

To Margo  
Queen of the Undie-world

By  
Helen Warner

Across this broad land, in Chi-town and Fargo,  
Roams a fitter, no-quitter, a wry clown named Margo;  
This Margo is priceless - more precious than rubies,  
For who at Sears Roebuck knows more about boobies?

She knows there are round ones, and flat ones and small,  
And ones that are hardly even ones at all;  
But whatever their shape, whatever their dimension,  
Margo can bra them, no tears and no tension;

She knows the new fabrics, new styles and designs,  
And some of those old bras, she'd like see resign;  
(You know those bras with a shape all their own  
That think that a breast's a sharp ice-cream cone.)

Boobology's not all for a mind that's so fertile,  
When a "wiggly" walks in, then Margo talks girdle;  
"Some girls go to pot; others put it behind them,  
But none wants a girdle to chafe or to bind them."

Say a lady is wearing a big "suit of armor,"  
Then Margo will say, "Please, try this cute charmer,  
"It's lightweight, and comfy and'll last many suns,  
"And what's more, it won't give you old hot cross buns!"

"Brassieres without tears and girdles without groans,"  
Are mottos of Margo; we'll make them our own;  
Alas, Dame Borick, we don't know you well;  
But, A Lass! What a lass, you are! (We can tell.)

Please say hello to Margo, if you see her at Stellar Care. She always wears her name tag proudly. Make sure your undies are in order though!