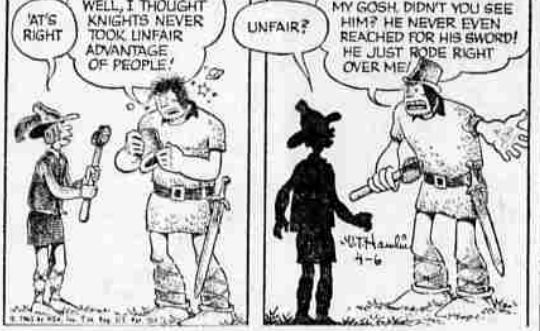
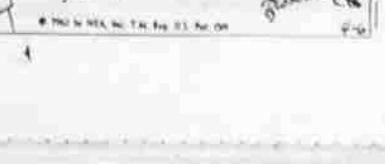
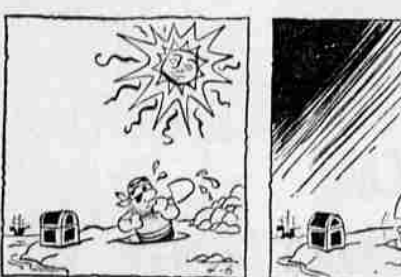


They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

THE OLD GENT BLOWS HIS ROOF WHEN HE SEES WHAT FRAU AND DAUGHTER HAVE TRIP-PACKED...



POET'S CORNER

ANONYMOUS

Name withheld, or the initials only: So often is used, and I wonder why. Do people know words written this way Are a challenge to which none may reply?

We are allowed to express ourselves For we live in a country that's free. Praise and criticism we learn to take For no one is ever perfect you see.

Jennie Charles

THANKS

I hope that I deserve the praise That quite often I've received For the little poems printed here, And the memories that they leave.

I do not write of a bird's song Or a rose that sparkles with dew; But of my life or that of a friend, Now sometimes it may be of you.

Some folks say they have no story There is nothing that should be told. But as I go about my daily life A poem will just naturally unfold.

I am not perfect of rhyme or rhythm. Nor great honors will I ever attain. But if I have made just one friend My work here has not been in vain.

Jennie Charles

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 greedy shark, Not lucky like Noah there'll be no ark. He's the kind that a four footed striper would scorn, This inhuman scum, oh why was he born?

Harry Vogtman

BEWARE

Last night as I lay sleeping, A peculiar dream came to me. I dreamt I started a venture, And it ended drastically.

I saw the end acoming, I tried to avoid it, but I was too late. So the next stop that I remember, Was in front of the Pearly gate.

St. Peter permitted me to enter, Without comment or greetings or fuss.

And I saw if I remained in Heaven, I would just have to be one of us.

There seemed to be no special place For the high and mighty. The leaders who had governed Their fellow man's life.

But they took their places, with the humble and lowly. Beside their servant and his wife. There were the Preachers who felt they must guide us, If we expected, our Savior to meet.

Mixed right in among those poor misguided sinners, From the churches down the street. And there sat those who had served as judges and jury, Passing judgment on their fellow men.

All surrounded by those who had passed on before them And they had felt they had The right to condemn.

I soon saw that Heaven was not run as expected, By those I had known down on earth. But I think God has the right system, And we better start preparing for it at birth.

Lawrence Bullard

HABIT

Some inhabitants of Styria, Tyrol and other regions believe that arsenic compounds exert a tonic effect and the habit of arsenic eating is prevalent in these regions, according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica.