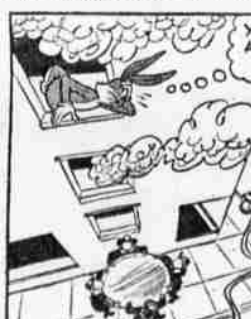
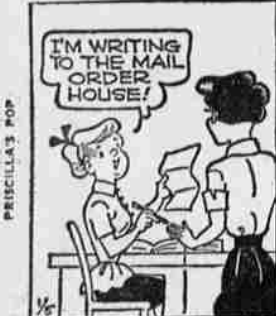


They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

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COMICS



Poetry

DON'T BLAME THE CHILDREN We read in the paper and hear on the air, Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere. We sigh and we say, as we notice the trend, "This young generation, where will it end?" But can we be sure that it's their fault alone, That maybe a part of it isn't our own? Are we less guilty, who place in their way, Too many things that lead them astray? Too much money to spend, too much idle time; Too many movies of passion and crime; Too many books not fit to be read; Too much evil in what they said. Too many children encouraged to roam; Too many parents who won't stay home.

Kids don't make the movies, they don't write the books That paint gay pictures of gangsters and crooks, They don't make the liquor and don't run the bars, They don't make the laws and they don't buy the cars. They don't peddle drugs that addle the brain, That's all done by older folks, greedy for gain. Delinquent teen-agers, Oh! how we condemn, The sins of the nation and blame it on them. By the laws of the blameless, the Saviour made known, Who is there among us to cast the first stone? For in so many cases, it's sad but it's true, The title "Delinquent" fits older folks too.

THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS After the hustle of breakfast is past, The chores of the morn are all done, Through my window I watch the children go past, Returning to school on the run. Then I settle down with my needle and thread, To darn up some socks left undone. The house all around seems so quiet and dead, So void of laughter and fun.

The Christmas tree stands so lonely and bare, Its bright colored gifts are all gone, Just a gentle reminder of joys we did share, When thank yous were said, and eyes shone. Through the day I just putter, at noon I just think, When I take out the carcass so bare, Of the turkey that once was so lovely and pink, Now there's just a few bits of meat there.

The afternoon goes and the day fades away, Father comes from his work once again. Then we sit and talk of the hours passed away, Peace on earth and good will toward men. Of the cards, the letters and folks far away, News of babies that we've never seen. Of how our dear families are growing each day, And how we'd love to see them all again.

Then life settles down to normal once more, But the memories will bring many smiles. So precious are all of the events of yore, Spice for each pain, and a lift for each mile. Mrs. Leon Lybrand

A VISION A little child stole into my heart, A graciousness of God a part, A wispy curl out of place, Lissy words, a smiling face. Spots of dirt on a brand new dress, Hands all grimy, what a mess. Her utter trustfulness I feel, How sweet and pure, so good and real. Oh how I wish that I could be As sweet and nice and good as she; Not spoiled by sin's destructive dart. A little child stole into my heart. Harry Vogtman

DO IT THE HARD WAY CHICAGO (UPI) - Chicago police said Monday that would-be safecrackers at a business place here used an electric drill, a sledge hammer, a screwdriver and a can opener, but were unsuccessful. Willard Bickford, owner of a donut plant where the safe was located, said, "It wasn't locked, and there was slip of paper bearing the combination on top of the safe."