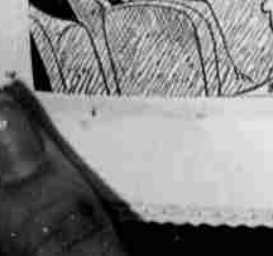


COMICS

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hado



CORNER POET'S

WHEN DADDY COMES HOME
When Daddy goes to work,
And he comes home at night,
He gets to see his family
And knows that all is right.

I know he appreciates his
Good family and the hours;
He attends his garden and
Cares for all the flowers.

Daddy comes home at night,
There is a cry of glee;
The kiddies, one and all,
Will make his troubles flee.

When he is away at night,
We seem so much alone;
And we will welcome him
When Daddy comes home.

Children meet him at the door,
He is their King, upon a Throne;
They all shout and play for
Daddy has come back Home.

How happy is a Daddy's heart,
A Monarch upon a Throne;
No better joy in this life
As when Daddy comes back Home.

CJH

DADDY'S CHECK

When Daddy comes home from
work,
He's as tired as all heck;
But Mamma is waiting at the
door,
To grab his monthly check.

Barely does he ever see it,
Or know the exact amount;
For Mamma is waiting to grab it
And that is all that counts.

Careless it lovingly,
And fondly looks it o'er;
No use in hesitating for
Mamma is waiting at the door.

Most Daddys are good sports,
Gladly he bows his neck;
For Mamma and the kiddies' sake
If she does grab his check.

Pleasures are by far, more pre-
cious,
As the fireplace is ablaze;
For joys do come to fathers, in
A thousand different ways.

I salute the valiant Daddys,
With a yoke about his neck;
He is a mighty Big Hero--When
Mamma is waiting for his check.

CJH

I LOVE ALL LITTLE BOYS

A little boy puts on his britches,
And off to the neighbors he'll
start;
I love the little rascals as
For they do something to my
heart.

God made these little critters,
Then He had a second look;
He gave them heap more energy
Than you could write in a book.

Splinters in his heel,
And skin peeled off his nose;
He'll slip off to bed and
Leave on most his clothes.

Two holes in his trousers,
His pockets filled with junk;
His smell is mightily suspiciously
Heap much like a skunk.

But all hail to these critters,
Maybe they are not so bad;
For most grow up just
Exactly much like their Dad.

Now I'll end this eulogy,
But now before I depart;
I can lock them from my shop,
But can't lock them from my
heart.

CJH

JANUS

Why can't I dwell upon the good
Each hour is bringing me,
And cease to pine for yesterday's
Whose good I could not see?
For, I suppose, a year from now
I'll look back and say,
'I wish that things were as they
were
A year ago today.'

Eleanor Harvey

FEATURE POETS CORENR L

Sweet and dainty, little minia-
ture,
Full of courage, always gay,
When we meet and talk together
Something good has touched my
day.

She has had her share of trouble
Yet on these she never dwells,
Little feet met life bravely,
On her face, goodness tells.

Wish there were more like her,
Giving hope and cheer,
Helping us to live life fully,
Each moment while we're here.

Margaret Warren,
624 High.

FAITH

There is always a ray of sun-
shine
To be found behind the clouds.
There is always a ray of hope
If we look for it in faith.

But it takes a lot of courage,
A lot of faith also,
To hunt out this ray of sunshine,
And faith to gain the hope.

T.H.M.

It is estimated that about two
million U.S. families own some
form of vacation retreat or week-
end home.