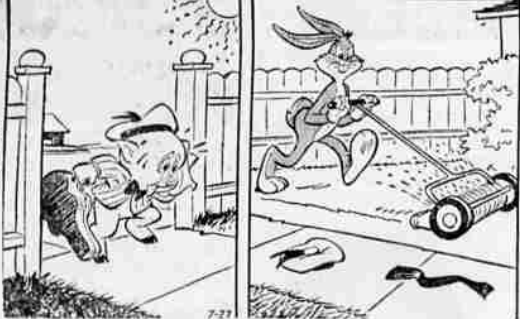
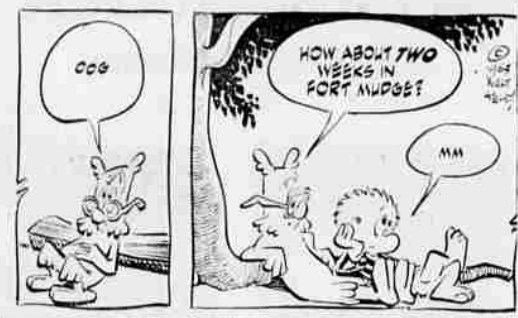


# COMICS

CHIMERA WORKS LIKE A HORSE...  
KEEPING HOUSE, CODDLING HUBBY, AND  
RAISING FOUR WILD YOUNG ONES...



BUT WHAT GETS HER GRINDING HER  
TEETH IS WHEN HER IN-LAWS VISIT  
AND SAY, QUOTE:



## POET'S CORNER

### BEAUTIFUL APPLE TREE

How beautiful is an apple tree?  
White as a mountain of snow;  
All nature sings with glee  
When apple blossoms blow.

How fragrant is the gentle breeze,  
That scents the morning's air;  
Wind whispering through the leaves  
With falling petals there.

A robin builds a regal nest,  
It is indeed a palace fair;  
Blossoms covering its breast,  
Honey bees are everywhere.

Soon Mother Robin is very proud,  
Her new family then to greet;  
Each demanding, good and loud  
"Mommy, when do we eat?"

Jack frost came sailing down,  
Chilling the apple tree;  
Its leaves all red and brown  
A beautiful sight to see.

It looked so very lonely,  
Its leaves on the ground below;  
Its branches were so very home-ly  
Covered with the drifting snow.  
C.J.H.

### THAT WHICH IS FREE

The most precious things are,  
Those that come to us free;  
Such as love from Mom or Dad,  
Or the blossoms on a tree.

How seldom do we appreciate,  
Free gifts, from day to day;  
Our health and our happiness,  
And the glorious days of May.

Free blessings from above, that  
Brings us strength anew;  
Guides our uncertain footsteps,  
In everything that we do.

So today I am thankful for,  
The many things that's free;  
To that which is before my eyes  
And that which I cannot see.

I was thankful I was born into,  
A home, that was filled with love;  
And taught that little narrow road,  
Which led to a Home above.

Yes, folks work, scheme and cheat,  
To get as rich as they can be;  
But when all is said and done  
The best things in life are free.  
C.J.H.

### WAITING AT THE HIGH SCHOOL DOOR

I waited at the high school door,  
Afraid I must confess;  
With the question on my lips,  
She shyly answered "Yes."

I guided her footsteps down the lane,  
A full moon was overhead;  
I was in love with this Jane,  
And we never heard what the stars said.

A cricket chirped beside the road,  
A moon beam on the dew;  
I whispered to this little girl  
Darling, I love you.

Too soon we reached her Daddy's gate,  
We talked and we lingered;  
I kissed her, though the hour was late  
My heart, with joy it tingled.

For two years I pursued this Jane,  
But she refused to say "Yes";  
Always her answer was the same  
But I loved her none the less.

Finally, I got down on my knees,  
She was so fair and sweet;  
Yes I've been fifty years trying  
To get back on my feet. Ho?  
C.J.H.

### THE JUNIOR RODEO

'Twas in the Junior Rodeo  
We all had found a place,  
To sit and watch the riders fall  
From broncos onto their face.

Now this was very funny to  
The people side by side;  
But oh! my goodness gracious me,  
It's now my turn to ride.

Now up I go with shaky knees  
To the steer held in chute eight.  
I'm now astride the bellowing brute  
Won't somebody open the gate?

The gate flung wide--I squeeze  
My ribs  
My hat is in the dust  
If that whistle doesn't blow real soon  
I think that I shall bust.

Now I'm dusting off my pants;  
I saw that old brute sneer,  
And if at first you don't succeed  
Try a smaller steer.

—Deanna Croft, 12 years old.

### BOUQUETS

In this year of nineteen hundred  
and sixty-three  
On this Memorial Day,  
We made a visit to a dear son's  
grave  
And took a lovely bouquet...

In this year of nineteen hundred  
and sixty-three  
On this same Memorial Day,  
Was born a son to a dear, dear  
daughter  
And to her... we took a lovely  
bouquet.

Mrs. Russell E. Jones