Buds
AND
Blossoms
By
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"The hills gird themselves with joy, the meadows clothe themselves with flocks, the valleys deck themselves with grain, they shout and sing together for joy.—Psalm 65:12-13.

Plant flowers in the natural surroundings to make a prettier display. Bulbs are perfect around an old ditch, under trees and on the edges of hills. They blooms when the trees are bare.

Bulbs do not need mulching or heavy organic fertilizers. They like to be left alone and become a wandering bulb. Old homesteads have the most gorgeous bulbs after many generations. They grow along the ditch banks and old garden spots.

One of the old types is the green and yellow one that used to be a throw away, but today they are beautiful and are perfect for St. Patrick's Day.

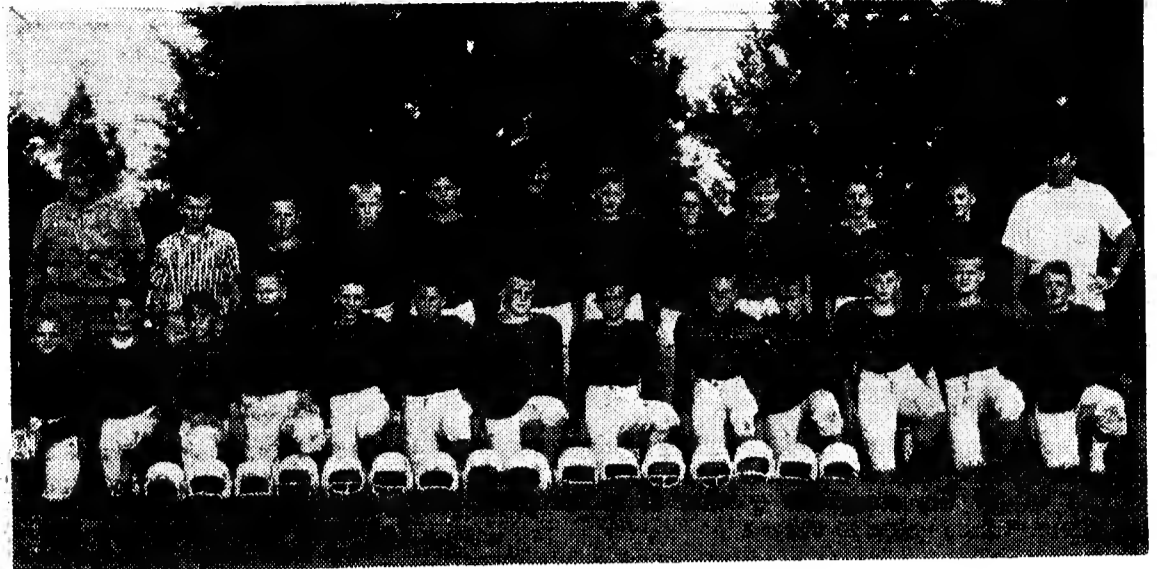For beautiful daffodils next spring, select more varieties. They are known as the flower of laughter, gaiety and friendliness. Many of the known daffodils are Actaea —a snow white with a red eye; Beersheba—a white trumpet; Carbineer is large red-cupped, with golden yellow.

Cheerfulness is a double white, sweetly perfumed. The Deanna Durbin is a large cupped on in white and yellow, while the Dick Wellband is a beautiful one in shades of yellow and flame orange.
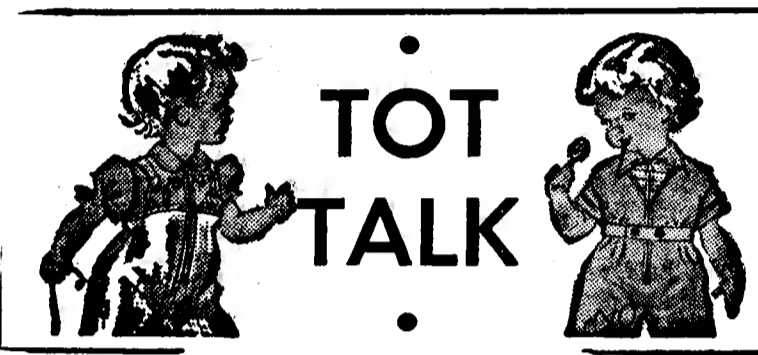
February gold is the old fashioned one that starts the daffodil season. Fortune is a large cupped one in beautiful yellow and blood orange. One of the most outstanding daffodils is the pure white pereanth one that has a cup of brilliant orange scarlet. A perfect white one is our magnificent Mt. Hood.

This poem, entitled "The Cow" is by Robert Louis Stevenson:

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.
She wanders lowing, here and there,
And yet she cannot stray;
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.
And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers;
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

BUDDING BRUINS — Pictured here with Coaches Jerry Atkins and Ernest Hollowell are the scrappy Bears of New Bern's Midget Football League. Like other gridders in the fast juvenile loop, they are hard to down and thrilling to watch.

TOT TALK

Befuddled though they usually are, New Bern adults have no exclusive claim on bewilderment. Even the smallest kid sees evidence all around him to prove that this is truly a topsy turvy world, we're living in.

Take, for example, the local moppets who have been visiting a down-town five and ten in quest of jack-o-lanterns, false faces and other Hallowe'en supplies.

They manage to locate the Hallowe'en stuff, but what catches their eye as soon as they enter the door are the miniature, decorated Christmas trees that have been given places of prominence.

A lot of water has gone under the bridge since the typewriter pounder who beats out these words was a tot. Just the same, we can imagine the mixed emotions of two little girls we saw staring at the Christmas trees in utter disbelief.

Pointing and shaking their heads they said something that our ears couldn't pick up, then walked out into a hot October afternoon. It was obvious this premature yuletide pitch had failed to put Christmas in their bones.

We're in complete agreement with their lack of Christmas sentiment at a time when Hallowe'en is yet to arrive, and Thanksgiving is more than a month away. Jumbling all three occasions together is a mean trick to play on childhood.

Half the fun of any holiday observed by small fry is its anticipation. To get the most out of anticipation, you must exclude other interests for the time being. A child doesn't have much chance to do that, when he has to look at Christmas decoration while shopping for Hallowe'en.

Personally, we much prefer the way it was done in days of yore. Hallowe'en was an event that had the spotlight all by itself. Then came Thanksgiving, and after that there was plenty of time to get excited over Santa Claus. Pity the child of today, he is missing a lot.

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