

WILLAMINA TIMES

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G. GARLAND SITTSE, EDITOR
AND PUBLISHER

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A Word About Poetry

At the present time, we often hear the lamentation from men of letters that there seems to be but little if any, real poetic talent developing in America in this age of jazz. The editor often wonders if this is true. He has been inclined to believe, when reading some of the poems which are published in magazines like the Literary Digest, for example, as real fine examples of American poetry, that the fault is really with the critics instead of being on the part of the poets. We don't seem to be able to see the wonderful poetry that is supposed to exist in the large number of jazzy poems that are being published at this time. We believe that the real poets of the country are not being given a chance. If the poems are written in humble, understandable language, like that great American poem "Snowbound" for instance, they are seemingly immediately cast aside as worthless.

We receive numbers of poems at the office which are sent in for publication. This week, we are giving considerable space to these songs, and publish them without criticism. We feel that some real talent is shown in some of

these writings. Who knows but what we have a Shakespeare in the making in some of Willamina's territory! Occasionally, we plan to run these poems which are sent in. We expect some will come which we feel are not of high enough merit to be published, but we would say to the writers, do not be discouraged. Send in another one. Try a little harder next time.

Reflections

CHESTER V. TURNIDGE

In my cell I sit this evening,
Thinking of days gone by,
When I roamed the woods of freedom
Beneath the star lit sky.
Blessed with the joys of childhood,
Innocent, pure and sweet,
Never dreaming of greed or sorrow,
We so often in this life meet.
The day that I left my mother,
Although it was long ago,
I can see her smile, and hear her voice,
As she whispered soft and low,
"Take care of your self, Jack my boy,
Always be kind and true,
And if you're ever in trouble,
Your mother'll be waiting for you."

I promised and went my way alone,
Trying with all my might,
To live by the wish of my mother,
And did what I thought was right.
One cold and stormy evening,
A bar room I chanced to pass,
So I stepped inside for shelter,
Away from the winter blast.

The lights were burning brightly,
Everyone seemed happy and gay,
So I lingered there contented,
Away from the storm to stay.

Soon there came toward me,
A man with a pleasant smile,
Who bade me come be seated,
And rest for a little while.

We sat and talked for an hour or more,
And the evening was almost past,
When I left my new found friend alone,
And started for home at last.

Next eve I was rather lonely,
So I walked by the Saloon's open door,
And there again encountered,
My friend of the night before.

That evening he painted a picture,
Of a life that seemed easy to lead,
A picture of crime created,
By the lustful souls of greed.

At first I would not listen,
To his talk of crime and sin;
But I later in the evening,
Let myself agree with him.

Followed months of sinful stealing,
From the works of honest men,
Came a day when we were captured,
In a dismal robbers den.

Ten long years I was given,
For the part I played in crime,
But my sentence soon is ended,
Soon will I have served my time.
From the grim, gray walls of prison,
From the home of silent men,
I shall walk away unhampered,
Never to return again.

(This poem was written and sent in before the world flyers left the United States to begin the now famous trip.)

The World Flyers

CHAS. F. CARTER

They're quiet fellows these men who fly,
And blaze the trail in the open sky,
They never boast, but they play the game

With sturdy heart and a steady aim—
With forward vision their eyes can see
The future fights that are yet to be.

They hear the motors of planes that hum
Across the skies of days yet to come,
For man, their tenets of Faith declare,
Has mastered land—he must master air

So pioneers of a dawning day,
They scorn the danger and pave the way.

They pave the way with an eager thirst,
In each step forward, to be the first,
Tho schooled in war, in the days of peace
Their constant victories never cease,
And day by day they contrive to score
A greater feat than the day before.

There's scarce a record that stands today
That isn't held by the good old U. S. A.

They seem to tell us by daily deed
"This land of ours—it must ever lead!"

And now old Glory will be unfurled,
To lead in flying around the world.

We greet the four that will fly the ships
To make the greatest of modern trips,
To Martin, Nelson and Smith and Wade,
We Wish a fame that will never fade,
"Around the world" is a term to thrill
And will they make it? You bet they will.

Advice for the New Year

Nineteen twenty-five,
Is the newly arrived year,
Will you greet it with bright smiles;
Or, just a sigh and tear?

No! let this year pass by with pleasure
And turn over a new leaf,
Be kind and true to others,
Whom you feel may have some grief.

Hold your head above the waters,
Walk the straight and narrow way,
And you'll feel some way or other,
You will find a greater pay.

OTTO W. HEIDER

Attorney at Law

At Willamina
Monday
of each week

Remainder of week at Sheridau office

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Speak then kind of one another,
Always greet them with a smile,
And you'll find life the greatest pleasure,
And that it is really worth while.
—A Freshman

Ode to a Faithful Friend

L. R. PALMER

She was born in Oregon,
And is the best friend that I've got,
She is always willing,
She is "Johnny on the spot."

She is here when I call her,
She is there when I say "go."
She goes far o'er the hills,
And brings them to the fold.

I do not have to tell her,
She needs not to be told!
She is always full of life,
And just a little bold.

She is with me every day,
And sometimes likes to play.

She can catch a hog and hold it
And head a steer that's fast,
She will then drive behind them,
In a way that's class.

I have lots of friends,
Some I would call pal,
But they all would have to go some,
To beat my Oregon gal.

When night comes and all is dark,
I lay me down to sleep,
She is always watching, watching,
For my keep.

When I am sad and lonely,
And my thoughts are like the fog,
She always tries to cheer me,
She is only a collie dog.

SAYS THE OWL

We like duty still less when it treads on us.

Righteous indignation usually ought to go farther.

It behooves a lazy man to have a good and serviceable mind.

Though one may have intuition, a little reason never comes amiss.

Earth produces a living for every man; but too many want to lord it.

If a man is a good cook, all his friends want him to give stag parties.

Blessed are the meek; so think the arrogant, saying, "For they make it easier for us."

Let people believe they know more than you do, if nothing vital is at stake; and frequently they do.

It's pleasanter to set one in the right path and persuade him to stay there than to bean him for getting out of it.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Who teaches fish to swim?

Why do they call it dry gin?

What happened to Pa Jongg?

Why won't a "fast" color run?

Why do Americans speak English?

When was matrimony made a state?

Should a cake of soap be served with finger bowls?

Did you ever see a peanut stand on an elephant's back?

Does the postman ever forget to mail his wife's letters?

How much longer would the life of a locomotive be if it didn't smoke as much?—Chicago Herald and Examiner.



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