

OUR PUZZLE CORNER

Rollo Resolves

MINGSNOOK
QUIN ROLD
HON ATE
SOUR L
(Signed)
Rollo

ROLLO HAS MADE SOME FIRM RESOLUTIONS FOR 1936... IF YOU REARRANGE THE LETTERS YOU WILL SEE WHAT HE PROMISES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

DRAW A LINE FROM 1 TO 33 AND SEE WHAT WILLIE IS RUNNING FROM.

BEWARE OF

1936

TAKE THE FIRST LETTER IN EACH OBJECT AND GET A SEASONABLE GREETING!

1938

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THE TREND OF THINGS

MIRRORS ARE GOING PANORAMIC

BY-PRODUCT OF A CAMERA INVENTION—THIS NEW TYPE MIRROR PLACED IN FRONT OF A WALL MIRROR WILL REFLECT ALL VIEWS SIMULTANEOUSLY

EXCERPTS FROM THE HISTORY OF LUZERNE COUNTY

By H. C. BRADSBY

(Readers will enjoy Mr. Bradsbys quaint, parenthetical remarks more if they keep in mind that he was writing this history of Luzerne County forty-five years ago, and refers to conditions as he knew them, not as they are in 1938.) —EDITOR

The name "Indian" came from the discoverers of this continent, who did not know it was the Western Hemisphere. Their place in history that treats of civilization is a negative one. The race when we found it in the thirteenth century was mentally petrified, and the only good thing it could do the world was to pass out of existence as quickly as possible.

Fate so ordained that it stood in the path of the ever-advancing, bloody and all-conquering white man. The savage had no history, and had he remained here undisturbed indefinitely he would have made no more than the same idle, childish traditions that he possessed when Columbus first sighted our shores.

He was in the act of dying out when we found him, and it is probable that the white man's coming, with all its supposed wrongs to these forest children, tended far more to prolong that people's existence on the earth than to hurry them to unmarked graves. He was but a filthy cannibal, and the seeds of decay were within. No lengthened existence on earth would have ever caused the Indian to invent soap, the lever that lifts mankind from the wallow to the purer air and sweeter sunshine. If his nature had ever possessed possibilities of good they had given way many generations before we knew him to the baser hereditaries of the serpent and the ferocious wild beast. In these he was caked and mentally was petrified—cunning, cruel, hopelessly and helplessly ignorant.

The only history there is of the American Indians of any intelligent interest now to us is the short story of their contact with civilization and futile struggles to beat it back or to live in new and strange environment. The Indians built no mounds nor enduring pyramids for after-coming races to wonder at and construct imaginative stories of their numbers, wealth and evident advancement; they proposed to leave no traces for future archeologists to hunt for their "lost arts."

While this may be disappointing to the delver in the dusty kingdom of the dead yesterdays, to the more practical philosopher it reveals the best thing ascertainable of the Indian's nature.

He was his own master; he loved his liberty better than his life; he was not and would not be a slave. That is the pre-eminent mark of the Indian character. You might cage him and so you might the eagle, while neither could be made to do base service, both would die of broken hearts. "Born in the wilderness, rocked on the wave," he would be free.

Between death and a task-master he had no instant of hesitation in his choice. Some need of genuine admiration is due to the wild savage here. It was that deep-seated love of liberty that is the most ennobling trait in human nature. He possessed a religious faith, but crawled upon his belly before no miserable fetish. His god lived across the mountains and was a great hunter and warrior, who would welcome every brave as a brother hunter in the land of plenteous game. He constructed his god after his own fashion—a fellow hunter and never a master.

The only history due the Indians is where he came in contact with the pioneer, and as such it will be found in this history, where it tells of the struggles and trials of the conquering race that came and possessed this now rich and teeming land.

The mammoth, the mastodon and the huge hairy elephant once roamed over all this continent. There were, too, here lizards, so enormous of size that we can now merely conjecture their outlines. The remains of the hairy elephant with long curling tusks were recently found in Siberia where they had remained frozen in the ice for thousands of years, the flesh so well kept that the dogs ate it readily when uncovering the remains. All these monsters were of tropical habitat. The species passed away, so did the unknown races of men. Human, animal and vegetable life in kind and species come and go with the fleeting ages and the slight traces of existence of that we find are only of the most modern who precede us. Our vision backward is short and uncertain, before us is the dark wall jutting up against our very noses.

But antedating all this, varied human and animal life were the infinitely more powerful factors in shaping the world's destiny—the glaciers that ground their way over this continent—the world builders, fashioning the face of the earth preparatory to our occupancy.

We can liken these wonderful ice movements to nothing so well as the world's finishing sand paper—the mere polish of a round world by the hand of the supreme Master.

This, then, was the real beginning of the History of Luzerne County.

(Continued Next Week)

LITTLE BUDDY

By Bruce Stuart

NEVER MIND THE PENCIL!!

THANK YOU SIR!!

THE POOR MAN LOST ONE OF HIS LEGS AND HE HAS TO HOBBLE ALONG ON A WOODEN ONE!!

THAT'S REAL SAD!!!

LOOK DAD, THERE'S A CAR WITH A WOODEN LEG!!

DASH DIXON

By Dean Carr

STREAKING THROUGH SPACE AT A TERRIFIC SPEED, DOT, DASH AND DOCTOR OZOV ATTEMPT TO OUT-DISTANCE THE FIERY COMET IN THE RACE WITH DEATH—

THE COMET'S GAINING ON US, DOCTOR!!

GOOD GOSH, DOCTOR, THE HEAT IS GETTING TERRIFIC!! ISN'T THERE SOMETHING—

I I CAN'T STAND THIS—

NO, I'M AFRAID.

WAIT! WE HAVE ONE CHANCE, MY SUPER-FUEL!

HURRY, DOCTOR! DOT HAS FAINTED!

THE SPACE SHIP IS NOW A SEETHING OVEN! THE DOCTOR'S FUEL HAD BETTER WORK! THERE ARE ONLY VERY FEW SECONDS TO LIVE!!!

DETECTIVE RILEY

By Richard Lee

IF THE HOOKED HANDS MOB THINK THEY'VE SCARED ME BY PLACING THIS CORPSE BEHIND MY DOOR, THEY'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!! NOW I'LL TEAR AFTER THEM HARDER THAN EVER!!

NO TRACE OF THOSE YELLOW RATS OUT THERE!! FINE!! I ACCEPT THEIR CHALLENGE AND HERE I GO!!

YEP! LARRY! GET ME THE FASTEST CAR YOU'VE GOT!! NO, THANKS, I'D RATHER ATTEND TO THOSE WHITE-BELLIED SNAKES ALONE!! I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT'LL BRING HOME THE BACON AS SURE AS I'M ALIVE! DON'T WORRY, CHIEF, I'M PREPARED TO FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE AND PLENTY OF IT!!

WHAT A SWEET SURPRISE THE 'HOOKED HAND' AND HIS GANG OF BLOOD-THIRSTY CUT-THROATS ARE IN FOR!! WHEN I FINISH THIS JOB ON HAND THEY'LL WISH THEY WERE NEVER BORN!!

FACTS YOU NEVER KNEW!!!

By H. T. Elmo

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS WERE THE FIRST TO USE INVITATION CARDS!! THEY BURNED THEIR MESSAGE ON BUCKSKIN AND SENT IT BY A RUNNER...

THE CHINESE ALWAYS FURNISH THEIR DEAD WITH MONEY AND PASSPORTS FOR ENTERING THE NEXT WORLD!!

THE OLDEST GAME IN THE WORLD IS MAN JONG MEANING "SPARROW" IN CHINESE. IT WAS INVENTED BY A CHINAMAN WHO LIVED DURING THE TIME OF CONFUCIUS 550 B.C.

WHEN A WOMAN WAS INTRODUCED TO A MAN IN PERSIA DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, SHE ALWAYS KISSED THE TAIL OF HIS COAT, AS A GESTURE OF COURTESY!!