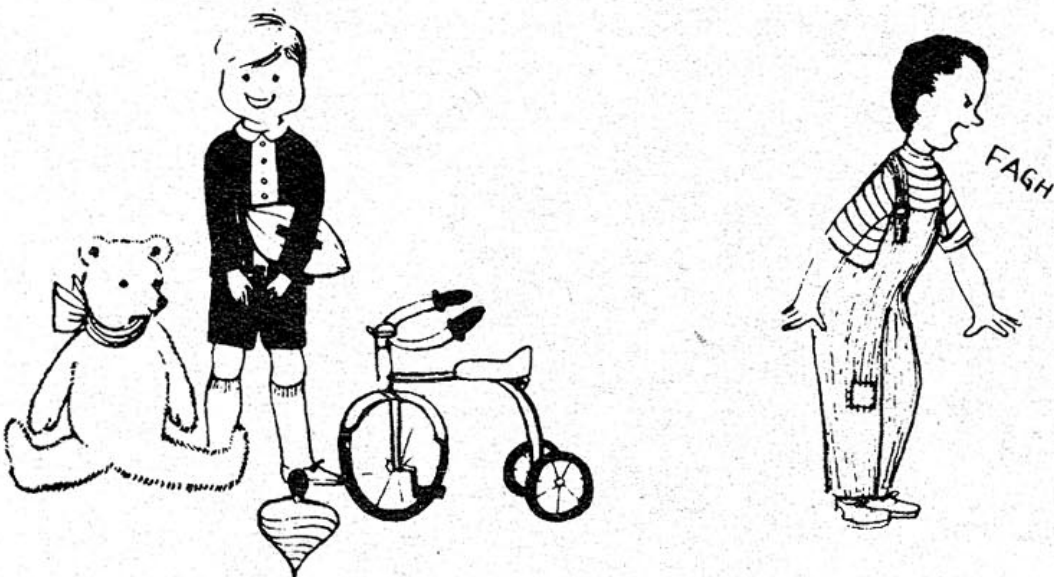


**THE
ROCKY
ROAD
UPWARD**
BY K*S*K

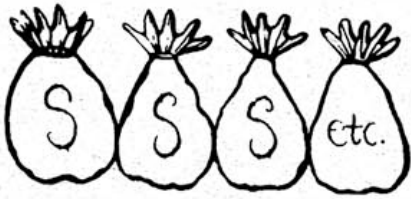
Once upon a time
at different ends of a great big land of opportunity
there were two little fellows.



One was very rich and handsome.
The other had tasted poverty.



He had a beautiful mummy and a very smart daddy who made huge amounts of money in shrewd and sometimes shady ways.



THIS IS THE JACK THAT JOE BUILT

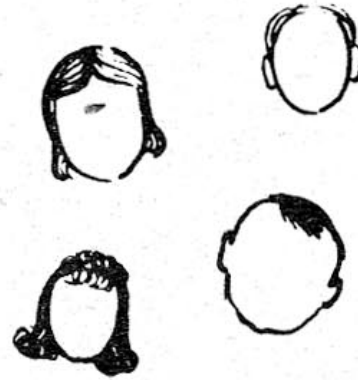
He had a plain looking mummy and a daddy who tried but never made it.



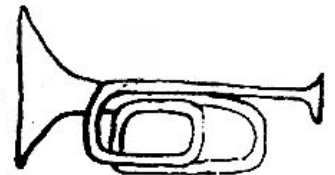
And he had an awful lot of beautiful sisters and smart, handsome brothers and he went to all the very best schools.



He had a couple of siblings one of whom got fat and borrowed money. He struggled against tremendous odds and went to second rate schools.



Then came the great war.



The rich little boy, who was now a rich young man, marched off to defend his nation. He returned covered with medals and glory.

The poor little boy, who was now a poor young man, marched off to defend his nation. When it was over he came home.



The rich young man
married the most
beautiful girl around.

She had an aptitude
for languages and
dressed marvelously.

"Ouvrez la fenêtre"

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"

"Doré 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue?"

The rich young man
loved filet mignon
with mushrooms, yachts
and the Riviera.

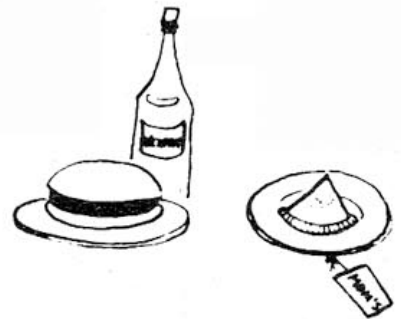


The poor young man worked
long hard hours and gave
of himself unstintingly.
He married Pat.

She worked hard too.



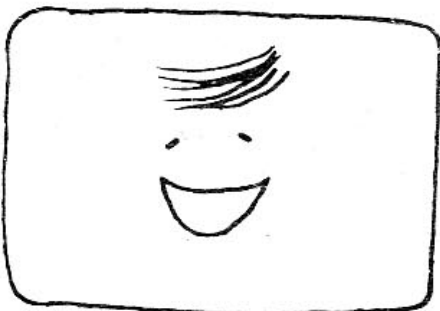
The poor young man had
simple tastes. There was
nothing he liked quite so
well as a medium
hamburger on a toasted bun
with relish.



The rich young man
and the poor young man
went to Washington D.C.



The rich young man's
hair fell over his eyes
and he had a splendid
smile. Inside, some
said, he was cold and
hard.



ooo

The poor young man's hair
receded. On advice from
friends he smiled
infrequently. He spoke
with kindness to
shoeshine boys.



ooo

On January 20th, 1961
 the rich young man became
 President of the United States
 of America. His beautiful wife
 was there to see him take
 the oath of office. So were
 his mummy and daddy and his
 sisters and brothers and masses
 of glorious people like
 statesmen and humanitarians.
 Robert Frost and Tony Curtis were there.

The poor young man
 was forty-seven years old
 and he went home with Pat.



* (Horatio Alger was a 19th Century author
 who is best remembered for his stories ab~
 hard working boys from impoverished back~
 grounds who work their way to the top)

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