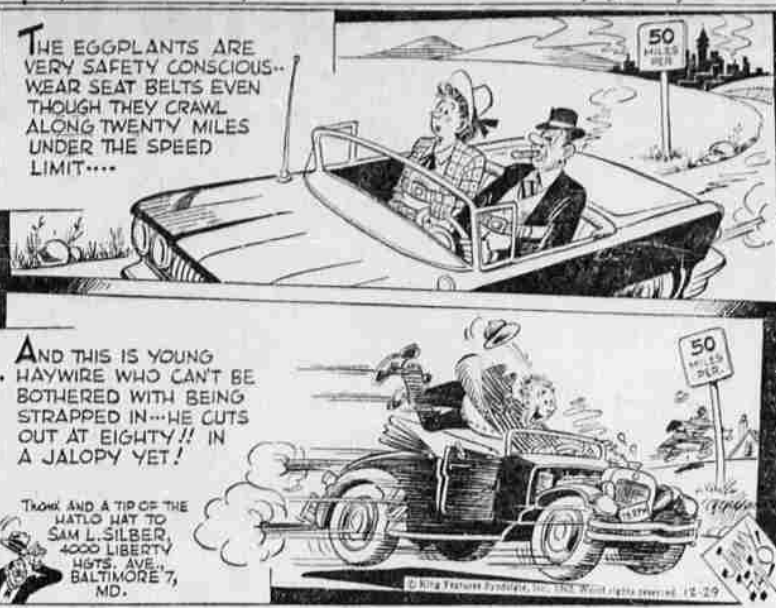


They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



THE EGGPLANTS ARE VERY SAFETY CONSCIOUS... WEAR SEAT BELTS EVEN THOUGH THEY CRAWL ALONG TWENTY MILES UNDER THE SPEED LIMIT...
AND THIS IS YOUNG HAYWIRE WHO CAN'T BE BOTHERED WITH BEING STRAPPED IN--HE CUTS OUT AT EIGHTY!! IN A JALOPY YET!
TAKH AND A TIP OF THE HATLO HAT TO SAM L. SILBER, 4000 LIBERTY LIGHTS, AVE. BALTIMORE 7, MD.

COMICS



PRISCILLA'S POP



HEY, POP! I'M THIRSTY!



ALMOST... BUT NOT QUITE!



SHORT BISS



SPOTS BEFORE MY EYES, AGAIN! I WONDER IF I OUGHT TO SEE A DOCTOR.



NO... I WANT YOU TO BE GETTING FACTS AND FIGURES READY FOR MY CONFERENCE WITH THE MAHARAJAH, EASY!



WAIN TUB



TILL THEN I MEAN TO RELAX AND BE AT MY PEAK WHEN HE ARRIVES!



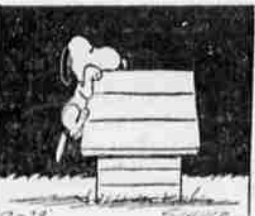
HOPE NKOMB CAN GET HIM TO GIVE YOU A FEW HOURS FROM HIS BUSY SCHEDULE!



PEANUTS



I CAN'T SLEEP WITHOUT A NIGHT LIGHT!



WHY DO THEY PUT MIRRORS ON CHEWING GUM MACHINES, MORTY?



L.C. ARMER



WHUFFO?



OH, SON--WARN'T NO MIZZIBLE?



GASOLINE ALLEY



FUDDE 'N' FUDDE! THAT NAME RINGS A BELL!



PLEASE, DOCTOR, I'VE GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH!



DICK TRACY



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO VIEW A TYPHOON UP REAL CLOSE?



WHY DOES YOUR LITTLE BROTHER KEEP STARING AT ME?



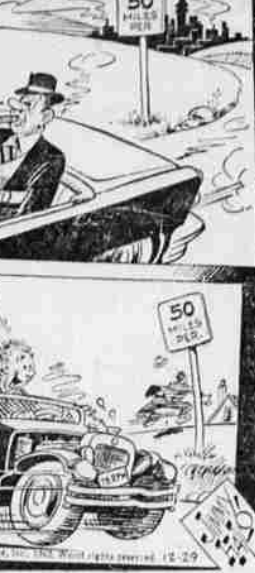
FRECKLES



WHO DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT FIXING CARS?



YEAH? WELL, I GOT IT ALL BACK TOGETHER, AND ONLY HAD ONE PART LEFT OVER!



OUR BOARDING HOUSE



BLONDIE



POGO



ALLEY OOP



BUGS BUNNY



MORTY MERBLE



BEIN' CASEY



BEETLE BAILEY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



THE WORRY WART



BLONDIE



POGO



ALLEY OOP



BUGS BUNNY



MORTY MERBLE



BEIN' CASEY



BEETLE BAILEY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



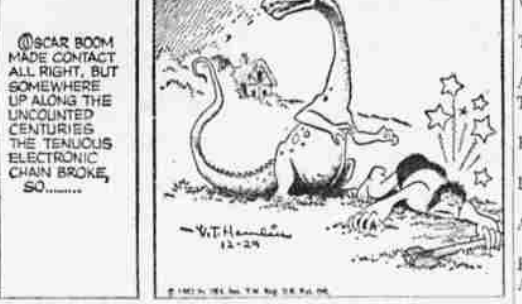
THE WORRY WART



BLONDIE



POGO



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MORTY MERBLE



BEIN' CASEY



BEETLE BAILEY



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Poetry

I OWNED AN INN
In the town of Bethlehem
I can see it yet:
I owned a rooming house
But—I wish I could forget.

A gentle knock upon my door,
Now—if I had only have known;
May time erase from Memory
This little inn I owned.
Nay — Nay — I'm sorry sir,
There is not a single bed
Good night—good night
That was what I said.

But he didn't turn away,
And in a voice so mild:
Please—oh, please sir, for
My wife it ached her child,
My heart it ached for that poor
man
But I didn't hear Him say
There is no more room—I'm sorry
But—yet he didn't turn away.

Then I thought of my little barn,
Down and across the way:
I then showed them the manger
That was now filled with hay.
Soon the shepherds knocked
Asking the shortest way
Where a king was being born
In a manger on some hay.

A bright star was overhead,
Bright lights were everywhere;
The song—peace be on earth
Then I wished that I was dead,
Lo—and my soul it froze.
For lying in the manger there
A Babe—in swaddling clothes.

A happy smile on her face
Starlight on her hair:
The little babe's Mother
So meek—so bright—so fair,
Unhappy me—but he didn't say
For if I had only known:
I would not have turned away
Our Savior, who was born.

**COAL MINE EXPLOSION—62
KILLED 37 MINERS**
The agonizing days were over,
Their loved ones—waiting they
feel;
A stark and grizzly drama Oh—
Was so very real.

The waiting arms of their loved
ones,
Alas—Fell empty apart;
Their hopes long they had cher-
ished
Fell upon their broken hearts.

Long they had awaited a mes-
sage,
And watched the long, long night
through;
Hope it seemed to desert them
As stark facts upon their grew.

Cold—cold was the last kiss,
They would cherish through the
years;
And the grieving and the agony
And the coffin bathed in tears.

Death it is ever near us, it
Lingers in the petal of every
flower;
To the Heavens they had ascend-
ed
Wrought by His Eternal Power.

Prayers and sorrows will be an-
swered,
When comes that final day:
They will stand before the Master
Their tears will be washed away.

THE EARTH
How beautiful is the earth!
Dancing on her tip toes,
Spinning around the sun,
Never leaving her course,
Always keeping time to
The music from the twinkling
stars.

How beautiful is the earth!
All dressed in blue and green,
And white snow cap
Covered with a coat of air,
And clouds sewn in for a
Soft thin lining.

How beautiful is the earth!
Whose figure is complete,
She dips, swerves with many
curves,
Never making one mistake,
Her smooth surface becomes
rough,
All together to make perfect.

How beautiful is the earth!
Who holds us all, Oh God, I pray,
Do not let anyone destroy
Or ruin her figure,
And never let her die or fall.

By Vicky Walters, II,
Daughter of
Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walters,
Walla Walla, Wash.

A NOTE OF THANKS
Right here and now, I'll thank
those of you, my friends . . .
Some of whom I know, and some
I do not,
For wonderful cards and letters
on my contribution of poetry
Let me know they are read,
and not forgot.

And to you, the Herald and News
What would I have ever done
without you?
Two years now, you've printed
my poetry
My heart and thanks go out to
you, too.

It's a great inspiration to keep on
writing
It's folks like you that make my
thoughts worthwhile, too.
For then I know I'm not a
"hopeless case"
And there's other folks that
think and feel just like I do.
Mrs. Russell E. Jones