

ZERRO!

ear Readers.

Suffer the consequences of not sending us more articles. We'll just make you read ZERRO forever! HA! And when we run out of ZERRO's we'll start all over again!

Do not spit on the floor --- it is forbidden to discuss politics in public!

People still become infatuated with one another, fall in love, go together, get married and live together, but not necessarily in that order.

If having children keeps you young, perhaps growing older has many more advantages than at first thought. For those who think that we still enjoy free speech in this country - just wait till you get your next telephone bill!

I continuously have this cash flow problem - it is all flowing in the wrong direction.

After considerable research, the present administration has discovered that unemployment isn't working.

Isaac Newton didn't discover gravity. What he did discover is heavier than air apples.

Children in the front seat cause accidents, whereas accidents in the back seat cause children.

It is difficult for me to agree that muggers should be flogged, or that floggers should be mugged.

If undertakers were nationalized than everyone could have a state funeral at the taxpayer's expense.

Quite frankly I admit that I am not too talented, rather under-educated, and not too up on current affairs, decidedly uninterested in sports, and additional to all of this I know practically nothing about the stock market, money management, international law, how to deal with terrorism and protective policy. These are the things that worry me, inasmuch as any day now, someone is going to come and ask me to run for President, since so few

other folks are so well qualified.

I don't want to mention the restaurant in which this happened, but the other day I put in my order and the waitress disappeared, perhaps to have her hair done and get some incidental shopping out of the way, I don't know. I finally asked the manager if they were going to put the waitress's picture on the side of a milk carton.

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This is usually true, unless of course, you miss your exit.

It is more dignified for me to tell you that we are moving in cycles than to come right out and tell you the honest truth - we are running around in circles!

Possibly the ultimate irony is that perfection is usually achieved by accident rather than by design.

You know that you are from a small town if the main street of the place runs through a car wash.

If you chance to think of yourself as some sort of expert on the subject of women, than perhaps you are the one to whom I should come with this question: How come women will wear a wig over a full head of hair?

Dear Editor: I just read in your paper that a little old lady was bitten by a black widow spider when she picked up the paper off the front porch. This came as nothing short of a surprise to me. Not the fact that she was bitten by a black widow spider, mind you, but that the paper was on the front porch. A Subscriber....

(8) It is hard to claim that you know something about pollution unless you were the third kid to use the bathwater at home. This is the ultimate qualification.

The Boss is that person who, when telling a joke, does not need a laugh track in order to hear people laugh.

You know you are in a truly small town, if the store owner sweeps the sidewalk in front of his or her place of business.

It always makes you feel a little uneasy when people start treating you with consideration and respect, because then you've got to wonder if they know something you don't know about your health.

Currently, a marriage is considered successful if it lasts long enough for the

exchange of all the duplicates received during the wedding as gifts. The farmer works the soil, the agriculturist works the farmer.

As far as can be known, one of the major purposes for the entire State of Iowa is to keep Minnesota from sinking and hitting Missouri.

Never throw mud. You may miss your mark, but in any event, you'll end up with dirty hands.

I hate to mention things like this in this feature, but it is one of the more pressing problems in America today, and that is the lack of tap-dancers in the Miss America contest.

Let me call to your attention the fact that those who most often and most loudly extol the virtue in hard work are also the folks least likely to have callouses.

First commit the Golden Rule to memory, then work at it and commit the rule to life itself.

Ignorance always allows that from it a crop of fear may be reaped easily.

The husband, the owner of a new car, was somewhat reluctant to allow his wife to use the new car, even to drive to the grocery store, a mere few blocks away from the house. Finally, after she rather insisted, he allowed it, cautioning her as she departed, "Remember, if you have an accident, the newspaper will print your age!"

People keep telling me that I am never too old to learn, and I keep wondering why they say that you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

And why does all of the corn in Western Iowa lean toward the West? The answer to that one is quite simple. Nebraska sucks!

An old timer is one who remembers the time when street people were city sanitation workers.

It frequently happens that an optimist is a perfectly normal person in most other respects.

In this world filled with unfairness, it takes all the talent, intelligence and cunning your offspring can muster to accomplish what the kids just next door do regularly thorough sheer luck and some indifference.

A grandchild who asks you some innocent question can make you feel truly ancient, as in: "What were dinosaurs really like?" •

BLOND MEDICINE

by Nathan M. Hickson

Artery: Study of paintings

Bacteria: Back door to a cafeteria

Barium: What doctors do when treatment fails

Bowel: A letter like A, E, I, O, or U

Caesarean Section: A district in Rome

Catarrh: Stringed Instrument

Cat Scan: Searching for kitty

Cauterize: Made eye contact with her

Colic: A sheep dog

Coma: A punctuation mark

Congenital: Friendly

D&C: Where Washington is

Dilate: To live long

Enema: Not a friend

Fester: Quicker

Fibula: Small lie

Genital: Non-jewish

G.I. Series: Soldier ball game

Grippe: Suit case

Hangnail: Coat hook

High Colonic: Jewish Religious holiday

Impotent: Distinguished; well known

Labor Pain: Getting hurt at work

Medical Staff : Doctors cane

Morbid: Higher offer

Nitrate: Cheaper than a day rate

Node: Was aware of

Outpatient: Person who has fainted

Papsmear: Fatherhood test

Pelvis: Cousin of Elvis

Postoperative: Letter carrier

Prostate: Flat on your back

Recovery room: Place to do upholstery

Rectum: Dang near killed him!

Rheumatic: Amorous

Secretion: Hiding something

Seizure: Roman emporer

Tablet: A small table

Terminal Illness: Getting sick at the airport

Tibia: Country in North Africa

Tumor: More than one

Urine: Opposite of "You're Out"

Varicose: Near by

Vein: Conceited •

THE THREE PRINCESSES

The Three Princesses in the Mountain-in-the-Blue
by Inge Vabekk

First part of seven

There were once a king and a queen who had no children, and they took it so to heart that they hardly ever had a happy moment.

One day the king was standing on the porch of his house, looking out over his broad acres and everything he owned. There was plenty, and well it looked, too; but he could not feel that he could enjoy it, as long as he did not know what would become of it all after his death. As he stood there pondering, up came a poor old woman who went around begging for a pittance in God's name. She greeted him, and curtsied, and asked what ailed the king since he looked so unhappy.

"Nothing you can do anything about, my good woman!" said the king.

"There's no use telling you."

"There just might be," said the beggar woman. "A mere trifle is often enough when luck is on your side. The king is thinking that he has no heir to his land and kingdom, but he need not grieve over that," she said. She told him that his queen would have three daughters, but he must take good care never to let them out into the open before they were fifteen years old, or else a snow flurry would come and take them.

When her time came, the queen was brought to bed and gave birth to a beautiful baby girl. The following year she had a second daughter, and the third year one more. The king and the queen were happy beyond words, but for all this joy, the king remembered to place a guard at the hall door so that the princesses would not be able to go outside.

As the princesses grew, they became both pretty and graceful, and they were happy in every way, except for the fact that they were never allowed to go outside and play like other children. But for all they begged and pleaded with their parents, and for all they pestered the guard, they were told they must not go out before all three of them were fifteen years old.

One day, not long before the youngest princess reached her fifteenth birthday, the king and the queen were out driving in the fine weather, and the princesses were standing at the window gazing out. The sun was shining, and everything was so green and pretty that they felt they *had* to go out - come what might! So they begged and pestered the guard, and pleaded with him to let them go out into the garden. He could see for himself how warm and sunny it was - winter weather could never come on such a day.

No, that didn't seem very likely to the guard, either; and if they really insisted on going outside, they might as well, he said. But only for a tiny, little while; and he would go with them himself, and keep an eye on them.

When they came into the garden, they ran hither and thither, and picked armfuls of flowers and greenery - they had never set eyes on anything so lovely. At last they couldn't pick any more, but just as they were to go inside again, they caught sight of a big rose at the other end of the garden. It was far, far lovelier than any of the other flowers they had found, so they simply had to have it. But at the very moment they leaned over to pick the rose, a big snow flurry came, and they were gone.

There was great sorrow throughout the land, and the king had it proclaimed in all the churches that the one who could rescue the princesses, should get half the kingdom, and his golden crown, and whichever of them he wanted for a wife. There were plenty who wanted to win half the kingdom and a princess into the bargain, you may be sure, and highborn and lowborn set out and searched in every corner of the land. But there was not one who could find the king's daughters, or even so much as a trace of them.

Now, when all the high and mighty in the land had searched in vain, there were a captain and a lieutenant who wanted to try their luck. Well, the king furnished them with both silver and gold, and wished them God-speed into the bargain.

Then there was a soldier who lived with his mother in a little cottage just beyond the king's manor. He dreamed one night that he, too, was setting out to look for the princesses. In the morning he remembered what he had dreamed, and told his mother about it.

"It may be some witchcraft that has come your way," said the old woman. "You must dream the same dream three nights in a row, or else it doesn't

count."

But the two following nights the same thing happened as on the first: both times he had the same dream again, and he felt he had to go out.

So he washed himself and put on his uniform, and went up to the kitchen of the king's manor. It was the day after the captain and the lieutenant had set out.

"You go home again," said the king. "The princesses are too far above you," he said. "And besides, I've given out so much travel money that there's no more left today. You'd better come back another day."

"If I'm going, I'll go today," said the soldier. "I need no travel money. I don't want anything more than a dram in my flask and food in my knapsack," he said. But he must have plenty in his knapsack, as much beef and pork as he could carry.

Well, he would get that as long as there was nothing else he wanted.

So he set off on the way, and he hadn't gone many miles before he caught up with the captain and the lieutenant.

"Where are you off to?" asked the captain when he saw the uniform.

"I'm going out to try and find the king's daughters," replied the soldier.

"So are we," said the captain, "and as long as you're on the same errand, you may as well come with us. After all, if we don't find them, then *you* certainly won't find them either, my boy!" he said. •