

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

IT SEEMS IODINE AND HER GANG ARE ALWAYS UNDER-FOOT AROUND THE NICE NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE....

GOT ANY JOBS YOU'D LIKE US TO DO, MRS. KUMQUAT? WANT ANYTHING FROM THE STORE?

N-NO... NOTHING RIGHT NOW, IODINE...

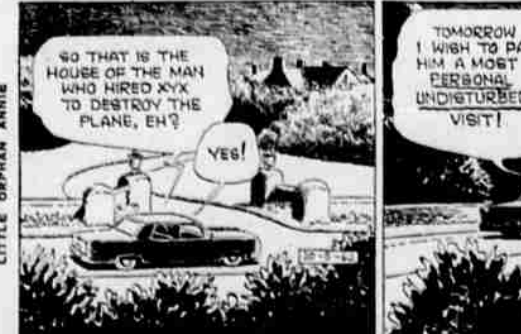
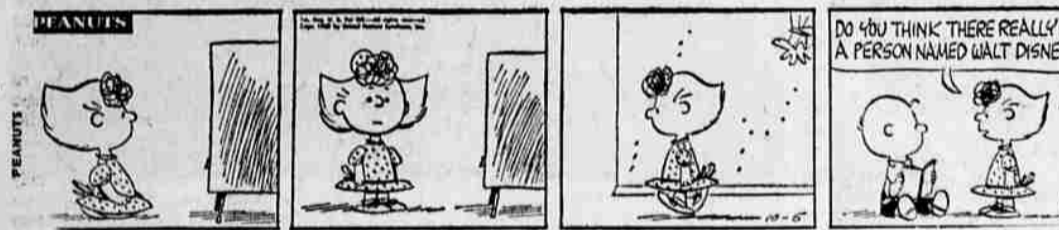


THERE'S NO SCHOOL TODAY... NOW WHERE COULD THEY BE?

BUT WHEN MRS. K. COULD USE AN ERRAND-GOER... THERE'S NOT A KID IN SIGHT... THE NEIGHBORHOOD IS LIKE A GHOST TOWN....



COMICS



POET'S CORNER

Just a few words of praise From the lips of a friend Will make the day brighter As you near it's end. Just a knock at the door With a greeting that's right Will make someone happy Before it is night. Just a telephone call They wait for your rings. What joy and gladness To their heart it brings. Just a little short note Saying, "I think of you." Will bring cheer to someone. It's a small thing to do. Just a wave and a nod As you go on your way. Try giving your friendship Each hour of the day. Jennie Charles. "TO CHUCK" We know you'll soon be going To a land far over the sea. Happy lands in this country Known as the Republic of Turkey. A year can be so very long If unhappy you should be. So make up your mind to adjust. And with your leaders agree. Quite different are these people In customs, religion and dress. At first this may seem odd. And surprise you may express. Small countries need protection. Be proud that you're lending a hand. When you've completed your mission You'll be returned to your native land. Turkey is one of our strong Allies So really you are not far away. In this age of jets and space ships Any country is reached in a day. Jennie Charles. DREAMS OF A MAN OVERSEAS 'Way over in Morocco on the shores of drifting sand, Where the scorpions and the spiders Act as if they own the land, And the flies they are a swarmin', Like a hive of angry bees And miles of lonely desert, Is all a feller sees. And the sun it is a beamin', 'Til you feel you'll melt away, That's about the time you're longin', For the good old USA. And you seem to see in a mirage, The forests deep and cool, And fancy you are standin', By a deep and limpid pool. And the trout they are a jumpin', And you're longin' for a pole, Just to latch onto a big one, And to pull him from the hole, And you hear the wild geese callin' And you're longin' for a gun, So that you can go a huntin', And have a lotta fun, And you smell the goose a roastin', And the good ole pumpkin pie, And all the folks are gatherin', For the fest that's standin' by, And you know that you got memories, That no one can take away, And you're glad you'll soon be leavin' For the good old USA. Grace Jones. To a son overseas. THE OLD WOODEN ROCKER As I sit here resting in my modern day chair I'm thinking back of an old rocker of many years ago... I'm sure there isn't another like it anywhere... How it made a body's heart glow! Its arms were perfect, and curved just right The hi-back and head-rest gave comfort no end. When a body was tired and worn, what a welcome sight, And what a welcome friend. It seemed that old wooden rocker had a heart... It went through many generations, and was very old. There were many a household in which it shared a part. And comforted many a weary soul. It seems I rocked through life in that old chair... I heard many an old song and many a fairy tale, While I rocked my babies to sleep there. And at times it heard many a wail. But at last it broke down way beyond repair. And we knew the old rocker would have to go. Like many a tired body who had sat to rest there. By the fireside's evening glow. Mrs. Russell E. Jones.