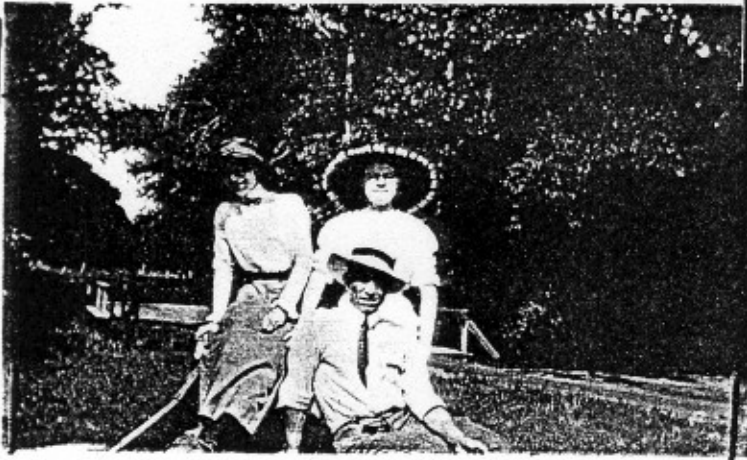


OUR ABORTIVE VACATION

OR

SAGA AT SOW'S EAR





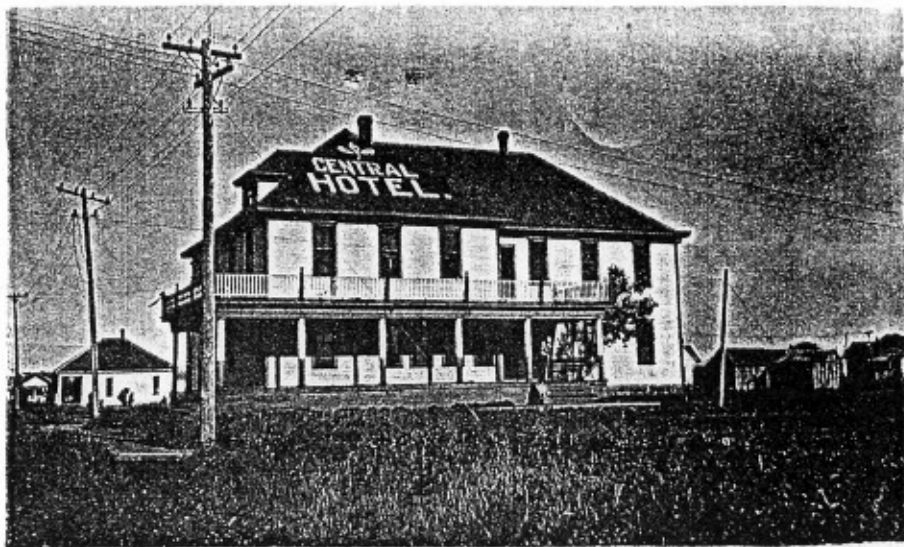
This is Mama, Humphrey and me.  
We were living very happily in  
a middle class neighborhood  
known as.....



HOOVERVILLE

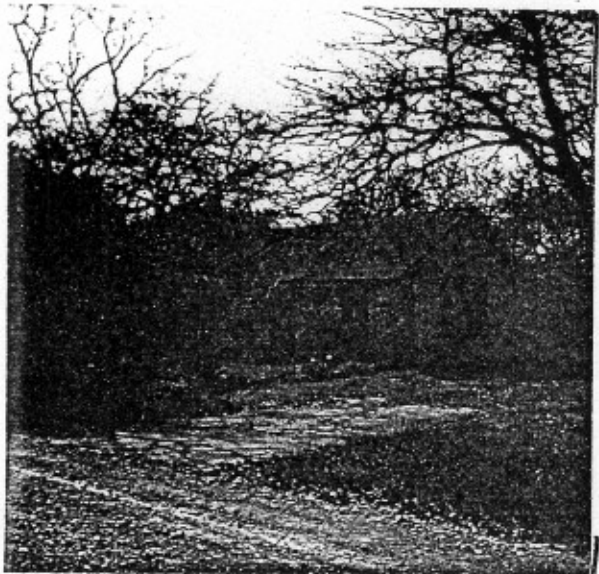


One day I told my husband we  
needed a vacation. After some  
gentle persuasion, he agreed.



I wanted to spend a few days in one of those luxury hotels  
but he said we will do better than that. We will go to.....

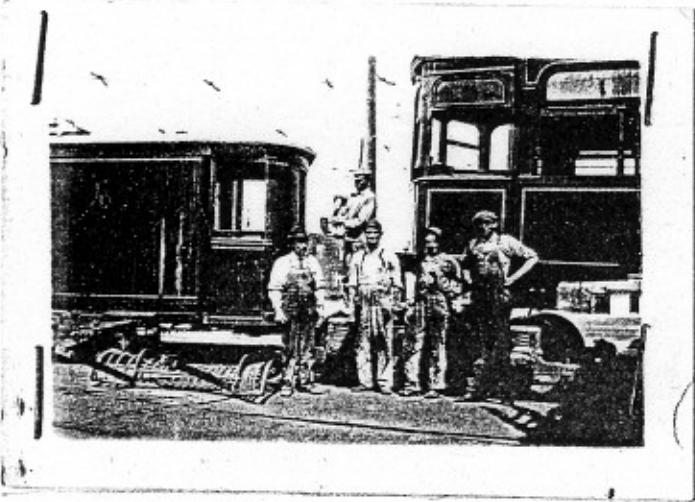




SOW'S EAR

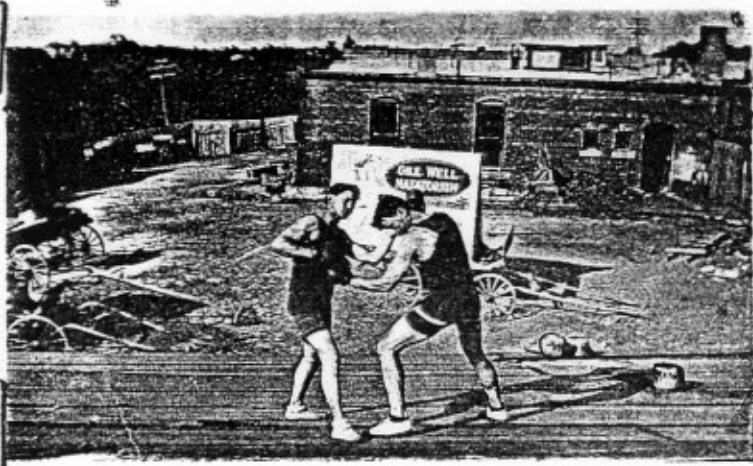


We dressed in our finest, packed  
and went to the station



The train crew was amazed to learn  
where we were going and advised  
us to.....

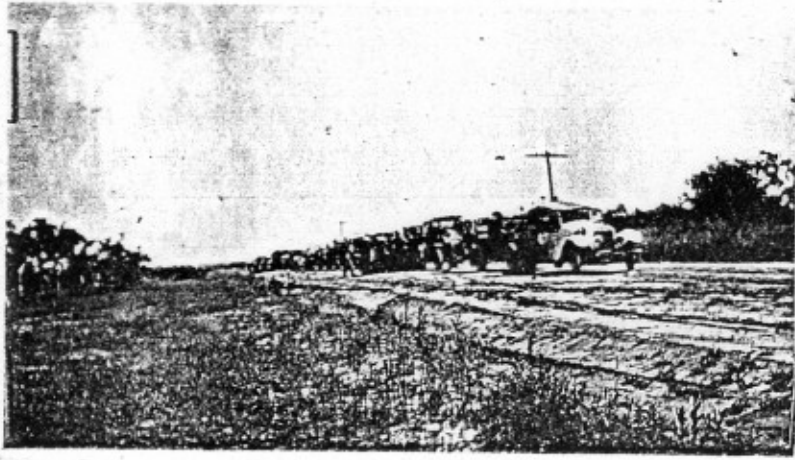




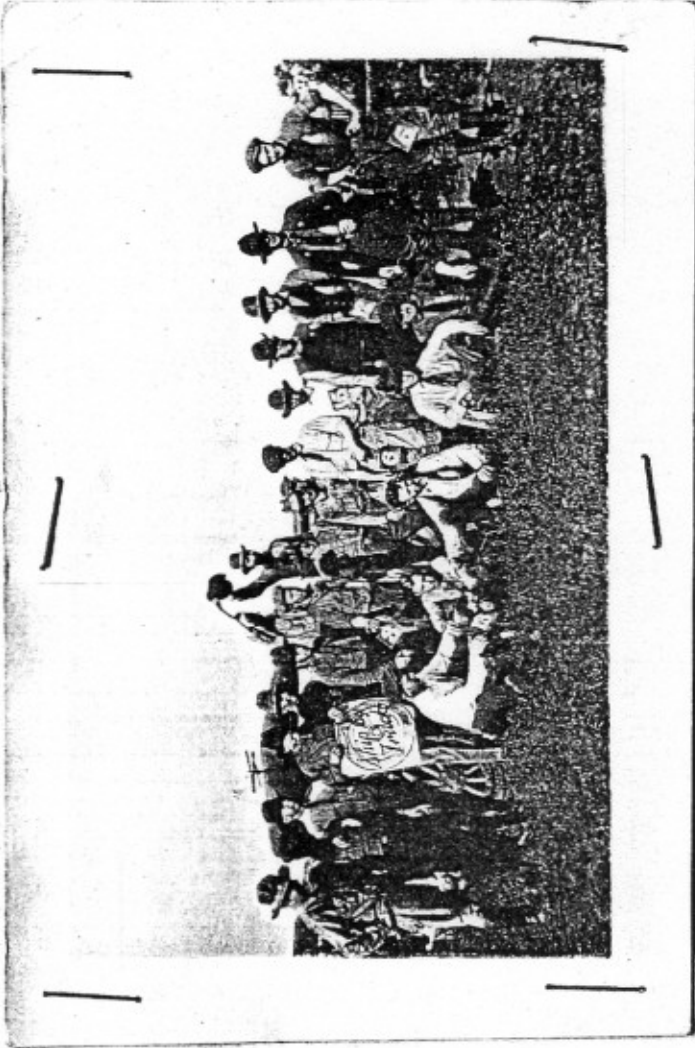
Go to a pugilist training camp  
near Kerrville to get in the  
proper physical condition to  
survive at Sow's Ear.



Upon arriving in Bandera, we  
were met by the Sow's Ear  
courtesy limousine.



The Highland Waters Road was  
congested with guests on their  
way to Sow's Ear. It had been  
overbooked again.



Accommodations were overflowing with a truck drivers convention.

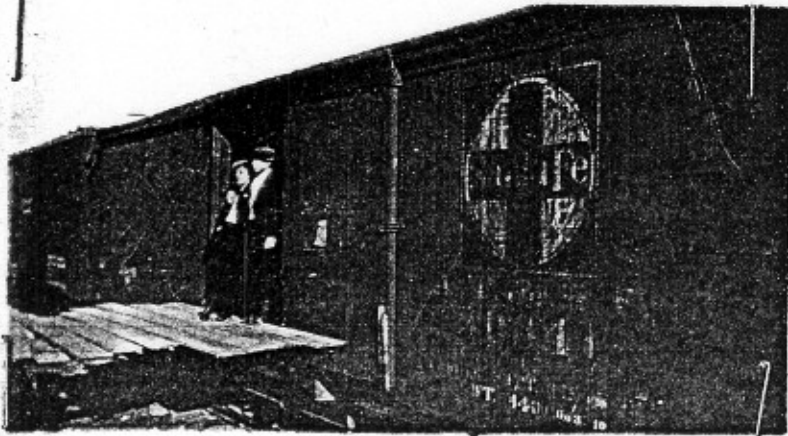


This honeymooning couple left in  
a pique on learning the Bridal  
Suite was occupied by truck  
drivers.





An important man from up north  
(Dallas, I think) was appalled  
by the licentious behavior of  
Sow's Ear Guests and turning to  
his wife was heard to say, "Let's  
get out of here, Bruce, and get  
a place up town."



Being unsuccessful in securing space at Sow's Ear we had to settle for slightly lesser accommodations. But it was a grand vacation and perhaps someday we will spend it at Sow's Ear.

THE END