

*Jr. Hi School*

Hi, Fred Nelson for Community Comment,

My last commentary related to Junior High School days and the onset of War with Japan. Everyone joined in the war effort. As a member of one of the local Boy Scout Troops, I along with close friend Merlin, volunteered to participate in a scrap paper drive. We went from door to door, pulling a wagon borrowed from Merlin's cousin. I don't know how many loads we collected but they were all taken to our garage for sorting and bundling for pickup by a vehicle. The sorting turned out to be interesting for two kids who led pretty sheltered lives. I remember one magazine with a title that read "Sunshine and Health". With a title like that, let's take a look. Holy smoke! It turned out to be a periodical from a nudist colony. We buried that deep in the pile. At the Junior High School, fruit was occasionally distributed to the students during physical education classes. I suppose to augment our wartime diets. It consisted mainly of grapefruit, oranges and apples. I was not familiar with grapefruit and found that if you did not peel them thoroughly, they sure were bitter. I fared pretty well when it came to diet at home. My mother was a good cook and wasted nothing. One of my least favorite items in my lunch bag, not a lunch pail, was the beef tongue sandwiches that appeared once in a while. One of my buddies would often find a bear meat sandwich in his lunch bag and he loved them. Very seldom did you see anyone throwing part of his lunch in the trash can, as food wasn't that plentiful and you appreciated (not necessarily liked) what you were given. Many families raised vegetables in some type of Victory Garden which really helped to maintain a balanced diet. Those households with a fruit tree in the backyard were that much better off. Now-a-days as you drive down the street during the ripening season, you see pears and apples littering the ground under the trees. People seem to look at fruit trees as ornamental rather than a source of nourishment. Meanwhile, back at the school, the halls were patrolled by a group of boys during breaks between classes. The "Hall guards" kept order in the hallways as the students moved from one classroom to another. (Nothing to do with the War effort) I was fortunate enough to be selected as a "Hall guard" and was stationed at the head of a flight of stairs. We were instructed to issue citations to those who broke the rules. I only issued one citation and had to appear and testify in Hall Guard court. I was a bit uncomfortable, facing the accused. She was cute and had tried my patience by "pushing the envelope". She was found guilty and was punished (probably with extra school work).

Fred Nelson for Community Comment