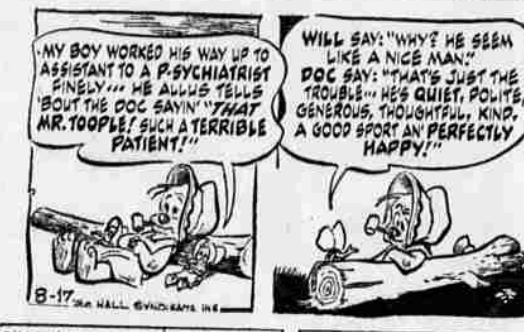
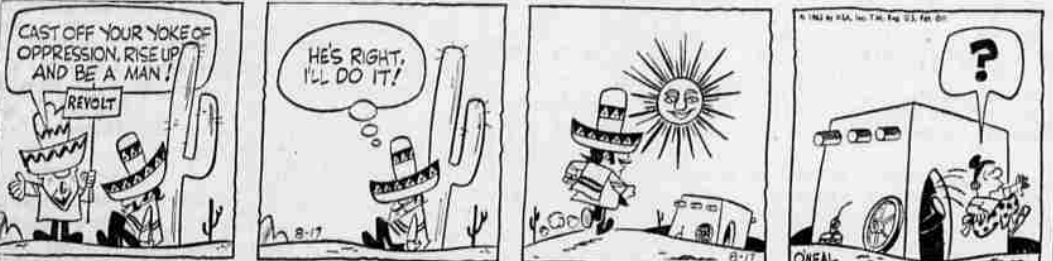


COMICS



POET'S CORNER

MY VICTORY GARDEN

I planted a victory garden
I wanted to do my share,
And feel I was helping my country
So I planted and watched it with care.

I planted a victory garden,
And then watched to see it grow.
I spent there much time and labor
And many, many seeds did I sow.

I spaded and raked and I watered,
I weeded and watched each day.
And when at night had a back-ache
Wondered indeed did it pay.

At last little plants came through
The ground.
First two leaves then three and four.

More effort, more watching, more watering,
And then I would do it some more.

But alas, and alack troubles came
Gophers, bugs of all kinds watched too.
This victory garden of mine
And I thought what on earth shall I do.

So to total the gains and the losses
One day I settled the score.
I had just one squash, no tomatoes
And of carrots scarcely a score.

Oh yes 'twas a victory garden,
I'm sure you would call it that.
But instead of a victory for me
'Twas a victory for the bugs, that's a fact.

Teresa McComb, Malin,
Written During World War II.

A HIDEAWAY OF BEAUTY
(Psalm 122: 1; I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.)

The sound of the old church bell
rings o'er the rolling hills,
The grass flows green, as the
bright sun climbs the heavens
blue.
Laughter and hurrying footsteps
echo, as hellos and good will
fills
The air of Sunday morning, beau-
tiful day so free and true.

A kind old soul with trembling
footsteps hurries to the open
door,
Friendly faces smile a welcome
as she claims her usual
place,
A baby's cry or gurgle brings
loving glances from three or
four.

A saintly man brings the open-
ing prayer, with serious lips
and shining face.
Love reigns supreme as a burdened
soul, proclaims the
second birth,
Of his forgiven soul and past
sins now washed away.
Footsteps hurry home with thank-
ful hearts, good will to earth,
Hope lifts the fearful hearts, as
they rest in the beauty of the
day.

A day of beauty, one to remem-
ber as days and years roll on,
Sweet memories to go back to,
when disappointments come,
Courage to send us forward,
when we feel that hope is
gone,
Renewing of the spirit, as the
body perishes, ere life is
done.

Dear Holy Father make a way
for my footsteps to ever find,
The path to the dear old house of
love, joy, peace, and prayer,
May I ever join the faces full
of concern, so spiritually
kind,
For it's a hideaway of beauty,
As Summer slips to Fall,
And from the ways and cares of
the trying day.

Mrs. Leon Lybrand

THE UNINVOLVED
It was the time for sowing
As I sat beneath the trees,
And laved my face in sunshine,
And twined it with the breeze.

The days grew longer, and I
watched
A robin build her nest,
And cradle nebules of the sky
Beneath her tawny breast.

The frogs and crickets lulled my
ears,
With soothing summer sounds,
And all of nature was atone
With peaceful, sweet surround's.

The highway teems with industry
As Summer slips to Fall;
And from my vantage point, I'm
pleased
To sit and watch it all!

I have no harvest to bestow—
I sowed no springtime seeds!
No need to rouse and labor—
Lo!
—My harvest is of weeds!

Eleanor Harvey

RECOGNIZES REBELS
ALGIERS (UPI)—The Algerian
government announced Wednes-
day it has granted diplomatic
recognition to an Angolan govern-
ment-in-exile headed by Holden
Roberto.
Roberto, head of one rebel
movement trying to win Angola's
independence from Portugal, has
set up headquarters in Leopold-
ville, The Congo, where Angolan
Premier Ahmed Ben Bella has
been sending him military aid.