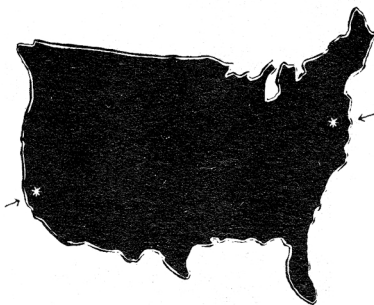


THE ROCKY ROAD UPWARD

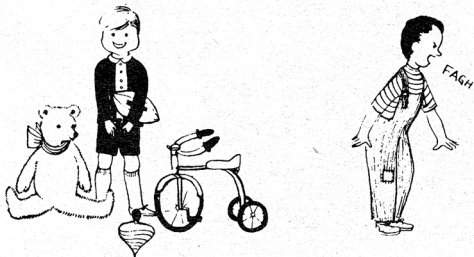
BY K*S*K

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 rauges d'antan?"

"Doré 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue?"

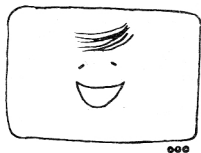
The rich young man loved filet mignon with mushrooms, yachts and the Riviera.



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.

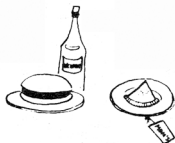


The poor young man worked long hard hours and gave of himself unstintingly. He married Pat.

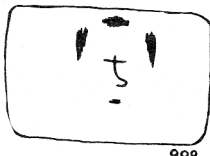
She worked hard too.



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



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 about hard working boys from impoverished backgrounds who work their way to the top)

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