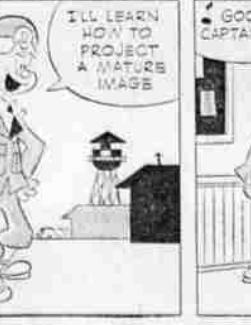


COMICS



BUT TO TOP IT ALL—EVERYBODY FORGOT THERE'S SUCH A THING AS AN INCOMING TIDE—END OF BEACH PARTY—PERIOD!



POET'S CORNER

Note: Kathy Richard, 12 year old, a seventh grader at Roosevelt School wrote this poem for an uncle, Bud Pelosi, an art and English teacher of Sargus, Mass., who recently made his first visit to Klamath Falls. Mrs. Pelosi, who accompanied him, is the former Virginia Chin of Klamath Falls. Kathy is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. French-Richard of 1847 Earle Street.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

By KATHY RICHARD

Sitting on a hill one day,
I spied some little birds at play;
Their flight was light and strong
and fast.
But one little fellow was a very
tired last;
He soared, he wavered then fell
to the ground.
The hillside was quiet, I heard
not a sound;
Then all of a sudden I heard a
faint snap.
The next thing I knew he was
there in my lap;
Shaking and shivering so fright-
ened and scared.
When I looked down, I know
that I cared.
Then ever so gently I carried
him home.
Knowing that some day this bird
would be grown.
As the days went by, I found in
my heart,
It was getting harder to part.
Then one day through a window
he flew.
Looking up I saw him, a speck
in the blue.
Then I saw them, a flock of
birds.
Nothing could stop them, not
even words;
Now you have heard it, my tale
full of words.
And what do I call it? The
flight of the birds.

Kathy Richard

HOW OUR FLAG CARRIED

THE NEWS

It was a long time ago
When our States were at war,
That the call to arms
Came to everyone's door.
All willingly gave
All those that they could.
For they were patriotic
And felt that they should.

Away marched the boys
Some in blue, some in grey,
Each loyal and true
Whichever was his way.

In this Illinois country
One home gave its all.
Three sons went to war
To answer the call.

At home their families
Were anxious to know
How their boys were
But news was so slow.

So farmer Hatch felt
That at least he should go
Then to the neighbors
The news he should show.

So beside his home
High up on the hill
He erected a flag pole
To fill out the bill.

Then twice a week
Ten miles he would go
To the nearest town
The latest news to know.

When home he rode
He raised the flag
That carried to all
News, both good and bad.

The neighbors all watched
This flag to see
What was it doing
What news would it be.

If the North was victorious
The flag floated free.
If the South it was halfmast
Its message would be.

I know that this story
Of how the stars and the stripes
Carried the news
Of the boys gone to fight.

It was my own grandfather
To his country so true
Who thought of this plan
And carried it through.

Today it is easy
Old news to be had.
We sit by our fireside
Listening to good and to bad.

For now we turn a knob
On our radio or TV
The farthest and latest
Right then do we see.

A century has passed
Now our flag floats free
To our free land let us
Both true and loyal be.

Teresa McComb

EVENING

An artist is painting the sky this
eve.
With the gold of the sun and the
green of the leaves.
Across the sky His great brush
sweeps
Creating beauty grand and deep.
There, a touch of rose.
As the fragrant bloom,
Beauty given and gone too soon.
Beyond the hills a wild bird trills
The day has ended and all is still.

Neva Walters