

Old Folks Are Worth a Fortune

By Dear Abby - Abigail Van Buren

Old folks are worth a fortune: With silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet and gas in their stomachs. I have become a lot more social with the passing of the years; some might even call me a frivolous old gal. I'm seeing five gentlemen every day. As soon as I wake, Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go to see John. Then Charley Horse comes along, and when he is here he takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. (He doesn't like to stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint.) After such a busy day, I'm really tired and glad to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day. He said that at my age I should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him I do – all the time. No matter where I am – in the living room, in the kitchen, or down in the basement – I ask myself, "Now, what am I here after?"