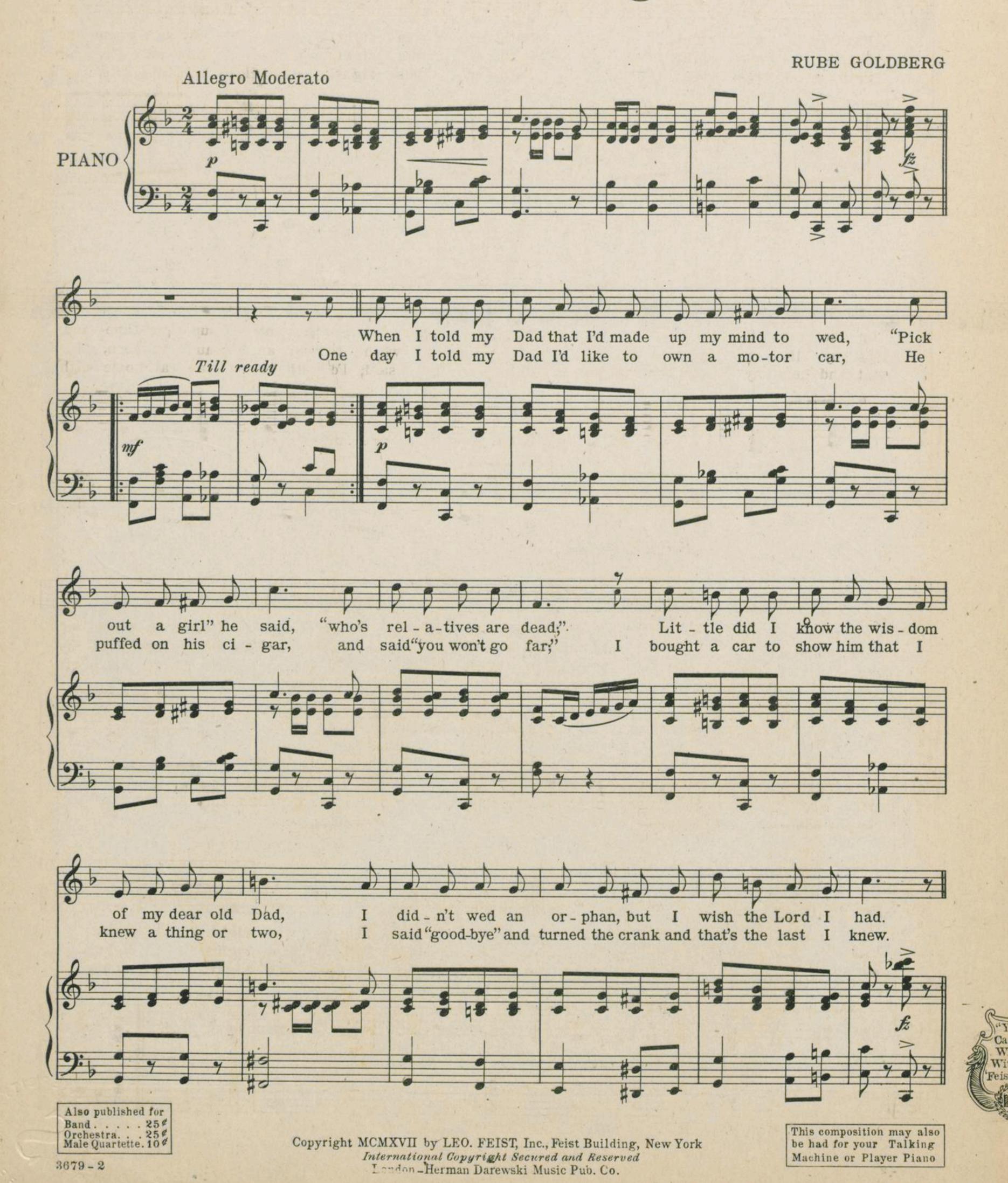
## ARTOONS INTUNES BY RUBE GOLDBERG

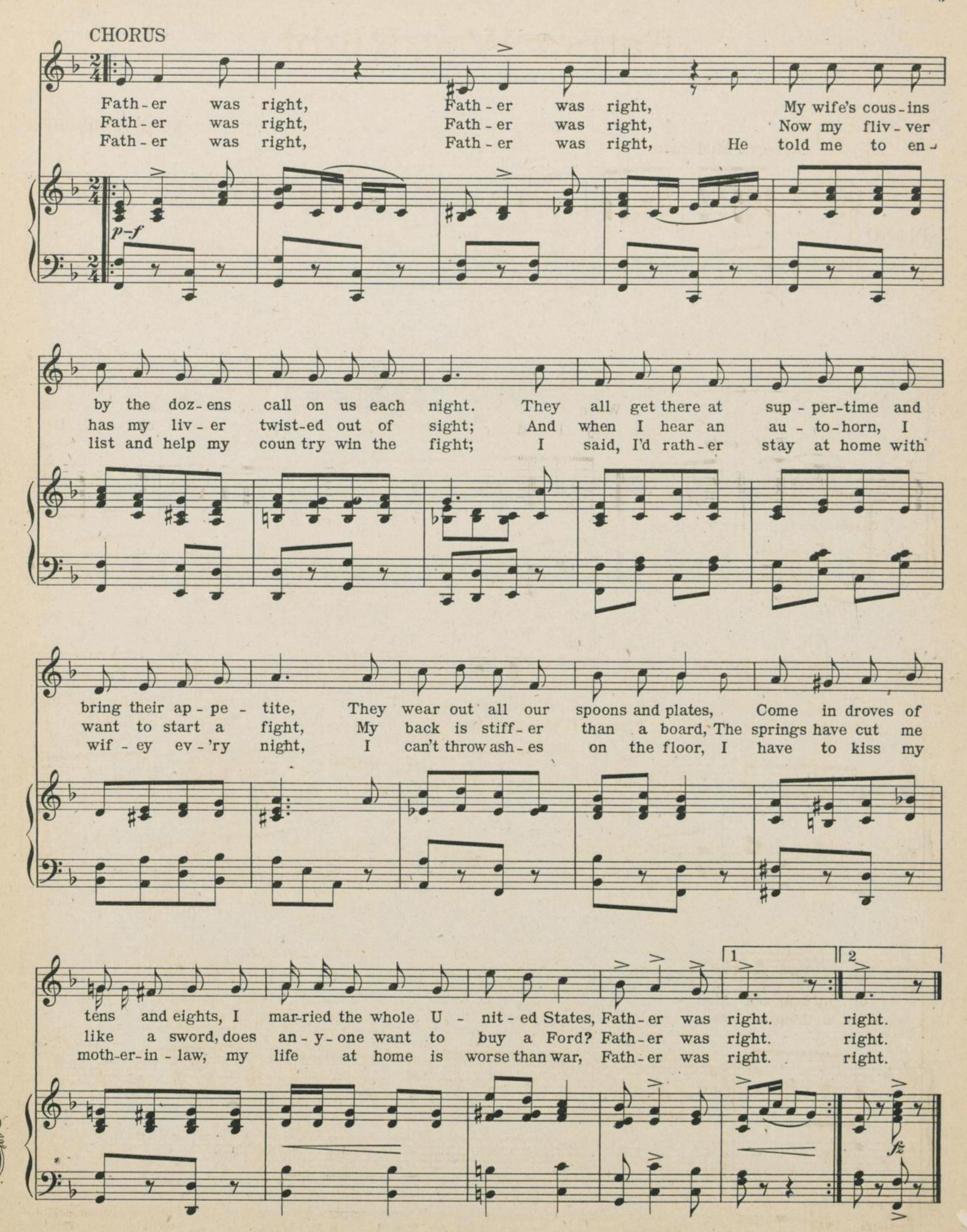
## FATHER WAS RIGHT





## Father Was Right







This world is naught but pain and strife.

All things are dark and sad in life; The widows moan, the orphans cry. Say, I'm a cheerful little guy.

The clouds are black in yonder sky, All nature seems to heave a sigh, The wind is moaning in the trees, "Oh, Father, you're a piece of cheese!"



On, on they marched with spirit grand

Across that space called "No Man's Land."

They kept advancing through the night-

No one was there for them to fight!



Hail to thee, for-get-me-not, Something thrills, I know not what. I feel the dawn of love begin-A bit of egg is on your chin.



The Sphinx looks out on Egypt's sands.

In silence dismal, bleak it stands-It's face of stone time cannot scar-The Kaiser soon will join the Czar.



With flaming eyes and streaming hair Pearl-handled pistol, dagger bare, She whispered hoarsely: "Vive la

France!"

Sit down - give some one else a chance!



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