

POET'S CORNER

I'M WILD ABOUT OREGON

Yes, I'm wild about Oregon. The state where I was born. Yes, I'm wild about Oregon when I wake up each morn. I watch the sun a peepin' Right over a tall hill. The weather is so pleasant It gives me quite a thrill.

Yes, I'm wild about Oregon Each mornin', noon and night, The meadow-lark is singin' It fills me with delight. Far out in the mountains I thrill to Crater Lake Then I travel to the sea-shore To enjoy a real clam-bake.

Yes, I'm wild about Oregon As I ride on the plain The farmer never is surprised To see pheasants in his grain. The folks are all so friendly They lend a helping hand. No one can ever convince That I'll find a better land.

Jennie Charles
1749 Menlo Way

MIGRANT WORKERS

The old men with a defeated Air. Of faded hopes and dreams. A forlorn look of vanished youth. A vacant stare, they gaze around Them, no longer caring. Or losing themselves in an Alcoholic haze, from cheap wine. The young men careless seeming. A devil may care manner. They try to bluff the world.

The old women, too old Too soon. With leathery faces. A blankness of ceasing to Care. Nothing matters any more. Only the despair in their Eyes betray a haunted sadness. The young women have taken On Life's problems too soon. With harassed lines on their Faces. Where there should be youth.

The children, bare of feet. Their noses running. Shivering In the cold. Scantly clad Regardless of the weather. Hair that has seemingly never Been introduced to a comb. Running about the country Side, unchecked, unwashed. Neglected. What of their Future? Is there no other way?

Dorothea Elmore

A CHILD AT PLAY

It's fun to watch a child at play And see his face light up with joy As laughingly he wends his way Amid his dream world filled with toys.

Amid his dream world filled with toys, That separates the men from boys He's captain of his own fine crew As visage stern his orders flew

He storms the castles on the Rhine And slays the dragon in its lair He charges foeman on the line As his sword battles empty air.

His flotilla sails at break of day His gun crews ready at their posts He looks with glass across the bay And readies for the fleet he boasts

His gun emplacements scattered round On land his very being provokes As from his signal gun he sounds The fire of bursting sand in smoke

His armies placed on fields of clay In triumphs marches o'er the way As planes above keep pace in score Their leader settles down once more.

Lyle Tabert

PAMELA SUE

In her red rocking chair Holding her kitten, Rocking her kitty to sleep. Rocking and singing. Squeezing and petting, Sat two year old Pamela Sue.

Dressed in her sun suit. Out on the lawn, All by herself alone. Dancing and prancing. Talking and laughing Played blue eyed Pamela Sue.

Asleep in her bed now Holding tight to her dolly. Dreaming her baby dreams World so enchanting. Gay and inviting Slept tired little Pamela Sue. Dorothea Elmore

Million Dollar Sale Announced

ONTARIO, Ore. (AP)—A \$1 million cattle sale will be held at Ontario Feb. 17, it was announced Thursday. Zib Masterson and the Ontario Livestock Commission Co. said 7,000 head of cattle from the Island Ranch in Harney County will be up for sale. Masterson and his associates said some 3,400 heifers will be included. Many items of machinery will be up for sale along with the cattle.

