



DAYTON, OREGON JUNE 4 1925

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Pleasant Hour Reading Club

The Pleasant Hour Reading Club completed its work for the year at its last meeting held last Friday, May 29, at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Ogden. The newly elected officers who will take their places at the first meeting in October are as follows: President—Mrs. Estelle Berry, Vice-President—Mrs. Gwendolyn Cooper, Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Addie Parks, Press Correspondent—Mrs. Ella Coburn. At the close of the business hour, the retiring president, Mrs. Ogden, was presented with a silver pastry knife as a small token of our recognition of her efficient service for the past two years. Among those present were two former members of the club, Mrs. M. V. Swick of Seattle and Mrs. Vivian Corbett of Portland.

Musical Recital

Friday evening June 5, at 8 p. m. at the Evangelical Church, the students of Mrs. J. W. Shipley will give a recital. The program will consist of piano solos, Duets, and Vocal numbers. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Baccalaureate Service

The Baccalaureate Service of the Dayton High School will be held at the Evangelical Church next Sunday evening: The processional will be played at 8 p. m. The program for the evening Solos by Miss Ruth Stermer, of Salem, a graduate of Dayton High. The sermon will be preached by Rev. Frank M. Fisher. All friends of the school and the Senior Class are cordially invited to attend.

Some of the old Dayton residents who were here Memorial Day are: B. Gabriel, Mrs. Howard and husband, Mesdames Adria Phelps and Milo Bond, C. R. Watson and family, Evert McDonald and family and his mother, Mrs. J. W. McDonald, and grandchildren, Mrs. Robert Earl, Tom McTish and family, Guy Nichols, and daughter from Portland. Mrs. Jno. Burch and daughter Ruth of Salem, and Walter Young and family of Dallas.

Civic Club

The Civic Club held their regular meeting Tuesday evening. Some of the business which was transacted was the plans for the building of the new bandstand in the park and the celebration of July 4. The Club is planning a good celebration and asks the help of every business man and citizen of the town and community to boost and advertise.

We are hoping the band stand will be completed and ready for dedication on that day. Committees were appointed and are very busy working to make the celebration a success. A special meeting of the Ladies Club will be held July 16, to discuss further plans. For any particulars or information see secretary or president.

School Meeting

The Annual Meeting of School District No. 28 will be held in the school house, Monday June 15, at 8 p. m. One new director and a clerk are to be elected. Immediately after the school meeting, there will be a meeting of the Cemetery Association.

W. T. H. Tucker, Clerk

Frank Louis is the proud owner of a Butternut tree he planted nine years ago that has a full crop of nuts on its first bearing year.

Mrs. Wm. Lumm and family of Portland spent the day Saturday at her sisters home and was accompanied to their Portland home by W. T. H. Tucker.

M. G. Miller took the Corbett family and his mother Mrs. Georgiana Miller to their Portland homes Sunday afternoon.

Oscar May and family of Oregon City spent Decoration Day with their mother Mrs. Elizabeth Simler.

Pa Shaved Off His Whiskers

I haven't had such jolly fun for forty thousand years, Jes' laughed until I thought my eyes was runnin' out in tears. An' Ma she slapped me on the back to help me catch my breath.

An' said she couldn't blame me if I laughed myself to death. My ribs got sore like they was biles, my head got achin', and My inside fixin's hurt like they had more than they could stand.

An' every time I see him yet I have to fetch a grin. Because he looks so awful queer with nothin' on his chin. There never was a father's son That had such jolly, roarin' fun As me, since children was begun, Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

He blushed jes' like a giggly girl when he come home that night. An' Ma, she met him at the door an' nodded real polite. An' asked him if he'd not come in, a-lookin' of him o'er Jes' like she was a-wonderin' where she'd seen them clothes before. She offered him the rockin' cheer, and asked him fur his hat, An' when she hung it up, she looked suspiciously at that, An' him a-grinnin' all the time, and her a lookin' skeered, An' me a-sizin' of him up an' honestly afeard!

But when he looked almighty shy At me, an' winked his other eye, I yelled to bust: "Why, Ma, the guy Is Pa; shaved off his whiskers." Pa heaved back in the rockin' cheer an' fetched a big "Haw! Haw!" I had a real hysterics fit, an' roared, an' squealed, an' Ma She stood like she was paralyzed, an' stared in stupid way, Jes' like to save her life she couldn't think of what to say. An' then she reached her fingers out an' rubbed 'em on his chin, An' darned if either one of 'em could do a thing but grin. An' then she stooped and tuk a kiss, an' say, I'll jes' be blamed, That orful naked mouth of Pa's looked like it was ashamed! 'Twas orful mean of me, I know, But I jes' had to laugh or go Insane, it paralyzed me so, When Pa shaved off his whiskers.

When Ma regained her consciousness, I heard her softly say, "Why, Willyum, you hain't looked so young fur many an' many a day—

Look something like you uster look them times when me an' you Was courtin' up to married life, indeed, indeed you do." An' then she sat upon his knee a-feelin' of his chin, Jes' like they was a lovin' pair that wasn't any kin. An' me a-rollin' on the floor, jes like a dyin' calf, Fur every time I'd take a peep at Pa, I'd have to laugh. But now he doesn't look so bad, An' never was a prouder lad Than me, to have so young a dad, Since Pa shaved off his whiskers.

Denver Evening Post.

Card of Thanks

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson and relatives, wish to thank their many friends for their kindly assistance and beautiful floral offerings, during the illness and death of their little son Earl Arthur.

Arthur Robinson and family.

Mr. Norborne Berkley Jr. will sing a special number at the Baptist Church Sunday morning.

Phil Gates and wife were in Portland yesterday and returned with a new Ford coupe.

Fireproofing the Body

Each year we lose thousands of valuable trees by fire. In spite of all the precautions we take, and all the quarantining of fires we can do, fires will break out in spots and wipe out whole forests.

Suppose we had some easy, cheap way of fireproofing these trees without hurting them? If somebody came along and told us that within a week he would give each of our trees a coat of fireproofing that would last for years, and perhaps for its life—would we have him do it? Of course we would! We'd be insane not to.

Then, after all our forests were fireproofed would we continue the fireproofing on the young trees, and renew it on those from which it had worn off? Equally of course not. We would say that, since we fireproofed, there had been no fires—therefore there was no use in fireproofing any more. Somebody would maintain that the fireproofing made a little mark on the bark of the trees, and that, since there were no more fires anyway, there was no use keeping up such a nonsensical and dangerous procedure as fireproofing. So that we'd gradually allow our new forests to grow up un-fireproofed.

Then, of course, the fires would start up again. Little ones and big ones—depending on the number of unprotected trees and the strength of the wind. Old trees, whose fireproofing was almost worn off, and who would have been safe in a small fire, would be burnt up in the tremendous conflagration caused by the many new and unprotected trees. And we would probably blame the fireproofing! Every time a fire occurred we would get scared, and protect a few trees, but as soon as the fire was under control we'd think there would never be another one and stop.

That's smallpox vaccination! Formerly, smallpox was as prevalent, and one was as certain to get it, as measles or chickenpox. Therefore, as soon as vaccination was found to prevent it almost everybody was immediately protected. The result of this was that smallpox almost disappeared, and nobody was afraid of it any more. Therefore, we stopped vaccinating, thinking there would be no more danger. Of course there is danger, and cases sometimes come into Oregon. Whenever there is a scare, we get vaccinated. If everybody were vaccinated once, we would have no more smallpox epidemics, and only a few mild cases in people whose immunity had worn down. When much of the population is unvaccinated a severe outbreak will attack those whose vaccination is old, and who otherwise would have resistance enough to go thru life without developing smallpox.

Obituaries

Little Arthur Earl Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Robinson of the Pleasantdale district, died at his home Monday June 1, after a brief illness. He was five years and nine months and nine days old. Earl was sick only a short time and death was due to an abscess of the mastoid gland as a result of the flu. Funeral services were held in the Macy Chapel at McMinnville, Wednesday at 1 p. m., and interment was made in the I. O. O. F. cemetery at Dayton. His parents, baby brother and other relatives have the sympathy of a host of friends in their bereavement.

Mrs. Isaac Clark

Mary Polk, daughter of Wm. Tyler Polk and Mary Robbins Polk, was born in Richmond Town ship, Fulton County, Indiana, August 30, 1846, and died May 29, 1925 at the home of her daughter Mrs. A. H. Pettijohn, 137 N. Rita St., Huntington Park, California, aged 78 years and 9 months.

She was married to Alonzo Judson Wright at London, Nemaha County, Nebraska, February, 22, 1866. To this union four children were born, Kittie F. (Mrs. W. P. Baker who died July 25, 1910 at the family home in Clinton, Oklahoma); Carrie E. (Mrs. J. L. Sherman of Dayton, Oregon); Edyth M. (Mrs. A. H. Pettijohn of Huntington Park, California); and Fred D. Wright of Perry, Oklahoma. A. J. Wright died July 29, 1910 at Tecumseh, Nebraska. In March 1912 Mrs. Wright was married to Isaac Clark, at Tecumseh, Nebraska, who preceded her in death June 20, 1922 at Berkeley, California. Mrs. Clark joined the Christian church about 1867 under the ministry of Rev. R. C. Barrow. She was a charter member of the First Christian Church of Tecumseh, Nebraska and for thirty five years a consistent faithful member of it. In March 1918 Mr. and Mrs. Clark moved to Dayton, Oregon where they made their home until her husband's death since which time she has lived with her daughter. She is survived by her twin sister Mrs. G. W. Ralston and a younger sister Mrs. J. M. Borland of San Bernadino, California both of whom were with her in her last hours. She leaves also three children, nineteen grand children and eight great grand children to mourn her death. She was a kind friend, a good neighbor, a faithful wife and a devoted mother. She lived a long and useful life and was ready to go to her reward. Funeral services were held at Huntington Park Christian Church and interment in Graceland Cemetery near that place.

DO YOU KNOW

That 21,000,000 letters went to the dead-letter office last year?
That 803,000 parcels did likewise?
That 100,000 letters go into the mail in blank envelopes?
That \$55,000 in cash is removed annually from misdirected envelopes?
That \$12,000 in stamps is found in similar fashion?
That \$3,600,000 in checks, drafts and money orders never reach intended owners?
That Uncle Sam collects \$92,000 a year in postage for the return of mail sent to the dead letter office?
That it costs Uncle Sam \$1,740,000 yearly to look up addresses on misdirected mail?
That 2000,000,000 letters are given this service, and
That it costs in one city alone \$500 daily?

AND DO YOU KNOW

That this vast sum could be saved and the dead letter office abolished if each piece of mail carried a return address, and if each parcel were wrapped in stout paper and tied with a stout cord?
MORAL: Every man knows his own address if not that of his correspondent.

The Hizz Company is showing to a well filled house. Their entertainment is clean and instructive.

Reunited After 66 Years

Civil War Parted Brother and Sister
By JAMES F. BOLGER

Sixty-six years!
Two-thirds of a century!
That long ago Mrs. E. E. McMannon of Redondo, bid her "kid brother," George B. Abdill, good-bye as he left home shortly before he joined Sheridan's forces in the Civil War. She was 28 then and George 14.

Today Mrs. McMannon, now 94, and her brother, 80, are together for the first time since 1861.

Abdill, a resident of Dayton, Oregon, made a 1900 mile trip in his flivver and "dropped in" on his sister at Redondo by surprise.

Talk Over Old Days
The venerable pair, who, as the years wore on never gave up hope of seeing each other, are talking over "the way the world's slippin' along." Abdill says he must get back to his timehop "to keep the thing again" so he will stay only a few days.

"Never been interviewed, but we can stand it if you can," said Abdill in a voice that rang true as a bell that has been tempered in heat until it is neither too soft nor too loud. "Keet sister, she does everything and is as active as she was when I went to her subscription school back in the '60's."

And the sister told how she and "her boy, George" got separated. "Our parents," said Mrs. McMannon, who though the oldest of the pair, has the keenest memory, "moved away from Kentucky, taking George with them. I married and stayed on. I didn't see George after his fourteenth birthday." A sparkle came to the eyes of the "kid brother."

No Real Great Changes

"I tell you, young fellow," he chimed, "those were the days, but folks live about the same now. Changes?—Yes, but only in detail. The big, vital things remain the same. As sister always said, 'the world is slippin' along much the same as usual.' Calamity folks say the world's all wrong, but it ain't. The matter is, we hear too much about it today."

Mrs. McMannon, an ardent reader and remarkably well informed on the times interrupted to point out:

"Flappers have too much time to loaf and too many 'mixed' things to read. When I was a young girl I had three books to read, the Bible, Pilgrims Progress and Bunyan's Holy Wars. Mothers nowadays give 'way too easily to their children and the result is as much their fault as it is the fault of the old spring."

"Want to know what makes us live so long and why we're so doggone active? Proper eating, that's all. Isn't that right, sister?"

Bending nearer the sister whose only apparent defect brought on by the years is a slight deafness, heard the question repeated and answered in the affirmative.

"It's all bunk, this stuff about eating before going to bed. That's the time to eat." And Abdill warmed up to his subject by pounding emphatically on the arm of his chair.

"Eat lightly before you do hard work and eat all you want when you have time to let your stomach digest it."

Seventy years as a tinsmith, during which time he has been sick only three weeks, as best he can remember, qualifies Abdill as an authority on this dietary system. His sister, who never has been sick and who follows out this simple rule, confirmed this statement.

"Say, sis, here's the fellow to take our picture. Let's get outside."

Why She's Healthy

Once outside the McMannon home, located at the end of South Juanita avenue, where cozy cottages snuggle near the foothills, Mrs. McMannon began pointing out the beautiful vistas, which, with the California air, have enabled her to keep active. That is her claim. To the south were mountains, soft, brown and purple against the setting sun.

"That's pretty, sister. But so are the mountains in Oregon. Maybe I'll come back here to live," hinted George after the picture had been taken. "I won't come with my son—maybe I'll be old enough to come alone then."

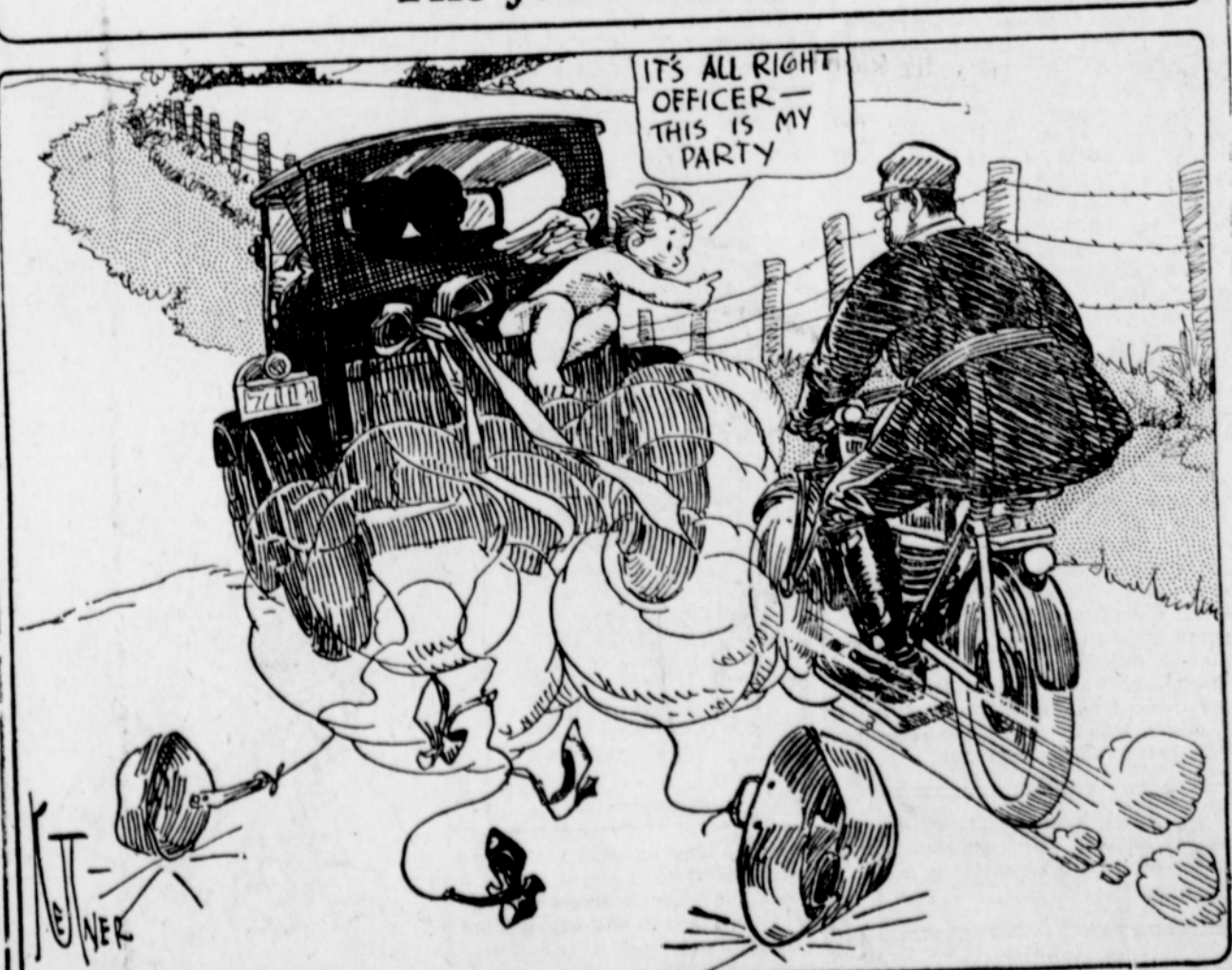
"Go in?" Say, come see us again some time, maybe in a year or two."

—Los Angeles Record.

Cecil Carter of Portland was here Friday, accompanied by his mother-in-law, Mrs. H. H. Burnham. Both are old residents of Dayton.

W. H. Corbett and family of Portland spent Sunday with M. G. Miller and wife.

The June Bride



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