

THE VISITOR CON'T

The I heard the sound of barking dogs and muted voices. Crying with relief, I hurried towards the small dots of light with renewed vigour. Deprived of its prey the flying saucer soared away to seek new adventure. Back at the ranch I babbled my story and fell asleep into the arms of my father.

That was the only time I ever encountered a flying saucer, and I can't say that I'm sorry.

A LITTLE BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

Waldo's wonderful words of wisdom!

Waldo says: "Genius is 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration." (Edison)

Waldo says: "What the future has in store for us depends in large measure what we place in store for the future."

Waldo says: "It takes a baby approximately 2 years to learn to talk and between 60 and 70 years to learn to keep his mouth shut."

VOICES OF NEW CREDIT MOUTH

Q: What did President Johnson say when he pulled his finger out of his ear?

A: I discovered Johnson's wax. (Adrian LaForme)

Q: Why did the man put his foot in the door?

A: To pop his corn. (?)

Q: What's light as a feather but can't hold it for five minutes?

A: Your breath. (Phyllis Diller, guess who)

Knock, knock; who's there? Boo Boo who? Don't cry about it.

(From the little people)

SMOKING

Is smoking a sin? In the words of a young person, myself, it is. Even most of the young people who smoke do know that it's a sin or would they do it behind their parents back and not in public? Of course they wouldn't. Anything that does harm to the body in the least way is a sin. Smoking scientifically leads to cancer. Do you want to disgrace yourself and ruin your privileges that God has granted to you? I don't.

(?)

THE MYSTERY

(by Carl Froman)

What did I see, in the blue-gray sky.
 A flying object, that soared on high.
 A peculiar sight, it was to me,
 As I gazed aloft, what could it be.
 It bobbed and weaved, a fluorescent glow,
 But what it was, I do not know.
 My peace of mind, was wrought alert,
 As while I watched, I saw it spurt.
 A burst of speed, and it disappeared;
 And then as sudden, it reappeared.
 It seemed to hover, and then to fall,
 And then it happened, - the strangest of all.
 It landed in a nearby field,
 And being curious, I had to yield.
 My thoughts were racing, and so was I,
 Toward this thing, from out the sky.
 And there it was, on a sandy place.
 I stopped abrupt, sweat on my face.
 So much afraid, I fell to the ground,
 But eyes still staring, at what I'd found.