

POET'S CORNER

OREGON
 O, Oregon, O, Oregon,
 We love you, yes, we do;
 With rhododendrons and azaleas
 And blooms of every hue.

The green on every mountain,
 Lakesides and fields, too;
 But we have a crow to pick.
 O, Oregon, yes, a crow to pick
 with you.

'Tis raining in the morning,
 'Tis raining in the night,
 And when I look upon the scene,
 It rains with all its might.

Yes, Oregon, we love you,
 We love you just the same,
 But won't you consider us!
 And be a bit more sane.

We want to see these hills and
 dales,
 Mountains, streams, and rivers,
 But all this rain that's coming
 down,
 Is giving us the shivers.
 But we love Oregon.
 Florence Richards

MISS AMERICA
 She sits on her throne
 in beauty and grace
 The stars in her eyes
 shedding joy on her face
 She walks with an air
 that is comely and fair
 As she greets her loyal subjects
 with a kiss and a prayer.

She's looking ahead
 to rich glories in store
 The sweet adulation
 her populace pours
 She reigns like a queen
 so regal and true
 With a heart-full of love
 and peace as her cue.
 As she travels abroad
 and leaves her domain
 She's an ambassador cum laude
 in the fine arts of fame
 She's renowned for her poise
 dexterity and skill
 As her charm she deploys
 in her quest for good will.
 Lyle Tabert

MY 'THINKING ROCK'
 (Most everyone has a place to
 go to think things out . . .
 this is mine.)
 It's just an ordinary rock upon
 an ordinary hill
 Overlooking our great Klamath
 Lake.
 Many times I've gone there to
 think, or look, or pictures to
 take.
 It might well be the Rock of
 Ages
 For it catches me in many, many
 stages.

I look up in wonder, when feel-
 ing quite despair
 "Is He, or is He not there?"
 Then go to visit my 'thinking
 rock' and look all around,
 From the mountain tops to the
 ground, down the lake and all
 about,
 And feel ashamed that I even
 had one doubt.

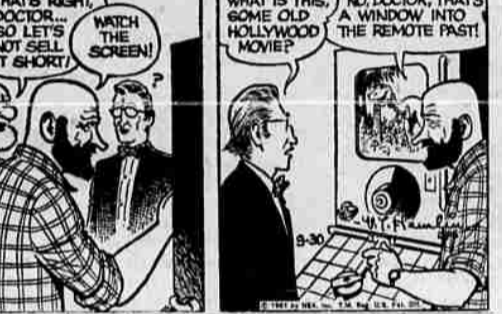
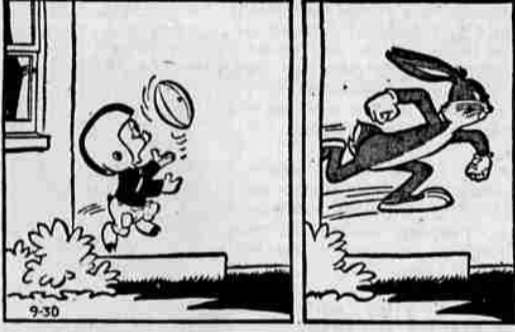
Around 'my' rock are a lot more
 rocks
 And the hill is really quite bare,
 But there's a lot of God can be
 seen and felt
 That you'll never know until
 you're there.
 Sometimes in the evening as I
 sit upon the rock
 I can't help but wonder about
 God's little flock,
 Great is His power to build these
 mountains and the lake,
 And we, His flock, wonder why,
 A loved one's life He had to take.
 Even on my 'thinking rock' it's
 hard to understand . . .
 When I come down the path-I
 feel He has my hand,
 For there's one thing I do know
 for sure
 I have a better peace of mind,
 And feel a lot more secure.
 Mrs. Russell E. Jones,
 2535 Bly Street.

A Dog's Life In Unalakleet

The Howl of the Malamute. By
 Sara Machentanz. Sloane, \$3.95.
 The author and her husband,
 an artist, spent a winter at Un-
 alakleet on the Bering Sea, making
 a documentary movie on the life
 of a sled dog in an Alaskan vil-
 lage.

The hero of this book is a male-
 mute named Seegoo (it is an Eskimo
 word meaning ice), who had
 sired a litter of photogenic pups.
 Seegoo was a very affectionate
 pet, but no great shakes as a
 working dog until he'd had some
 experience.
 Mrs. Machentanz has recorded a
 good many interesting things about
 the natives and their customs, and
 the Eskimo children are the most
 engaging of her characters. Her
 writing style leaves something to
 be desired, but she manages to
 get her narrative across.
 Miles A. Smith

One botanist describes the young
 boozum tree as "an upside-down
 carrot improbably provided with
 slender, spiny and usually leafless
 branches, which seem to be stuck
 helter-skelter into a tapering
 body."



FRISCELLA POP, SHORT RIBS, WAIN TUB, PEANUT, L. E. HERBIE, GARDNER ALLEY, MORTY MERKLE, DICK TRACY, FRECKLES, BEETLE BAILEY, OUR BOARDING HOUSE, BLOOMIE, POCK, ALLEY OOP, BUNNY, MORTY MERKLE, MARtha WAYNE, HENRY, LITTLE OPIAN ANNIE