



Across the Years - by O. Lawrence Hawthorne

I wonder what you'd say to me today
If we could only talk across the years.
I wonder if you'd care to stop your play
To let me tell you of my hopes and fears.
Would you be pleased to know what I have won,
What progress I have made, or would you see
So many other things I should have done?
Would you be just a bit ashamed of me?

I wonder if you'd find your boyhood dreams
Through my endeavors now are coming true,
Or would you say my present station seems
Far short of what ambition promised you?
Have I accomplished in a manly way
Those tasks you set for me so long ago?
If we could talk across the years today
Would you be proud of me and tell me so?

I'd like to let you know how much I prize
The opportunities I see from here.
I wonder if you fully realize
How kind you were in choosing my career.
I wish that I could call you and confess,
My boyhood, just how much I owe to you;
Yours were the wistful dreams of happiness,
Mine is the joy of making them come true!



NOTICE

The Post Office lobby will be locked after this date, when the Curfew rings.
By order of the Post Office Department

Mrs. Noah's Diary

By Tom McNeal.

This has sure been a busy day. Noah and the boys have had their hands full for several weeks rounding up the animals getting ready for the ark. I have been helping what I could but with the rush of getting my trunk packed and the carpets torn up and toting my pickles and preserves into the ark I have had just about all I can handle. The boys' wives have helped some but they have had a good deal to look after themselves, and then they don't know where things are put so that it is just about as much trouble to show them as to do the work myself.

Tuesday—One of the neighbor women called in this morning and gave me a talk that made me as mad as a wet hen. She says that the whole neighborhood is laughing at Noah and speaking of him as that old fool who has blown in all that he could rake and scrape building a boat. She said that the government weather report didn't indicate rain at all, but on the contrary predicts fair and cooler weather. She said that she guessed the weather bureau knew a good deal more about what kind of weather we are going to have than my husband. She said that of course she didn't blame me at all; she supposed that if she had been so unfortunate as to marry an old fool she would have to stand by him. I lit in and gave her a piece of my mind. I said that she could talk all she wanted to now, but when she had to climb a tree to keep out of the wet she needn't ask any favors from me—and she needn't.

Wednesday—Noah came in tonight and said that he had never been so tired since Heck was a pup. He says that it has been a little the hardest day he has had yet. He had to go out and run down a pair of rabbits to put in the ark. He said that he could have killed several rabbits but it was necessary to get a pair alive. He had to run those rabbits more than 10 miles before he finally got them cornered. Yesterday was his 625th birthday and he isn't quite as spry on his feet as he used to be. Shem has just come in with a pair of polar bears and wants to know which stall he shall put them in. The ark is getting to smell like a menagerie al-

ready. I don't see how I am going to stand it in there if the flood lasts long. I suggested to Noah that I thought there ought to be another window for the sake of ventilation but he said that he had had trouble enough with this boat now and doesn't propose to make any more changes. I suppose maybe I will get used to this smell after a time but it is simply awful now.

Wednesday—It is thundering a good deal over in the southwest and the air feels like rain. Some of these people who have been making fun of my husband may laugh on the other side of their mouth before many days. There is Mrs. Smith, who carries her head so high and who thinks that she is nearly the whole works. It will do me good to see her slipping around in the water. She has turned up her nose at my last bonnet, as I am informed. She will wish she hadn't before many days unless I miss my guess.

Thursday—Noah tells me that as soon as Shem gets in with a pair of giraffes that he is out after he will have his menagerie just about completed. He owns up that he is not hankering for another job like this. If this getting ready was to last another week I know that I would have nervous prostration.

Friday—This has been an unlucky day for Noah. He tried to capture a pair of hornets to put in the ark this morning and that poor man is a sight to see. One eye is closed entirely and the other is just about closed. I have been rubbing arnica on the places where the hornets hit him but they never tried to run a menagerie before and it is pretty hard for a man when he is 625 years old to start in on a new business. I really don't think he was cut out for a show man anyway.

Monday—The girls and I did the family washing today and I must say that I never put out a washing under such unfavorable circumstances in my life. There is just no chance to dry clothes as they ought to be dried. I tried hanging one of Noah's shirts out of the window but the wind blew it away and of course that is gone. Noah only had one good shirt besides that one and if this flood lasts many more weeks I don't know what the poor man will do.

Saturday—I have been so busy killing bugs and mice that I have had no time to keep up my diary. Noah declares that he only brought one pair of roaches into the ark, but my guess is that there is more than a million here now; another week they will take the boat.

Wednesday—Had an awful night last night. The rhinoceros went on a rampage and came near tearing down his stall. The boat rocked a good deal and a good many of the animals were seasick as were several members of the family. I was awakened myself in the middle of the night by one of the snakes crawling across my face. The night before last I found one of the tarantulas in the bed when I turned down the covers. If anyone imagines that this sort of a voyage is a picnic they are badly mistaken. Noah is getting worried. He says that the atmosphere will be pretty chilly when he takes another contract to take care of another miscellaneous menagerie like this. He has lost over 20 pounds since the trip began and is looking thin and puny.

Saturday—I am tickled to death. The boat grounded on a mountain this morning and Noah thinks we can turn the animals loose within a day or two, just as soon as the water goes down 10 or 15 feet more.

Nonday—Noah turned the menagerie loose this morning. I never saw a man so relieved. He acts like a boy again.

2 p. m.—I am worried a little over the way Noah is acting. I am afraid that he is drinking. He came in a little while ago with his hat hanging on his ear singing, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." I never saw him that way before. The relief had been too much

for him. He told me some days ago that he thought he might get on a little foot when this business was over, but I didn't suppose he meant it.

6 p. m.—Noah is as full as a goat; just fell asleep. Ham went into the room where he was and his father abused him like a pickpocket. It is scandalous the manner in which Noah carried on. I can't blame him so much though on account of the worry he has had for the last two or three months.

Thursday—Noah is perfectly sober this morning but the head he has on him is something fierce. He doesn't seem to recollect what he did or said yesterday. He tells me that he will never let it happen again.

Methodist Church Notes

The Ladies Aid society of the Methodist church will hold their annual Bazaar and cooked food sales Dec. 12 in Demaray's furniture store.

Mr. Mark Freeman, a full-blooded Sioux Indian will lecture at the Methodist church Saturday evening at 7:30. Mr. Freeman is highly educated, very widely traveled and speaks most excellent English. He will make use of the stereopticon in connection with his discourse and will include pictures of the work in Sumatra, where he has been serving for some time as a missionary. He is lecturing all over Oregon and is acclaimed a most excellent speaker by all who hear him. The public is invited to his lecture Saturday evening.

Next Monday, evening Nov. 23, the Methodist Epworth League will hold their regular monthly social and business meeting in the Community hall. One important matter will be the election of officers for the ensuing year. This is to be a Thanksgiving social and the committees are all working hard to make all who attend thankful that they were there.

Pleasant Hour Reading Club

Mrs. Addie Park very pleasantly entertained the Pleasant Hour Reading Club, Friday, Nov. 13. In spite of the hazardous date the lesson was well prepared and the lunch mighty tasty to the sixteen members who were present. It takes more than one unlucky date to frustrate a Dayton woman's plans.

M. G. Miller was a Portland visitor Monday.

Obituary

Geo. Fowler was born in Cowitz County, Washington, on July 11, 1873, and passed from this life Nov. 15, 1925, at Tillamook, Oregon. He came to Oregon about 30 years and for ten years of that time lived in and near to Dayton where he was well thought of and appreciated. Some years ago he went to Tillamook county and lived until his death. Some 29 years ago he was married to Harriet Windoffer and to this union there were born two sons, George Fowler and Orville Fowler who with their mother remain to mourn. He was also a father to four stepchildren and these too remain to mingle their tears with the others, they are Lawrence Windoffer, Agnes Windoffer, Esther Hoard and Ellen Hawkins. The deceased was a member of the Woodmen of the World and a good citizen wherever he lived.

Postoffice Robbed

Yesterday morning at about 3:00 o'clock the safe in the post office was blown open and cash amounting to \$3 or \$4 taken. Last week the post office at Sheridan was robbed. Looks like the work of an amateur but can't tell it may be the work of an organized gang; anyway they surely aren't getting rich very quick around here. One thing sure the U. S. A. won't quit until they land them and then their fun will be over for a while. As we have said before in these columns, you better watch your steps.

School Notes

By Panzy Withee

Owing to Teacher's Institute and Armistice Day there were only two days of school last week.

The Seniors received their pins and rings last Friday.

The Juniors expect their pins in a few days.

Hot lunches were started last Monday with Mrs. E. J. Nichols as cook. We expect to have a very profitable year.

The Freshmen are going to put on a fair with side shows, fortune telling, and many other interesting events.

Don't forget the date, Dec. 11, 1925.

The basket ball girls received the material for their suits last Monday. The sewing class has been very busy trying to get them made for Friday. We want our girls to appear well.

There will be no school Thursday and Friday of next week as Thursday is Thanksgiving. The forepart of the week will be given to the first quarterly examinations. Two periods being allowed each subject.

Basket Ball Games

- Nov. 6 Boys 1st team-Alumni—H. S. Girls—Alumni—Alumni
- Nov. 13, Boys 1st team-YMCA—YMCA Girls—Alumni—H. S.
- Nov. 20, The first league game of the season is to be played between Dayton and Sheridan, both boys and girls on the home floor. The public is cordially invited. An admission fee of 15c for children and 25c for adults will be charged.
- Dayton's schedule for the coming basket ball season:
- Nov. 20—Sheridan at Dayton
- Nov. 25—Dayton at Willamina
- Dec. 4—Dayton at Dayton
- Dec. 18—Yamhill at Dayton
- Jan. 9—Dayton at Amity
- Jan. 15—Willamina at Dayton
- Jan. 22—Dayton at Carlton
- Jan. 29—Dayton at Yamhill
- Feb. 6—Amity at Dayton
- Feb. 12—Dayton at Sheridan.

The alumni girls say 'judged' on them last week. They won their game of basket ball with the high school girls a week ago last Friday night. Just a mistake made by us. We want to give the credit in the right place so make this correction.

Boy Prisoner Starved to Death in Dungeon

The ancient dungeons of Fort George at Castine, Maine, are filled up, but the view of the surrounding country and blue expanse of ocean seen from the site of the old ramparts is as magnificent as when the drummer boy of Castine perished miserably in one of the underground cells.

Arrested by order of General Gosselin after swift court-martial had been executed on Ball, Elliott and six other deserters, the frightened lad was thrust into a dungeon still clinging to his beloved drum. He had seen Ball and Elliott swinging from the gibbet; he had seen the six deserters lined up in the meadow behind the fort and shot. He had no hope of a better fate.

There was neither day nor night in his windowless prison. He complained to the soldier who acted as jailer that the swarming rats gnawed his hands in the dark, so the man brought him a tallow candle and stuck it in a crevice of the stones. Though the boy's cell was far below the level of the ground, he caught faintly the music of the bugles calling reveille from the walls. And the sentries above immediately heard the boy's drum joining in, spiritedly beating the familiar summons.

General Gosselin and the British evacuated Castine that morning and forgot to release the young prisoner. When the profound silence in the fort convinced the drummer boy that the place was deserted he beat the drum in the hope of being heard and rescued. The few people who passed near Fort George and heard the muffled roll merely supposed part of the garrison still remained. Passersby said they heard the noise now and then for eight days.

No one ever connected the ghostly beating of the drum with the boy who was not known to have been a prisoner—who was believed to have gone away with the British troops when they marched out of town. When at last the dungeons were explored, the little skeleton was found crouching over the moldering drum, the drumsticks still clutched in the bony fingers.—New York Times.

Funicular to San Marino

That rock-citadel of the tiny republic of San Marino, in Italy, which for centuries has defied assault by armies, is soon to capitulate to the funicular. The new line, which will branch off from the main railroad near Rimini, will make the steepest part of the ascent. It is stated, upon the longest series of railroad arches in the world—more than a mile. San Marino, which till now has been a sleepy community of shepherds and truck gardeners, is making a brave bid for the tourist trade. Enjoying as magnificent a natural vista as one can see anywhere in Europe, it is preparing to assist nature with modern hotels and sport grounds. But gambling remains under the ban as always. Anytime in the last half-century the poor herdsmen and land tillers of San Marino could have made themselves rich by granting one of the many requests of foreign companies for a gambling concession, similar to the one that relieves the citizens of Monaco of all tax burdens. But San Marino, on moral grounds, has continued to say no.

Boy Scouts Aided Sailors

When the United States fleet recently anchored in Hawaiian waters a number of the vessels docked at Hilo. Here the sailors had an opportunity of seeing the volcano and other interesting sights.

An official committee was formed to take charge of the entertainment of the visitors and the information work. This latter duty was placed in the hands of the local scout council. "About 150 of our scouts turned out for this good turn," states a report from Hilo. "Some of these boys came over 180 miles to take part in the work, and paid their own expenses for travel and food. The scouts took charge of information booths, kept flags used in street decoration, in correct position, and assisted the police at the regatta and concert, during the parade, and in traffic work."

Trace Old Etruscan Wall

Remains of the old city wall built by the Etruscans centuries before the arrival of the Romans, have been discovered at Lucca, Italy, accidentally. First traces of the wall were found when repairs were being made to the church of Santa Maria Della Rosa. Excavations were continued and traces of the old wall were found under the archbishop's palace. Another large section of the ancient city defense has just been discovered under one of the busiest streets of the city where water pipes were being laid. Excavations of as much of the wall as possible will be made, so that the ancient defenses which protected the primitive settlement from enemies may be clearly defined.

The Wrong Kind of Bait



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