





1-12

I'LL HELP YA WITH THEM BAGS, PETUNIA!

BUT, BUGG, I.











CANT WAIT! GET HIM INTO THE TRENDELENBURG POSITION...QUICKLY... HE'S GOING OUT ON US!

14

TO: GENERAL HAIFTRACK

The pulck brown fox Jumped over the lazy dog.
Yours truly Pyt. Bailey

JUSTICE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT. ANNIE! NOTHING MORE AND NOTHING LESS!

HEADQUARTERS.

CAMP SWAMY



CUAP

NO.



BUT REETLE IS TRYING TO BE OUR

COMPANY CLERK AND LEARN TO TYPE AT THE SAME TIME

TORUBBY FOREIGHERS ?
IN TAMILY KEEP THEIR
DOBE HOUSES SPOTLESS!
CLEANERY ALMOST
ANY O' TH' MAYOR'S

HEALUTIN' SUPPORTERS

SAVE YER BREATH! I'M ALWAYS GLAD T' CARRY OUT GROCERIES FER MY

CUSTOMERS!

THAT'S AWFULLY



HOW IS IT WORKING

YOU AND

JPENDOUS! YT MISS IT! COETTABLE! EXPERIENCE! WORTLE: "PHOOEY!"

Most people think of Christmas As a day of fun and jolly, But this may prove to be

Many people's folly! Children think Christmas

**Poetry** 

in those days, at the turn of the

Acquiring a sense of dignity and a feeling for origins,

Elected henceforth to answer to the family name of the basin The indian name of the noble lake

from which the "link" is de

And to know itself as Klamati Falls-there was really a fall

In those days a scanty six hun dred of pioneering people

Dwelt on the river banks a
the west end of Main Street—
Mud in the roads, snakes popping

up through the cracks in the sidewalks—

A raw, wide - open lunber town

off the route of the railroad

But-in those days, just the same

Artists, musicians, college people caught by the Western fever In those days an opera house and public-spirited performers;

local newscheet prompt to pro-mote, an audience prompt to respond With the last full measure of ap preciation: a music conserva-And the children of frontier fam ilies early learned to take in

and-in those days an intrepid band of tireless resourceful

Dreamed of a public library, and

dreaming, began rock-bottom, Without a book, a stick of furni-ture, building, or cent of money, To rob bookcases, closets, attics, for chairs, lamps, stoves, and

To comb the streets for a room, and lo, before the year was

A library actually came to birth,

and "open to the public," In late November, the year of

our Lord, nineteen hundred and

With what gigantic labors they boosted their meager bank

With moonlight excursions on the lake, ice cream socials, and

They gritted their teeth and canvassed Main Street for dimes To keep their feeble child alive, and fed, and finally growing—

In those days! And in the year of

the Oregon Centennial.
As long as the little river links

two bright lakes of the Basin,

As long as the Cascades nourish them with streams from the

The folk of the Klamath find their way to Library Row and the

Accrued through more than fifts years from that heroic invest-

Made by the pioneers of Klamath

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Miriam Smyth.

Falls-in those days.

And they did not fail!

there was no mean store of

Linkville on Link

century,

scended,

culture:

beauty.

women

tables,

over.

live.

account,

concerts!

summits.

treasures

ment

in those days.

Is a day of opening gifts; And trying out the things Which gives everyone a lift.

Should be a day When you should read your Bib

But I think of Christmas

As a day of going to church, I think people should be happy But still go to church first. Genie Matlock Age 10, fifth grade. Rie. 1. Box 31.

BRIDGE BURNERS there may be paths that mean-

der back Across the misty way There may be dreams that start

Back where we dreamed one day.

ome place beyond an outer star With strange new eyes to view, Could some bright new tomorrow

The yesterday we knew?

Alas for dreams, for knowledge

The twain that seldom meet Tomorrows and the yesterdays

Apart and incomplete! To journey back from down the road; To meet a yesterday

And take our past life by the band

To guide another way! There may be paths that mean-der back

But not for us to take We burn a bridge forevermore

With every choice we make. Earl Glidewell. 1000 North First Street Hermiston, Ore