

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

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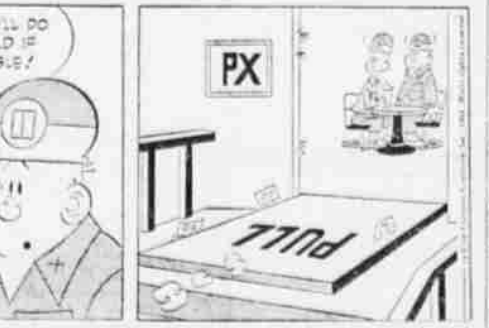
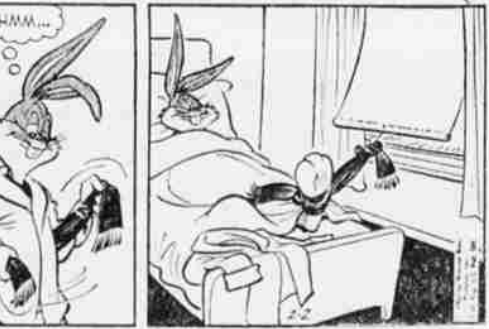
NURSE STICKLER WARNS ALL VISITORS NOT TO GET THE PATIENT WORRIED OR DEPRESSED....

THEN SHE GOES IN FOR A LITTLE GABFEST...ABOUT AS CHEERFUL AS A TARANTULA BITE....

I'LL LET YOU GO IN FOR ONE MINUTE... BUT DON'T MENTION ANYTHING PERSONAL THAT MIGHT UPSET THE PATIENT....

SIGH...MY BROTHER-IN-LAW HAD THE SAME THING AS YOU GOT--NEVER DID A DAY'S WORK AFTERWARD--BUT WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE--WITH ALL THIS H-BOMB SCARE--WHY BOTHER ABOUT ANYTHING?

Thank And A Tip Of The Hat To BILL KAVANAGH, 300 ESSEX AVE., SPRING LAKE, N.J.



POET'S CORNER

LOVE A FRIEND

What ever I may do in life,
Unto its very end;
I pray I shall never be
Untrue to a friend.

If any one is good to me,
Through a year or a day;
I think it is a favor I
Should certainly repay.

If he has helped me on,
In any way at all;
I will be a faithful friend
And at his beck and call.

As long as he is kind to me,
And helped my heart to live;
There is not a thing I know,
I would not gladly give.

As much as I am healthy--and
My days that I expend;
I hope that I'll never be
Unfaithful to a friend.

Many years have come and gone,
Each one a jewel to spend;
All my thanks I give to him
Who has ever been my friend.
C.J.H.

THE HUNTERS

The sun from the east, tipped the
mountains with gold;
The dew as it sparkled--cheered
my heart as of old.
No thrill can I fancy--in the
dawn's early light;
A heart that is racing--at this
wonderful sight.

A big buck gone fleeting--his
horns stood erect.
My hands all a tremble--no trigger
to detect;
They call it buck fever--when the
hunter forgets.
A big deer disappearing--without
firing a shot.

Most men are hunters--to a certain
degree--
The doctor hunts a patient--the
lawyer his fee;
But me with a rifle--the wood-
land I'd roam;
When tired of the chase--finds
contentment at home.

I could sit by a campfire--and
the soft ev'ng breeze;
To me a sweet lullaby--whisper-
ing in the trees.
So--my memory yet recalls--
those happy days, of old;
And the rustling of the aspens--
all purple and gold.
C. J. H.

LAST VOYAGE

When I embark on my last trip
with no one
At the helm,
I'll need no one to guide me on
my voyage to that realm.
I'll need no crew or sextant, or a
steersman at the wheel.
No one but that sweet voice I know
to whom I can appeal.
There'll be no storms or icebergs
of which I must steer clear,
For I'll be leaving on this trip
without the slightest fear.
When I arrive before Him this
Great Captain up above,
I'll know I've left earth's sorrows
and exchanged them for his love.

Harry Vogtman

LOST LOVE

Gradually, gradually, my love is
lost;
What happened to yesterday?
Such sweet love was there in my
heart,
And now has been taken away.
To see such devotion die and
crumble
Leaves a tear forever there.
A heart that will always mumble
And in my eyes a vacant stare.

So someone else now shares that
place
That once belonged to me,
Such anguish for me to face.
Oh not for eternity.

No love will you ever know my
dear
As the love I had for you;
It is not loneliness I fear
But loving you all life thru.

I cannot care again that say
Nor can I pretend
For without your love every day
I come to a journey's end.
Ellen Teagle.

WHY NOT TELL ME

You tell me you love me, yet
I know
These words are emptiness.
Where Oh, where is the glow
Of a true love you confess?

I feel no love when you speak
Or hold me tenderly;
There is no dearness that I seek,
No love in your eyes to see.

Why pretend and make me a fool
As I linger near and listen
The break has come and love is
cool.

No more do you make my eyes
glisten
I feel you laughing and my heart
breaks

As the years pass quickly by,
Why not be honest, and have
what it takes
To hear my heart and hear me
cry.

Someday when we want this love,
And it's gone from you and me,
Only then will we look above
And know what we had, tenderly.
Ellen Teagle.