

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin T. Earl were shopping in Woodburn Tuesday.

Messrs. Homer Langdon, Wayne Bevens, Robert Nicholl, Arthur Miller, L. L. Hershberger, L. C. McShane accompanied Rev. Wm. Nicholl to Salem last Sunday afternoon to attend a Y. M. C. A. meeting addressed by Dr. Brown, a physical director stationed with the New York association. The meeting was largely attended by young men, mostly from Salem. Four young men made definite decisions for Jesus Christ at the close.

Mrs. Mary Earl of Clarkston, Wn., came Tuesday to visit her daughter Mrs. Jennie Earl.

There was no guessing about the actions of Hubbard Groundhog on Wednesday. He saw his shadow several times and concluded he wouldn't interfere with the weather man, so retired for another season of six weeks—but then February is a short month.

## Best Christmas for a Boy

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

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AS ONE boy to another—for I have never gotten over being one, although I am getting as gray as a billy-goat around the ears—I want to give it as my opinion that a Christmas anywhere but in the country is no Christmas at all!

A city Christmas is a make-believe, a hollow mockery, a false alarm, an imitation. I have tried both kinds, and so I know. A city Christmas has all the tin and tinsel, and that is all. By the time you get as old and feel as young as I am, you find most of the plate worn off.

Honestly, boys (and girls), I don't think Santa Claus himself ever feels very much at home except on a rural route! He has a mighty poor job in a big town, with flues instead of chimneys, and everything. And it is hard to see where he gets room to turn a sleigh and eight reindeer around, they reindeer though they may be. He'll be pretty certain to bump into a hydrant or tip over on a curb.

And with twenty families all using one flue (and, what is worse, a soft coal flue at that) how in the world is the most experienced Santa going to find which is Brown's and which is Smith's, and where the Greens live? Even if he dared rap and ask (which no Santa Claus is ever supposed to do) nobody could tell him. For perhaps the Browns and the Smiths have never "met," and the Greens might live across the hall for a month before anybody thought to inquire their name.

For that is one thing you don't get much of in the city—neighbors. Some times when the woman across the road keeps running in just when your mother is canning, or baking, or treating a shirt-bosom kindly but firmly with a flat-iron, your mother may almost wish that they weren't quite so plentiful in the country—but she wouldn't. She would miss them, just the same as you would miss having the same boys to play with year after year.

For in the city you are always getting a fresh lot of playmates—and sometimes they are a mighty fresh lot, too. Of course there are some good kids, also; but it always seems that just when you get to liking some fellow up the street or across the alley, the landlord boosts the rent and his folks have to move, and you never see him again. He may move only from one side of the city to the other, but it might as well be to another state. It is five or ten or twenty miles—miles of houses, no, miles of flats, and streetcar tracks, and railroads, and factories—and you never see him again or any of his folks.

The boys you know this Christmas probably won't be around at all next Christmas, if you live in the city. That is a funny thing about city folks: they are always going somewhere and never getting anywhere. Why, even if the landlord didn't raise the rent October 1 or May 1 or whenever the lease expires, they might move anyway! People who live in flats instead of homes are always looking for something better and getting something worse. They have the most wonderful collection of rent receipts, but not a foot of ground, not a roof or rafter, they can call their own.

Now, I don't know what you think, but I think that every family ought to have a house of its own, a house it lives in year after year. That is, of course, unless the father has some sort of job that makes it necessary for him to move to some other town every other year or so. But it is a great thing to live in a home, not just a house, and that is about the best place, and the only place, to have a Christmas, a real, sure-enough, honest-to-goodness Christmas.

Most of you boys who live on the farm and in the small town have that kind of home, and I wonder if you know how lucky you are? Wouldn't you hate to wake up Christmas morning and look at the ceiling and realize that someone else owned it, and then get up and go out in the front yard and realize that someone else owned that, too—why, you'd get so after awhile that, everything you saw, you would wonder who owned it!

I tell you, boys, it's a great satisfaction to have a back yard and to know it's yours, and that you can invite people into it, or invite people to stay out of it, just as you please. Why, that is what brought the Pilgrim Fathers to America—they wanted a spot they could call their own. I don't say that it was exactly a back yard they wanted, but what they wanted was some place they could play ball and no landlord of a king could come along and tell them to stop because they might break some of the royal windows. You know old King George did come along and try to make them stop—and you know what happened to the royal windows. Zam!

And then there is this matter of snow. You know some people don't think it is much of a Christmas without snow. Now, I know quite a lot about snow because I've been acquainted with a lot of it. I have tramped through it up in the Hudson Bay country, and I've wallowed around in it in the summertime on top of the Rocky mountains. And I want to tell you that there is a great difference in snow—that is, there is a great difference between country snow and city snow.

We may not have snow this Christmas, but we'll just suppose we do. Isn't a good, old lively snowstorm great? Perhaps it is one of these lazy snowstorms, with the big, white flakes just floating down like feathers and slowly turning the roads and roofs to white, like a coat of good white paint. Maybe there will be enough of it to make good coasting on the hills and good sleighing on the roads.

And, by the way, do you know there are boys in the big cities who have never seen a sleigh? Because a sleigh is getting to be a scarce article in the cities. You see, as soon as a little snow comes the street-cleaning department gets busy and sweeps it up, before it gets a chance to melt into slush.

In the country the winter wheat needs it, and the ground takes care of it. But in the city it just means slop and slush. So they sweep it up and carry it away and uncover the ugly pavement as soon as they can.

But they let you keep your snow in the country. When a warm wind comes along it will pack fine, and you can have your snow-men, and your snow forts, and your snowball battles. (Only please don't use your artillery on older folks, or girls, or me.)

Or perhaps this snowstorm is one of the blizzard kind, with the wind zipping around the house and piling



Snowballs Through Royal Windows.

the snow up in the corners—why that kind of snow doesn't seem to come down at all, but just goes slanting by until it runs up against something it can't pass.

I remember being on a night train one time; and when we woke up in the morning, and the train was running over the smooth prairies, a little girl from a big city in western Pennsylvania (I won't tell you what city it was but maybe you can guess) exclaimed as she looked out of the window:

"Look, Mamma! The snow out here is white!"

I don't need to say much about the Christmas dinner. But if you have

your Christmas dinner in the country, the turkey perhaps is one your folks raised, or that was raised in the neighborhood—anyhow, it is pretty likely to be a native, and not a resident of a cold storage plant somewhere. Or maybe you'll have a goose or a brace of chickens. Anyway, you'll know their pedigree, and that they're fresh and good.

And it will be the same way all down the line—vegetables, and pies, and everything. And cooked!—cooked to a turn—just long enough—just short enough—just right.

And you will more than likely have one thing that they won't have at the Christmas dinner in the city, because you know the cost of living just now is mighty high, in town especially, for both rich and poor. So you will have one thing that the city boy probably will not have—

Enough!

So I could go on and show you a dozen other ways in which a Christmas in the country puts it all over a Christmas in the city, but I am going to mention just one thing more: the Christmas tree.

Of course they have Christmas trees in the city. In New York trainloads of them come down every season from the Adirondacks, and in Chicago boatloads come from Michigan's upper peninsula. You can buy them for fifty cents or a dollar, and they make very good Christmas trees indeed.

I don't know what you think about this either—but I have always thought that things I did myself and for myself were just twice the fun of things I bought myself or hired myself. And I think that especially about a Christmas tree. If you are lucky enough to be able to go out and pick your own tree, and chop it down, and bring it in—well, that's what I call a real Christmas tree!

Because that is really and truly your Christmas tree. You selected it with your own eye and chopped it down with your own axe and brought it home with your own muscle. The Christmas tree—that is your job:

### Bringing in the Tree

Father gets the turkey,  
Mother makes the pie—  
Each one has a Christmas job  
To do, and so have I.  
Sister strings the popcorn  
To decorate—but, gee!  
I have got the biggest job—  
Bringing in the tree!

Turkey is important.  
Pie and such are great.  
Popcorn strings you have to have  
When you decorate.  
But I guess a Christmas  
Christmas wouldn't be  
If you didn't have a boy  
Bringing in the tree!

### Origin of "Canard."

The word canard as we use it has to do with ducks. A man who wanted to find how much he could make the public believe related in a convincing manner that he had been trying an experiment. He said he had secured twenty ducks, one of which he cut into pieces and threw to the nineteen, who greedily ate it up. He then cut up one after another until the nineteenth, which he threw to the survivor, therefore the duck that was left had really eaten the whole nineteen, proving the insatiable quality of a duck's appetite. From this fraud of a story came the word canard, French for duck, as applied to a whole cloth fabrication.

### REPUTED TO LIVE CENTURIES

Holy Men in India Believed by the Natives to Be More Than 1,000 Years Old.

Hundreds of Hindus believe that Rishis and Sadhus, aged 1,000 years or more, are still alive. They do not care to appear before the public. They are living in some Himalayan caves, practicing yoga. Whether a 1,000-year-old Sadhu has really been seen by anybody, there is no record; but many people will tell you that Sadhus 300 years old or more are still to be seen.

Baba Thakurdassji is a renowned Sadhu. He has many thousands of disciples, among whom several are Europeans. His disciples claim that he is more than 300 years old, but he does not appear to be over 60. He is a power in India.

A Sadhu of greater reputation is Baba Satchitananda Bharati. He is the Guru of the Nepal rajahs. He well remembers the famous battle of Panipat, which took place in 1526 A. D. He has also met Gauranga, the famous preacher of "Bhakti" (religion of spiritual love); Shrinaji, the founder of the Mah-ratta power; and other distinguished Indians. He has thousands of disciples in different parts of India. Questioned as to how he attained such an age, he has said that moderation in diet, regular habits, and practice of "pranayam" are the secrets of long life.

### Fake "Josses" for Travelers.

Quantities of hideous idols known in the trade as "josses" are supplied travelers and curio dealers in Canton and Amoy, China. They are fakes pure and simple, and have no relation to any oriental religion. Ingenious de-

signers have produced a great variety of hobgoblins—such, for example, as the "hunger god," with the face of a tiger and ferocious fangs. Most of them are of clay, turned out from wooden or metal molds, dipped in molten glass and allowed to cool. A fairly expert Chinese workman can make 100 in a day at a cost of three cents apiece. The European or American tourist pays \$5. Real josses may be worth a lot of money, especially if carved out of jade. This is a material greatly prized in the Orient, and a jade idol 15 inches high and as many centuries old has been known to sell for \$10,000 in Canton.

## CUCKOO TALK

By Mrs. Fred Conner  
Sacramento, Cal.

"Why should I build a nest of my own?"

Said the Cuckoo bird in a rasping tone.

"I'm advanced now, you know. I like to be free.

Domestic ties hold no charm for me. I see my husband but once in a while. In an up-to-date Fannie Hurst-style; And when the insect is out of sight I really prefer to forget him quite.

My children I leave to another's care, And so untroubled I onward fare."

"Oh, come!" I cried, "Heed my behest—

Own your own home; build your own nest.

I've heard enough of your cuckoo talk,

At which a reasonable being must balk.

Your arguments are extremely weak, And your up-to-dateness to me is Greek."

Then she ruffled her feathers and said to me,

"There are humans just like me, you'll agree."

"That is an insult," said I, "and a lie."

But she winked at me with an evil eye.

While a bluejay-shrilled from a nearby tree,

"She is joined to her idols. Let'er be.

Here comes her mate for their weekly meet."

And I left that vicinity "tout de suite."

Linnets and larks and all the rest, Here's to the bird that builds a nest. Here's to the bug with a den 'neath a stone,

And here's to the Man with a Home of his Own.

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

### FRESHMEN CLASS

As subscription rates and rules for editing this news have not been published, the Freshies feel it their duty to print them.

Subscription rates: A hand-out and a treat once a month payable in advance personally to the editor and staff.

Entered at H. H. S. post office December 12, 1940, as NO class matter.

The staff will not be responsible for any ads—published for any purpose.

The Freshies had a class meeting January 28, and adopted our constitution for this semester and selected our class colors.

Maroon and gold were the colors selected. The Seniors and Freshies are the only classes having secured a pennant. The Seniors have their's in the assembly, the Freshie's will soon be there too.

### TO OUR COLORS, MAROON AND GOLD

Five flags were raised upon a day—  
Five flags o'er Hubbard Hi;  
Each in itself a symbol fair,  
"Mid clouds that floated by.  
One was Old Glory stately, proud,  
Beneath her floated soft  
The Maroon and gold of '24  
Bearing that date aloft  
On the other pole quite lonesomely,  
Floated the other three  
There's 21 first then 22 next  
And 23 last to see.  
Old Glory claimed the Freshie flag  
The flag of green and gold  
The others floating by themselves  
Felt left out in the cold.

### SENIOR CLASS

The Senior English class has been studying some of the work of Edgar Allen Poe during the past week.

The Seniors are thinking of graduation time already. They are much interested in class pins, rings, invitations, etc.

The Seniors overheard the following conversation during Freshmen Algebra class:

Little Freshie—I can't get this problem."

Professor—"Use your brain, you have a large one—geographically speaking."

Those interested in the cooking class met last Monday and organized the following officers were elected: Lorraine Grazer, president; May Condray, vice president; Merle Pond, secretary; and Miss St. Pierre was chosen advisor for the society. We expect to have some fine cooks in Hubbard soon. They are known as "The Peppy Friers."

Last Monday th Sewing class organized. The following officers were elected:

Hazel Mills, president; Merle Pond, vice president; Celena Tremayne, secretary; Gladys Tremayne, treasurer. They call themselves "The Button Busters." They have decided to meet at 12:30 every Thursday. One fourth credit is offered for each of these courses.

Hubbard High basket ball team defeated the Independence basket ball team on the local floor by a score of 22 to 6. Hubbard proved to be the superior team during both halves of the game.

### HUBBARD COOKING CLUBS HAVE GOOD START

During the last week the following Boys' and Girls' Industrial Clubs have been organized and have taken up the work with a decided interest. Mammams and papas ought to notice the benefit shortly.

#### Mother Hubbard Cooking Club

Mrs. L. L. Hershberger, Advisor

Jean Richmond, president; Nathan Kromling, vice president; Opal Dunn, treasurer; Carmen Scholl, secretary. Vernon Keane, George Emmert, Alice Zehner, Lois Rawles, Orva Barrett, Nona Ball, Tillie Paulsen, Lenore Scholl, Amy Fish, Max Richmond, Eva Voget, Vesta Bevens, Zelma West, Martha Trout, Grace Kunkle, Verna Ott, Johnnie Painter, Arthur Mills.

#### M. K. Cooking Club

Miss MacKenzie, Advisor

Daveda Stryker, president; Irene Stock, vice president; Irene Voget, secretary; Catherine Pook, treasurer; Anita Bevens, Tressie Dawes, Vivian Richmond, LaZion Simpson, Helen Grimps, Evelyn Keane, Elvera Scholl, Lillie Paulsen, Margaret Nezhoda, Maxine Beck, Phoebe Wright, Frank Nemece, Kenneth Spagle, Otto Painter, Ralph Kinzer, Arthur Zehner.

#### Hubbard Poultry Club

E. S. Miller, Advisor

Orval Mishler, president; Paul Miller, vice president; Ruth Hershberger, secretary; Errol Read, treasurer. Donald McCormick, Clarence Dawes, Ralph Dawes, George Ball, Clarence West, Charles Mayger.

#### Hubbard Good Luck Sewing Club

May Condray, Mrs. Dreher Advisors

Mary Hershberger, president; Sophie Pardey, vice president; Elsie Jungnickel, secretary; Florence Zehner, treasurer; Taletta Voget, Mary West, Bernice Wolfer, Melvin Ball, Loraine Kinzer, Harryette Kinzer, Myrtle Ainsworth.

#### B. B. Sewing Club

Miss Lois Simms, Miss Dimick, Advisors

Hazel Mills, president; Merle Pond, vice president; Wilma Tremayne, secretary; Gladys Tremayne, treasurer; Virginia Zehner, Glenora White, Alta Earl, May Condray, Moses Garren, Francis Thomas, Melvin Newton, Lorraine Grazer.

#### P. F. Cooking Club

Miss St. Pierre, Advisor

Lorraine Grazer, president; May Condray, vice president; Merle Pond, secretary; Moses Garren, Francis Thomas, Melvin Newton, Raymond Miller, Gladys Tremayne, Hillis Braden, Celena Tremayne, Hazel Mills, Alta Earl.

We wish to thank the parents for their hearty support to the efforts of the club members. Your interest is a credit to your school.