COMICS

They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OUT OUR WAY

PRISCILLA'S POP

BLONDIE

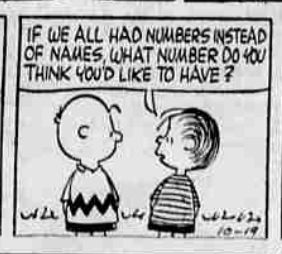
SHORT RIBS

POGO

WASH TUBBS

ALLEY OOP

PEANUTS



BUGS BUNNY

LIL ABNER

MORTY MEEKLE

GASOLINE ALLEY

BEN CASEY

DICK TRACY

BEETLE BAILEY

PEANUTS

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

POET'S CORNER

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Oh, women who marry a fisherman,
Do you know what you do?
Do you know
You'll spend most of your time alone,
Unless with him you go.
Do you like to sit on a soggy bank
Holding your rod in one hand,
While you fight mosquitoes,
And eat your lunch
That is mixed with bugs and sand.
Do you like to climb for endless hours,
Up some mountain, wild and high
To reach some far-off distant lake
And cast on it a fly?
Do you like to handle salmon eggs,
Or crawling, slimy worms,
And try and thread one on a hook
While he writhes and wildly squirms?
If you can face these solid truths
And answer, "Yes, I do!"
Go ahead and marry your fisherman
You'll get along, you two.

Grace Jones

INSPIRATION FOR A POEM

I searched for inspiration for a poem,
And found it in the hills of home.
Lightning flashing through the sky.
The thunders din, the wind.
A gay bright feather from a bird,
Whose song I heard.
The soft sweet petals of a rose.
The cuteness of a baby's nose.
A mother deer and her tiny fawn.
A sunset and the break of dawn.
A spider's web where leaves entwine.
Spun daintily upon a vine.
A bumblebee in flight
Across a garden and out of sight.
The gentle touch of a summer breeze
The grace of weeping willow trees.
Inspired by all of this,
And the memory of a mother's kiss.

Neva Walters

MY BOOK OF TREASURES

As you leaf through this book you will see
All the treasures that are near and dear to me,
And in through the pages you will find
There's happiness and sorrow . . . all the ties that bind.

You'll find all the love this poet can bestow
That sometimes in person it's hard for her to show.
But as you leaf through these treasured pages
You'll find her love has strengthened throughout the ages.

I've had much pleasure in writing and arranging my book.
In reliving my life I've taken a closer look,
And if you look, too, you'll find
There's laughter . . . prayer . . . faith, hope and tears
That are born from love throughout these many, many years.

Mrs. Russell E. Jones

THE BIRTH OF A FLOWER

I planted a seed in the darkened earth
With its miracle of life within.
God did his part, I did my part,
And a beautiful flower was born.

Teresa H. McComb,
Malin.

A BABY

There is nothing so dear as a baby
And the wonderful joy that it brings.
There is nothing like being a mother
To the dear little, wee little thing.

Teresa H. McComb,
Malin.

MY FRIEND

I have a friend so kind and true.
She trusts me and understands me too.
And as she walks beside me day by day,
It makes me very, very happy all the way.
Her friendship and kindness too,
Are so strong that it helps to
Keep me from going wrong.
When I look into her smiling face
I am always welcomed with words of grace.
When I finish life below and go to worlds I do not know,
Our Father's blessings be on her,
The one who has helped my life so.

Ben Starr

Verkhoyansk, a city in Soviet Asia, has an average temperature in January of minus 59 degrees Fahrenheit.