

STEVE ROPER

WITH ATTEMPTED MURDER ON THEIR RECORDS, THEY'LL TRAVEL FAR AND FAST, OFFICER!

THE DEPARTMENT PROBABLY HAS MUG SHOTS OF THE TWO CROOKS THAT GOT AWAY. MR. ROPER! WE'LL PICK 'EM UP!

Meanwhile—inside the ice-cream truck—

O-C-CALORY!—HE'S STOPPED!—NOW WE'LL OPEN THE D-D-DOOR!

MM!—SURE—EVERYTHING'S—FINE— "CHILLY MAC!"

SKIP THE CURB SERVICE, CUDDLES! I SPEND ALL DAY IN THAT CAB WHEN I EAT I WANT A CHANGE OF SCENERY!

MARTHA WAYNE

IT WAS SWELL OF YOU TO COME RIDING WITH ME, MARTHA. SORRY! I DON'T HAVE THE PROPER OUTFIT.

DON'T BE SILLY, LEN...

CLOTHES DON'T MAKE THE RIDER... AND IT LOOKS AS IF THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE—AND A VERY GOOD ONE!

I'VE BEEN AROUND HORSES A LITTLE. YOU AREN'T SO BAD YOURSELF!

I'VE GOTTA HAND IT TO LEN ROCKINGTON... THE BOY'S GOT TASTE. NO WONDER HE CAME TO CENTERVILLE!

THIS'LL MAKE OLD LADY ROCKINGTON FLIP HER LID!

GASOLINE ALLEY

Skeezix and Nina said we could use their cottage, Corky!

They've only been there week ends. So we do.

We need to get away from it all!

We haven't a key, but they must have hid one somewhere.

Now, let's see—where would be the first place to look?

Just as I guessed. Hand on a nail under the steps!

ORPHAN ANNIE

GEE! WHEN HE CAN KEEP ONLY THREE OR FOUR CENTS O' EVERY DOLLAR HE MAKES, NO WONDER "DADDY" IS SORT O' SICK O' KULLIN' HIMSELF MAKIN' MILLIONS—

IMAGINE! A BILLIONAIRE LIVING IN ONE OF OUR CABINS—

YEAH! ONLY NEW DARNED NEAR BROKE RIGHT NOW—

BROKE? WITH ALL THE BILLIONS HE'S MADE? HOW CAN ANYONE LOBE SO MUCH?

Y'DON'T LOBE IT—THEY JUST TAKE IT AWAY FROM YOU—

HAP'S HAMBURG

HURRY UP! HERE COMES THE PARADE!

ELEPHANTS! THEY SURE LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF PRE-HISTORIC TIMES, DON'T THEY?

I ALWAYS THINK OF HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS, JEEPERS!

I ALWAYS THINK OF THEM AS THE PROUD AND MAJESTIC LORDS OF THE JUNGLE!

WELL, PAL, DON'T ELEPHANTS INSPIRE YOU TO ANY THOUGHT?

LEWME SEE— IF AN ELEPHANT WEIGHS TWO TONS— AND YOU CAN GET EIGHT HAMBURGERS OUT OF ONE POUND OF CHOPPED MEAT—

BUZ SAWYER

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE IT ROUGH ON SPIES.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BUZ DIVES FULL SPEED AT MRS. DUCK.

PERFECT THUNDERCLAPS SEND THE AIR AS BUZ BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER.

BOOTS

DILLINGHAM, HOW'D YOU LIKE FOR ME TO GET YOU THAT PORTRAIT PALETTE IS GOING TO FINISH?

CLAVERLY, YOU'RE MAD!

JACQUES PALLET WOULDN'T SELL THAT PORTRAIT FOR ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT HE'S IN DESPERATE NEED OF MONEY!

I'D GIVE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE PORTRAIT, SIGHT UNSEEN!

REX MORGAN

HAVE YOU HAD ANY SPECIFIC MEDICAL HELP FOR YOUR HANDICAPPED CHILD, KAREN?

NOT RECENTLY. REX, CLARISSE DOESN'T FEEL THAT ANYTHING CAN BE DONE!

WHO IS CLARISSE?

HEIDI'S GOVERNESS! SHE'S ALSO HAD TRAINING IN THE CARE OF HANDICAPPED CHILDREN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE WITHOUT HER!

MEANWHILE

DID I HEAR THAT BRAT GETTING OUT OF BED?

ALLEY OOP

HOLYCOW! DOC'S RIGHT! THERE REALLY ARE DRAGONS BACK HERE IN THIS MUSTY OLD THIRD CENTURY!

...OR MAYBE I'M SEEIN' THINGS...

HMM! I'LL DANGED WELL BE FINDIN' OUT RIGHT QUICK!

Swoosh!

BUGS BUNNY

HEY SYLVESTER, YOU ARE AINT THAT A BUTTERFLY NET?

RIGHT! YOU ARE, GUY! NOR!

AIN'T THEM LITTLE BUTTERFLIES?

INDUBITABLY, SURE, BLUVE LITTLE CREATURES, AREN'T THEY?

THEN WHY AIN'T YA CATCHIN' 'EM?

A GOOD QUESTION!

ZOO

NEED I SAY MORE?

SEALS

THE SIDEWALK SESSION

NOT BAD! NOW LET'S SEE YOU GO ROUND THEM TWO MAIL BOXES!

THEY'RE FIGHTING OVER WHO'S ABLE TO DRIVE! THEY MIGHT AS WELL BE YELLING SHEET ADELPHINE ON OUR PORCH!

THEY DIDN'T GET THAT MUCH HERE— THEY STOPPED ON 'TH WAY OVER!

DID YOU CHAPS SEE THE FINISH? EGAD! TELL ME WHO WON!— I HAD A SMALL FORTUNE ON THE RACE! WAITING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPH IS WORSE TORTURE THAN BRAIN WASHING!

NAW! IT WAS NO. 4. SARRA WALL— FLOWER— STUCK OUT HIS TONGUE RIGHT AT THE WIRE!

ALL I HOPES IF SARRA IN FLOWER A BIG FAT WAD ON HIS BEAK!

EVERY GAMES WOULD BE 100 CENT!

Is That So!

Magic Trip Covers 6,000 Miles

By EUGENE BURNS

WANT TO TAKE A magic 6,000-mile trip? How long will it take, you ask. Just a few hours—we'll be back in time for supper.

What's magic about it? Listen, with every other step you'll cover a mile!

What'll we see? You'll see an enormous spread of landscape reaching from the broad-leaved trees of our hometown through the spired forests 600 miles north, up into the gnarled, scrubby growth 2,000 miles away, and then into the lichens and mosses of the Canadian tundras.

Where'll we start? Up the nearest mountain road, and then finish with a two-hour's climb. But don't worry, it won't be exhausting.

Unlike any other trip you've taken, this will be a vertical trip, observing the side of the mountain as we climb.

It's this way: perhaps sometime in your life you've noticed a snow-capped mountain peak, or seen a picture of a snow-capped peak at the equator—such a 15,000-foot peak carries on its shoulders a floral spread of 9,000 miles, from the equator to the Arctic. Reducing this to our

size and fitting it to our nearest mountain, it means that when we look up just ten feet, that spot carries plant life growing six miles closer to the Arctic; 100 feet up is 60 miles closer to the Arctic; 1,000 feet up is 600 miles!

And so, at this rate of almost 600 miles an hour, we'll pass through a series of floral zones—from our broad-leaved forest containing perhaps hickory, elm, mountain maple, ash and beech on into the white pine and firs, and into the poplars and birches of the highlands, and finally into the scrubby growth, and beyond that into the lands of mosses and lichens.

Take Monument Mountain, near Stockbridge, Mass. As mountains go, this is a miniature job. Yet, as we climb, with a matter of minutes we'll travel, floral-wise, from Massachusetts to the Gaspe Peninsula. This is that magic I promised—that magic of climbing a mountain.

Now take a trip in your own neighborhood, up the nearest mountain. As I write this, I am looking at a 3,000-foot peak. Its base is ringed with a broad-leaved forest of oak. Midway, the trees change to firs. The top is crowned with a growth of scrub.

Now look more closely at the forest at the start of your hike: see among the hardwoods the cover of wild flowers. In season, trillium, skunk cabbage, violet, geranium and columbine.

Then as you climb, notice the woods of spruce and fire, a dark forest really, whose shade is so dense that the floor is almost clear of ground cover. Only where the run manages to come through, the berries and mosses are thick, luxurious.

Yet, sharp as the contrast is, look ahead. As we climb, there is an even more pronounced contrast—we enter the scrub zone. Suddenly we emerge from the dark into the light. Here the scrubby pine, oak and birch are widely spaced and they hug the earth in beautiful contorted shapes, but always in wonderful harmony with their environment. This is the forest that stands between the tall spires and the land of no trees, the Arctic. Because this forest is knotty, spiraling, and unprofitable to the lumberman, it is a forest unchanged—a bit of our continent's original landscape, unchanged by man.

From this scrubby zone, it is only a short climb and see! Here are mosses and lichens, harkening back to the beginnings of plant life—50 millions and more years ago. And beyond that, if we don't run out of mountain, is the land of snow, and raw Arctic! So in a matter of hours, we've come 6,000 miles, and more.

This time we've looked at the plant life—the trees and the flowers. Next time, we'll look at the changing animal life as we climb and we'll find that the mammals, birds, insects, reptiles, worms—all seek their own geographical levels. But that calls for another magical trip!

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'LIGHT BIKE CRAZE' SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

U.S. Bike Makers Hit by Imports

WASHINGTON (NEA)—Any day now the President's Cabinet will pause in its concern over vast national and international crises and devote a session to the "light bike craze" which is sweeping the country.

While the administration has been preoccupied with such grave matters as Communist aggression in the free world, a group of U.S. allies has laid heavy siege to the American bicycle business.

It has U.S. bike makers backpeddling into oblivion, they claim.

A major cause of their current complicated trouble is the sudden urge of American kids to ride lightweight foreign bicycles.

In 1949 only 16,000 bikes were imported into the U.S. Last year the country was swamped with 600,000 foreign makes which sold like hot cakes. This year, at the rate they're still coming in, an estimated 900,000 foreign bicycles will be sold in the U.S.

NEW COMPETITION

England, Germany, Belgium, France and Italy, in that order, are the countries responsible for this new competition to American firms.



LOOKS LIKE PLENTY OF BUSINESS for bike makers in this typical American school yard, but U. S. makers claim they're being ridden into oblivion by imports from Europe.

complicating factors in the bike situation as revealed at the recent meeting:

Because of the use of bicycles in Europe as a primary means of transportation, bike manufacturing is a much larger industry there. One English firm is capable of making more bikes than all U.S. firms put together, even though bicycling adds up to a \$500 million industry in the U.S., employing 80,000 persons.

HAVE ADVANTAGE

This means European firms have the advantage of economies of mass production methods in addition to much lower wage scales.

The idea of a lightweight bike, originated in Europe, with three-speed gears and a hand brake, also stems from the fact that they're mostly used by adults for transportation. American bike makers have gotten into heavier bikes with balloon tires to make them stand up to the heavy abuse given them by American youngsters, who are the biggest bike customers in the U.S.

U.S. bike makers are against switching over 100 per cent to light bikes because they will still be unable to compete with foreign

makers under present terms. And they are convinced that it's just a "craze" which the kids will get over when they learn that the lighter bikes aren't standing up under heavy abuse.

Meantime, however, the industry is suffering. Several firms have sold out to bigger organizations which are going to add some other lines of merchandise to the plants' output. Several others are close to financial failure. None is working to full capacity.

Factory Work Speeded By Two-Way Radio

NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y. (AP)—Two-way short-wave radios in company trucks have speeded intraplant operations 50 per cent at the Bell Aircraft Corp. here.

The radio system has eliminated problems in distribution and timing of pickups and deliveries at manufacturing, engineering and administrative locations scattered over Bell's 95-acre facility. Supervisors and foremen in distant sections of the plant can converse with the dispatcher whenever necessary.

Eventually the radios will be tied into the company's modern fire department for civil defense.

Effigy Enigma

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (AP)—Campus and New Haven police rushed to Calhoun College at Yale University when a motorist reported seeing the figure of a man hanging in one of the rooms. Authorities discovered it was an effigy. However, they couldn't tell whom the effigy was supposed to represent.

19th ANNUAL

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