





YOUNG IGGY PECK IS AN ARCHITECT
and has been since he was two,
when he built a great tower—in only an hour—
with nothing but nappies and glue.

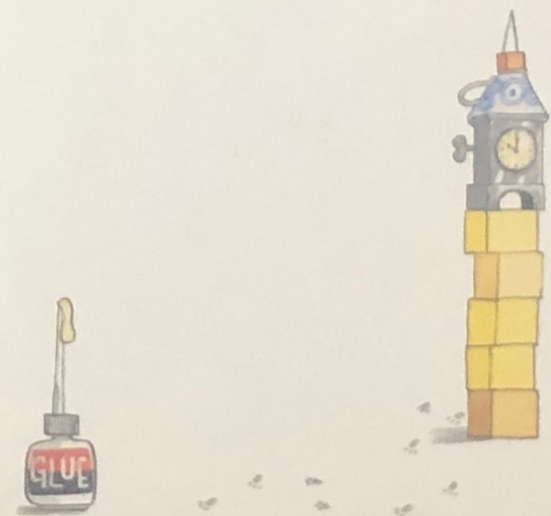


"Good Gracious, Ignacious!" his mother exclaimed.

"That's the coolest thing I've ever seen!"

But her smile faded fast as a light wind blew past
and she realized those nappies weren't clean!

"Ignacious, my son! What on Earth have you done?
That's disgusting and nasty! It stinks!"



But Iggy was gone. He was out on the lawn
using dirt clods to build a great Sphinx.



When Iggy was three, his parents could see
his unusual passion would stay.

He built churches and chapels from peaches and apples,
and temples from modeling clay.



At dinner one night, to his father's delight,
Iggy got a bright gleam in his eye
and out on the porch built the St. Louis Arch
from pancakes and coconut pie.





Dear Ig had it made until second grade,
when his teacher was Miss Lila Greer.
On the very first day, she had this to say:
"We do not talk of buildings in here!"

Gothic or Romanesque, I couldn't care less
about buildings—ancient or new."
She said in her lecture about architecture
that it had no place in grade two.







