

POET'S CORNER

SOMEONE OUT THERE UNDERSTANDS US matter that we feel young for

our years Age creeps in, in many ways I guess.

When our wisdom born of experience Is regarded as a sign of foolish-

ness. If we see in the past lessons for

the future We don't dare voice them, it's

better we keep mum, Though we may save someone an unpleasant experience In this fear filled world of trou-

ble that's sure to come. ometimes we may think aloud when we should think in si-

With mixed emotions we try to hold in life, things that are

'hrough anxiety, we may speak too quick and out of turn Vell knowing it's better we be

understanding then to be understood. Mrs. Russell E, Jones

UNMASKED he wise man doubteth often and

searches deep beneath. to bare the truth by seeking falsehood's covering sheath.
For oft' misleading concepts of

Are brought from 'neath their hiding and viewed unclothed and bare.

or these beliefs and doctrines the facts they seem to be.

Are unmasked by the impact of truth's vengeful hate to see. Harry Vogtman

THAT WINTER OF 32

Winter came early the year of 32 As most folks will remember Snow had fallen thick and fast By the middle of November.

High up in the Cascade moun-Where the loggers lived that year

Snow was never a novelty So they knew the time was near. They must be prepared for winter

So the woodpile they stacked high. Since they didn't own a woodshed They piled it out under the sky.

Food was stored in cellars, And cars were put away Then when the snow storm struck They were prepared for the day.

For snow in all its fury Lashed at them with all its might Each morning men used shovels Taking care of snow that fell at

Children loved these long winters For skis and sleds they had; But grown-ups were not so happy And often they were quite sad.

These were the lean depression years

When folks were pretty poor, And mostly what worried them Was keeping the wolf from the

Thermometers dropped as the snow ceased,

And the sun came out once more. Now that the storm had ended Five feet of snow lay at each

So they shoveled their way out, And things didn't look so blue There's many a logger family Remembers that long winter of 32. Jennie Charles

READING BOOKS

Now friend if you are lonely, And you're searching for pastime Just walk down to the library. Borrowed books don't cost a dime.

Now take time but carefully choose

For there's magic in good books. Or the ones with the new look.

Brush up on Oregon History Or the newest foods for health. Some writers even reveal

It's the fad for famous people To retire, then write a book. Quite often you are disillusioned

When behind the scenes you look. Yet these books have a fascination

Another world opens before me Without leaving my own door. Jennie Charles

MY ROUSE

I like a house that's been lived in One that develops a bit of wear. For houses develop the pattern Of all the folks that have been there.

A small child will make a dent In a prized coffee table I own But never a word is spoken For soon that child will be grown.

Then a cigarette is dropped care-

here's a mark I can never erase rom the drainboard in my

kitchen. Yet it's something I'd scarcely

replace.

Rugs often take a severe beating With children and dogs running

through. Yet time is flying so swiftly I don't care much what they do.

One that looks a bit like mine. For my house is filled with memories

Of relatives who stayed to dine.