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**pop's  
a  
party  
pooper**

by Dick Emmons

Art by Bob Bonfils

OUR TWIN SONS recently held a party for their friends on the occasion of their sixth birthday and I am profoundly grateful that it can never happen again.

The production we put on that afternoon resembled nothing so much as a Cecil B. DeMille mob scene in miniature. There were times when I pleaded with my wife to call the state militia.

The whole affair started about a week ahead of Dickie's and Davie's actual anniversary when, at supper one evening, my wife and I casually asked the boys if they would like to have a party.

"A party!" Davie piped.

"Oh, boy!" Dickie squealed.

They bolted the rest of their meal while my wife and I talked about invitations and guest lists. As soon as they were excused from the table, they ran outside and invited every kid within a three-block radius.

The party had been scheduled for 4 p.m., but the first little guest—a small high-tension wire named Bobby Something-or-other—arrived at 3:15. Apparently the other guests up and down the street had been waiting for just such a development because by 3:20 we were hip-deep in towheads and hair ribbons.

The twins, unable to contain themselves, met each successive arrival half a block from the house, ripping open their presents on the run and letting the wrappings blow where they might. In no time our end of the block resembled the city dump.

"Okay, kids," I called when everyone had arrived. "Now we're going to play a game. Now we're going to play a game! NOW WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A GAME!" I roared over the babble.

"Now if everyone will be quiet a minute, I'll explain what we're going to do. I have scattered some bright, shiny pennies in the grass around me and when I say go—not yet, kids—when I say go—here now, you're not supposed to start until—oof!" Tiny forms rushed from all

directions, upset me, and then thundered across my prone form.

"Call the Marines!" I yelled to my ever-helpful wife.

Instead, she called the children to cake and ice cream, at which signal a dozen or so of the hungrier ones tramped back across me and sprinted for the huge table we had carefully set on the lawn.

I rose groggily and stumbled off to help feed the smaller guests, many of whom were grappling with the slabs of ice cream by hand. En route I noticed some shoving going on among several of the larger boys at the far end of the table. I raced over there to break it up just in time to catch a caramel-topped cupcake full in the face.

A full-scale cake war threatened to break out, and it was only my quick thinking which prevented it. "Hold it, boys!" I shouted. "It's time to distribute the favors."

I realize now that we had made a major tactical blunder in the choice of favors, but at the time of purchase it had seemed that new squirt guns would please everyone. They did.

Instantly the air was filled with flying slugs of water and, for reasons I am not prepared to cope with, most of them were directed at me. One little fellow, perched on the jungle gym, took full advantage of his position to pour shot after shot down my neck.

Drenched to the skin, bruised and shaken, I announced that the birthday party was over. One or two of the more timid little girls took me at my word and went tripping off home, their balloons flying out behind them. But the main task force, deploying skillfully around the flower beds, continued to fire broadsides at everything that moved.

It was nearly dark when the troops dispersed and we had restored some semblance of order.

"It was a grand party, dear," my wife beamed, "I'm sure all the children had a fine time! We'll have to do it again."

"By all means, let's," I mumbled dazedly. "How about 1968?"