

"Time's A-wastin'"

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN
ROCKING W RANCH

The other day I was reading an article in the Reader's Digest about anaphorism supposed to have been seen in a Chinese garden: "Enjoy yourself; it is later than you think". It sounds as if it might have been carved on some Chinese garden wall; it certainly would be rare to see such a thing in an American garden. We, as a race are much inclined to put business and money-making first and the enjoyment of life far in the future—when we have all the money we think we need and we retire to what we hope will bring happiness.

I have been thinking much of that saying during the last week, and looking at others, as well as myself, in the light of its wisdom, for there is wisdom in it, as in most Chinese sayings. I know a man—I have known him for many years—who is always going to be happy and do the things he wants to do when he has "more time", and "more money". He has the money—but never enough, so he

thinks—but time has slipped past him and I sometimes wonder if, in its passing, it has not carried away with it his capacity for enjoyment. With his eyes and thoughts always on the happiness he will find in the future—that vague elusive future—he passes by, as unworthy of his attention, the enjoyment he could find many times during each day.

Most of us have our dreams, and most of them are simple and can be brought into reality if we would but refrain from putting off that realization until we have more money or more time. I know of one, a woman, who has planned for many years to do a certain type of work, for which she is fitted, when she had more time, but through the years she has permitted the thousand and one tasks for others, for her home, for people who really do not need her help, to absorb her few hours and thoughts. She put her own dreams last, and hoped only that one day she would be free to accomplish the work she so greatly desired to do. Time has fled on rapid feet. She has been happy, but never entirely satisfied, and now I fear, for her, that it is much, much later than she thinks.

I have known people to live on and on in some place which they did not really like. Always they were going to go elsewhere, but they never did. "Next year," they would say, "when the crops are in and we have more money, and the place looks better, we will sell or rent it and find a home that will suit our needs." They never do, unless they count the six foot of earth they are carried to at last as being the place they longed for.

Last evening on a radio program a woman was asked what she would do if she had her life to live over again, and she answered, "I'd drop dead." I don't feel that strongly about it, but if I had my chance to live life over again, knowing what I know I'd jolly well get a lot more fun out of it. Looking back over my fifty-two years I don't regret anything I have ever done—no matter how regrettable it may have been—but I do regret not having done a lot of other things that I wanted to do, and put off doing until I had more time or money, or until the children were grown up, or something silly like that. I'm willing to wager the market price of a fat white-face steer that if I had really set myself to doing the things I wanted to do and refrained from putting them off until I had "more time" a period which never arrives—I'd have realized the greater portion of my dreams, since none of them were too fantastic for materialization.

After I finished reading the Chinese saying, "Enjoy yourself; it is later than you think", I shoved the magazine at the Big Boss and in my sternest tone commanded him to read. He obeyed, then said mildly, "That would be fine, if one could do it." I looked at him while I counted ten very slowly, then turned loose. "Listen, old dear, 'time's a wastin'". For us it is a darned sight later than we think, and you and I are going to do something about it. We have planned a lot of things for our pleasure—a fireplace to sit by on rainy winter evenings instead of this beastly circulating heater that spills ashes and looks like a morgue, and you swore the other day that if you thought you'd have to hunt your clothes in that dinky bedroom closet the rest of your life that you would go out and commit suicide, and you know that for years we have been planning some trips to Mexico and Alaska and in our country. A bond in the bank isn't a fireplace unless we turn it into one, and looking at one of those paper things isn't the same as seeing Alaska, or a few of the other things we want to see, before we shuffle off this martial vestment. If we use all the bonds, and are still alive, then we will make more money to buy more bonds, if you want 'em; if we are dead, then we won't need 'em."

He listened and grinned a little. "Going to start on that fireplace right now?" I listened to the rain outside, then laughed. "Well, not right now. I'll agree to wait next spring. Maybe that won't be too late."

But I wonder. It may be even later than we think. Perhaps we would have been wiser to have started knocking out the walls and beginning the fireplace in the rain. We would have had to finish it then, and so we would have finished it. I notice folks usually accomplish what they have to do.

The first "sympathetic" strike in the United States occurred in 1799 when shoemakers, belonging to an organization known as the Federal Society of Journeymen Cordwainers, were compelled to lay down their tools in order to aid the bootmakers who were seeking an increase in wages.

Accident Result Is Broken Arm

RIVERVIEW — Word received from Newberg this week tells of an accident at the Chas. Beacom home there. On Nov. first Mrs. Beacom fell and broke her left arm. She was able to return to her home after having it set. She has the sympathy of her friends here to whom she and Mr. Beacom sent hellos.

Louis Schroeder received a telegram Monday from Woodland, Wn. stating that his father had suffered a heart attack. Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder left immediately for Woodland but returned late Tuesday night as the elderly gentleman had rallied and was out of danger for the time.

A 64th birthday anniversary was staged at the home of Pete Serafin near St. Helens November 2 when Pete added another year to his age. Those attending the party were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Felton and son, Elton. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Serafin and daughter, Connie, and Frank Serafin all of St. Helens and Mr. and Mrs. Glen Hawkins of Riverview.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Callister and son, Ronnie, spent Sunday in Forest Grove at the Randolph Howe home.

Sunday visitors at the Anna Parker home were Mrs. Henry Parker and daughter, Mary Ann, and Marcella of Barview, Mrs. Tom Solomon of Bay city and Garrel and Donna Crumwelt of Tillamook.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nelson of Beaverton spent Sunday at the Virgil Powell home.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Schroeder spent Sunday in Tillamook.

Keasey News Items Written

KEASEY—Mr. and Mrs. Herb Counts and Betty attended grange Sat. After grange they went to a birthday party at Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kieth's home. It was Mr. Kieth's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Hall and A. B. Counts called on Herb Counts

and family last week.

Mrs. Vivian Counts and Betty were recent supper guests at the Otto Bittner home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Linfoot and daughter, Cherry, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Linfoot's father, Otto Bittner, and family.

Bert Hawes of Portland called at the Orrin Lindsay's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Miller of Rainier were dinner guests at the Otto Bittner's home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Mc Farlan and

family were recent callers at Herb Counts. While there they made cider.

Mrs. Norma Bittner and Lloyd Osborn were at St. Helens Thursday.

James E. Buckley of Yakima, Washington has purchased the Riggins place on Rock Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Hays and two boys of Portland were visitors at the Carrol Buckley home on Rock Creek a week ago Sunday.

BATTERY DOWN?
Bring it around to the Rose Ave. Garage for a charge and enjoy a quick-starting motor.

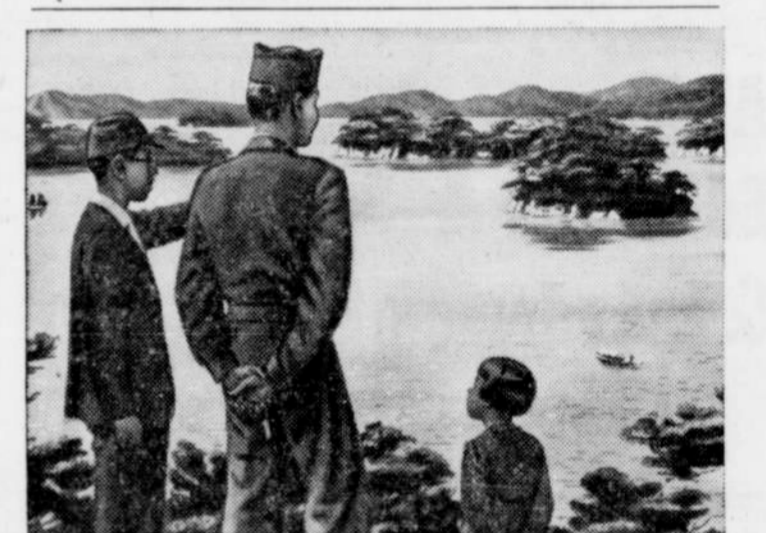
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From where I sit... by Joe Marsh

How to Handle a Fortune

Some months ago I reported in the *Clarion* how Mel Bate's uncle died up north, and left him with a tidy fortune.

Naturally, our town was curious to see how Mel would spend it: Traveling around the world . . . getting a new house or car . . . wearing fancy clothes . . . or dining on cold pheasant and champagne . . .

We can now report, Mel hasn't changed a bit! Drop in on him any night, and you'll find him in his shirt sleeves by the fire, chatting with the Missus, sharing a mellow glass of beer with friends.

From where I sit, Mel has learned the art of handling money—as well as handling people. You don't let cash-in-the-bank push you around any more than you let people push you around. If you like the simple, homey life; companionship and quiet ways; a glass of beer and friendly talk—that's worth a fortune, after all!

Joe Marsh

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