

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Indeed unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.

Ogden Nash (1941)

Hey Ogden, you will never be
A poet that's as good as me.
With talk of billboards, trees and such
Forget that stuff; you're out of touch!

Picture food, there's nothing sweeter;
Lamb chops fit iambic meter.
Pickles are a perfect start,
For billboards as a work of art.

Write until your stomach hurts,
Being full of just desserts.
To let your verse flow free and loose,
Chase it down with orange juice.

Hot fudge does our muse awaken,
Better yet, some crispy bacon.
To inspire, this bard eats a
Pepperoni deep dish pizza.

Feast your eyes upon my signs,
And envy my poetic lines.
Imagination's best for rhymin'
Which is why I don't need Simon.

Mergel Wadsworth Shortfellow (Now)

Nash, Ogden, "Song of the Open Road, *The Face Is Familiar* (Garden City Publishing, 1941), p. 21.

And now, the results of Mergel's graduation of Marketing 101 ...





Transparency in Advertising



A Star is Corn



Hallmark of Good Taste



Nowhere to Go



Networking



They're Splitting Up!



Watch Out, Dumbell! (or, There's No Use Crying...)



Soon...the Next Name Change