Kinton Grange Meet Saturday

Kinton and Scholls Groups to Install Jointly

(By Mrs. E. L. Cox)

KINTON—Local grange will meet at the hall Saturday for all day. It will be a Christmas meeting and a "Christmas Pie" will be enjoyed. All those attending are requested to bring a gift to put in the pie. The lecturer, Alice Fluke, is preparing a musical and literary program and everyone is invited to attend. Lecture hour following dinner is open to all.

Services at church Sunday as follows: preaching by Rev. W. E. Simpson, 9:45, followed by session of Bible school. 10:45 A good attendance is urged for these services as plans will be made about holding Christmas exercises at the church. Everyone is invited.

Julius Wedeking sawed the school house wood last week and it has been put under cover in the woodshed.

John Steelman of Molalla has been spending the past week or so with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pomeroy. Mr. Steelman has been assisting in harvesting their potato crop.

Program and play put on by the public speaking class of Beaverton high school at the hall November 21 was well attended. One of the cast, Amos Bierly, lives in Kinton and Francis Holboke, formerly resided here. They are both graduates of Kinton school.

Aid to Elect

Meeting of the Ladies' Aid society will be December 6, at the home of Mrs. Elida Ward at 2 o'clock. The president, Mrs. Gladys Aten, urges all officers and members to be present as it will be the annual election of officers. Other important matters of business will be discussed.

Mrs. Emery VanKleek has been ill at her home during the past week.

S. H. Pomeroy, Robert Pomeroy, Edward Cox, Everett Wright and John Steelman (a guest at the Pomeroy home) attended Albright Brotherhood November 20 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Watkins of Laurel.

Install December 5

Joint installation of officers of Kinton and Scholls granges will take place at Scholls grange hall, December 5. A pot luck supper will be served at 7 o'clock followed by installation. Those attending are requested to bring something for the supper

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Aten entertained a number of friends from Sherwood at their home Sunday evening.

Jubilee Well Attended

"Jubilee" held at the church Friday evening was largely attended and the new electric lights were enjoyed. The children of the school under the leadership of Mrs. Audrey Vandermost, teacher of the primary grades, sang a group of songs and the congregation also sang some numbers. Rev. Dr. J. A. Good of Portland was the speaker. Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Simpson from Mountain Home were present.

George Snider is making improvements to his water system by building a new pump house of building blocks for a new electric pump.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mills and son Jimmie and R. Mills from Tillamook spent the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs Robert Pomeroy. Mr. and Mrs. Bert Sparks and son Clement of Portland were Sunday guests at the Pomeroy home.

Birthday Honored Mason Hill Home

MASON HILL—A party was held Thursday evening at the W. S. French home in honor of their son Albert, it being his seventeenth birthday. Those present in addition to the French family were Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Gonyo, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson and Betty, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Waldorf, Gus Bredof, Misses Madelyn Shattuck and Helen Kinsey and John Kinsey.

Another party was held at Shady Brook school Friday evening attended by 35 Mason Hill and Shady Brook young folks.

Otto Solberger is driving a new Dodge light truck.

Mrs. Charles Woods has returned home after several weeks' visit in Portland. Helen Kinsey is at home now with her mother.

Fences have been moved and trees removed on the road past the school. Garages were moved on the Bob Munson and Toge Johnson places.

Church services November 20 were well attended. Let's repeat this on December 4.

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Queen Anne's Lace

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

© Frances Parkinson Keyes
WNU Service

(Continued from last week)

Anne hung up the receiver, already regretting her sudden impulse to appeal to the Vice President's wife. As she lay in bed the evening before, miserably wakeful, she had remembered a "feature story" that she had read about Mrs. Hammel in the Inquirer the Sunday before. This article was accompanied by a picture of the lady herself, smiling, plump, bejeweled and bewaved. But there was a look of real human kindness in the gentle eyes and soft mouth, and there was a pragraph in the article which arrested Anne's attention especially, and which seemed burned on her memory.

"Mrs. Hammel before her marriage was a Miss Sarah Gown, a school teacher in the great western state which her distinguished husband has so rapidly 'put on the map.' When they first met he was a cattle herder. The early days of their marriage were spent on a ranch, sixty miles from the nearest village. Mrs. Hammel of course did all her own work, and, in the evenings taught her husband, who had had fewer educational opportunities than herself, from the shabby textbooks which she had taken away with her from the mountain school."

There were other paragrapns after that, describing the rise in the Hammel fortunes, both political and financial. But they did not matter much. What mattered was that Mrs. Hammel had once been a little country school teacher, like Anne herself, had suffered far more in her bridal days, and she had married a man who possessed far fewer advantages of every kind, than Neal. And she had won through. But she must have had to learn, too; and perhaps, she remembered how bitterly hard that learning was . . .

The telephone rang. Miss Butters was speaking again, her voice even smoother and more purring than before.

"Oh, Mrs. Conrad . . . . I gave Mrs. Hammel your message, and she will be pleased to see you at eleven. She is of course very much pressed, very much occupied, so I am sure you will understand and make your call brief. At eleven then—"

"It was Miss Butters," Anne said to herself as she buttoned on her little blue tailleur and jammed her small perky blue hat over her curls, "who made up the last part of that message. Mrs. Hammel never said it at all. If she hadn't meant to be kind, she wouldn't have said she'd see me."

Anne was right. Mrs. Hammel did mean to be kind. She looked to the bewildered newcomer like a comfortable, middle-aged angel, her wings concealed by her perfect Worth gown of gray crepe de chine, but her halo almost distinguishable above the smooth ripple of her permanent wave.

"So you're the wife of the new appointee to the senate? Bless me, how young you look—I shouldn't wonder if you're the senatorial baby. Your husband's young, too, isn't he? Mr. Hammel's been watching his career with interest—he believes there's a big future ahead of him yet. And ahead of you, too, of course. I'm pleased you wanted to run in and see me like this. Was there something special—?"

Anne went straight to the point. In a few brief sentences she had outlined her background, upbringing, and previous experience. Then with slightly more detail, she related the events of the afternoon before. Mrs. Hammel listened attentively. Once or twice the corners of her mouth twitched, and when Anne had finished she coughed a little behind a fine cambric handkerchief.

"Well, well," she said, "I don't know when I've been so much interested. And you thought of coming straight to me—which I am very glad you did—on account of that article in the Inquirer. Are you on good terms with the press yourself?"

"I'm afraid not. You see—" Anne plunged into that story, too. This time Mrs. Hammel laughed outight.

"Yes, I've read some of these articles, and of course I realized they weren't overaccurate, but I didn't know just what lay behind them. Well, my dear, the first thing for you to do is to get a picture of yourself that does you justice—several of them—and then ring up Miss Sharp and ask her to come and have tea and a little chat with you."

Mrs. Hammel stirred her cup of chocolate reminiscently.

"When I first came here," she said, "I thought I didn't want to have anything to do with the newspaper women. Miss Sharp wrote me and asked me for an interview and I declined to give it to her. Her reply was a masterpiece. She told me that her bread and butter depended on getting something about me, but that, after all, was beyond the point. If her newspaper couldn't secure a real interview with me, it would fake one. If she didn't write that article—false or true—some one else would. If I would co-operate with the newspaper women, give them what they had a recognized right to ask me, as Vice President's wife, I'd never regret it. If I told them anything in confidence that confidence would be respected. In short, that they were prepared to help me in every way they could if I would only let them. If I wouldn't, all sorts of false and sensational reports would inevitably appear about me. I sent for Miss Sharp and had a frank talk with her. We've been the best of friends ever since. And she's kept her word—absolutely."

"Oh, thanks," began Anne, "I'll—" Mrs. Hammel interupted.

"She belongs to a rather interesting organization—the Woman's National Press club. All the society editors do. I'm going to one of their Monday luncheons—jolly, informal affairs—as guest of honour next week. I wonder—would you like to come with me? It could be very easily arranged. You'd have a good time, and—well, I think it would be a good plan all around."

Anne's quick gratitude was so real that Mrs. Hammel was more touched than she betrayed.

"And of course you must start right in making calls. Today. Diplomatic day. You'll find a list of embassies in your copy of the Congressional directory. If your husband hasn't brought yours up from the office he's been very remiss. Every senator's wife has one, with her name stamped neatly in the lower right-hand corner. 'Mrs. Neal Conrad' will look very nice, you'll see. Only the ambassadresses, remember. The minister's wives come first to you. Then go through the cards that were left you yesterday, and return the calls of any 'cave dwellers' who may be receiving Saturday and Sunday. Monday go to all the Supreme court ladies. Tuesday of course you'll go to the congressional ladies if any have called on you. No? Well, then, that's easy. Wednesday—I think, if I were you, I'd go to see Mrs. Standish, the wife of the Secretary of State. She's a perfect dear. Then next Thursday, if I were you, I should receive again myself. And—er—do it right. After that, you ought to receive and make calls on alternate Thursdays, till you've been the rounds. But this time, I'd—er—Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Ranger will tell everyone they see, of course, about yesterday, and next Thursday your house will be packed with people who've come to see if they told the truth. And my, what a dissappointment they'll get." Mrs. Hammel gave vent to hearty laughter. "I'd like to be there myself, my dear, to see the fun. If I can possibly make it, I shall be."

She rose and kissed Anne on the cheek.

"Run along now, and get to work, my dear," she said. "I've lots of confidence in you."

This confidence was not misplaced. Doggedly, even as she had scrubbed floors and taught school doggedly, Anne set to work to pay her official calls. But Neal came home on the street cars from the senate office building, and the children walked home from school, so that she would not have to go for them. It was barely half-past three the next Thursday when, as Mrs. Hammel had predicted, Anne's callers began to come. The polite ambassadoresses instantly returning their official visit. The Supreme court ladies, whose program was not very full. Mrs. Standish, always sweet, efficient and poised. The excitement eaters and curiosity seekers regaled by Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Ranger, Miss Sharp and several other members of the Woman's National Press club, who had been most agreeably impressed by Anne when she had come, with Mrs. Hammel, to their Monday luncheon. A scattering of tourists and government workers from the Conrads' own state. Ministers, colonels, a judge or two, with their wives. In short, the kaleidoscopic fragment of Washington life which confronts the official hostess on her day at home.

The door was opened for these callers by a wholly correct butler from Rauschers' who was in great demand for "at homes." Anne stood in front of a bright little fire, which glowed, under a mantel banked with flowers, to receive her guests, her golden hair wound like a coronet about he curls which framed her rosy face, her slim figure supple and graceful under its sheath of rose-colored satin. Neal scintillating with cordiality, satorially perfect in gray trousers and cut-away, stood beside her. An immaculate maid, the stiff embroidered bretelles of her apron snowy against her black silk uniform, was hovering over a tea table, on which silver dishes containing tomato jelly sandwiches, angelfood, tiny frosted cakes, and tinier biscuits stuffed with chicken salad, were scattered over an embroidered tablecloth. And, pouring the tea, bland, and benign above the silver service, sat Mrs. Hammel.

The "leader" in the society section of the Inquirer on the following Sunday was written by Miss Sharp. A picture of Anne surmounted it. This picture left nothing to be desired; neither did the headline "Vice President's wife pours for Mrs. Conrad." Neither did the text which accompanied these.

"Mrs. Neal Conrad, whose husband's recent appointment to the senate has been a matter of natinoal interest, made her bow to official society in Washington last Thursday, at the delightful reception which she gave in the charming residence on New Hampshire avenue which she and Senator Conrad have leased for the winter. Mrs. Conrad was charmingly gowned in a Lanvin confection of pink, one of the many beautiful dresses which she brought home with her from Paris, where she and Senator Conrad spent the summer. Mrs. Hammel, who has been one of the first to welcome Mrs. Conrad, with whom she has many tastes in common, to Washington, presided at the perfectly appointed tea table. Among the many distinguished guests were noticed . . ."

There was more, a great deal more. But that was all that mattered. The fist hard weeks had been lived through, the first dreadful mistake lived down, the "features" about the washtub and the cow forgotten. Anne had begun to "arrive."

(Continued Next Week)

Almost Killed By Gas

There is more than one way that gas can imperil life, as Mrs. Anna Northrup, Newfield, New York, can testify. She was "almost killed" by gas in her stomach. Then a friend told her of the Udga Treatment and today she is free from stomach suffering. She now gives credit for her recovery to the Udga Treatment, based on a famous stomach specialist's triple-action prescription. Its purpose is to neutralize excess acid, soothe and heal the inflamed stomach lining and stop pain. Already 54,169 letters praising the Udga Treatment have been received from victims of stomach ulcers, acid stomach, indigestion, heartburn, gas pains, belching and other symptoms of excess acidity. Write Udga, Suite 64, Foot-Schulze Bldg., St. Paul, Minn. for a free sample. The 7-day trial box of Udga Tablets is sold on a money-back guarantee of satisfaction by
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Program Fir Grove Friday

Charles Blazer Weds Anna Snyder at Eugene

(By Mrs. Bird McCormick)

CHEHALEM MOUNTAIN—Fir Grove school children, under the direction of their teacher, Miss Helen Reddig, will give a benefit program and pie sale this Friday evening. The puplic is cordially invited to attend.

Last week two items got badly mixed. Mountain Top church had a special program last Sunday but there was no pie sale. The pie sale was the one that will be given at the Fir Grove school house this Friday evening.

Married November 11

Charles V. Blazer of Eugene, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Blazer, was married November 11 to Miss Anna Snider of Eugene. Mr. Blazer is well known here, having spent several summers on the mountain cutting cord wood. He played in the Twilight league at Newberg in 1932 and 1933. Mr. Blazer graduated from Hillsboro high in 1930 and was prominent in athletics there.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Ott had as their guests November 20 C. Doenz, Chris Blatter and O. Mueller from Canada, George Marutt from Tobias and brother Henry Marutt from Sellwood.

Miss June Holcom of Scholls visited at the Ira G. McCormick home Saturday evening.

Mrs. Herbert Reynolds of Newberg spent last week at the home of her uncle, Wilbur Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Otto and son Sammy Jr. visited at the Jack Brighouse home in Newberg Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Ornduff, who has been ill for some time, suffered a stroke Sunday and is in a critical condition.

Miss Alice McInnis, who has been with her sister, Mrs. L. L. Murray, in Portland, is at home again.

Miss Anna Woehlert of Milwaukee, Wis., left Tuesday for the home of her brother in Portland after a two weeks' visit at the home of Mrs. Cornelius Ott.

Miss Helen Homm visited her sister Saturday, who is convelescing at the Portland Sanitarium.

Ira G. McCormick and Hodson McCormick visited their daughter and sister, Mrs. A. H. Comber, at Portland Friday.

Mrs. Rhoda Cady has received word from her grandson, Don Cady, who is in the U. S. Army, saying he is stationed at Honolulu.

Ira G. McCormick and Lauren Haynes called on W. F. Spriggel at Whitford Sunday.

L. T. Finigan and daughter Miss Wanda were Sunday guests at the Tom Shuck home in Hillsboro.

Mr. and Mrs. Rusty Haynes returned to their home at Moehnke's mill after a week's visit at the home of his aunt, Mrs. B. L. Deford.

Miss Marie Fuchs and Hodson McCormick attended the wedding of Miss Elizabeth Dorous, daughter of Mrs. Leslie Hackett, of Portland, and Merle Beatty, son of Mrs. Comer of Newberg, at Vancouver, Wash., November 21. They were also guests at a dinner in honor of the newlyweds at the Hackett home and later attended a reception at the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Beatty. Miss Fuchs was joint hostess with her mother, Mrs. A. F. Fuchs, and sister, Miss Julia Fuchs, at a shower Sunday afternoon at the Fuchs' home in Newberg complimenting Mr. and Mrs. Beatty. Others from here who attended were Mr. and Mrs. Glen Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Jones and Hodson McCormick.

Frank Meyers of Hillsboro spent the week with relatives in the Fir Grove district.

Paul Blazer from Eugene arrived here the middle of last week to help his father, J. E. Blazer, and brother, D. S. Blazer, harvest their potato crop.

Milk Board Gives Data on Industry

(Continued from page 1)

Portland market as a result was causing considerable concern. W. F. Cyrus, county agent, and Dr. R. J. Nicol, tester, reported to the board that they estimated the reactors in Washington county would not exceed 10 per cent.

Indication that county dairymen were heartily in favor of the control bill was evidenced by the show of hands following a query by Senator-elect George M. Aitken regarding the popularity of the law. W. W. Henry, manager of the dairy co-operative association, told the senator that two changes would have to be made in the law to insure its success. These, he said, would be to make it necessary for producer-distributors to share in the surplus load and to increase the tax on butterfat from ¼ cent per pound to ½ cent per pound. Harlan pointed out that it was up to the grade B shippers to bring about the proposed amendments.

Explanation of production quotas, prices and the surplus pool was given by Olson. Quotas, he held to be necessary in order to provide a stable supply of milk for the bottle and can trade in a manner equitable to all producers. Approximately 9300 pounds of butterfat are used in the Portland market daily, he declared.

Factors influencing the price scale are the comparative costs of other food commodities, prices the distributors will pay and the differences in the requirements for producing market and factory milk, he said. Prices established affect 300,000 consumers in Portland and 600,000 in the state, 900 producers and 104 distributors. He scored newspaper reports that milk prices in Seattle were lower than in Portland and stated that on a just comparative basis prices were approximately the same with the exception that 5 per cent milk in the northern city was one cent higher than in Portland.

Surplus probiem is the bug-bear of the market, according to Olson, and is the source of friction between market and factory shippers. Quotas are fixed to meet the estimated demand plus a small excess for fluctuation. Actual fluctuations in demand in Portland during the year were about 11 per cent while the board expected approximately 15 per cent.

However, Olson contended that thes afest way to handle the surplus was through a central agency rather than attempting to market individually. This prevents the surplus from entering the market milk trade, he stated. Harlan's comment on the surplus problem was that the board was doing everything possible to protect the factory shippers from grade B surplus being dumped on their market.

That the board may require herd testing records for determining production costs was the statement of Harlan. He also held it possible that the board may be given power to regulate the number of distributors in each market. The latter would protect the profits of the producer, he said.

Dairymen Shipping for Ice Cream to Benefit

PORTLAND—Oregon dairymen who ship their butterfat to ice cream factories throughout the state will receive an advance of five cents a pound, raising the price to them to forty cents a pound butterfat, effective December 1, due to recent change in the Oregon ice cream code. This action was taken recently by the area committee of the code after application to the state department of agriculture for permission to make this change in the provisions of the code.

AS A LITTLE CHILD

A little child will not keep itself clean. Every so often the age-old debate. Mother says the ears are dirty and he fights to keep the wash-cloth away.

So do we; our own goodness! No stain on us! Then on a day our eyes are opened and it's, "Not my feet only, but also may hands and my head." for "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

A little child cannot supply its own food either. The little ones would soon starve if dad did not go out and bring home the bacon and mother cook it. So would my inner man starve; that eternal person who for a little while tents here in a frail body of flesh and blood. That eternal self must have heavenly food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." The saved ones feast on Jesus Christ as they seek him out, chapter by chapter, through the Book.

And a little child cannot make its own clothes. Neither can I. But now a spotless garment has been brought out for me. Imported material, often imitated, but never succesfully—even the righteousness God, for folks who never could be good and keep God's holy law. It comes unto all and upon all who believe in Jesus Christ as Savior from the guilt and curse of sin. In God's eyes you are eternally and so mantled from the instant you receive Christ.

What about the little child? It cannot do for itself. And so he turns to loving heart and loving arms. "Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as a little child, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Ore. -adv.

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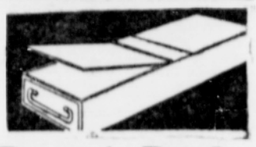

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