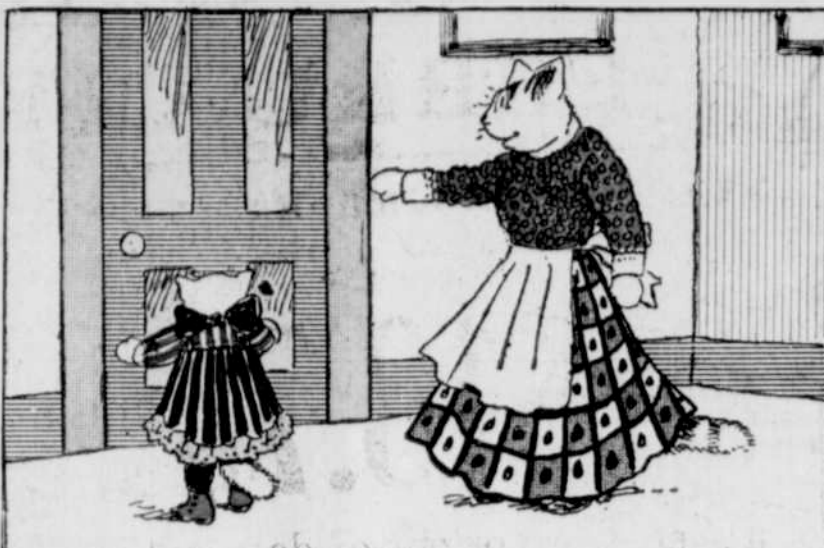


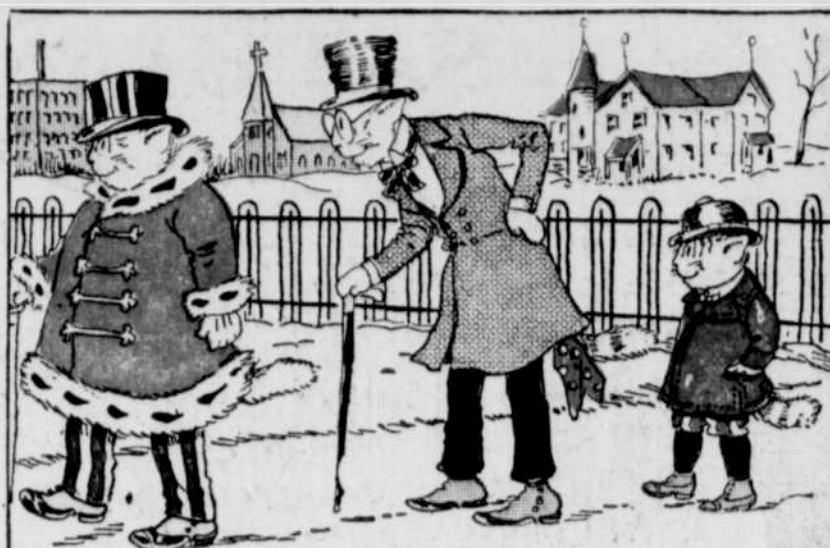
# ~ PINKIE PRIM ~



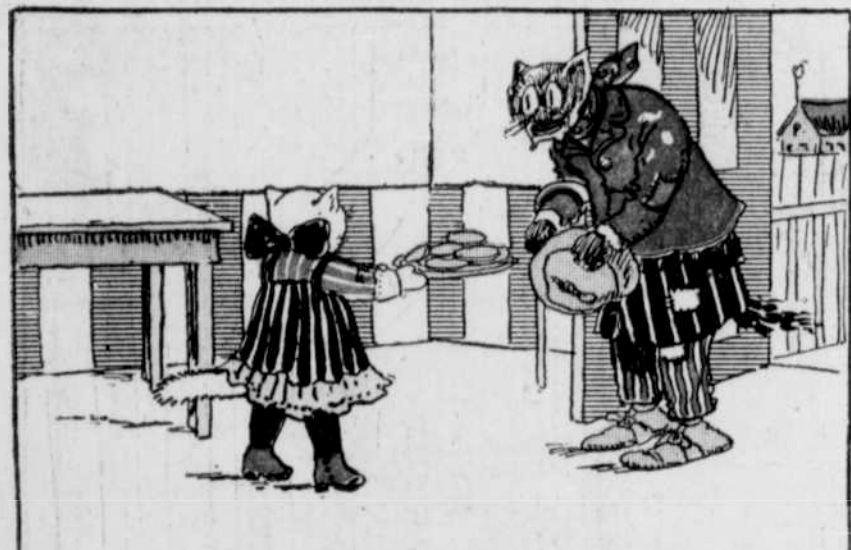
"Maw, may I keep open house?"  
 Asked Pinkie. "I believe  
 Lots of fun 'twould surely be,  
 To New Year calls receive."



Mama answered, "Go ahead!  
 When girl I was, I did.  
 Tie no basket to the door!  
 On childish joys, "NO LID!"



Oh, how many people called!  
 The first was Uncle Tim.  
 Next came Grandpa, ALL DRESSED UP!  
 And then came Newsie Jim.



Back way round came Uncle Tom.  
 (In kitchen he was served.)  
 And next to ring the doorbell,  
 The Preacher was observed.



Bunch of boys with cowbells came.  
 They raised an awful din.  
 "Boys will be boys!" Mama said.  
 "So, Pinkie, let them in!"



Pinkie kept all calling-cards,  
 And pasted them, quite fine,  
 In a book, whose title read;  
 "FOR SAKE OF AULD LANG SYNE."

## MAJOR OZONE'S FRESH AIR CRUSADE



AH! IT SNOWS -  
 THOMPSON SCIENCE  
 TELL US THE AIR IS  
 PUREST DURING THE  
 FALL OF THE  
 BEAUTIFUL - THE  
 WHITE FLAKES  
 PURGING THE  
 ATMOSPHERE  
 OF ALL  
 IMPURITIES.



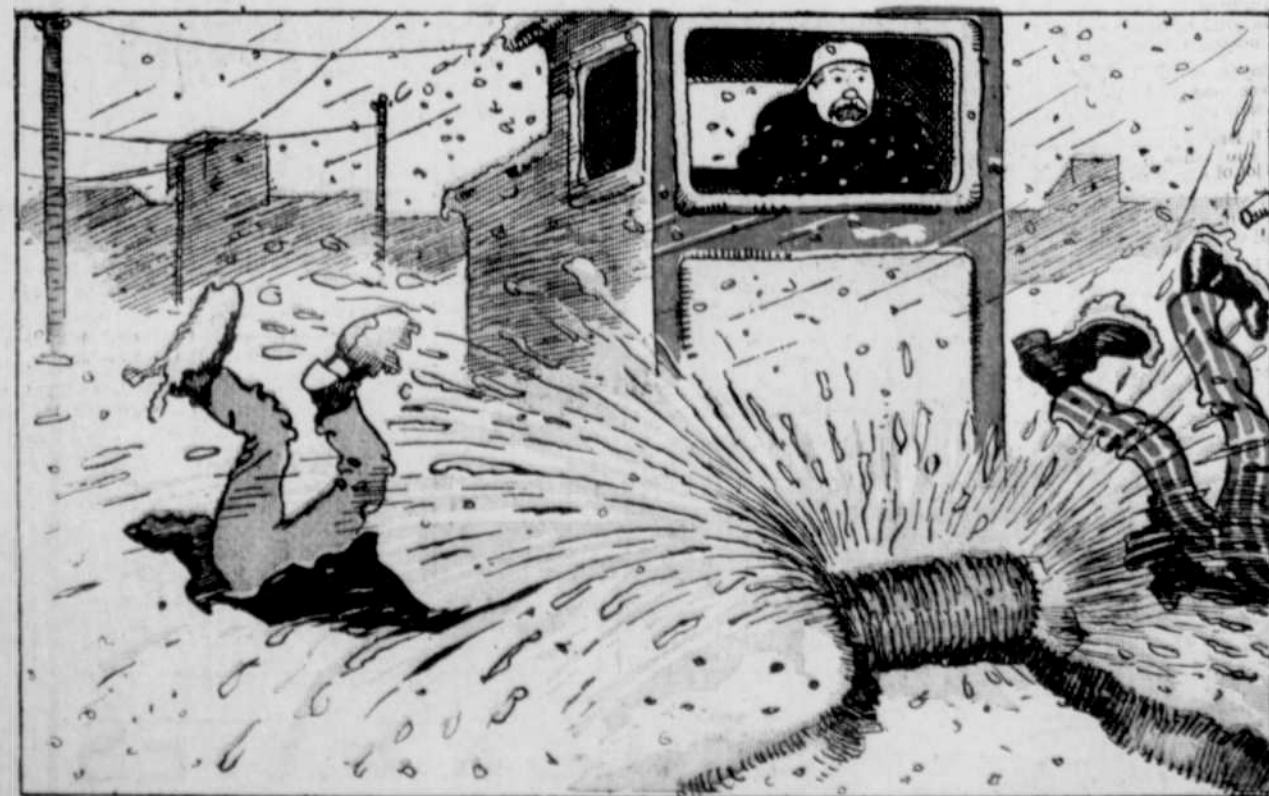
PUSH ON  
 THOMPSON AND  
 BE BRAVE -  
 THIS AIR IS  
 PURE AND  
 WHOLESOME!

I CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER, MAJOR,  
 THIS WET SNOW FORMS STILTS  
 ON THE SOLES OF  
 MY FEET -



NO-NO. COME BACK  
 MAJOR. YOU CAN'T  
 GET ACROSS IN  
 TIME -

JUMP ACROSS,  
 QUICK-THOMPSON  
 HERE COMES THE  
 SNOW-PLOW.



SAY, MAJOR, DO  
 YOU KNOW THE  
 SNOW IS DIRTY  
 OVER HERE?

YES-YES. THE VILE  
 SNOW-PLOW HAS  
 SCOOPED UP THE  
 DEADLY GERMS  
 WITH THE PURE  
 SNOW.

CITY  
 SNOW  
 PLOW

Reilly