

WHAT IS READING?  
(by William I. Nichols)

What is reading? Something much more than words on a printed page. It is knowledge, gathered and distilled through the minds of great thinkers. It is magic--the magic of creative imagination, giving people and events to the fabric of a novel or a fictitious story. It is today, as it has been in your newspaper. It is ideas, as they jump out at you from the pages of a magazine. It is the most lucid expression of all the forces at work in the world we live in.

Is this all? No, it is inspiration, too, and inspiration--ready for your reading in the classics which line library shelves, and increasingly, are available at small cost through paperback reprints.

Reading is something new and something old, for both of these are leached in the culture of our time. Without partaking of each, no one can call himself a complete man. As Plutarch said, Civilized man is a reader!

Nothing you read, so the scientists say, goes to the cellular cells of the brain. It enters the nerve cells into this storehouse, ready for use only to elucidate it out--but when it is needed for discussion, colorful needs to be enriched conversation. The more you read, the more you have to discuss.

GIVE THIS THOUGHT YOUR OWN NAME:

If one does not sow the seeds of knowledge and cultivate the grounds of learning, he cannot expect to reap the fruits of success.

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STRONG

The day has come, and now it's spring,  
The ground is moist with molten things;  
The trees, the grass, all life at last,  
Old winter-- winter has come and past.

The skies are blue, the trees are green,  
All dormant things once more are seen;  
The air is fresh, soft to your lo,  
Old winter-- winter has come and past.

Mr. Sun above, once more will shine,  
All living things, below are fine;  
Oh spring, Oh spring, is here at last,  
Old winter-- winter has come and past.

by Job Serugini

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GIVE THIS THOUGHT YOUR OWN NAME: April 3-7

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Humpty Dumpty was a good egg,  
Humpty Dumpty broke his left leg.  
All the king's horses and all the king's men,  
Saddled for Humpty devolved a pen.  
Salt and pepper his dressing became,  
Humpty's now nest tenfold, but he's no longer lame.

There was an old woman lived under a hill  
From dampness and illness she caught a  
Fine chill,  
With complications in her esophagus,  
Her hilly home is now her sarcophagus.

Cry, baby, cry,  
Stick your finger in your eye,  
You silly fool, you took the hint,  
You've your world's a liverprint.

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by Robert Zimmerman