

CADET SLOUCH by Jim Earle



"I wanted to tell you that I wasn't at class last Wednesday because of th' virus, and wasn't there Tuesday because of a relapse!"

By ALAN McINTOSH  
Publisher, The Rock County Herald, Luverne, Minn.  
I am a tired American.  
I'm tired of being called the ugly American.  
I'm tired of having the world panhandlers use my country as a whipping boy 365 days a year.  
I am a tired American — weary of having American embassies and information centers stoned, burned, and sacked by mobs operating under orders from dictators who preach peace and breed conflict . . .  
I am a tired American—choked up to here on this business of trying to intimidate our Government by placard, picket line, and sit-ins by the hordes of dirty unwashed who rush to man the barricades against the forces of law, order, and decency.  
I am a tired American—weary of the beatniks who say they should have the right to determine what laws of the land they are willing to obey.  
I am a tired American—fed up with the mobs of scabby-faced, long haired youths and short-haired girls who claim they represent the "new wave" of America

and who sneer at the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, integrity, and morality on which America grew to greatness.  
I am a tired American—weary unto death of having my tax dollars go to dictators who play both sides against the middle with threats of what will happen if we cut off the golden stream of dollars.  
I am a tired American—nauseated by the lazy-do-nothings who wouldn't take a job if you drove them to and from work in a Rolls Royce . . .  
I am a tired American—who is getting madder by the minute at the filth peddlers who have launched Americans in an obscenity race, who try to foist on us the belief that filth is an integral part of culture . . .  
I am a tired American—weary of the bearded bums who tramp the picket lines and the sit-ins—who prefer Chinese Communism to capitalism—who see no evil in Castro, but sneer at President Johnson as a threat to peace.  
I am a tired American—who has lost all patience with that civil rights group which is showing propaganda movies on college campuses from coast to coast — movies denouncing the United States, movies made in Communist China.  
I am a tired American—who is angered by the self-righteous breastbeater critics of America, at home and abroad, who set impossible yardsticks for the United States, but who never apply the same standards to the French, the British, the Russians, the Chinese.  
I am a tired American—who resents the pimply-faced beatniks who try to represent Americans as the "bad guys on the black horses."  
I am a tired American—who is weary of some Negro leaders who, for shock purposes, scream four-letter words in church meetings.  
I am a tired American—sickened by the slack-jawed bigots who wrap themselves in bedsheets in the dead of night and roam the countryside looking for innocent victims.  
I am a tired American—who dislikes clergymen who have made a career out of integration causes, yet send their own children to private schools.  
I am a tired American—who resents those who try to peddle the belief in schools and colleges that capitalism is a dirty word

and that free enterprise and private initiative are only synonyms of greed. They say they hate capitalism, but they are always at the head of the line demanding their share of the American way of life.  
I am a tired American—who gets more than a little bit weary of the clique in our State Department which chooses to regard policy of timidity as prudent — the same group who subscribes to a "no-win" policy in Vietnam.  
I am a tired American—real tired of those who are trying to sell the belief that America is not the greatest nation in all the world — a generous-hearted nation—a nation dedicated to the policy of trying to help the "have nots" achieve some of the good things that our system of free enterprise brought about.  
I am an American—who gets a lump in his throat when he hears the "Star Spangled Banner" and who holds back tears when he hears those chilling high notes of the brassy trumpet when Old Glory reaches the top of the flag pole.  
I am a tired American—who wants to start snapping at those phony "high priests" who want us to bow down and worship their false idols and who seek to destroy the belief that America is the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
I am a tired American—who thanks a merciful Lord that was lucky to be born an American citizen—a nation under God with truly mercy and justice for all.

## THE BATTALION

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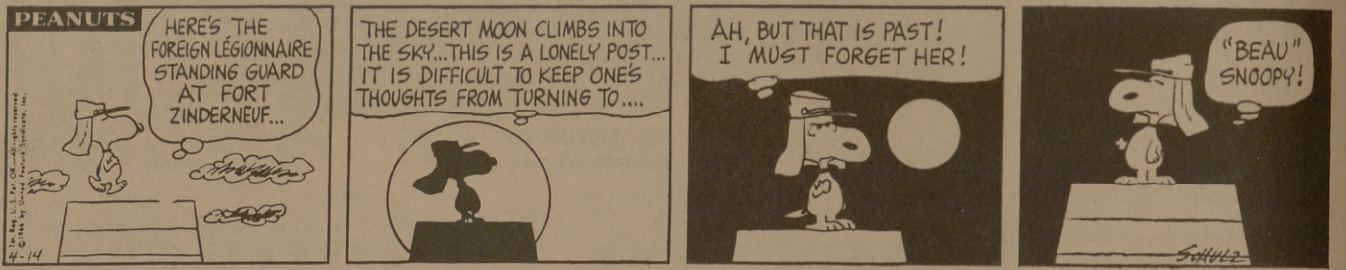
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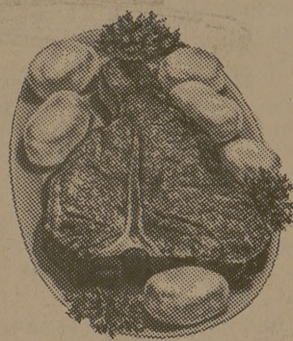
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By Charles M. Schulz

## WINN'S Extra Good Steak Specials From Feed Lot.



- BABY BEEF T-BONE STEAK Lb. 89c
- BABY BEEF SIRLOIN STEAK . . . . . Lb. 89c
- FRESH GROUND MEAT . . . . . 2 Lbs. 89c
- LEAN PORK STEAK . . . . . Lb. 59c
- SWIFT SWEET RASHER BACON . . . . Lb. 59c

**Golden Age Drinks** Quarts Assorted **10c**  
LILLY'S or SANITARY **Mellorine** 3 Half Gal. **1\$**  
**Elcor Tissue** (Limit 4) Roll **5c**

- Grade "A" Medium  
**EGGS** 2 Doz. **89c**  
Bake Rite  
**SHORTENING** 3 Lb. **59c**  
Can

### MIX ANY 7 CANS

- 300 Size—Renown **TOMATOES** . . . . . 7
- 303 Size—Renown **CUT BEANS** . . . . . 7
- 303 Size—Alma New **POTATOES** . . . . . 7
- 300 Size—Kitchen Kraft **BLACK EYE PEAS** . . . . . 7
- Large 2 1/2 Size—Uncle Williams **HOMINY** . . . . . 7
- 303 Size—Alma **SPINACH** . . . . . 7
- 303 Size—Libby's **CUT BEETS** . . . . . 7
- 303 Size—LeGrande Cream Style **CORN** . . . . . 7

FOR

### - PRODUCE -

- California **White Potatoes** 8 Lb. **28c**  
Bag
- FRESH RADISHES** or **GREEN ONIONS** 2 for **15c**
- JUMBO SUNKIST LEMONS** . . . . . Lb. **19c**
- RUBY RED GRAPEFRUIT** . . . . . 3 For **25c**
- FRESH MILK** All Brands . . . . . Gal. **79c**  
Jug
- PINTO BEANS** Sack Your Own and Save . . . . . 2 Lbs. **29c**
- BLUE SEAL OLEO** . . . . . 5 Lbs. **\$1.00**  
For
- Rosedale—Frozen **ORANGE JUICE** . . . . . 5 6-Oz. **89c**  
Cans
- ROSEDALE PINEAPPLE** Sliced . . . . . Can **10c**
- LIBBY'S APPLE SAUCE** . . . . . 2 303 Cans **25c**

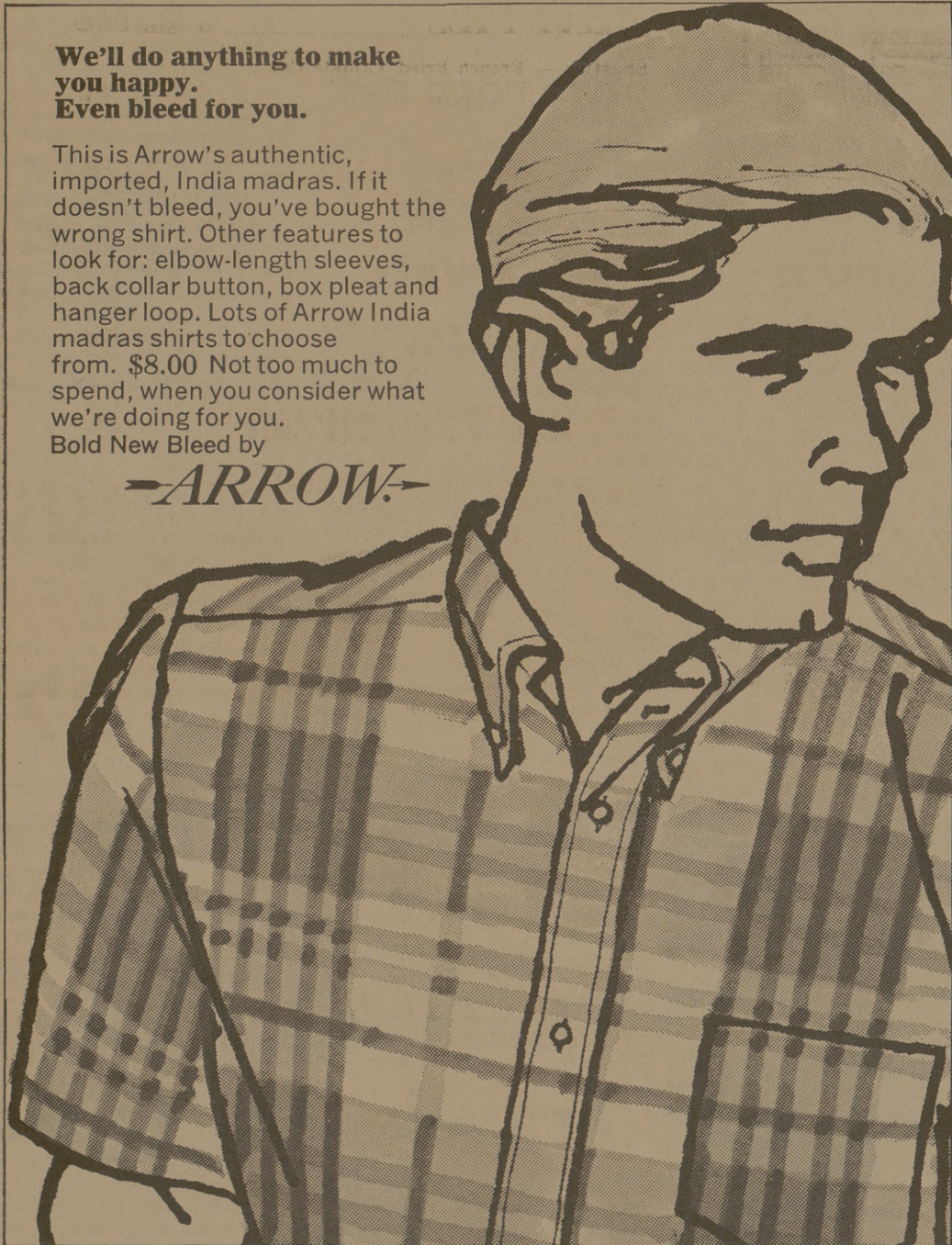
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