

COMICS

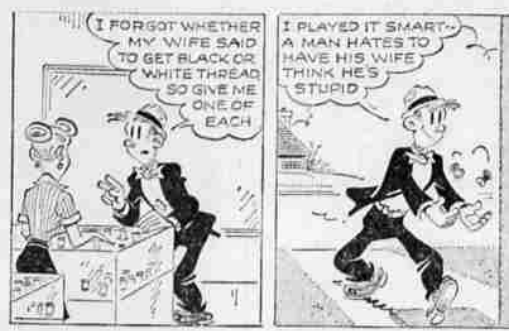
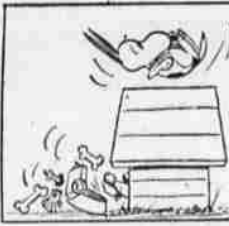
AT HOME WHEN CHEDDAR HAS LOTS OF TIME TO READ HE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING IN HIS MAGAZINES THAT INTERESTS HIM...

BUT IN THE DENTIST'S OFFICE, WHO HOLDS UP THE WORKS BECAUSE HE CAN'T TEAR HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE SELF-SAME MAGS?



WHO WRITES THIS BILGE? NOT ONE ARTICLE OF INTEREST TO ME IN HERE--JUST A LOT OF OLD-LADY STUFF...

MR. GRULLER... MR. GRULLER... IT'S YOUR TURN NOW... MR. GRULLER!!



POET'S CORNER

MY SON Your parents live for you My son. They work and work till day is done. All they do is for you My son.

All the tears are well worthwhile; And they always have a smile for you My son. So be thankful you are theirs, And as you climb the stairs Thank God for them My son.

Be strong and loyal as you can Make of yourself a man, For they love you My son.

Get all you can, but give much more. Take heed to opportunity at your door Be valiant for their sake My son.

Then when life is o'er and all is done They'll smile and say, My son.

DESPOT The lion must kill for his daily fare, But the despot kills by creating despair, He waves his arms with his jack-ass bray, Of how he will rule the world some day.

He boasts and boasts of his pies in the skies, And his stupid ilk believes his lies, He rules his domain with an iron rod, And tells his litter, "There is no God."

But his house of cards that he's built on mud, Will come tumbling down in a sea of blood, But for him, this unholy human shark; Not lucky like Noah, there'll be no ark.

He's the kind that a four-footed striped would scorn, This inhuman scum, oh why was he born? Harry Vogtman

SYMPHONY The errors in our yesterdays which cause us deep regret, If we but could correct them before our sun has set, But the laws of diversity are endless in their range, And knowledge of these errors made arrives too late to change.

For life is but a symphony, the chords of which we build, The sound of several notes we strike of which our life is filled, Some chords are cherished memories, some grouped with woe and pain.

We wish that we could live our span all over once again, But the score of life will surely end the chords so overlapped, A seemingly eternal void, its mysteries still untapped. Harry Vogtman

OREGON Of all the states I've lived in, And that is quite a few, The one I like the best of all is Oregon, I do.

Here we have beauties Of sea and mountains high, Lakes, rivers, fertile valleys, And many of them close by.

In our beautiful Klamath Valley, High up in the fresh mountain air, We have a climate hard to beat And sunshine so bright and fair.

Our fruitful lands are cultivated, Although it seldom rains For our irrigation system Makes of the grains and potatoes fane.

There is beauty, work and pleasures In this great state we claim There is ever life abundant In our dear Oregon, by name. T.H.M.

TO MARY I have the nicest neighbor, Mary is her name, And after every friendly visit I'm always glad she came.

She has a generous heart, And loves her fellowman Whenever I'm around her I want to be kinder than I am. When I observe the good things That make up her personality, I only hope that I can be The friend she's been to me! Margaret Warren