

**THE PEOPLE OF FIFTY YEARS AGO AND THOSE OF THE PRESENT DAY, AS THEY WERE IN WEST VIRGINIA, WHERE I WAS REARED.**

**I BELIEVE THIS TO BE APPLICABLE TO THE PEOPLE OF OREGON AS WELL.**

Things of fifty years ago would be, in many cases, obsolete today, although in many respects, better.

When one's memory wanders back to fifty years ago, we see many things in our mind's eye that are, perhaps, forever past.

We see good thrifty farms hewn from the forests, comfortable log houses and barn and granaries all filled with plenty; cows, horses and oxen to do the work, backed up with young men and women of health, strength, faith, chasity, and strong believers in Him, who reigns supreme and holds our destinies in the "hollow of His hand." These youngsters, the children of strong healthy parents, were themselves strong and happy in their manly and womanly heritage of health, strength and faith in themselves and God. These rosy faced people built houses, barns, cleared and fenced fields, and helped keep the home fires burning. They rolled logs and raised barns that youngsters today would not attempt. Fathers, mothers and children thought nothing of walking five miles through the snow to the old log meeting-house for the sole purpose of worshipping God and hearing his servant read from the good book and its wonderful truths. They went home happy and content, at peace with God and their neighbors. Neighbors! What did it mean then? And what does it mean today? It meant that a united community of practically one mind, who would help each other in all their trials, trouble and hardships as well, as to share their joys, a people who stood shoulder to shoulder under all circumstances. Today—do you have neighbors? Most assuredly! But they are not of the same sturdy stuff as those of old.

Or could they face the same hardships. While we are all good neighbors as we think, we do not expect each other to go so far or do so much as those of old. In the times of fifty years ago roads were practically unknown over the mountain and down the creek, or an old buffalo path where one horse could go, later on a trail where a yoke of oxen could go with a sled, miles were traveled to a water mill, where their corn was ground for bread. Then men procured the larger part of their meat from the woods, until such a time as it was possible for them to raise hogs and sheep. They were much hindered in this by bears, wildcats and panthers. We still meet a few of the old timers and it is with pleasure that we greet them. We hear many say, "Oh! he is an old timer." True enough, and in honor to himself and his neighbors he should receive the respects of us all. He represents a generation nearly extinct, but who shall say whether there was more honor, greater courage, and more sincere friendship than that now?

**The Present**

Now we have so many advantages over the people of fifty years ago, that it is hard to realize what they

did to make it possible that we might follow in a way so much easier than theirs. We have all the advantages on our side. The church, all denominations, all good pastors, fine roads, and many automobiles, are they filled on Sunday mornings for Sunday school and preaching services? The distance is short and the roads fine, shamefully we must say the attendance is much less than fifty years ago and with all the advantages growing steadily stronger. What is wrong? Where have they gone? You will find the larger part of them riding rubber on the cement. Schools, choools, but does it bring our young people any closer to God? We fear not. Does the educated man and woman have any greater respect for God than the uneducated? He or she should make a better citizen, but do they? We believe they do, but we get this belief mildly shocked some times.

Speed demons, going no place and hurrying to get there, coupled with moonshine, roadhouses and dance halls, all point in most any direction except homeward.

Many of the modern youths of today are not greatly concerned about God or heavenly things, today these things take second place, cars of different makes, probably come first, with baseball, football, tennis, golf, and dancing all in their order, week day and Sunday, and we find no fault with any of it, but why not put off the auto trips and other pleasures of this nature, until after church and Sunday school? You will have set a better example and will feel better for having performed a duty.

Looking over the landscape of today and fifty years ago, it would seem from the rapidity of development in all lines that a hundred years had passed by in a night. The long days of the horseback journeys are now made in a few hours by car. A telephone and telegraph have largely taken the place of the mails. The wireless has worked miracles, the airplane is a real speed demon, delivering medicines, doctors, supplies, food and emergency stuff at unheard of places in the shortest time possible. Not these things alone but hundreds and thousands of instances can be cited where things are so much better and improved over the methods of fifty years ago. We wonder what our people, who have been dead for fifty years would think, could they open their eyes and take a short look at the world today.

Speed, speed, seems to be the watchword, until today those of us who are here in the flesh and on the ground, can scarcely keep pace the things of today. Let us stop, look and listen, for a moment and ask ourselves a question or two. Whither are you hurrying to and what for? Why not stop for a moment to speak to a friend? It may be tomorrow, for you never come, a flower in life is worth half a dozen in death.

With just a word or two to the rising generation we will close this little talk of ours. The young men and women of today who have had the advantages of high school education as well as that of many college, in many instances, in a very short time will be called upon to assume the serious duties of every day life. Strive to the end that you may be able to answer the call satisfactorily

and intelligently.

S. B. MILLS.

**School Mates**

(Dedicated to the Class of '28, T.H.S. by Max McKay)

As we look back on days of yore; School days, schoolmates to be no more. Our hearts are saddened, we are blue To think, that we the squanderers of time, Rushed those golden days thru.

We didn't know of the pleasures then, That we now look back and see; Teachers, lectures, books and pen, Slaves of all those, we were then Akin to prisoners, yet gay and free.

Schoolmates, remember those good books, And the lessons that had to be done? Spelling bees, book reports, and fights, Those were the days we had the fun, Yea, pals, we knew our rights.

Schoolmates, think of the many pranks, We used to delight in playing. Think of the times we skipped school, To join the cheerful ranks, Of the girls and boys going sleighing.

Remember those days dear pals Yea, I shall never forget them, When we'd march to the ball field; To watch our "eleven" win again, From teams who couldn't yield.

Then too was the chowder feed Given the old champion team, By people who loved us many ways, And held us in highest esteem. Ah, those were the good old days.

Then, pals, came that day of days That separated us forever, From that milestone of life; Where we lost much prespiration High school life then graduation.

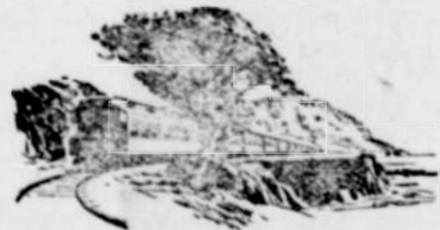
Class of '28 our pictures before me, Of eighteen wonderful girls and boys. Schoolmates, pals, with happy faces; Entering the school of knocks and joys, Preparing to take our places.

Three years on the sea of life, Finds us safe and hearty Except for one, who didn't stay, With the eighteen once in our party; She had to be called away.

Schoolmates, oh schoolmates so true, Let's bow our heads in tribute to Her, who had to leave us Her earthly duties, to take her Place beyond the hazy blue.

Seventeen now is the number, Of the crew of "Twenty Eight," On life's ship things are so far; But on we'll go o'er narrow strait, And through the rugged bar.

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