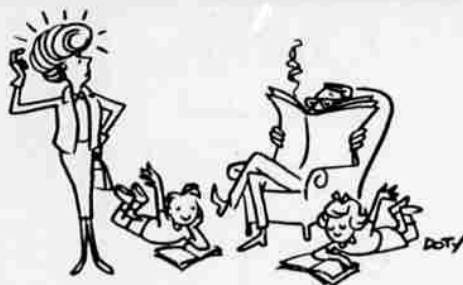




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Mom's New Coif-furor

As shy as a girl at a prom,
I awaited my dear ones' view:
The kids cried, "What's for dinner, Mom?"
And my spouse exclaimed, "What's new?"
—Betty Billipp

Quips and Quotes

The pretty secretary to the corporation president told her boss that she was to be married the following week and would be quitting her job.

"Oh, no," the executive cried. "Not now—we're right in the middle of all that merger correspondence, and I need you. Couldn't you ask your boy friend to postpone the wedding for a month or so?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," the girl said quickly. "I don't feel I know him that well!"
—Dan Bennett

What's in a Name?

The druggist is now a "pharmacist";
The doctor's a "physician."
The hairdresser's made the status list
By being a "beautician."

With elegant labels thus to brand
And dignify their skills,
They're all far more impressive and,
I'd add, so are their bills!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

The young wife had just learned she was expecting her first baby. Her joy was mixed with a great deal of anxiety, so she immediately went to see her mother. The older woman put her fears to rest, but there was still one nagging doubt.

"What month will be the most difficult for me?" the anxious girl asked.

"I'm sure it'll be the 10th month," the mother replied. "But how can that be?"

"Because," the mother answered, "that's when the new father carries the baby."
—Jim Henry

A distraught woman entered a dry-goods shop and frantically looked at samples. "I must find material with a metallic sheen and transparent enough to glow when a red bulb is lighted under it," she told the manager.

The manager went through his entire stock, then admitted: "It's something I'll have to order. But if I may ask, just why do you want a metallic-sheen material transparent enough to glow when a red bulb is under it?"

"Well," the woman explained, "my son is in the school play—oh, if they only hadn't cast him as a nose cone!"
—Herm Albright



I was just thinking...

YOU WERE ONLY a temporary home, and it is unfair of you to be so beautiful on this last morning.

It is as if you sensed the tentative claim on you and replied, "See, you have underestimated me all these months."

So you clothe yourself in crystal and the jewels of winter's end. You give yourself a spring blue sky and an April sun to sparkle on the polished earth.

Never was my Minnesota lake more exquisite than on the morning of departure with the mist lifting from the awakening waves. The Gulf coast was never more alluring than from far below a plane window in a lush dawn.

But you, which I have tolerated with the carelessness of impermanence, have outdone all the rest. You have taken the shabby circumference of yourself and covered it with snowy stardust. You have created a frosted still life of every pine tree, every timid shrub.

And against this last daybreak, you fling a shower of hoarfrost and defy me not to raise my eyes in wonder at your genius.

I have lived with you impatiently, a bird who rests

briefly on a bough he would not claim and then finds suddenly the sparse twigs glowing in glory when he lifts his wings to fly.

You scatter diamonds of delight on this landscape with carefree abandon. You touch this corner of the world with majesty, daring me to forget you.

Living rootlessly in a sterile world, marking time for my Shangri-La, I saw you with a limited vision. In this last dawn, you have opened like a flower.

And now I regret the waste. Now I know I will miss you more than I could believe possible. And you teach me what I should have learned.

Every horizon toward which I hurry is only a promise. How great is the sacrifice of what I leave behind?

Patty Johnson

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