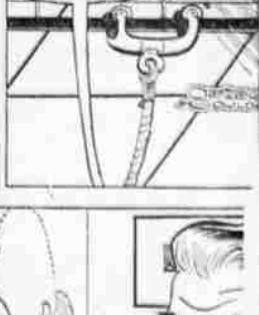


COMICS



POET'S CORNER

OUR CHURCH

We've a little church in the vil-
lage
With a parsonage by its side.
Though its members are few
Its friends are many
And its doors stand open wide.

That all who will may enter
And join with us who are there.
In friendliness and in worship
To the One we all hold dear.

On every Sabbath morning
Just at the hour of ten,
A band of little children
With their parents and friends at-
tend.

A pleasant service follows
With Scripture, song and praise,
A word of kindly message
And voices in song upraised.

There are those that are not
now with us
Who have worked with us side by
side,
Some to Himself God hath gath-
ered
Others working where ere they
abide.

Many pleasant years are behind
us
Years we shall not forget.
Of those who dwell among us,
And of the example they have set.

May God bless this church
And give it both grace and peace
And may the love in our hearts
For God and man
With their blessings never cease.
T.H.M. — Main

SPRING TIME IN OREGON

When spring comes to Oregon,
March gives away to May:
Rhododendrons on a hillside,
And along the green-wood way.

When snow begins to melt,
And the hills begin to sing;
I gaze not at the calendar,
For I know it is the spring.

It is Oregon of the Sierras
Beneath a laughing sky;
A rainbow in the rapids,
Hark--Hear the eagle's cry?

Quickly her tears are springing,
And as quickly they have dried;
For winter walks behind her,
And springtime walks beside.

I hear the murmuring pines,
As the wind whispers through;
The violets love a sunny brook,
Cowslips love the dew.

Oh--Just to be in Oregon,
A king salmon jumping high;
A steelhead in the Umpqua,
Then spring is surely high.
C.J.H.

OUR FRIENDS

One day as I was thinking
About the friends I knew
I said what is wrong with peo-
ple here below
Friends that were so close you
see
Now look at me with fear
I wonder if they are wrong or is
it me?

Then as on I go and meet these
same friends upon the street,
I find that they are friends that
are very hard to beat.

So in this world of fun and tears
With its heartaches and fears
We are never alone as we go
through the years.

When I was alone and had
thoughts of the throngs,
These lines have a motto as you
can see
Always think kindly thoughts of
our friends like you and me,
Ben Starr

GRASSHOPPERS

Grasshoppers are wonderful chaps
They live on the best of fare,
Juicy alfalfa and nice tender
grain
These are his summer fare.

Out in the fields they love to go
Hopping about in the sun
Skip, hop and jump
Summer's the time for fun.

But the farmers don't like them
I don't know why they should
They eat everything in sight
Except pieces of wood.

So out to the fields Mr. Farmer
He is scattering poison grain--
And this he well knows,
Will finish poor grasshopper
green.
H.M.

COOL WAITRESS

She complained about the bacon,
Said she--"It's cooked too long."
And kept on belly-aken.
The coffee was too strong.
She griped about the service
And flailed on this and that.
She almost made me nervous,
Didn't like the table mat.
But I'm glad I wasn't riled,
Hadden't flared out with my lip.
For when she left she smiled,
And left a nice big tip.
Harry Vogtman

Canada leads in world nickel
production and is a major
producer of gold and platinum.