COMICS

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

PRISCILLA'S POP

SHORT RIBS

WASH TUBS

PEANUTS

LIL ABNER

GASOLINE ALLEY

DICK TRACY

FRECKLES

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OUT OUR WAY

BLONDIE

POGO

ALLEY OOP

BUGS BUNNY

MORTY MEEKLE

BEN CASEY

BEETLE BAILEY

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

POET'S CORNER

DOCTOR'S OFFICE

If to the doctor you must go
Be sure you call and tell him so,
Or in the waiting room you'll sit
Until you nearly have a fit.

Then nursie puts you in a little room
Where you sit some more
To wait your doom.
You wait and wait, wishing you hadn't come
And if you dared you'd cut and run.

At last the doctor, calm, appears—
Wondering what are your ails and all your fears,
Your mind is blank, your tongue is still
Your pain is gone and so is your will.

At last it's over and out you go
Wondering what if anything is so—
You're out some cash and in some pills.
Are you sick or well, or are you just nil?
Who knows.

Teresa M. McComb,
Malin.

A GARDEN I MADE

A garden I made
My very own way
Now a garden I have
With bright flowers gay.

I spaded, I raked
And I planted the seed.
I worked and I worked.
To get out every weed.

I watered, I tended
And worked with a will
But without the bright sunshine,
It would be seed and dirt still.

Teresa M. McComb.

THEY DO THEIR PART NURSES IN HOSPITALS

Tomorrow they'll be much happier,
By what they do today;
By accomplishing something else
Besides to loaf and play.

If they pursue their work,
And carry through their chore;
On and beyond their job,
Or perhaps a little more.

The joy of doing a good job,
Is not much fun itself;
But in their assigned task,
Is cleared from every shelf.

This is an inspiration to
A perfect goal you seek;
To do the very best you can,
To aid the sick and weak.

Tomorrow will be much happier—yes
Much brighter than today;
If you are conscious in
The tasks along the way.

It is not likely you will be
Forgotten in the crowd;
Because your devotion to duty
Will stand forth good and loud.

CJH.

MAY GOD BLESS — LADIES IN A NURSING HOME

May God bless the good ladies,
Who toil in a nursing home;
By helping the old and weak
They are angels on a throne.

Their duties never slacken,
Their tasks are never light;
They always say "good morning"
But never say "good night."

Their job is ever tiresome, yet
Hearts thrill at doing more good;
They would not fail them even
If they knew they could.

Every hour their efforts,
Are making others sing;
And their wish for happiness
They will be remembering.

To them I give my gratitude,
For helping others in distress;
It makes them walk a little straighter,
Brings joy and happiness.

So—again I wish to thank them,
And much affection give;
To all the Good Ladies
Who help the old and sick to live.

CJH.

NATURE'S CURE

The walk I took today, meant more than words can say
I saw happy birds o'erhead, and tall dry grasses swing and sway.
The sun shone gaily in the bright blue sky
And the wind played among the pussy willows so shy.
You say "trifle things" maybe, I don't know
But something told me, on a walk I must go

The azure blue lake, and the mountains beyond,
The frothy waves lashing upon the shore,
It was our Lord, not I, that knew the score,
He knew my spirits were low when I started,
And by the time I'd reach back home
Depression and I would be departed.

Mrs. Russell E. Jones