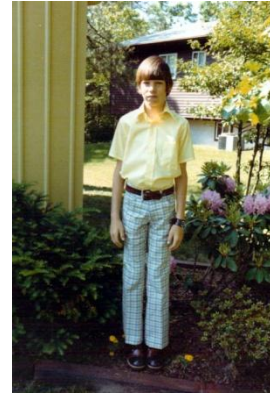


Well, I guess we were not like the Waltons,
though Frank Rizzuto call me "John Boy";
Year '74 ... it was different,
Inflation! ... did more than annoy!



Our Cynthia took dance lessons,
Twirling around on a stage;
Russ, got a paper route
To make money, but not ... minimum wage!

Most papers got delivered,
Though some might have been in the pyre;
The woods cross the street ... convenient,
till Meachee ... set them on fire.



Much going on in Valdosta,
Jenny graduated high school;
Set her sights on Harding,
Away from home ... so cool!

After Mamar died in June,
and all their children left home;
Suggie and Poppie decided ...
Other side of the world they'd roam.



Go see Cindy in Japan ... plus
the world "down under" ... and all;
Bill Elia was "in the picture",
Cindy would marry him in the fall.

Meanwhile we planned a local trip,
see Gettysburg along the way;
Get the northeast "history story",
in case we moved again ... one day.



I was commuting into the city,
With Frances Oliver sometimes I rode;
To the high-speed line we car-pooled,
always looking for the cheapest mode.

12 percent inflation!
Seemed more than a family could stand;
Both Jersey income and wage taxes,
and I was not the Six million dollar man!



We got the old white Dodge Dart,
Just so we could have a second car;
Put a T-shirt over the worn seat,
and 55 cent gas ... still took us far!