

THE WOMANLESS WEDDING.
CAST OF 80 LOCAL BUSINESSMEN,
VALLEY JUNCTION, IOWA,
MARCH 24-26, 1926

Elizabeth McCracken

I think Harry J.
married Babe Who Runs the Tavern
and Babe made an ugly girl,
a big heap in cerise.
Under less cloth and more paint,
they halved up and married up
at the Oddfellow's over Keller's Deli.
Small men wore big false beards;
big men turned lantern-jawed ladies;
some blacked their faces.
They all looked like cartoons—
except Keller, who was sweet enough
to be his own wife, and said so,
till the real missus showed up.
Only his knees gave him away,
big headlights, poking through
the pink fringe of his dress.
No knees like that on any girl.
Except maybe his daughter,
who was seen later
at the party, prying the crown caps
off bottles of homemade beer
with her teeth.