

School House by the Pond ... or Was It?

Childhood's Memories Vivid

By Julian Wallace Graham

The car stopped where the roadside lay smothered in vine and where the low sloped road took away from the county road. They parked their coupe the two wheels in the lane, for the margin wasn't wide permitting more, and besides the travel hardly was rushing. Maybe a car in an hour, maybe not until that cloud, the white one, had reached the firm.

Path From Fern Ridge

They clambered a rail fence lost in the vine, and my, how long had it lain thus? Surely for years, and the time when it was of usefulness must almost be forgotten; must have been when the road was nothing more than a path in the pasture and the children cut down off Fern Ridge to attend the school house by the pond.

"Where did it set?" she said, and there was that of indecision, wonder, and not a little of outright bewilderment in the elderly features. "On a kind of knoll as I remember—" And there was softness in her voice, and beauty, come from the transposition of past into present. Or had she slipped away to walk those other days when the road with the vine was merely blackberry in the pasture? "Where was it, now, George, would you say?" and she pointed with her finger even in question.

Where's the Pond?

With the afternoon growing and quail scratching, which was loudness on the sloped land, George pretended to know. "The school house set there," he allowed, "right there on that kind of rise." "You mean in that corn field, George?" and the elderly lady looked scorn at her husband. "Why, pshaw," she said, "it can't be, for where's the pond? The school house set by the pond!"

There was no denying that now the nearest water lay in Cow creek over the ridge, and they'd found that. But the school house had certainly been built this side, and it had certainly been in a pond — one alive with frogs in season and with thorn and crab

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apple clustering the borders — but now where was the pond to prove it? There was only green corn growing on the sloped land, weaving fair in the breeze. There were only the quail in the coverage.

50 Years ... Change

"Well," and it was, as it were, the elderly lady taking to task her husband; but if the truth be known neither of them could quite make it out. In 50 years things can change a deal, they can, though somehow it was hard to believe. "It's been drained," he said in self-defense, "and since planted to corn. In that low place, yonder, lay the pond with the crab apple, and on the rise was the school house, though now it's nothing but corn. Remember when I carried your books?" — and stepped on my heels," she derided, laughing in way that was memory. Just laughing, that's all.

Where had the road gone, when only a moment before it had lain dusty and still on the sloped land? Truly it was missing as yesterday, and yesterday it had never been. Where had the road gone? Instead was the rail fence gleaming in newness, quartering the pasture land; and behind was the pond ash scattering the hill. Surely they were walking to school in the morning, she and George — though who'd ever think they'd be wed as they were — and there were Cora and Tom and the Irwin twins. The frail one died so young.

Copper-toed Boots

The children were prone to band, not excepting George and Tom, though they were boys and bigger and clumped along in copper-toed boots; and the girls were mortally afraid of Fern Ridge. "I ain't a-ferain' of no cougars," boasted George, as the path broke from the bracken, "cougars, they'll run 'most every time," flaunted Tom. "Dad Hines says it's the truth and he's kilt

them," though he it stated that Tom expounded the theory where the trail grew into opening and the fall sun cut the firs. "Girls," he concluded, "are scary-cats. Bah! They make me tired!" Well, and it called for a spar. "Does Cora make you tired, too, and who, I'd like to know, sent her that Valentine just last year. It couldn't be yourself now could it, Tom Yates?" And this with a toss of the head and a glint of red ribbon pretty as a picture; this in all finality, for it never failed to score. And poor Cora's face, goodness knows, was worse than she'd pinched it the morning Tom walked ahead with the crooked stick, beating the hill fern with a vengeance. "Girls, all of them are scary-cats," he repeated, and it came into view — the school house by the pond.

Morning of mornings, they were playing in the old school yard again. Some of them threw sticks into the pond to watch the waves widen under the lichen. A woodpecker was hammering his song on a snag, and from yonder-way over the rise drifted the pungent odor of polecat. It must be that John Selby running his line and skunk are a price this year. You wouldn't believe it, but they make the best of pets — tamer than Tabby by the fire. The boys wanted to play crack-the-whip, some of the girls Kink-William, though others held, and steadfastly, for London Bridge is falling. The girls could never agree, and one of the twins — the frail one — said she wouldn't play. It might well have been settled by Cora, who was sixteen-past, but it never was, for the school bell had to ring.

Memory?

The elderly lady stood looking at her husband and he at her. There was the fondness of past still lingering in their expression, but again they were living the present; for the school bell was time, the strident honking of a car horn. Could it be that some-

one was desirous of passing on the county road? Well, it seemed such, and anyway they must be going. . . . But, pshaw, it didn't hold right, for they weren't even certain where it had set; leastwise they couldn't be sure. Today they saw green corn waving in the sun; today saw the sloped land rolling away, but where — and this is question — had it set? It was living in memory as it had been in the past. On this rise — that rise — and yet it didn't hold right. There was that raucous horn honking again, the poor man wanted by; but where did it set, now — the school house by the pond?

Trade Concerns Register Monday At West Salem

WEST SALEM—Trade concerns (which includes canneries, restaurants, stores, etc.) will register for sugar rationing at the West Salem school Monday and Tuesday from 4 to 6 o'clock and from 7 to 9 o'clock. This district includes all territory in Polk county north of the Salem-Dallas highway and east of highway 99.

Members of the school board met Tuesday to appraise buildings so that insurance renewals may be made before the end of the month. The school buildings and furnishings were appraised at approximately \$44,000.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Rundhaug and family arrived here from North Dakota the first of the week and have rented a house on Plaza street.

Marvin Poist, Bremerton, paid and forfeited \$7 bail when arrested for violation of the basic rule; Davide Krapf, Harrisburg, fined \$2 for driving through a flashing traffic light; Albert Rogers, Woodburn, and Leon Razez, Arizona, were each fined \$5 for violation of the basic rule.

Wise or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

The subject last Sunday was that branch of science known as entomology; or Bugs to you, Mr. M'Goover. I was truly abashed by the number of readers who wrote in, called up and sent word saying how much they enjoyed it and asking for more. It gives me distinct pleasure to thank them all — all three of them. It also gives me an equal measure of happiness to continue the scientific discourse today. Zoology, for instance, or, to Mr. M'Goover, Animals.

As everyone knows, George Washington was our first president. We know also that he was first in war, first in peace and all that. But few indeed know that he was the first American ever to own a mule. The beastie was a gift from the king of Spain. The incident started something, for a lot of donkeys have since been sent to Washington.

In South Africa there is an animal that never drinks water. It is called a "gemsbok." The only other animal that never drinks water is called a "souse." The skunk is the only animal known that will eat bees. The skunk also has another peculiarity; it will not enter into physical combat, yet its innocent presence alone in a given area will evacuate more persons than an official order from General DeWitt.

The only sure way to judge the intelligence of a dog is by the number of human friends it makes. Canine experts agree that the fewer the friends the smarter the dog. Thus if your dog takes up with any and every person that happens along, the chances are he's just an ordinary dumb pooch. If the same principle applies to man — I wonder if it does? Think I'll just stop speaking to people.

An animal that is half cow and half buffalo is called a "cattalo." Even the male, which I think should be called a "bullo." An inhabitant of the London zoo a few years ago was called a "tiger." Being half lion and half tiger, it should have been a "liger." A cross between a squirrel and a weasel would probably be called a "squeasel," but a cross between a mink and a skunk, or anything else and a skunk, would still be a "stink."

Before the arrival on the American continent of Cortez in 1519, the Indians had no horses. Before the arrival of Kelvin and Edison and Ford and Eli Whitney, they also had no high cost of living.

Zoologists say the easiest animals to train are jungle-born lion or tiger. Which only proves that the zoologists never tackled a swimming class, or an energetic young baseball team, or a sleepy class of English literature students. I don't care how much the scientists know, they still have a lot to learn. They also say that rabbits will multiply faster if kept in light-colored cages. Do they think anybody wants rabbits to multiply faster?

In India they have an animal called a "sobo," which is also the name of a jazz-band musical instrument. Or is that a "bozo?" Anyway, 'tis said both make the same sound.

You can say whatever you like about Mr. Darwin and his teachings, but the fact remains that all animals are natural-born swimmers except man and monkey. And both are fond of peanuts. Personally, M'Goover and I think Darwin was wrong. We don't believe that man evolved from monkey. We think monkey evolved from man. If you disagree, then consider this: Man's ultimate goal, or at least his stoutest wish, is to obtain a state of complete happiness. Very well, have you ever seen an unhappy monkey?

Wax back in what is called the paleolithic age, when the ice and chilled winds crept out of the north, man comforted his little woman with warm and furry skins. You can take my word for it that that was a long, long time ago. M'fn will tell you that he has made great and important strides in civilized progress since then. But the fact remains that he is still comforting his little woman with furs, as evidenced by the fact that more than 30,000,000 animals are killed annually for the purpose in the United States alone. Just think of it, gentlemen!

And here we again disagree with the zoologist. He states that the best mink bait is a piece of scented muskrat musk. I say the best mink bait is a wealthy middle-aged bachelor. Ask the girl who owns one.

The normal weight of a baby elephant is between 160 and 200 pounds. So watch your calories, boys and girls. The greatest zoological mystery is where elephants go when they die. In countries where they live in the wild state, elephants which have died a natural death have never been found. You can find out where man goes when he dies by reading the Bible.

Among the famous war horses of history were Washington's "Dolly," Napoleon's "Marengo," Grant's "Jeff Davis" and Sherman's "Sam," which I think should have been called "Satan," considering what Sherman said war was.

The world's largest stockyard is that in Chicago. It covers an



Music Week Plans Given Final Review; Programs Are Listed

Salem's 19th National Music week, plans for which are nearing completion, will stress the Good Neighbor policy with Inter-American music a feature. The week will open April 30 with the "Gondoliers" at the high school. On Monday Vernon Wiscarson will direct the all-junior orchestra and Wednesday the high school orchestra. "The Tea House," an operetta under the direction of Gretchen Kreamer, will be given at Leslie school Friday, and all schools will feature music assemblies during the week.

The Sacred Heart academy will present programs Sunday afternoon, May 3, Monday night and will participate in the all-Salem program Thursday at the First Methodist church.

The Girl Scouts at the Oregon School for the Deaf will remember National Music week with a Spanish American program Tuesday, May 5, in the school chapel.

Mr. Fuller, missionary from Venezuela, will speak on customs in that country. Camp Fire girls under the leadership of Mrs. Richard Severin will present "The Walking Song," and the O.S.D. Girl Scouts will give two numbers.

Through the use of hearing aids the girls from the School for the Deaf will be able to listen. Ten of these group hearing aids, each accommodating twelve pupils, are used throughout the day in the class rooms.

The accordion teachers in the state are holding their first state accordion festival in Salem, Monday, May 4. Twenty-five accordion studios have registered 125 students to take part in the concert being held at the Bush school auditorium that night.

A feature will be the teachers' luncheon at the Spa. Guests will be: Mrs. J. H. Porth of Portland, state president of the Federated Music clubs, Miss Frances Virginia Melton of Salem, state president of the Music Teachers association, Mrs. Walter Denton, state chairman of Music week. Guest artist will be Luigi Rangan, accordionist of Portland.

Another outstanding event of the week will be Salem's choral concert at the First Methodist church Thursday, May 7, dedicated to the Willamette university centennial. This program promises to be impressive and appealing, with the climax of all singing groups joining in the great "Hallelujah" chorus from the "Messiah," under the direction of Dean Melvin Geist and Prof. T. S. Roberts, organ, and Miss Clara Eneas, piano.

Students Sing In Recital

One of the most interesting recitals of the spring season was "An Hour of Song" presented by the choral groups of the Sacred Heart Academy at St. Joseph's hall Friday night.

The music program included groups by the treble triad, the boys' glee club, a sextette from the girls' group and the boys' double quartet. A double string quartet was made up of Elmo Innocenti, Thomas Russell, Miriam N. A. S., Constance Lovick, Adele Hayes, Dolores Muller, Mary McKay and Keith Evans, accompanied by Margaret Becker. As a final group, the mixed chorus sang two numbers.

Several readings were interspersed in the musical program and harpists Patricia Russell and Thelma Jean Smith performed.

Those singing were:

Myrtle Meier, Gloria Davey, Lavonne Morisky, Hannah Cullen, Patricia Gorman, Velma Wichman, Josephine Stadler, Dolores Waser, Margaret Becker, Carol Wollesene, Mary O'Connor, Alice Mullen, Norma Wegler, Josephine Kennedy, Patricia Jaskowski, Marie Nelke, Mary Catherine Heenan, Dorothy Cooney, Mary Jean Weger, Georgia Roberts, Adele Hayes, Gertrude Miranda, Rosemary Coleman, Miriam Nash, Rita Heenan, Gertrude Meier, Miriam Albrich, Rose Marie Biegler, Patricia Russell, Yvonne Lagerfeld, Jean Eloise Evans, Elizabeth Meier, Georgia Gilbert, Melba Tracy, Constance Lovick, Marietta Free, Margaret Grechen Kropp, Gertrude Majeski, Janet Kirk, Maxine Cooney.

Phetepplace, Raymond Dougherty, Benedict Braun, David Slung, Kenneth Free, David Lovick, Thomas Russell, Joseph Schuetz, Elmo Innocenti, Raymond Peerenboom, Albert Nanneman, Donald Sommer, Raymond Ringwald, Robert Hale, Robert Krecher, James Fox, Marcel Staub, Norman Schmidt.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. David Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. Harland, Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Rottick, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Young, Mr. and Mrs. Connell Ward, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Andrews, Miss Gretchen Kreamer, Miss Margaret Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Wiscarson, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Sumner Knopf, Dean and Mrs. Melvin H. Geist, Miss Helen MacHiron, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barham, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bartges, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carruth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marjorie Ruiner, Miss Agnes Drummond, Miss Blanche C. A. Keils, Mr. and Mrs. Max Alford, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Broer, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Tustin, Mr. Phil Corbett, Mr. Marvin Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearson, Miss Alice Cray Brown, Salem Y. Gleeman.

"Gondoliers" to Be Thursday

Final rehearsals for "The Gondoliers" are progressing with increased interest toward an outstanding production next Thursday.

Eighty will participate, including soloists. Students are directly in charge of the chorus, dances and general stage instructions.

The following from Salem's concert-goers have been invited to serve as patrons and patronesses:

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Snyder, Mr. and Mrs. David Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. Harland, Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Rottick, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Young, Mr. and Mrs. Connell Ward, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Andrews, Miss Gretchen Kreamer, Miss Margaret Simpson, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Wiscarson, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Sumner Knopf, Dean and Mrs. Melvin H. Geist, Miss Helen MacHiron, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Barham, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bartges, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carruth, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marjorie Ruiner, Miss Agnes Drummond, Miss Blanche C. A. Keils, Mr. and Mrs. Max Alford, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Broer, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Tustin, Mr. Phil Corbett, Mr. Marvin Robb, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pearson, Miss Alice Cray Brown, Salem Y. Gleeman.

Stoddards Are Dinner Hosts

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Stoddard celebrated their eighth wedding anniversary Saturday night at their home on Kingwood drive.

After the dinner hour cards were in play. Covers were placed for Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cooley, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Graber, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Grove and Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard.

Colored Pictures To Be Shown

PTA members of the Leslie junior high school will meet Monday night at 7:45 o'clock in the school library. Election of officers will be held and Mrs. Vernon Douglas is arranging the program.



Camp Fire girls will participate in National Music week and will compete in a singing contest at the American Lutheran church Sunday, May 3, at 3 o'clock. The Blue Birds, grade school, junior and high school Camp Fire girls will take part in the contest and will sing two numbers. Judges will be Miss Margaret Simms, Miss Gretchen Kreamer and Mrs. Melvin Geist.

The Tawanka Camp Fire girls, a recently organized group, used their regular meeting hour to complete the sale of doughnuts. Altogether more than 275 dozen doughnuts were ordered.

The girls are planning to start on their notebooks soon. They will also receive health charts and start working toward their first rank, that of a Trail Seeker.

The Ahwandah Camp Fire girls met at the home of their guardian, Mrs. Perkins, Thursday, and practiced Camp Fire songs. Last week the meeting was in the form of a picnic at Bush's pasture and supper was cooked over the fire.

The Itanyan Camp Fire girls and guests enjoyed a skating party Friday at the Mellow Moon rink.

The Okicissippi Camp Fire girls held their regular meeting Thursday at Richmond school. The group will make May baskets for patients at the hospital. The guardian is Vida Bowser.

Mrs. Ernest C. Richards will entertain members of chapter AB, PEO, Monday night at her home 1240 North 21st street, at 7:45 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Loose are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son at the Salem General hospital Saturday morning.

Mrs. W. J. Braun will entertain members of her study club Monday afternoon.

WOODBURN — Miss Helen Moeding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. August Moeding of this city, and Harlan Zeek of Toledo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Zeek, were married Saturday at an attractive candle light ceremony at the Moeding home.

The bride's sister, Mrs. E. D. Hunt of Tigard, was matron of honor. Charles D. Zeek, the bridegroom's brother, was best man.

The marriage ceremony was read by Rev. Oluf Asper of the Lutheran church.

Miss Gladys Adams played "I Love You Truly" and the wedding marches. Miss Margaret Surmeyer lighted the tapers.

The bride wore a white organza gown, with a satin, long sleeved jacket and a beaded head piece. Her only ornament was a necklace that had been in the family for 125 years and belonged to her great grandmother. She carried an arm bouquet of bouvardia and lilies-of-the-valley.

The matron of honor wore her own wedding gown of ivory lace and carried a nosegay of spring flowers.

Immediately following the ceremony a wedding reception was held. Assisting about the rooms were Mrs. G. H. Treblehorn, Miss Margaret Surmeyer and Mrs. Edna Ray.

After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Zeek will make their home at South Beach.

Timely Garden Talk

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

You all remember the negro spiritual "Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen?" That little ditty, in one form or another, seems to be the theme of my correspondence during the past few days. Everything has evidently gone slightly cockeyed in the garden during the past couple of weeks.

In some cases the slugs ate this, in other, the fairy ring started growth. Then one gardener wants to plant columbine but had no luck with it a year ago, the wind ruined a few magnolias and the roses are acting up. Dandelion and plantain grow more rapidly than grass—

As to the wind in the magnolias: I can't advise against that evil—unless the grower builds a house around the tree. We expect some wind in April, some rainy weather, some warm weather—and we have had all we could expect in this line.

The wind took a few of my magnolia petals too, but there are many still standing up rosy and pert and the cool weather which followed the very warm of last weekend is making the magnolia last much longer. Last Sunday I feared a quick bloom, almost over before it began. Now I have enjoyed a whole week of magnolia bloom and have promise of more to come.

The only answer to slugs is bait. Bait thoroughly and frequently. You may think you have them conquered but unless your neighbor has done likewise you will soon find a new colony has moved in. The simplest thing is to bait again.

If you are very diplomatic or if you don't mind taking chances, you could suggest to your neighbor that he also bait — or present him with a box of methaldehyde slug bait. Still another method might be to sneak over and bait his grounds when you see the family leave the house. But in this case you might be caught trespassing or even as poisoning his pets. Most slug baits had best be put under something that will prevent the pets from getting it. However, pets do not find the attraction in methaldehyde which slugs seem to.

Mercuric chloride compounds, no matter under what trade name they appear, seem to be the best bet for fairy ring control. If it is bad, you may have to dig out the soil to the depth of the fungus growth and replace with new clean soil. A lawn spiker to give air circulation to the soil frequently helps.

Weeds may be dug out or poisoned, according to the way you feel about them. Whichever way you choose, thoroughness is the keyword to success in their eradication.

Columbines are easy of culture. (This is what I'm told. Off the record, I have a little difficulty with my own, but I rather suspect that is because I deviate

from the rules.) One must remember that columbines dislike lime and if any but the smallest amount is given them they refuse to act satisfactorily. They prefer the morning sun but will thrive well in either shade or full sun. Keep the ground somewhat loose around the plants. And while they are adverse to lime feedings, they do not seem to thrive well in over-acid soil.

Fig trees as a rule need no spraying. Neither is much cultivation necessary. Some fertilization, a balanced one, is good and water during the dry season assists the development of the fruit.

One complaint has to do with the rubber gloves we won't be getting. This is somewhat in the same category as the wind. There isn't much we can do about it. Of course, if we still have some rubber garden gloves on hand, it behooves us to take well care of them. When you come into the basement or kitchen or garden house or wherever you do come into, wash all the soil off the gloves by letting cool water run from the faucet over them. Then see to it that they are dried inside and out. When dry blow into them to swell them out, then dust them inside with talcum powder.

Too many of us Americans

never did learn how to conserve properly. There was always more to be had from the same place which furnished the land. And if we didn't have the money to buy these little gadgets, some more affluent relative or friend saw to it that we got his or her cast offs which were really still quite good. Now affluence has nothing to do with it and it's each man for himself when it comes to conservation. We just naturally take care of that which we have — or else. And this will undoubtedly apply to that good type of rubber garden gloves which most of us have come to enjoy.

Nicotinic spray, mixed with a little soap, is the proper control for the aphids which are beginning to show on rose bushes. One trouble I have seen that some gardeners seem to have overlooked is the webworm attack on the cotoneaster horizontalis. I walk down the streets and see one bush after another all covered with the webby material which denotes the worm at work. An arsenate of lead spray should be used at once to control this. There seems to be a very heavy infestation this spring — which reminds me, I haven't checked on my own shrub and shall do so at once!



LONG, LONG WAYS—United States influence is apparent in "hot dog" stand at Capetown, South Africa.