COMICS

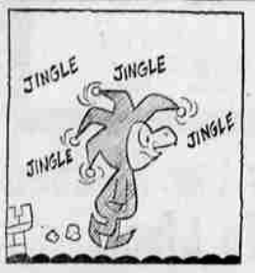
They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

OUT OUR WAY

PRISCILLA'S POP

SHORT RIBS



WASH TUBBS

BLONDIE

POGO

ALLEY OOP

PEANUTS

BUGS BUNNY

LIL ABNER

MORTY MEEKLE

GASOLINE ALLEY

BEN CASEY

DICK TRACY

BEETLE BAILEY

FRECKLES

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Poetry

CHRISTMAS BELLS

The bells are ringing
With a joyful sound,
For another Christmas
Has rolled around.

'Tis a season of joy
And good will and cheer,
For this is the happiest
Time of the year.

We are remembering
The birth of a king,
And with the angels
Together we sing.

Glory to God and
Of peace and good will,
The little Lord Jesus
Lives with us still.

So lift up your voices
In song and in praise,
Throughout all the world
Our voices we raise.

Let peace and good will
To the nations all,
And the blessings
Of Jesus on everyone fall.

Teresa McComb,
Malin.

PRAYER FOR HUMILITY

Dear Lord, give me a gentle mind,
I may not faults of others find,
And when they do small hurts to me,
Feel they've been done unknowingly.
To lift the fallen, help the weak
And words of kindness to them speak.
And when I suffer untold pain,
To neither murmer or complain.
Thus making life on earth worthwhile.
And always face it with a smile.

Grace Jones.

OREGON

We love the state of Oregon
Pride of the Golden West,
With the grandeur of your mountains.
And the trees where the birds may nest
With the beautiful lakes and rivers
That abound with the salmon and trout,
The deer, the elk, and the antelope
That the hunter dreams about.
The wide Pacific Ocean,
That kisses your western shore,
The flowers and ferns that grow there
How could we wish for more.
Your parks invite the weary,
Peace and rest to find.
And the people who live in Oregon,
Are friendly, gracious and kind.

Mabel B. Hampton.

LONE PINE

For many years the tall tree rode
High on the hill's bald brow
Like some distinguished figurehead
Upon a proud ship's prow.

And sometimes when the hill in shimmering
Heat waves stood embalmed,
I rested where the tree's small pool
Of shadow lay becalmed.

Or sheltered by its branches, spread
Through shifting shrouds of rain,
I'd catch the ragged, fretful wails
From some sad lowland train.

And many times I've climbed the hill
To brace against the tree
While birds and clouds went scudding past
As on a windy sea.

On such a day I climb again
To where it spears the sky
And think how strange that of us two
The tree was first to die.

How many moods, how many hopes
And plans were formed and done
From germinated seed unto
This barren skeleton?

The wind explores its staff of limbs
For minor note and phrase,
Educing dissonant laments
For all its yesterdays.

Immobile now, come heat or rain
Or wind, it stands embossed
Upon the sky, a symbol of
A part of Time that's lost.

Ruth Welch.

GROWING ISLAND

REYKJAVIK, Iceland (UPI) — The island formed by Icelands still erupting offshore volcano is now about 2,625 feet long and 330 feet high, geologists reported today.

No one has yet stepped ashore because of the continuing eruptions, which take place at intervals of up to three hours. The sea has broken through the island at one point and flows into the crater.