

Junk

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN,
ROCKING W RANCH

If any one, a week ago, had accused me of being a junk collector I would have indignantly denied the accusation, but the last day or two has convinced me that such a statement would be perfectly true. You see the Big Boss has heard the call of "Timber" again and has returned to the logging woods, and I plan to follow him as soon as I can get all our impedimenta ready for moving. The boys will carry on with the Rocking W, but perhaps my Boss and I have treas-uried in our veins instead of blood, for when the call came we did not resist, so once more I pack and move.

I haven't really begun to pack things yet; I am merely in the first stage of digging into "glory holes" and closets and cupboards, and the things I am bringing forth to the light of day, and

my stern scrutiny, convince me that my theme song should be, "Any rags, any bones, any bottles today?"

Why on earth does a reasonably good housewife hoard such a lot of useless junk? Why do we put away magazines that no one will ever look at again, store in boxes and cupboards clothes that we wouldn't be found dead in, and dust and care for a thousand and one objects that are worthless from both a monetary and sentimental standpoint? About two more days of this digging-out of things and I will be convinced that I am nothing but a human pack-rat.

Yesterday I emptied out the small-sized Fibber McGee closet that we have nicknamed "the hell-hole" and as I looked at the very small pile of keepable stuff and the huge box of trash destined for Sullivan's Gulch (the little swale near the garden where I have a burning pit) I swore by my ancestors that never again would I put things away just

on the chance that sometime I might find them useful. If you see a heavy pall of smoke hovering over this valley for the next week, don't be alarmed. It isn't another Laramie burn; it is merely that I am still working on the closets and cupboards and boxes and trunks in this house. Brother, I am going to do some real burning, and how.

At a time like this I cannot help but think that it would be a good idea if, every five or ten years, we simply set fire to our houses and burned everything up clean, then start all over again. It can't be good for folks to clutter up their lives and houses with such quantities of stuff carried over through the years. That may seem a bit drastic, and it is entirely possible that I would rush into the flames and rescue some cherished object, since I am just an average person with quite a few sentimental attachments. However, it is an interesting idea, and one that I have been playing with the last few days.

It also occurred to me, as I sat sorting and discarding, and the pile of junk grew higher and higher, that it would be a good thing for most of us if we would, every few years, go through the attics and closets and boxes of our minds and throw out the accumulated junk. What a house-cleaning that would be! Hoarded in one cobwebbed corner would be a whole clutter of opinions so moth-eaten, so dusty and old-fashioned, that we should be ashamed of giving them mind-room. Perhaps these opinions were never really our own in the first place, but were collected from the attics of our ancestors, pushed on to us by loud-voiced propaganda, or merely bought from some persuasive "book-agent," yet we have kept them tucked away all these years without ever taking them out and deciding whether we really wanted to keep them or not. And over in another corner would be a jumbled mass of odds and ends of gossip, hatred, hurt feelings and silly out-moded prejudices that no self-respecting person would hoard if he would ever take the time to do a bit of cleaning. And there in another old box is the most peculiar assortment of ideas so old-fashioned, so dusty and moldy, that when you take them out and give them a good shake, they fly into a hundred pieces and are good for nothing but starting a fire in the kitchen stove. Then, after we had sorted and considered, and burned the trash, and at last look around and find that we had a lot of room for new stuff, clean new ideas, wholesome thoughts. Of course, in another ten years or so, we should make another cleaning and burning, because our minds can become junk-holes just as quickly as our closets and cupboards. I am inclined to believe that most of us have no "bats in our bellies" merely because we have no room for them. There is too much junk.

We human beings are a bit queer. We spend our lives acquiring more things; we hoard and pack away and save, and bind ourselves more and more closely with material possessions, without ever stopping to think whether we really need such things or not, or whether they contribute to our real happiness. Sometimes, for the good of my soul, I read Thoreau's 'Walden'. He was a man who sought freedom, and found it. He says, "We always study to obtain more of these things, and not sometimes to be contented with less," and in another place, "I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust." Maybe he went to extremes in his effort toward freedom, but right

now I am feeling that he had the right idea. I also recall his account of an auction he attended. A deacon had died and his effects were put up for sale. Thoreau says, "The neighbors eagerly collected to view them, bought them all and carefully transported them to their own garrets and dust-holes, to lie there till their estates were settled, when they will start again," and among these "effects" was a dried tapeworm in a jar. Well, I haven't as yet run across a dried tapeworm in a jar, but there is no telling. I may find even that before I get through, but I ain't havin' no auction; I'm havin' a burnin'. This junk of mine isn't going to clutter up any more closets, not if the matches hold out.

At the Churches

CHURCH OF GOD IN CHRIST (Colored)
Elder J. C. Foster, Minister.
Services every Sunday at 1:30 and 7:30.

ASSEMBLY OF GOD
—Rev. H. Gail Melroy, Pastor
9:45—Sunday school with classes for all ages.
11:00—Morning worship.
6:30—C. A. service.
7:30—Evangelistic service.
7:30 Tuesday—Prayer meeting.

EVANGELICAL UNITED BRETHREN
—Rev. Allen H. Backer, Minister
9:45 — Sunday school
11:00—Morning worship.
6:30 p.m.—Young People's service.
7:30—Evening service.
Wed. Eve., 7:30—Bible study and prayer meeting.

NAZARENE CHAPEL
The church that cares.
—H. L. Russell, Pastor
1208 Bridge St.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday school.
11:00 a.m.—Morning worship.
7:45 p.m.—Evangelistic services.
7:30 p.m. Wednesday—Praise and prayer.

FIRST CHRISTIAN
—Ernest P. Baker, Minister
9:45—Bible school led by M. L. Herrin.
11:00—Morning worship and Junior church.
7:30—Sunday evening service.
7:30 Wednesday—Prayer meeting.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST
Services on Saturday:
10:00 a.m.—Sabbath school.
11:00 a.m.—Gospel service.
A cordial invitation is extended to visitors.

LATTER DAY SAINTS
Sunday school convenes at 10 a.m. at 925 Rose Ave under the direction of Charles Long, Branch President. Polly H. Lynch, Superintendent.
7:00 P.M. — Evening Sacrament

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC
Rev. Anthony V. Gerace
Rev. J. H. Goodrich
Mass: 9:30 a.m. except first Sunday in month—Mass at 8:00 a.m. and 9:30 a.m.
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Visits of Friends, Relatives Told by Writer; Sick Listed

RIVERVIEW—Mr. and Mrs. C. Fowler, Polly Lynch, Henry and Bill Hudson, Joan Lindsley, Sister Hart, Sister Hender and Helen and Charlotte Davis spent Saturday evening at the McFarlam home.

Those on the sick list this week are Mr. and Mrs. Hurd and J.

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