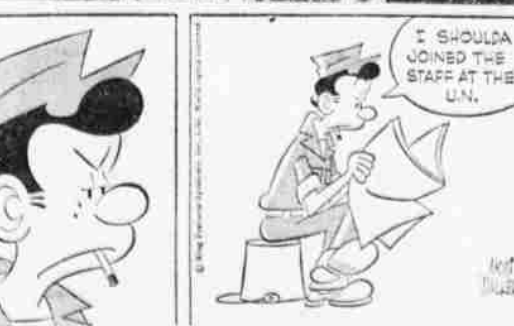


COMICS



STRETCH WASHES THE LITTLE COMPACT JOB AND WIFE HAS TO DO THE BIG JALOP... THINK AND TIP OF THE HAT! TO ESTHER D. EDDY, 1510 E. 10TH AVE., BUFFALO 15, N.Y.



Poetry

WHEN MY SON-IN-LAW CAME COURTING

My son-in-law came courting. It was very plain to see; He was trying his level best, To make an impression on me.

He had on his best clothes, And said a glad, "Hello"; He asked about my pains, As if he cared to know.

I felt sorry for the guy, For his eye had a blank stare; Until, "How are you doing?" I said; And I offered him a chair.

Finally, he asked about the farming, And allowed the crops needed rain; He told about all his money When he harvested all his grain.

He came of course to ask me, For my sweet daughter's hand; But he stammered and stuttered, So I couldn't understand.

Then I recalled another scene, When I was young and gay; When I asked my wife's dad If I could take his girl away.

I simply grinned at him, and Tried to encourage the lad; For I sure could remember how I had worked on Mary's dad.

SHE SET THE TABLE FOR TWO Mother's eyes are wet today, For she remembers when; The kiddies were all at home And she set the table for ten.

Now the boys and girls are gone, She hardly knows what to do; For now when meal time comes around She sets the table for two.

The span of life terminates, The years of life left are few; Sorrowfully she views the task Setting the table for two.

In memory the children play, At the strings of a mother's heart; Then again her eyes are full When they have drifted apart.

Again they are little tots, Praying at their Mother's knee But in leaving and going away This she could never see.

Ture, most kiddies don't realize, When to manhood they grew; That a mother's heart aches today.

When she sets the table for two, C. J. H.

OUR LOCAL PAPER Our paper comes at three, I always watch the rural route; For you see I want to know What the news is all about.

I know it is not much to brag about, But whenever it is late; I fret and cast about, At an awful rate.

Did Jones die, who was sick? Did the Browns move away? The clouds are gathering thick Will it rain today?

How many babies were born? Who was married on the dot? Did they set that robber free? Or five years he got?

Some folks call it the scandal sheet, At Ye Editor they rant and coar, But if it don't come today How will I know the score?

If the paper I did not see, Holy gee — and I'll swan; How can I posted be or Know the goings on?

Then I like to read the obituaries, Before I go to bed; And if my name isn't there, I'll know for sure I'm not dead.

OUR NEWSPAPER BOY I salute the man who brings, Our paper to our door; He makes his daily wage and, Does not ask for more.

He is in business for himself, And he watches every dime; It matters not the weather—for He is always right on time.

He has to please his customers, And cater to every demand; And he must keep a record of All the cash on hand.

I know he must sacrifice, A portion of his play; While attending another job, To keep the wolf away.

So, I thank our paper man, Who brings the news to me; And the very good job he does And to his punctuality.

Some of our more successful men, They climbed that Golden Stair; Lessons learned, on a paper route, And became a millionaire.

C. J. H.