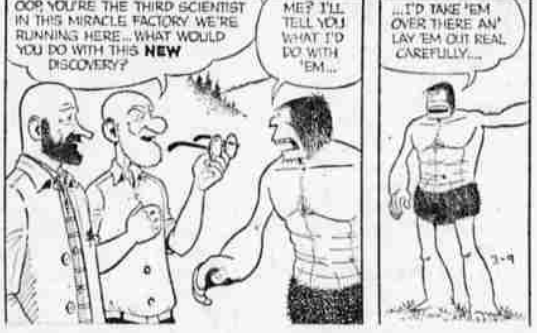
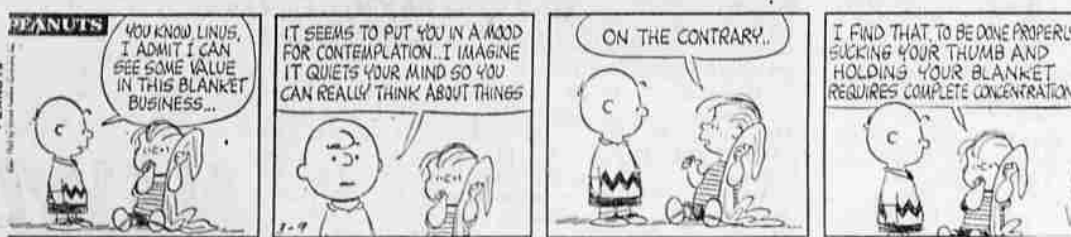


COMICS



POET'S CORNER

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Sitting here in my garden chair
Among flowers, under the shade
Of a tree,
There comes to me the thoughts
Of a friend,
A friend, I would like to see.

The peacefulness of a Sabbath
day
Is round and about me here.
And thoughts of peace and the
love of God,
Come, and I would keep them
near.

For among God's greatest treas-
ures
Our friends to gladden our way.
The way, many times would wear-
y be
But for the friends we see each
day.

There are those like ships pass-
ing at night
There are those we know stand
ready
To help and companion our way
along
And keep life worthwhile and
steady.

God grant, that I may never do
That which will hurt a friend
And keep me true and ever ready
To be a friend to the end.

And if in my weakness I fail
To be true to my inner life,
May I have the grace and will
to say
"I'm sorry," and make it right.
T.H.M.

IN KENTUCKY, FAR AWAY
The dewy shades of eve'ing crept,
As I went to tell my Mom good-
bye;
Apple blossoms slept,
A full moon was in the sky.

She trembled when I told her,
And she begged me to stay;
But I left her broken hearted
In the village, far away.

On the last hill-top I lingered,
With misted eyes I could see;
That lonely little village,
That would e'er be dear to me.

There was hope in my heart,
There were tears in my eyes;
But I turned my head West-ward
Where Oregon State lies.

The years have been going slower,
Yet the yearning ne'er did de-
part;
In my dreams I'm wandering o'er
The hills that are near my heart.

It seems, no pain is half so bitter,
As the tears when you must de-
part;
As the woe of moments at leav-
ing
When forever, you must depart.
C.H.H.

WHAT IS IN A NAME?
As we wander down life's trail,
Have you a good name?
Did you besmirch yours--and fail
To protect it from shame?

When you married that lovely
maid--
And you gave to her your name,
Did she wear it, yes, proudly,
Or did she hang her head in
shame?

When your son enters life's story,
And he seeks the halls of fame;
Will he rise to the heights, of
glory
With a stigma on his name?

A Good Name is a priceless Heri-
tage,
More worthy than all gold;
Guard it ever so carefully
The rich--the youth--the old.

Eminent is your reputation,
When your honor is at stake;
The narrow pathway to Glory
Is the one you should take.

When life's stormy days are end-
ed,
Leaving little fortune--and less
fame;
Will you leave the loved ones be-
hind
An unblemished name?
C.H.H.

I LOVE ALL LITTLE GIRLS
I love all the little girls,
I think that they are just fine;
With red, or brown, or golden
curls
They tug at this heart of mine.

Nothing is so sweet on Earth,
And this for sure I know;
Any little girl is worth
More than the gold below.

Eyes of brown, or eyes of blue,
Stubby nose, or freckled face;
The sweetest blossoms ever grew
In any town, or any place.

Angels from the heavens came,
To bless our little home;
Brought us a baby girl,
A little Queen, upon a Throne.

There are many lovely things,
Sweet violets and daisies of blue;
A little girl often springs
A rose bud in the early dew.

Many joys come to man,
And I listened to an Angel's call;
No joy can there ever be--than
A Little Girl is best of all.
C.H.H.