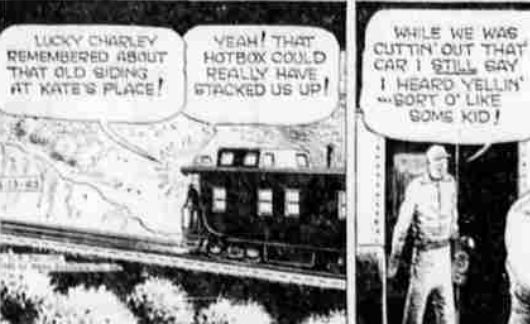
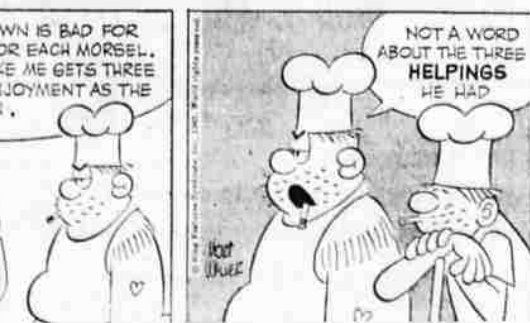
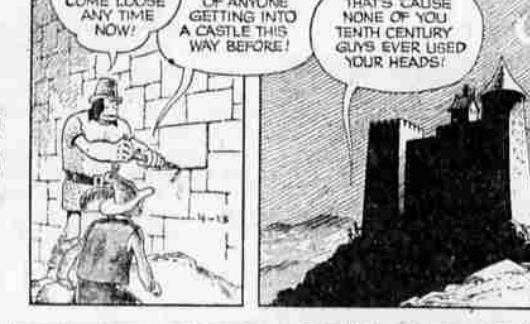
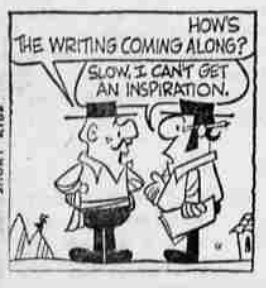


COMICS

WHEN CUDGEL TOOK HIS EXAM FOR HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE HE ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS CORRECTLY... ESPECIALLY THIS ONE...



A LITTLE LATER HIS HEAD TANGLES WITH A VEHICLE ON HIS RIGHT AT JUST SUCH AN INTERSECTION... NOW LISTEN TO HIM...



POET'S CORNER

New Hospital And Progress

The joy of life is living it. Or so it seems to me; And helping progress, on its way To a greater destiny.

Were all things perfect here below, Or naught for our hands to do, If the old was good enough We would not need the new.

Our efforts then should be, To reach a higher goal; And try to do our level best To give courage to our soul.

Success depends entirely on Where our honest effort lies; Put our shoulders to the wheel To win the coveted prize.

Each and every one will try, To prove their eternal worth And make our town the very best The most beautiful, on earth.

Only he who knows a perfect joy, And has done his little bit; Can watch the New Hospital rise And enjoy in doing it.

Our Old Wood Stove

When I get up in the morning, And before I put on my clothes, I hurry out to the kitchen, And fire up the old wood stove.

The smoke starts to rising, And the old stove begins to roar; Soon it is so blooming hot I have to open wide the door.

Mother used to make cookies, And I knew that she would Let me eat about a dozen, If I'd carry in the wood.

When kids would go skating, And no better place could we find, Than warming up to the wood stove And drying ourselves behind.

Mother lived to be ninety, She was ever bright and gay; The Old Wood Stove disappeared When Mother passed away.

Now I get up in the morning, I can't put on my britches; For my hands are so awfully cold From turning on the switches.

In the Garden of Gethsemane

'Neath the olive trees they crept, As it all comes back to me; Tired and hungry, yet they slept In the Garden of Gethsemane.

Canst Thou watch one hour with me? In His awful agony; Repent and sin no more, In the Garden of Gethsemane.

If Thou canst Oh Father, Remove this chalice from me; As Jesus humbly Prayed In the Garden of Gethsemane.

His sweat as drops of blood, Abba Father—Thy will be done Victory over death was won In the Garden of Gethsemane.

Judas betrayed Him with a kiss, As the Roman Guards stood by; His Apostles He did miss For They used their legs to fly.

He was scourged on the Pillars, And ridiculed by the crowd; Hung Him on the cross, was The verdict—good and loud.

Thus Our Lord paid the price, And fulfilled the Prophecy; Naught but death could suffice In the Garden of Gethsemane.

Yes He wore the crown of thorns, And was crucified on Calvary; And He died on the cross—For you and for me.

A PERFECT PICTURE

Through the years into centuries with brush and pen, Man has strove to paint a picture of the Savior of men.

Of the Christ as he was in his splendor and glory, While giving of his life to preserve God's story.

How can one paint the suffering, the courage and love? Etched in the Face of God's image from above.

There would be lines caused from worry, The innocence of a child, The furrowed brow of deep thought

The sympathy expressed when he smiled, I am sure the greatest of artists Found themselves at a loss

Trying to capture the love and concern showed for us As he was nailed to the cross.

And the expression of victory and triumph As He fulfilled the promise he gave

When on that memorable Easter morn He arose from the grave. I think he will understand When he looks down from above Though the picture may lack much to be desired The thought behind it is love, Lawrence Ballard