

COMICS

HOWCUM DEPT.

RAMROD, THE HUNTSMAN, WILL GO THRU SNOW, FLOOD OR HIP-DEEP MUD TO MAKE HIS KILL OF MOOSE AND/OR DEER....

THEN ON THE WAY HOME HE'LL WRECK HIS CAR RATHER THAN HIT A RABBIT.... HOWCUM?

THEORY AND A STORY BY RICHARD T. BROWNEN, 35 CANDEE AVE., SAYVILLE, N.Y.



POET'S CORNER

MOM
Who will take Mother? She's growing old.
None of us would put her out in the cold.
We are all so busy with so much to do,
Kiddies and gardens and social clubs, too.
It's got to be settled, I saw her last night,
Cooking her dinner, and was she a sight!
Her eyes were dimmed and her step was slow,
She hardly knew where she wanted to go.
Her smile was sweet, she never complains,
In spite of the weather, her aches and her pains.

Now sister Mary should take her there.
Her children are grown, she has time to spare.
Phoned her this morning and she said "no."
Too busy, too dizzy with places to go.
Now brother Jim is just the guy.
I'll phone him now, he'll not ask why.
"Hello, Jim, we've decided on you.
To take care of Mom and settle the stew.
What's that, you're moving to parts unknown.
Leaving this town, selling your home?"

Gosh, I guess it will fall on us.
To take mother in, and settle the fuss.
We'll give her Bob's bed, the mattress ain't good,
But she'll get by like she always could.
I'll call her right now and invite her here.
I'll go get her shabby old suit case and gear.
"Hello, Mom, this is George, your prodigal son,
I want you to pack up and move to my home.
You're living with me your reclining years,
No more worry and no more tears.

"What's that, Mom, you're sorry dear.
You can't come! That's queer.
Getting married in early June?
Nice gentleman, buys swell perfume?
You'll have a home and a car, you say.
Met at an old age club one day.
Thanks for my offer, you're happy, too.
Bowling tonight? It can't be true!"

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAID
There was a little Maiden,
Her hair it was of gold;
Sweet as a dewy morn—laden
With beauty untold.

More a Heavenly creature,
Free from the taintest sin;
Beauty in every feature
As was the soul, within.

I loved her—yes dearly,
Loved her more than life;
She was an Angel-nearly
Yet—she became my wife.

For years she was my darling,
My help mate through the years,
The angels took her from me,
Mine eyes are wet with tears.

Now I await as all have waited,
Until the resurrection morn;
She will rise—glory freighted
Though she was humbly born.

In the heavens, I shall greet her,
On that bright and shiny shore;
I'll embrace my little darling
To leave her—never more.

SEEING
Are we seeing all around us
In the sky and on the earth,
All the wonder and the beauty
That for our pleasure had their birth?

In the cloud effects at sunrise
And the gloriously tinted sky,
As the sun goes down at even
And the day goes passing by.

And the birds, so bright in plumage
As they soar aloft on wing,
Or are perched upon the tree-tops
From pure joy seem to sing.

In the starry hosts of heaven,
Watching o'er us as we rest,
Keeping watch o'er all the earth
And sending us what HE thinks best.

— Teresa M. McComb, Malin

BOLT KILLS BROTHERS
POSADAS, Argentina (UPI) — Three brothers praying at the altar of a village church were killed last week when lightning struck the steeple, it was reported today.
Reports reaching here said the bolt of lightning which struck Holy Mary Chapel in Picada Gaituziana traveled down the eaves which held ornamental lamps over the altar and killed Pablo, Francisco and Eusebio Atamariak.