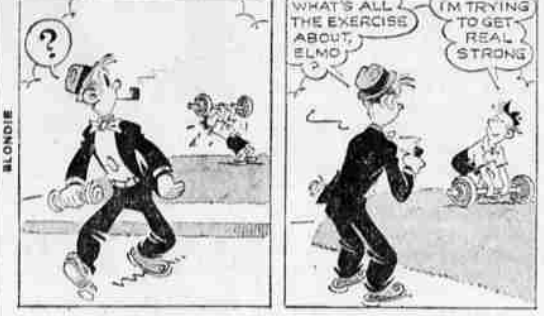
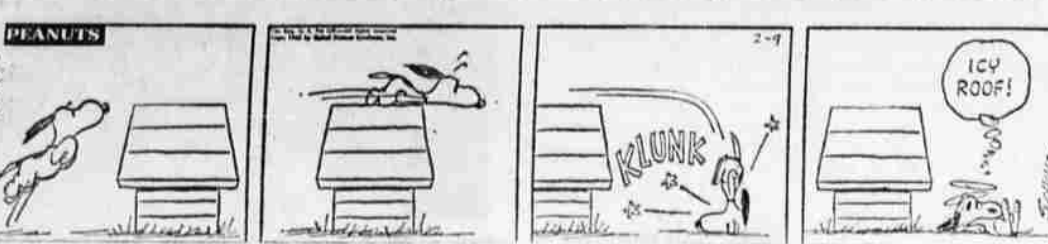


COMICS



POET'S CORNER

COUNTRY DOCTOR

There's tonsillitis, fractures and germs to fight. Diagnosis, advice and prescriptions to write. Old mother Jones is back again. With imaginary ills and aches and pain: A carpenter slipped while fixing a wall, And broke two ribs in a ten foot fall. And now again a patient's back, Infected wound—stepped on a tack. The waiting room's full of aches and pain, A call in the country through mud and rain: He's glad when he's back and the trip's been made, And many a time he don't get paid. There's n'ever a moment that's his alone, He's busy with patients or on the phone. With miracles he's supposed to perform, With all of these things he tries to conform. But no matter how much they praise or knock, He's our same old kindly country doc.

HARRY VOGTMAN

THE SEASONS

Which season do you like best? He likes one best who loves them all. Who has no choice in spring or fall. Who likes the spring rain cause it's rain. And summer cause it's warm again. Who likes the fall for various reasons. Changing leaves and cooler evenings. Likes winter snow cause well, it's nice for kids. And dogs and gives excuse for burning logs. In that big fireplace in the corner. The one who is no season mourner. We'll live a fuller life and longer.

NENA WALTERS

BUILD ME A HOUSE

BUILD ME A HOUSE SO CORDIALLY FINE OF COOKIES AND GUMDROPS, CHOCOLATE AND LIME OF WATERS AND MALLOW'S AND PEANUTS GALORE WALLED IN THE NOUGATS AND PEANUTS AND SHORE WITH GINGERBREAD MADE BY A HAND GENTLY PRESSED AND PLACED ON A SHELF OUT OF REACH OF THE BLESSED TIL CHRISTMAS WE WAKE WITH A LOUD SOUNDING ROAR TO GARNER OUR DREAM HOUSE OF SWEETNESS IN STORE.

M. R. K.

BELOVED

A sweetness lingers in the air. Each wisp and vapor lading. It follows with me everywhere—Your love, unfading. No longer may I touch your face, Nor in my arms enfold you; Now memory is the crystal vase in which I hold you.

ELEANOR HARVEY

JOHN, MY LOVE

You are my love I guess you know. Each hour, each day, my love will grow. You mean more to me than night or day; More my dear than I could ever say.

COMPANY

Before the bustle, Before the hurry. We all sit quietly without a worry. Then the phone rings, someone answers. We wait for a reply, Oh! My gracious, sakes alive! Company's coming! They'll be here at five! Half an hour to get work done? Gee... that won't be any fun. Floors to sweep! Dishes to do! Catch that dog and get that shoe. What a tumbling upset mess! Mother's crying in distress! Now the clock has just struck five. Poor dear mother has just revived. Now we stand... Frilly dresses, cleaned pants and shirts. Not to be seen in one speck of dirt. The time was short the work was hard. The time has come. The guests are in the yard.