

COMICS

MRS. DINGBAT HAD SEIDLITZ, THE NEIGHBOR'S KID, DO A JOB—BUT THE PRICE WASN'T ESTABLISHED BEFOREHAND—



SO SHE PAYS HIM—AND OF COURSE HE DOESN'T THINK IT'S ENOUGH, AND SHE THINKS IT VERSA VERSA—



POET'S CORNER

FATHER OF MINE

If all the fathers in the land
Were as wonderful as mine,
What a happy, loving world
't would be
With laughter and love most
of the time.

He was a man of great true
worth
A friend all were glad to know
A patient, loving companion—
father
Yet firm when he thought he
should be so.

On days when we went walking
Or driving through the country—
side
We watched the clouds as they
sailed along
Or stopped to see a flower we
spied.

He taught us to love all nature:
The birds, trees, animals and
flowers.
Their calls, their leaves and also
their names
As we went beneath leafy bow-
ers.

It was long ago, a happy time.
But my memories are very
clear.
Of our childhood home
And of my father, understand-
ing, loving, dear.

Teressa McComb,
Mallin.

MEMORIAL DAY

Great-Grandpa recollects Memo-
rial Day
In '78, when observance was quite
new.
(So many minus arms or legs
that day,
And some were dressed in gray
and some in blue.)
And 1907, when sailors' sons and
daughters
Scattered flowers and wreaths on
local waters.

Great-Grandpa recollects a later
time
In '26, when sorrow's cup did
blend
Around memorial shafts with
hope sublime
That those named here had died
all war to end.
He bows his head for May of '45
V-E Day past, and one grandson
alive.

Great-Grandpa thinks sometimes
of '34
With lilacs blooming by the bor-
der's
fence.
The neighbor's boy at rest upon
a shore
Half the world 'round for all the
ages hence.
Lost years, lost dreams, the num-
ber
multiplies.
So many lost young lives, 'Great-
Grandpa sighs.

Great-Grandpa holds a child upon
his knee
Memorial Day of 1953.
Who, having heard all of Grand-
pa's tales before,
Stirs, and importantly inquires,
"What's war?"
Ruth Welch.

FLAG DAY

The flag of our country
With its red white and blue
Today shows its colors
As it waves for you.

The flag of our country
We gaze on with pride;
Never stopping to remember
That for it, men have died.

In this land of America
Where there's justice for all
It stands for right and order;
Pray God, it may never fall.

The flag of our country
Is our symbol of right.
Forever we must guard it
Through each day and night.
—Jennie Charles

JUST A PRIVATE

You may boast of all your heroes
All their tasks so nobly done
Yet it's not for all the privates
This war could not be won.

Masterminds may plan the bat-
tles
And strategic things may do
Yet it's up to the lowly private
To carry those things through.

So next time you drink to heroes
Who are known from coast to
coast
Just think of the lowly private
And then drink another toast.
Ben T. Murphy.

SPRING

OH, WONDROUS SPRING
I took a walk upon the hill this
fine spring day
Little flowers and new grasses
were all nodding my way.
So I smiled and spoke to them as
they danced in the sun,
I don't know why — I just
thought it would be fun!
I felt so good to be alive this
day
And in the breeze they looked so
happy
In the same way —
There is nothing more to say.
Mrs. Russell E. Jones.

HOME HOSPITAL

The family homestead of James
Russell Lowell, 19th Century poet,
near Harvard Square, Cambridge,
Mass., was used as a hospital dur-
ing the battle of Bunker Hill in
1775.