

# Little Orphan Annie

TEACH ME NOT THE ART OF REMEMBERING, BUT THE ART OF FORGETTING, FOR I REMEMBER THINGS I DO NOT WISH TO REMEMBER, BUT I CAN NOT FORGET THINGS I WISH TO FORGET. (Cicero)

WHITE CLOUDS SCUDDING BY—BLUE SKY—AND THE SUN—THE BEAUTIFUL WARM SUN—

YEAH—WELL, YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT YOU DON'T GET SUNBURNED—

HA-HA! THE SUN NEVER HURT ME—I ONLY TAN—I'M A FARMER'S DAUGHTER—YOU KNOW—AND I'M ALIVE AGAIN—ALIVE!

OH, SURE—FARMER'S DAUGHTER—AND TH' "TRAVELIN' MAN"?

YES—AND THE "TRAVELIN' MAN," IN A WAY—BUT PAPA AND MAMA—AND MY BIG BROTHER WHO WENT TO SEA—JIM—LOST—A HERO, THEY SAID—A LOST HERO—

AND MY LITTLE SISTER, NELLIE—DROWNED—IN THE CANAL—THE WATER LILIES SHE TRIED TO REACH—SHE LOVED THEM SO—I CAN SEE THEM YET—ON HER GRAVE—

GEE! I—I'M AWFUL SORRY—I DIDN'T KNOW—

AND THE OTHERS—TOM—SAM—GENEVIEVE—THEY GOT AWAY—AND PAPA AND MAMA—OLDER AND OLDER—AND BITTER—AND THE WORK—ALWAYS THE WORK! WORK—WORK—WORK!

BUT THERE, AT THE BOTTOM OF OUR LITTLE FARM, WAS THE CANAL! AND ALWAYS THE BARGES! THE BEAUTIFUL BARGES—WITH THE LITTLE HOUSES ON THEM—WITH THE HAPPY PEOPLE WHO WAVED AS THEY PASSED—

ME—PULLING WEEDS—HOT—DIRTY—I'D SQUAT LIKE A SQUAW AND WATCH THEM PASS—AND THEY'D WAVE—THEY WERE GOING SOMEWHERE—THEY WERE TRAVELERS—ADVENTURERS! CAREFREE, HAPPY WANDERERS—DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH! I SURE DO—

BUT I WAS STUCK! THE HEAT! THE DIRT—THE DRUDGERY—THE REST HAD GOT AWAY—I WAS THE UGLY DUCKLING—BUT I HAD DREAMS—I STILL HAD DREAMS!

DON'T WE ALL?

THEN HE CAME—JOHNNY! HIS BARGE TIED UP ONE NIGHT RIGHT AT OUR FARM—HE OWNED IT—HE WAS SO BIG—SO HANDSOME—SUCH A MAN OF THE WORLD—YET HE SMILED AT ME—

ME! IN MY DIRTY DRESS—BAREFOOTED! PULLING WEEDS—! I THOUGHT HE WAS THE FAIRY PRINCE OF MY DREAMS—

WE WERE MARRIED! I KNEW I'D ENTERED HEAVEN—LOVE—RICHES—TRAVEL—I'D SEE LIFE AT LAST!

YES—SEE LIFE! WELL, MAYBE I'VE SEEN QUITE A SLICE OF IT, AT THAT—I'D LIKE TO SEE PAPA AND MAMA AGAIN—AND JIM—IF ONLY I COULD SEE JIM, JUST ONCE—

YEAH! WELL, SNAP OUT OF IT NOW! LET'S MAKE TH' FUTURE OUR TARGET, EH?

HAROLD GRAY 9-11-49

**Maw Green**  
TH' JURY LET "KILLER" M'HOOD OFF, DIDN'T THEY? A JURY'LL ALWAYS GIVE A GUY JUSTICE—

YIS—IF YE FIGGER THAT'S "JUSTICE"—

HO! YOU AND YER BOOKS! I'LL BET YE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A JURY IS!

OH, I KNOW WHAT A FELLA NAMED HERBERT SPENCER SAID IT IS: "A GROUP OF TWELVE PEOPLE OF AVERAGE IGNORANCE."

HAROLD GRAY

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