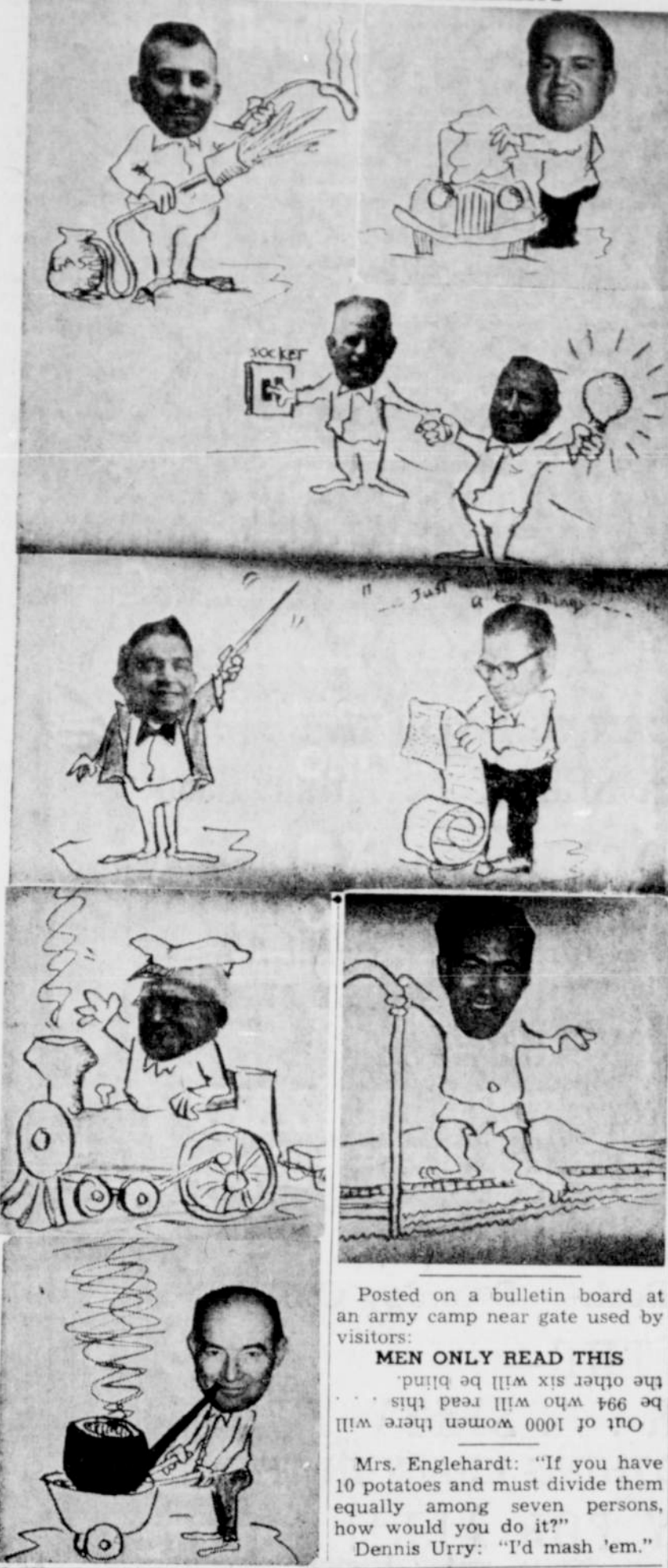


MORE ROGUES' GALLERY



Second Thoughts . . .

A shipwrecked sailor, who had spent five years on a desert island, was overjoyed to see a ship drop anchor in the bay and a small boat come ashore. He ran down from his neat little hut to the shore but was very surprised when an officer got out of the boat and solemnly handed him a packet of newspapers.

"What on earth are these for?" he asked in puzzled tones. "The captain suggests," replied the officer, "that you read what's going on in the world first and then tell us if you still want to be rescued."

Sooner the Better

Caught for speeding through Nyssa, the tourist was carried before Judge Don Graham and fined \$20. He pulled four \$10 bills from his pocket and threw them on the rolltop desk.

"Wait a minute!" said Judge Graham. "I said \$20 and you've given me \$40."

"I know," said the departing tourist. "Keep it. I aim to get out of this town just as fast as I came in."

One businessman to another: "I wanted my son to share in the business but the government beat him to it."

There are TRANQUILIZERS for everybody today. One of the oldest and best for releasing tension is "DAMMITALL."

FAREWELL TO THEE

Little bankroll, ere we part,
Let me press you to my heart.
All the years I've clung to you;
I've been faithful, you've been true.

Little bankroll, in a day,
You and I will start away
To a good vacation spot.
I'll come back, but you will not.
—Louis Nathan.

Still Trying . . .

At a golf tournament, an official was surprised to catch the Rev. Paul Ludlow driving from 10 yards in front of the tee. He hesitated, embarrassed to criticize a member of the club, but fair play won out.

"I'm afraid, sir," he said, "you must be disqualified. You just can't do that."

"Just can't do what?" demanded the minister.

"Why, you are driving from in front of the tee."

Rev. Ludlow looked at the official helplessly. "My friend," he said apologetically, "I'm playing my third stroke."

"Well," snarled the tough old sergeant to the private, "I suppose after you get discharged you'll just be waiting for me to die so you can spit on my grave."

"Not me, Sarge," the private assured him. "Once I get out I ain't never standing in line again."

Ken Pond to a disgruntled customer, "I did not say you could grow nuts on this ranch; I said you could go nuts on this ranch."

A bald head is no disgrace if the bareness is confined to the outside.

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. . . . at the

Gate City Journal

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WEEVE JIST
GONE-TO-THE-DOGS!**

. . . . BUT

THIS DOG FURM NAMED AT TOP

(Refers to Their Business — Not the Operators)

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