

They'll Do It Every Time

Continued from Page 3

By Jimmy Hatlo

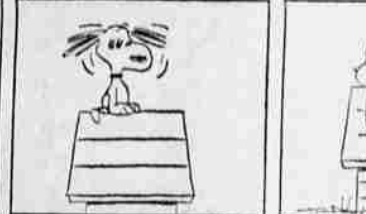
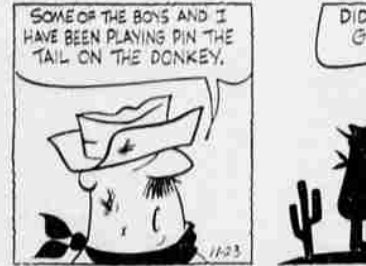
WIFE IS OH, SO SOLICITOUS RE HER DEAR BROTHER HAVING TO LABOR AN EXTRA DAY NOW AND THEN....



BUT ONCE EVERY SIX MONTHS WHEN FRIEND HUSBAND HAS TO GO IN.... THAT'S A DIFFERENT DITTY....



COMICS



POET'S CORNER

LEAVES
Walking through the leaves
On a windy Autumn day:
Can be likened to our youth
When we thought only of play.

Once we were like a leaf
The wind blows to and fro.
We needed love and guidance
To show us which way to go.

Advice was given us each day
Which we often did not heed.
We were always so very sure
Of the way we should proceed.

Then as we grew much older
Our youth was left behind
Things being so much clearer
Advice we did not mind.

Just like a blowing leaf
In youth we are often tugged.
We usually find the right way
Before we are completely lost.
Jennie Charles.

CHRISTMAS CLUB SHOPPER
Starting early to Christmas shop
Made me think it would be fun.
Yet when I reached our fair city
I found the mad rush had begun.

In and out of stores I walked
With list in outstretched hand.
Amid the Christmas decorations
I felt I had reached fairyland.

Then when it came to buying
First come, first serve they say.
Shoppers laid their money down
Their spirits seemed so gay.

My arms soon filled with packages
And my pocketbook grew light.
Then glancing in a store mirror
I thought, "I look a fright."

Wearily I trudged for home
To check my list once more.
In spite of all my purchases
I had missed one big store.

So by adding and subtracting
Then counting small change too
I found my Christmas Club
Check surely see me through.

To those who haven't joined it
I advise you to next year.
For it pays off in dividends
As the holidays draw near.

HOME FOR THANKSGIVING
Home for Thanksgiving,
What a wonderful thought.
It has been so long,
I have almost forgot

How the sweet sound of voices,
Of the ones I hold dear.
Can bring such a joyful note
To my ear.

And now through my memory comes
Days long ago,
Of other Thanksgivings,
And the tears how they flow.

I can see Dad and Mother,
On that wonderful day,
As the children all gathered,
Some came a long way.

And oh! such sweet fragrance,
From that old kitchen came,
And we all ate so much,
And it was really a shame.

And the sweet childish laughter,
Of children now grown,
Today now in turn hear the voice,
Of their own.

There's nothing like being
With loved ones so dear
On this special day,
The best in the year.
Grace Jones

GOLDEN MEMORIES
I am sitting here tonight
Old pal,
Thinking of days gone by,
And as I sort these pictures o'er
A tear drops from my eye.
Don't you remember when we
together

Planned what we would do?
Life held many golden dreams,
Which we thought would all
come true.

Ah, we were happy then
With all the life youth could
bestow.
We never saw the cares of life,
For young folks don't you
know.

Now all is not gold that glitters,
And all is not silver that gleams
But we had that all to learn,
'Twas not in our girlhood
dreams.

And now the years have flown
Quickly by
These dreams have faded and
gone,
But those golden memories will
never die.
But ever live on and on.
Grace Jones

MEDITATION FOR
THANKSGIVING
His hands painted beauty into
the trees
Worked wondrous things for us
around
Beautiful images into the
streams
From majestic peaks unto the
ground.

Little seeds He planted grew in
abundance
Through loving kindness every-
where if we but look
It's an age old story we may
find
Through old, old pages of His
book.

Are we worthy of His hands...
Of His Son, whose life we cost
Would we, in turn, for His sin
Die upon the cross?
Mrs. Russell E. Jones.