

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

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COMICS

THE CRUMBUNS HAVE JOE, THE LOCAL TV REPAIRMAN, IN FOR A FREE ESTIMATE AND PARTS LIST...

SO A WEEK OR SO LATER JOE RUNS INTO THE CRUMBUNS AND INQUIRES ABOUT THE AILING SET...



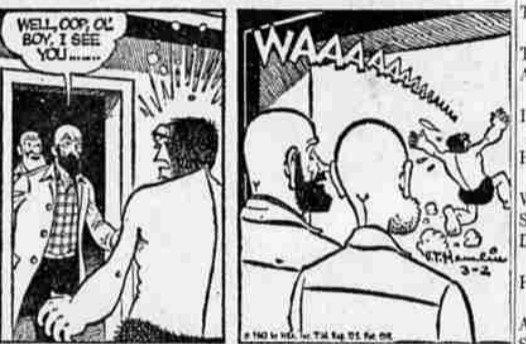
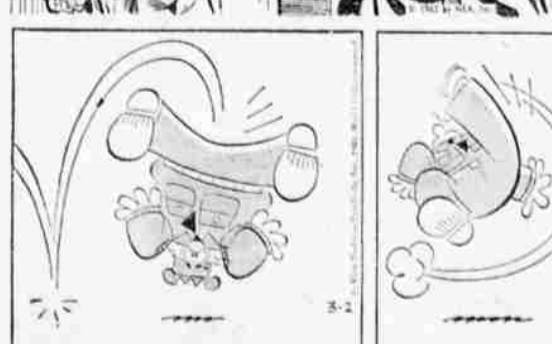
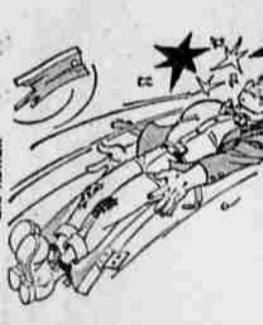
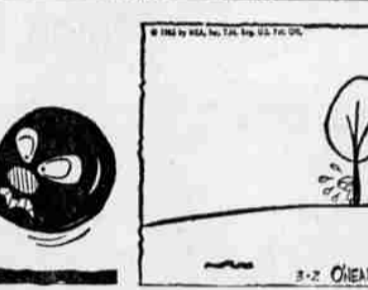
TELL US WHAT IT NEEDS AND HOW MUCH IT'LL COST...

THE CATHODE TUBE IS ABOUT SHOT-- AND THERE'S A BREAK IN THE PRINTED CIRCUIT-- THE SELECTOR HAS TO BE ADJUSTED...

HAVE YOU DECIDED WHEN YOU WANT ME TO FIX YOUR SET?

I HAD MY BRUDDER-IN-LAW FIX IT-- I GOT ALL THE PARTS-- HE'S VERY HANDY-- THERE WASN'T MUCH TO IT!

FROM AND A TID OF THE LATE HAT TO DICK RUMMOND, HOV POINT ST. HOUMA LA. 3-2



POET'S CORNER

SYMPHONY OF SPRING Under the frost-bright soil I hear soft singing Here in my garden, as I wait for Spring. The Song of Life Eternal, daily bringing Nearer to me those lovely ones that sing. Each year I wait, while Winter hovers o'er us, The time when baton of bright sun swings And Winter's curtain lifts before the chorus And I behold the glorious group that sings. And one day, as I walk the garden listening, Their Song of Life from every border thrills And I behold, among the dew-drops glistening, The choral glory of my daffodils.

Ellen Clark and Katie Lake, Guest Editors February Soroptimist Snooper

THE FROZEN NORTH

The frozen north claimed many lives In the years of the Klondike strike Men panned the gold in the summer time When both day and night were alike. Darkness came, then the winter was cold; With lights burning all through the day. Men would begin to long for the states And their families so far away. Not that there wasn't entertainment For each young dance hall queen Would extend a hearty welcome When a miner appeared on the scene.

The thermometer dropped day by day Till soon it was forty below. A man called Slim said "This isn't bad, It's almost that cold in Idaho." He had piled up wood, and was prepared With plenty of grub stored away. So he would spend the evening Down town where folks were gay. He would take along a bag of gold dust And enjoy a good warm drink. So out he stepped in the Arctic cold. For the moment he could only blink. The snow lay deep but he knew the trail. And he saw all the lights ahead. Soon he began to recall stories Of the men found frozen and dead. Now, should he return to his cabin And forget the lure of the lights. No, he just would not turn back He was sick of those long winter nights. With spring he'd return to the states But now he must keep on the trail. His fingers and toes began aching. And the cold air was hard to inhale. First he was tired and sleepy With a nagging pain in his chest So just for one short moment He must sit down and rest. Mass burials were held each spring For young miners just like Slim That had tried to make a fortune Up north near the Arctic rim. Jennie Charles

THE FIREPLACE In winter-time it flames up high! The inside turns as black as night. Even sometimes smoke comes out. It whirrs and spits and twists about. Some are short, some are tall. Some are big, some are small. Some have mantles, some may not. Some have a clock or candles in a certain spot. Some for heat. Some for looks. Some to hide secret little nooks. Though there are many kinds We all know in our minds Some are beautiful Some are pretty Fireplaces are used in every town and city. Mary Lenninger

WIND The wind sometimes blows But sometimes it blows things aloft. It blows through the trees. It blows on the earth. Sometimes it blows out the fire in the hearth. Wind can be helpful to fill our sails. Wind can be harmful when it brags our crops hail. No matter what the wind has done. It may be helpful. It may be harmful. God has sent it for everyone. Mary Lenninger.

OLD BOARDING HOUSE

BLONDIE

POGO

ALLEY OOP

BUGS BUNNY

MORTY MREKLE

BEN CASEY

BEETLE BAILEY

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

PRECILLAS POP

SHORT BISS

WASH TUB

PEANUTS

LIL ABNER

GASOLINE ALLEY

DICK TRACY

FRECKLE