon he was one of the best flyers around.

Then one day, when he had learned as much as there was to learn about flying, Albert flew over to the lake in the park to find the beautiful girl pigeon. He found her and she was glad to see him, and very impressed with the way he flew.

So for many, many happy days Albert and the beautiful girl pigeon flew side by side, all around the countryside. It was all very lovely.

SIDE II

A Certain Boy Named Johnny Brent

A certain boy named Johnny Brent
Had trouble saying what he meant
He hollered "Fellows stir the band."
But no one seemed to understand
So then he shouted heather higher
But no one understood that either.

For those who pronounce either either
What he said was heether higher

A Man Went Out To Pick Up Sticks

A man went out to pick up sticks
He came back in for thirty-six
That heavy load made his feet sore
So next time he picked just thirty-four.

A Certain Lady From New York

A certain lady from New York
Found a bottle made of cork
With a stopper made of glass
She said strange things had come to pass.

A Nice Old Man

Once there was a nice old man who lived out in the forest in a hollow tree. He was a very happy and contented fellow and lived a very pleasant life with 17 squirrels and 26 birds to keep him company. The squirrels and the birds were fond of the nice old man and would always follow him around wherever he went.

Sometimes they'd go on long hikes together and look for things and places they'd never seen before. Most of the time when they went on hikes they took along a picnic lunch to eat when they got hungry. The squirrels took nuts, the birds took worms, and the nice old man took a bacon.

One morning, the nice old man and his friends were sitting in the hollow tree thinking of where to go and what to see that day. They thought and thought and thought and thought. The squirrels thought, the birds thought and the nice old man thought. After a few minutes of very hard thinking, the nice old man said "I know friends, let's take a trip to see the sights. If we go now we can get back before the sun goes down." "Fine," shouted the squirrels, "fine," chirped the birds." And they started getting ready. They picked nice picnic lunches, put the lunches in their packs, strapped the packs on their backs and started on their way.

As they walked along the road the nice old man started singing. It was a happy song and the 17 squirrels and the 26 birds joined in on the chorus.

Here we go on a sunny day
Walking through the forest to the
big highway
That leads into the town, the town
That leads into the town, tra, la, la
That leads into the town, the town.

After awhile they came to the town. It was a fine town and had many interesting things to see. The nice old man and his friends walked around the streets looking at everything and talking pleasantly among themselves. It was all very enjoyable.

Now, as the nice old man and his friends were walking about the streets, the people of the town were watching them. The people had never seen such a sight before and they thought it odd. They thought it very odd, and they laughed, ha, ha, ha, they laughed. "Look over there at that silly old man with the squirrels and birds. Isn't that the funniest thing you ever saw? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha."

Now those people weren't being very polite. They were actually being rude. And the nice old man heard them too. But he didn't seem to mind, not a bit. He just smiled quietly to himself. He kept on walking. Finally, they came to the town square. And, since they were rather tired from their long walk, they all sat down on the steps of the town courthouse and rested. The people of the town had followed them and stood around laughing and pointing at them. After awhile, the nice old man stood up. And smiling a very pleasant smile at the people, he spoke to them. "Good people," he said, "how do you do? I'd like to tell you that my friends and I think you have a very fine town here. We've enjoyed visiting it and hope to come back again, some time. Right now I'm afraid we'll have to be going, we want to get back to the forest before the sun goes down. But before we go, I'd like to talk to you all. I'd like to explain something to you." So, after the people had gathered close and were quiet, the nice old man began. "Good people, I notice that you have been laughing at us. Now I don't mind really, I like to hear people laughing and see them happy. But perhaps I should explain something to you. Perhaps I should explain myself to you. Now you seem to think it's odd that I have 17 squirrels and 26 birds as companions. Well, perhaps it is odd to you, but it isn't odd to me. You see, I've surrounded myself with friends and that seems to me to be a very sensible thing to do, a very sensible thing indeed. Now just you think a minute. Just add and you'll see why. With 17 squirrels and 26 birds I have 43 friends and that seems to me to be a very pleasant arrangement don't you think so?" "Well yes," said one of the people. "Now that you've explained it all so well I think we see what you mean. You really aren't odd at all. You're really very sensible. Now we shouldn't have laughed at you. That was rude of us and we're sorry. We hope you'll forgive us."

"And now, as mayor of this town, I'd like to say that you and your friends are always welcome anytime you'd like to visit us again. And if you don't mind we'd like to come and visit you in the forest sometime. But right now, before you go, in my capacity as mayor of this town, I'd like to present you and your friends with this little token of our good will and deep friendship.

And the mayor handed the nice old man a large basket, all done up in bright ribbons and decorated with flowers. In it were packages of nuts, cans of worms, and a large piece of bacon. "Oh thank you very much," said the nice old man. "You're very kind, we'll certainly enjoy eating this fine food. And I'd like you all to know that we would be very happy to visit your fine town again. And I'd also like to say that you are all more than welcome to come and visit us in the forest. Bless you all, and goodbye."

And the nice old man shook hands with the mayor and all the other people. And the squirrels and the birds did too. Then with the people waving after them they left the town and went home to the forest.

And that's the way it happened. The people of the town often came to the forest to visit the nice old man and the squirrels and birds, and the nice old man and the squirrels and birds often went to the town to visit the people. They were all very happy.

Katherine McFfay

A girl named Katherine McFfay
Who never had a thing to say
Not any time, not anywhere
Sometimes had corn flakes in her hair
And no one knew who put them there
But when told about the flakes
She'd give her head a few quick shakes
Wink her eye and turn around
But never make a single sound
For she was Katherine McFfay
Who never had a thing to say.

There Was A Man Named Willie Hunter

There was a man named Willie Hunter
Who grunted so, they called him grunter
Another man named Wilson Porter
Snorted, so they called him snorter
Another man named Charlie Steiner
Whined so much they called him whiner
And yet a man named Sammy Spring
Who went 'round saying "Ding, ding, ding"
Was never called a single thing.

Captain Gregory O'Shaughnessy

Come all you young sailors wherever you may be
I'll tell to you a story, a story of the sea
It's about a ship, a sailing ship
A sturdy ship was she
And the Captain's name was Gregory O'Shaughnessy.

This is a chapter in the story of Captain Gregory O'Shaughnessy, S.G. It is the first chapter so perhaps we had better call it Chapter One.

Captain O'Shaughnessy was the captain of the good ship Maryann. How he came to be her captain is an interesting story. You see, Gregory O'Shaughnessy was a seagull.

Now seagulls have sailed with ships for years and years and years and years, but to the best of our knowledge no seagull has ever become a captain. That is, none except Gregory O'Shaughnessy.

One day, he said to himself "I should become a captain. Seagulls have followed the sea for hundreds and hundreds of years now and I know all there is to know about the sea, or almost all there is to know about the sea. I know about tides and winds, and waves and storms, and all that sort of thing. I'd make a fine captain. I think I'll write in for a license." So he did.

Pretty soon, back came a nice letter saying, "Dear Mr. O'Shaughnessy, my you have certainly fine qualifications. We'd be delighted to give you a captain's license. Enclosed you'll find a list of questions. Just mark them true or false and send them back to me right away. Yours truly, Commodore Walter B. Barnacle, in charge of captains."

So Gregory O'Shaughnessy marked all the questions true or false and sent them back right away. By the very next mail, he got a big fat envelope, and in it was his captain's license in a size suitable for framing, and another nice letter from Commodore Walter B. Barnacle. "Dear Gregory," it said, "Congratulations, you did a fine job of answering the questions. You're now a one hundred percent first class captain. I am enclosing, as a reward for promptness, a nice new shiny captain's badge to pin on your cap. Hope you are well. Yours truly, W.B.B."

"Now isn't that nice," said Captain O'Shaughnessy as he pinned the badge on his cap. "Now to find a ship that needs a hundred percent full class captain." And off he went.

Pretty soon he met a sailor. "I beg your pardon," he said, "do you know where I can find a ship that needs a captain?" "As a matter of fact I do," said the sailor. "I'm from the good ship Maryann and we need a captain. We lost ours." "Oh, that's too bad," said Gregory. "What happened? Nothing serious I hope." "Oh yeah, it's pretty serious," said the sailor, "he got seasick, had to go home." "Well then," said Gregory, "if it's all right with you fellows I'll just come down and take over." "Fine," said the sailor. So down to the wharf they went, and on to the good ship Maryann.

"This is Captain Gregory O'Shaughnessy fellows," said the sailor. "He's our new captain." "Glad to have you aboard, sir," said the crew and they all saluted. "Oh thank you," said Gregory, "you're all very nice I'm sure." And standing stiffly at attention, he saluted them back. And as he did, his hat fell off. "I guess this hat doesn't fit very well," he said. "Oh that's all right," said the crew. Don't you worry about that captain, that's nothing. Our last captain fell down a lot, tripped over his shoelaces you know." "Well," said Gregory, "let's pull up the anchor and hoist the sails and take a little trip." "Fine," shouted the crew, "let's do that." So off they went, the good ship Maryann with her merry crew and her shiny new captain, Captain Gregory O'Shaughnessy, S.G.

So off sailed the good ship Maryann
With all the merry crew
With Captain O'Shaughnessy in command
They sailed the ocean blue
They sailed the ocean blue my lads
They sailed across the sea
A sturdy ship and a sturdy crew
And Captain Gregory O'Shaughnessy

There Was a Fellow Pale And Wan

There was a fellow pale and wan
Who had no bed to lie upon
And since he lived outdoors alone
He often slept on chunks of stone
That he found around about
He didn't even sort them out
Just scattered them out willy nilly
I think that chap was acting silly.

But of course his life's his own
And if he wants to sleep on stone
I'll defend his right to do it
But more than that I'll not pursue it
It's a matter of taste as I have been told
And that is a saying true and old
But by my own tried rule of thumb
Such goings on are just plain dumb.

"Dear Sir" And Miss Sara

Once there was a little old lady named Miss Sara, who lived all alone in a small house near a big farm in the country.

Although she was quite old she was still very active for her age and kept herself busy all day long doing little odds and ends and things about the house, and tending her flower garden. She was very happy.

Now some people who knew Miss Sara thought she was just a bit odd, very sweet and nice, mind you, but just a bit odd. You see, Miss Sara kept a rather strange pet in her kitchen. She kept a little pig. Now of course there's nothing strange about little pigs, not at all. But most of the time pigs live in pig pens, not in kitchens. And so Miss Sara kept a pig in her kitchen and she was considered just a bit odd.

Now Miss Sara was very fond of her pig, she called it Dear Sir, and took very good care of it. Every day she'd give it a bath in a wooden washtub and always fed it well on clover leaves and clover stalks, and scraps from off her table.

Dear Sir liked living with Miss Sara and was very happy and contented. Every day after he had had his bath and had eaten all that he could hold, he'd sprawl out on the kitchen floor and go to sleep. It was a very pleasant life.

One day, while Dear Sir, the little pig, was sleeping, Miss Sara came into the kitchen and stood looking around with a puzzled look on her face. "I just can't understand it," she said to herself. "I have a strange feeling, I have the strange feeling that this kitchen is getting smaller. But now that's impossible, rooms don't shrink. Of course not, that's ridiculous. But my goodness, it does feel smaller. This kitchen really does feel smaller than it used to be. Now I wonder what makes it feel that way?"

And Miss Sara sat down on her old rocking chair and rocked and rocked and rocked, and thought and thought and thought until all of a sudden she stopped rocking and sat quite still. Suddenly she knew why the kitchen felt smaller. The pig was getting bigger. That was the answer, the pig was getting bigger. And it was, it really was. And that's not surprising, when you think about it because pigs like to eat. And when they eat they grow. And Dear Sir liked to eat and eat and eat and eat and eat, so he grew. He wasn't a little pig anymore, he was a big pig, a very big pig. And since he was so big he took up quite a lot of room in Miss Sara's small kitchen. This was why the kitchen felt smaller.

"Dear me," said Miss Sara, "I'll have to do something about this." So she went over to the pig and gently woke him up. Then she sat down beside him and had a nice heart to heart talk with him. "Dear Sir," she said, "I have a problem. As you surely know by now I'm extremely fond of you and I've enjoyed having you live with me here in my little kitchen, but Dear Sir, you've gotten big, very big and there just isn't room for you here anymore. I'm awfully sorry, please forgive me, but you'll just have to live somewhere else." And the poor old lady started to cry. "Now, now, Miss Sara," said the pig, "don't you feel badly, everything's going to be all right. I understand your problem. I'm a big pig now and I can understand a lot of things. So don't you worry your sweet old head. I'll just move over to Mr. Jones' farm and live in his pig pen. Mr. Jones is a very nice man, he has a nice pig pen. I'm sure I'll like it fine." "Oh thank you, Dear Sir," said Miss Sara, "you're so understanding. I'll come and visit you every day and bring you the nicest clover leaves and clover stalks in the field. I'll save you all my choicest table scraps too."

And so that's the way it happened. The pig went over to Mr. Jones' farm and lived in Mr. Jones' pig pen with Mr. Jones' pigs. The other pigs were very fond of Dear Sir and were extremely nice to him. They even offered to share their own food with him. But Dear Sir would always thank them politely and say, "No thank you friends, if you don't mind I'll eat later when Miss Sara comes."

And so he'd wait. But he never had to wait long. For every day, just as sure as the sun rises, Miss Sara would arrive with her apron full of clover leaves and clover stalks, and scraps from off her table. And as Dear Sir enjoyed his food, Miss Sara would talk to him and scratch his back.

And so it went for many, many happy days. Mr. Jones the farmer was happy, the other pigs were happy, Dear Sir was happy and Miss Sara was happy. It was all very pleasant.

Stars

Countless stars are in the sky
Do you ever wonder why
Have you ever thought to think
Why the stars appear to wink
Floating out there in the sky
Have you ever wondered why?

ED MCURDY

Born: January 11, 1919, Wilkes Barre, Penn. (now in Pa.)
to church music, piano and voice, piano, baritone, alto, tenor. Started to study voice at age 14. First singing job at W.K.Y. Oklahoma City in 1938, as a baritone soloist. Have worked as a singer, M.C. in night clubs, theaters, straight men in vaudeville, radio announcer, song writer ("Last Night I Had The Strangest Dream"), and did radio and television in Canada and U.S. Have worked as an actor and comedian in Canada and U.S. Have worked as an actor and comedian in radio and television. Recorded the albums of studio songs, some comedy albums, and full-length comedy albums, etc.

Now writing songs, songs, poems, plays, etc. (some of them have been recorded). I hope to write an autobiographical novel.

Wife: Betty, ex-dancer - now bookkeeper (34 years)

Children: Mary (married to Steven Brady, musician, TV actor), Donald (actor, comedian), Kathleen (Gardner, Iowa)

Live in, and love with daughter, Mary. Am moving to studio apartment in New York City.