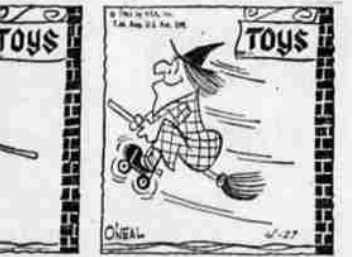


COMICS

HEGIRA WAS SUFFERING FROM SUBURBIA TENSION, SO GOOD OLD DOC PRESCRIBED HOBBY THERAPY...



SO HOW SOOTHED IS OUR EX-FRUSTRATED PATIENT? WELL-L-L... YOU CAN'T PICASSO OVERNIGHT...



POET'S CORNER

THE BOOK CALLED "MEMORY"

There is a book called memory. And there's written on every page, Things that happened recently. And memories covered with age.

There's a memory of a girl. So young, so bright and fair. And of the boy she married - For he had learned to care.

There's the memory of those early days. Before the children came. When each and every day to them, Was one big happy game.

And then the game was over. Life grew very hard. He started to drink and gamble. Depending on the turn of a card.

There's the memory of the children. That came along so soon. And of the toll that seemed to last. Morning, night and noon.

Thirteen children came along. O'er the many years. Somehow they raised them. With sweat and struggle and tears.

There's the memory of the little one. As precious as the rest. Who was called to that Eternal Home. Because God thought it best.

There's the memory of the later years. When the children have gone away. And again there's just the two of them. Old and wrinkled and grey.

They think of the days, so long past. When their marriage stood the test. Of all the bitter days they knew. But those memories too, are best.

And now the old man is also gone. The woman's left alone. To wander through the empty rooms. Of the once so busy home.

She sits and looks out the window. Wondering why the kids don't write. The days grow longer and longer. But not half as long as the night.

Her dreams must come to a close now. Her memory book is full - As she looks back o'er the pages. She knows it was never dull.

Mary Bertram

MAY

It's almost May. And the leaden gray. Of the snow cloud hangs o'erhead. The ground lies white.

In the morning light. As I struggle from my bed. I try to smile. But all the while.

I think of the lilac bud. That tries to bloom. In this awesome gloom. And I feel my spirits thud.

To a brand new low. As I view the snow. And think of the spring just fled. I face the day.

As best I may. But I wish this winter dead! Mildred L. Brashier

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Courtesy men take courage. Victory will be ours. 'Twill be but a little while. Till spring and budding flowers.

Though winter winds are whistling. The woodlands cast in gloom. Still the birds are singing. Their throaty, warbling tunes.

Though men are craving, hungered. And dying by the score. We needs must keep on fighting. 'Til we can fight no more.

What can we tell our dying. How can we face our dead. But that our nation stronger. Since her gallant sons have bled.

A mighty nation risen. Our heritage so proud. Because our hearts were cowed. Full many times I've watched you.

An infant yet in arms. Struggling for your freedom. Concerned for your alarms. I see a mighty nation.

Stretched forth from sea to sea. A mighty new creation. Of earth born men and free. Trusted men of vision.

Who placed their faith in God. Men of humble spirit. Who by His grace endowed. To triumph o'er secession.

United take her stand. Old glory waving over. A free and golden land. Lyle Tahert

THE DESERT
Land of the golden sands
Where rains of winter forest
Blossoming carpets of rarest hues
In blossoming flowers sublime
T. H. M.-Malin