

SERIAL STORY LOVE POWER BY OREN ARNOLD

YESTERDAY: Even Leana had participated in the terrible force explosion. The entire village is shaken. Mummy Blair is in a state of shock and no one heard his last scream. The village is completely buried or laid in death and ruin. Bob had black visions of the village completely buried or laid in death and ruin. Bob had black visions of the village completely buried or laid in death and ruin.

DRAIN NEWS (Special) - Annual civic club luncheon served Wednesday, May 14. Club rooms. Election of officers will be held with annual report program.

LONE PINE NOTES (Special) - Herb Hostick, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Hostick, has left for Burbank, Calif., where he will report for work at the Boeing aircraft factory Monday morning.

FROM FERGUSON (Special) - P. U. L. L. club met last week at the hall with Mrs. Baird Green as hostess. Seats have been built around the hall and the finishing of them was discussed.

So rare were steaks during the Klondike gold rush that they sold for between \$200 and \$300 each.

for Dear Old Cardman' That's What YOU Think! I'm a Senior—a Man, Now I'll Make This Old World Do Things My Way... I'm Off to a Swell Start in THREE TO MAKE READY beginning Wednesday, May 14 in Register-Guard

Hikes to Boys Town—Larry Potts (above), 14, an orphan, was enrolled at Father Flanagan's Boys Town, Omaha, Neb., after hitch-hiking 1,200 miles from his home at Corpus Christi, Tex., because he said he didn't want to be a burden on the kindly woman who took care of him after his mother died.

By HAROLD GRAY Belt in the Back LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE THE IDIOT! I RAN WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM! TRIPPED OVER THAT GUARD RAIL—HELL BE CLOPPED INTO WASH BY THAT MACHINERY!

POPEYE Now Showing—"SCRAM, WIMPY, YOU'RE A DECOY" Tomorrow—"TIME MARCHES ON!" By E. C. SEGAR HAVE A SEAT, I MUST EXPLAIN THINGS TO MY WIFE. THANK YOU, JONES.

Secret Agent X-9 HOW COME YOU'RE ON THIS FREIGHTER, BILL? AND IN THIS ENGINE-ROOM OUTFIT? IT'S LIKE THIS...

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES The Very Idea ALL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, BEAL! OKAY, DARLING—DON'T BE LONG! MARRIAGE MOON OUT TONIGHT!

WASH TUBBS All According to Plan HERES THE CHIEF'S PLAN. LET THE FOREIGN AGENTS CONTINUE TO THINK YOU'RE CASTRO UNTIL THE CONFERENCE DOWN IN WASHINGTON IS FINISHED, AND CASTRO'S SAFELY OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

ALLEY OOP He'll Find Out RIGHT IN THE SOUP WHERE I KNEW WED WIND UP WHEN YOU TRIED TO COMMAND A PIRATE SHIP!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY EGAD, RUBE! THE BALL PIERCED THE GARAGE WALL LIKE A BROAD-SIDE FROM A BATTLE CRUISER!

OUR BOARDING HOUSE - with - MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY LISTEN, WORRY WART—YOU GAVE A KID TWO WHITE EYES IN A FIGHT—NOW PLEASE BE MORE PLAIN, BECAUSE BLACK EYES ARE THE USUAL RESULT OF A FIGHT.