

WU Has Rally At Suttle Lake Summer Camp

SUTTLE LAKE, July 20 (Special)—A rally of Willamette university students and alumni now in attendance at the Methodist youth institute at Suttle Lake was held during the student assembly hour at the institute today.

Prof. John L. Knight of Willamette, who is the speaker each evening here, briefly addressed an assembly of 300 upon the principles and traditions of the university. This was followed by Willamette songs and cheers led by Miss Marjorie Beadles, a student at the institute and a sophomore at WU.

Alumni were represented on the platform by Rev. Harry Rarey, Portland; Rev. and Mrs. Myron Poque, Lakeview; Rev. Ralph Kleen, Lebanon; Rev. James Wilson, Toledo; Rev. Al Vosper, Clatskanie; Mrs. Nellie Watts, Madras; Rev. Carl Mason, Junction City; Rev. Edw. Terry, Albany, and Rev. Ross Knotts, Portland.

Student representatives were Vicky Jones, Silverton; Teddy Nelson, Astoria; Sylvia Wilde, Junction City; Ethel Larson, Bend; Faith Ido, Salem; Betsy May Brunson, Astoria, and Marjorie Beadles, Portland.

Wise or Otherwise

By Ethan Grant

Planners of postwar programs for the disabled ought to know about Vas and his Candy Hut at Marshfield. Vas is a A. D. Vaslatos, a former stevedore with an artificial right leg, now proprietor of a thriving confections emporium on South Broadway and one of the busiest little business men you'll find in Marshfield.

It was hard to pin him down for questioning even in his Candy Hut, a sidewalk nook with scarcely eight feet of space between the neatly kept display shelves. I finally squeezed in prepared to spend the entire evening if necessary to learn his story. And spend the entire evening I did, getting answers to my questions between customers, actually mere seconds at a time.

His 25 years as a stevedore was ended by a waterfront accident in 1939. Today, at 54, he admits he is more firmly established than he ever was as a longshoreman.

The fact that stevedoring isn't among the job classifications which qualify a man for selling merchandise makes his case unique. Stevedores are pretty rugged people, and in a business which calls for a rather healthy measure of tact in order to please the heterogeneous public, most stevedores would find themselves pretty hard to manage.

Being at heart still a stevedore,

Vas has lost none of his emphatic ruggedness. A sign above his stock of mystery novels reads THIS IS NO LIBRARY—DO NOT READ THE BOOKS. He can still say things to cantankerous customers, but he also knows how to send them away satisfied. And his trade is enormous, for so small an establishment.

Impartial—But Likes Servicemen
Vas is strictly independent and entirely without partiality—except to servicemen. He has three sons and a son-in-law in the service.

He bought the Candy Hut immediately after his accident, because, he stated, "I couldn't see myself standing on a corner selling pencils." The stock didn't amount to much, but Vas promptly took care of that. The variety of items he sells today is amazing. And his little store is as neat and orderly as the canteen on a battleship. He works at it like a beaver, always cleaning up, rearranging, straightening the stock, and waiting on his customers.

Among the items he caters are popcorn, magazines, newspapers, comic books, pocket-sized novels, cigarettes, chewing tobacco, gum, candy bars, war maps, soft drinks and a hundred or so others. The quantities he can get are currently limited, in some cases to less than half enough. And it is his method of dispensing the limited supply which sets him apart from other merchants.

He has his own ration system. Two packages of cigarettes to a customer, for example. Where a less enterprising or less ambitious merchant would take the first-come-first-served attitude, sell out and go home, Vas limits the quantities per customer and remains open. Thus he caters a little each to a large number of buyers, rather than catering to a few buyers what he feels would be more than they are entitled to.

Knows Time and Place For Popcorn
Located near a movie house, he could, if he could get it, sell a great amount of popcorn. But since the supply is limited, he pops corn only at scheduled hours. For instance, if you're going to the movie at, say, a quarter to seven and want a bag of corn, you can get it. One bag. But after the time for the show to start, no more popcorn. Not until about half an hour before the next show starts.

"That way," Vas explains, "people going to the movies get their corn, but when they come out they don't get any more. It's already been sold to the late crowd going in."

Vas reads a lot and has some pretty definite ideas about affairs in general. He keeps well posted on current events and knows what's going on in the world.

Asked what he thought would be the nation's major post-war problem, he said, "The returning veterans. They're now in foreign countries, and they're watching things, seeing how the rest of the world gets along. They'll come home with some ideas and they'll demand some radical changes."

He was asked if he thought they'd upset some old apples. "They will," he replied, "unless—" and paused to wait on a pair of sailors who wanted half a dozen cokes. The sailors had no empty bottles, and a sign on the cooler stated emphatically no empty bottles, no cokes. Vas turned his back on the sign and put the cokes in a bag. "Unless," he resumed, "Such

organizations as our American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars and organized labor get together, I'd say there'll be plenty of trouble."

Shrewd Merchant Reads and Observes

I didn't get it, but then Vas reads a lot more than I do and ought to know. He seems to have observed many things the average man has overlooked. He said after the last war we told ourselves if ever there was another one, we'd not make any millionaires, as we did last time.

"And we're not," he added. "We're not letting them become millionaires this time. We're letting them become billionaires." He turned to a customer. "One package of gum, buddy," he said. And to another customer, "Popcorn? No popcorn. All sold out till tomorrow."

We talked on. Vas told about his hardships as a stevedore, the irregularity of the work, and how hard it was keeping the bills all paid up.

In a way, he works as hard as he ever did, or at least as steadily. But the revenue is constant and, above all else, he maintains his independence and still makes a good living. You leave with a feeling that he's a good, solid American.

Linn Native Dies at Shedd

ALBANY — Mrs. Nancy Anne Stone, 72, died in Shedd Thursday after a lingering illness. Funeral arrangements are in charge of the Fisher Funeral Home and will be held from the Shedd Methodist church in Shedd at a time to be announced later. Word is being awaited from a daughter in Iowa.

Born in Kings Valley September 6, 1871, Mrs. Stone spent her entire life in Oregon. She was married in 1890 to Ephram M. Stone in Kings Valley. They lived at Falls City, and later at the Oakville neighborhood and moved to Shedd in 1905. M. Stone died in 1934. Mrs. Stone was a member of the Methodist church.

Survivors are a son, Loren Stone of Portland; a daughter, Mrs. F. F. Amore of Ottumwa, Iowa, and two brothers, George Kibbey of Kings Valley, and William Kibbey of St. Louis, Mo. Mrs. Vivian Schuman, who died two years ago, was also a daughter.

BRAZIL HAS CAMP SHOWS
RIO DE JANEIRO—(AP)—Brazilian authorities have organized a program of camp shows patterned after those of the US army, for their troops at home and, later, abroad.

Gardening Today

By LILLIE MADSEN

Maybe you needed to know about trees. Or perhaps you were interested in what ate your hepatics. Or it might have been that you were mostly interested in rhododendrons. It wouldn't have mattered. Few growing things were left out of the conversation that night.

The place was the very attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Lillie Madsen Judson. The group was the Men's Garden club of Salem. The time was the July meeting, and the occasion (of my being there) was a guest night for women.

It was shortly after we arrived, while sitting on the terrace, looking out over the city, way off over prairies and hills to Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Hood, that we heard Carroll F. McDonald giving out casual-like bits of information on wild flowers, wild flowers not only of Oregon, but of many other states as well. Hepatica, said Mr. McDonald, are both the main course and dessert for garden slugs and earwigs. To grow them, one should bait heavily. The little native pink gentian is a rather nice rock garden plant, but it goes to sleep with twilight. It blue brodiaea, known as one of the harvest lilies, is exceptionally attractive, and not too plentiful any longer in the Willamette valley. Mr. McDonald told of the many different varieties of trillium which he had in his own garden—(mental note No. 1: visit the McDonald gardens next trillium season.)

When "soup was on," and we were all gathered on the upper terrace around the buffet table beneath one of the largest black walnut trees we had ever been beneath, we had the pleasure of dividing our attention equally between the chocolate cake, James McGilchrist was serving, and the tuberous begonia information he was giving out by tongue service.

Mr. McGilchrist's begonias are really something to see, his friends told us in an aside. (Mental note No. 2: visit the McGilchrist begonias very soon.)

Begonias reach their best, if grown with a little morning sun and in dappled shade for the remainder of the day. They will grow in fairly complete shade, but the dappled shade seems to be the best. Loose leaf mold or its equivalent to form a very loose, rich soil, and lots of water, with water sprinkled on the foliage in the warmer days, were other suggestions to improve the begonias' growth, we heard.

We noted, before we left the table and some of the chicken pie and a little of the wild blackberry pie, that the decorations were some very fine specimens of Sunset lilies, grown and brought to the meeting by Walter A. Barkus, president of the garden club.

After the picnic supper, when we were back on the garden terrace with the view, we listened

to Ernest Iufer talking about trees. Every home, said Mr. Iufer, should have two, three or four shade trees around it, unless it is very small. A home too small for at least one tree, isn't really a home at all, Mr. Iufer's voice implied. When space permits, he continued, a couple of trees should be planted about 25 feet out from the house, a little to the forward, and two or three trees, preferably flowering trees, should be planted back of the house. Always, he said, use the trees as a frame for the house, making it look as if it were snuggling down for a permanent home.

Mr. Iufer warned against short changing the lawn trees in either summer watering or fertilizing. Insects and diseases attack neglected trees much more readily than they do healthy, vigorous trees, Iufer said.

Two very good soakings during the dry season can be sufficient—but they should continue for several hours.

If, Mr. Iufer warned, you make your fertilization program too complicated, you just don't follow it, and in consequence your trees go neglected. A complete fertilizer in a bucket, and a good shovel are all the equipment you need for the first step. Fry open the soil beneath the outer branches of the tree, chuck into the hole a good handful of complete fertilizer and step down the turf on the top of it. Repeat in a circle around the tree a couple of feet apart. If the tree has a wide spread, make an inner circle in the same manner. Watering down completes the process. This, said Mr. Iufer, may be done either in the spring or fall—and then I dashed right home and did it the next morning in mid-summer, while I was sure I'd still remember.)

Host Judson, by request, told us a little about the early history of the very lovely trees and shrubs surrounding the home. He told of his father, Robert Judson, coming at the age of 17 years, to the present Judson home in 1859 and paying \$75 for the five acres. He pointed out a butternut tree which his parents had planted, and which belied the often heard statement that butternuts die in the wet Willamette valley winters. He showed us four lilacs and two grape vines that had been his mother's pride and joy, and the Mission rose his mother and father had planted as a young couple 70 years ago. The rose, we were told, came originally from Mrs. Jason Lee, and was a part of the established custom of giving every young couple a "start" of the Mission rose. He told of the black walnut tree which 60 years ago had been a little three-foot tall tree owned by Samuel Mathewy. The cedars, said Judson, had come from early Parkersville, and the La France rose, long ago from D. W. Craig.

Just as the lights began to appear below in the city, the meeting was adjourned with the announcement that members would gather in August at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Schulze.

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