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In San Francisco town

there lives a whale

who eats pork chops by the pail

— by the suitcase

— by the pill box

— by the bath tub

— by the schooner

Her name is Sara and she's a peach, but you can't leave food with her reach — nor nursemaids, nor airedales, nor chocolate ice-cream sodas.

she's not too wild, but when she smiles, you can see her teeth for miles and miles — and her adenoids, and her spare ribs, and things too fierce to mention.

Now what can you do with a case like that? What can you do but sit on your hat? — or your toothbrush, or your Grandmother, or anything else that's helpless

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