

Former Scio Visitor Dies

South Dakota Resident Known Here Where Brothers Reside

J. T. Sledge, 66, died at his home at Madison, South Dakota, a short time ago, having been ill only a few hours. He visited less than a year ago with the family of his brother, D. L. Sledge, near Scio. The widow, a son, four brothers and two sisters survive.

A "junk rally" is tentatively planned at Scio in the near future. Similar demonstrations are to be held in thousands of cities and towns next month, according to federal war plans.

Alvin Merritt was expected home soon from a Salem hospital, where he was treated for eye infection, thought to have been caused from working in grain with a combine in the Scio community.

"Fawnie" Lee, Scio-grown farmer boy in restaurant business the last few years at Sweet Home, recently was married at Seattle to Carolyn Titus. Lee left Portland a few days ago for coast-guard training at San Diego. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Lee of Scio.

Completing employment at Camp Adair recently, Carl Morris, former teacher at Richardson Gap, near Scio, is continuing war work at Spokane. Mrs. Morris remains at the farm here.

Recent guests at the Ed Bilyeu farm near Scio were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Colson of Portland. Colson is a brother of Raymond Bilyeu, for years a resident here, but now reported in California.

Workmen soon are to have ready for occupancy the residence building recently moved from a few miles east of Scio to the Warren lots in south Scio. The building will be used to assist in allaying the acute housing problem in this city, caused by extensive logging operations in Scio foothills during recent months.

C. T. Richmond, formerly with the Rigdon mortuary at Salem and later employed in the same capacity at Eugene, was in Scio this week. He now is manager of the Lowe mortuary at Lebanon, succeeding the late Nate Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Thomas of near Scio recently visited the Denver McCombs in Portland. Mrs. McCombs, formerly Agnes Becicka of this city, is employed in a chain store at Portland.

All of Family, Six, in Service Or Defense Work

SILVERTON—That this country is still definitely worth working for is being demonstrated by the George Andersons of Silverton. Their three sons and a daughter are now in defense work and the army and the Andersons themselves have been faithful workers at the aircraft observation posts in the Silverton district.

This week a daughter, Margaret, left for Seattle to join her brother, Leslie, at the Boeing aircraft plant. The two other boys of the family, Donald and Robert, former paper carriers at Silverton, are now in Australia.

Woman Injured In Car Accident

JEFFERSON—Mrs. Tom Harris sustained bad bruises on her face, and a cut lip Wednesday, when her car upset on the way to the Chambers bean field two miles south of Jefferson. The narrow road was full of loose gravel. Mrs. Harris, driving slowly, lost control of the car and it upset. Others in the car were Irene Harris, Mrs. E. S. Bruce and Donna Lee, Rosemary Rothrock, and Mrs. H. L. Burton. The top of the car was damaged and glass in one car, but no one was injured.

Reedport Folk Visits

AMITY—Mrs. D. L. McKenney and baby son of Reedport are guests at the home of his parents and sister, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McKenney and Mrs. Pearl Ellenwood.

RATIONING REPORTER

Woodburn Board
WOODBURN—The local rationing board has made the following allotments:
Truck and implement tires and-or tubes—O. O. Ogden, Hubbard farmer; J. R. Carskadon, Ben Lemery and J. A. McCormick, Woodburn farmers; Clive Branson, Woodburn common carrier; Chas. Pelland, John R. Rasmussen, Jess Manegre, St. Paul farmers; C. L. Jorgenson and Charles Schermer, Gervais farmers; Joe S. Bohn, Gervais shipwright, and Harold Hannegan, Gervais logger. Passenger tires and-or tubes—J. A. McCormick and Olaf Arthur Nelson, Woodburn farmers; James B. Gay, Woodburn locomotive fireman; A. L. Harader, Woodburn mail carrier.

Receipts—J. E. Hopkins and Paul Bizon, Hubbard farmers; Olaf Arthur Nelson and J. A. McCormick, Woodburn farmers; James Dale Edwards, Woodburn molder; Clive Brandon, Woodburn common carrier, and Frank J. Mick, Charles Lakey, O. B. Roach and A. W. usom Jr., Gervais farmers.
Grade II tires—Charles P. Zuhdorff, Woodburn field man. Obsolete tires—Joseph H. Kirkwood and F. P. Runcorn, Gervais farmers.

WISE... or Otherwise

By ETHAN GRANT

The fact may be a surprise to some, but Prof. Otherwise is himself an ex-commando and a veteran of at least a few raids that he considers memorable. You can take my word for it that commando raids in those days, though now considered puny in comparison perhaps, were nevertheless attended by all the hazards and excitement of the modern version. Even then we had to cope with barbed wire and briars.

But there was one principal difference: we never had to face a gun fire; that usually came from the rear. On those rare occasions when our reconnaissance went haywire and we were discovered by the enemy, and he let go with his old double-barrel of rock salt or navy beans, we were already going away from his melon patch. After one such occasion I couldn't sit down for nearly a week.

My favorite pastime is standing on a street corner watching people and snatching bits of conversation as they go by. Here are some samples: Two rather chubby ladies strolling across the street oblivious to the red light. As they stepped onto the curb, one said, "I said to Harold he could go live in Portland, but I'd send him only twenty dollars a week of his pay check. If he can make whoopee on—" A horn honked and I missed the rest.

A boy and a girl, ages about 15, he with a healthy grip on her arm and that boy-in-love expression, "So now mom thinks I'm too young to go places with a boy friend," she said. "Even Sunday school." To which he replied, "Maybe she does, but I don't."

He was a nice looking boy and she was a pretty girl. I couldn't help wondering how old her mom was when she was old enough to go out with a nice looking boy who thought enough of her to hold onto her arm.

Two men in white overalls and Camp Adair pass buttons on their hats. One carried an armload of groceries. He said, "It's the first time we've really been able to put on the feed bag since Roosevelt got elected ten years ago."

Some profound thought behind that remark.

Three youths stopped to wait for the green light. One said, "Dad wouldn't, so I said, 'All right, I'll tell 'em I'm 18.' But the recruiting man said I had to have a damn birth certificate. So now I got to wait a whole year, and by then the war'll probably be over."

Young America straining at the halter in an effort to get into the fight and bumping his nose against stout parental barriers.

"Look," I said to the shoe clerk, "I want a pair of shoes and I want exactly what I want. So don't start that old wheeze about having just the very type of shoe a foot like mine ought to have. I know when a shoe feels right. If you've got that type of shoe, we can do business. If you haven't, then let's don't waste any time. I'm an ex-shoe salesman myself, and I know how it's done."

"Yes, sir," the clerk said, and started climbing around and hauling down shoes.

I watched him with that smug feeling of one who can command. I'd made him know he had a customer with a mind of his own. And I am an ex-shoe clerk. I sold shoes three Saturday afternoons, back in 1924. He was a meek fellow as he went about finding exactly the type of shoe I wanted. He tried a pair. Nice looking, but they didn't suit.

"Nope," I said. "Don't like 'em. Take 'em off."

He tried another pair. I didn't like them either. He kept climbing up and down with shoes, none of which suited. But he didn't complain. He just sort of whistled and arched his brows a little when I said no. He was the most patient shoe clerk I ever met. Finally came a pretty pair of tans, with rounded laces and rocco toes.

"I'll take 'em," I said. And I took 'em. The clerk hadn't argued at all. "That's the way I like to buy shoes," I said. "Exactly what

I want and no argument from the clerk."

"Yes, sir," he said. "They're good shoes. You'll find it mighty hard wearing them out."

He was right. I may never wear them out. For they're too tight. Already I've got corns to starboard, to port and topside. And they're too short and hurt my toes while rubbing holes in the bow ends of my socks. I wish he'd given me an argument. Or told me to scam.

There's something about small babies that makes me wonder if they aren't smarter than they pretend. In the bank the other day, where I was waiting to find out if I dared write another check, a lot of about a year sat in its gobby starting up at me. It was a pretty baby and, having nothing else to do, I smiled at it. Its expression didn't change an iota. I tried making faces. I wiggled my ears and did crazy things with my hands. The tot just went on staring, that dourly cherubic stare.

Seeing that I wasn't getting anywhere, I leaned an elbow on the counter and stood there staring back. In my day I've been pretty good at staring people down. Especially babies. Sooner or later they either bawl off and cry or blink and reach for their toes. But not this one. It just kept on staring. It was still staring when I got my bank balance and hid myself out of there.

I don't know if it was boy or girl, but I left thinking that either way it had a wonderful future if when it grows up it decides to become a traffic court judge.

Alaskan Is Amity Guest

Mrs. Saidie Orr Dunbar Visitor During Week; Many on Trips

AMITY—Mrs. Irene Hyde of Alaska is a guest of her sister, Miss Eleanor Grabel, for a few days this week. Mrs. Hyde is a former Amity girl.

Mrs. Sadie Orr Dunbar of Portland visited Mrs. R. B. Thomas and Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Fuller this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Averell Trotter, Santa Monica, Calif., who are visiting with relatives in McMinnville and with old friends in Amity this month, spent one day this week with old friends in Salem.

Trotter is a teacher in California. Mrs. Clara Armstrong of Portland spent part of this week at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Hettie Shields on Oak street. Mrs. Armstrong is a former Amity resident.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Smith are the parents of an eight pound son, born August 21 in McMinnville and named Robert Drake.

Mrs. Jane Rosenbalm and son, Roy Rosenbalm, left Friday for Redmond where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Claude W. Van Buskirk.

Mr. and Mrs. William Milne of Portland are visiting Mr. Milne's sister, Mrs. Margaret Morrison.

Letters Big Need For Army, Doctor Writes to Friends

MONMOUTH—Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Dewey and Mr. and Mrs. H. Hagmeier have received recent letters from Dr. Donald H. Searing, now stationed with the infantry in Australia. He mentioned the importance to every man, including himself, of receiving mail from home, and said he had the temporary job of censoring the home boys' mail. Dr. Searing was called into the armed forces in April, 1941, as a reserve officer with the rank of captain. For a time he was stationed at Fort Lewis. His wife and daughter are living in Washington state. Prior to his army service he was engaged in private practice here for five years, and was infirmary doctor for Oregon College of Education.

Re-Enters Nurses Training School

SILVERTON—Joyce Simons, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Simons will leave in early September for Providence hospital at Seattle where she will re-enter training.

Miss Simons, after graduating from the local high school attended Mt. Angel and Oregon State college. Later she began training at Multnomah hospital at Portland but illness interrupted her work there. Following an operation at Silverton, she returned to Mt. Angel college where she studied last winter.

Mott is Speaker At Independence

MONMOUTH—Representative James W. Mott was guest speaker Monday night at Monmouth hotel where he was greeted by local men and women from 6 to 8 o'clock. He reviewed his visits of inspection to coast harbor points where government harbor improvements have been made to fortify Pacific coast line defenses. He stated that naval vessels damaged in the Pearl Harbor attack have now been repaired. From here Mott went to Independence to speak, and had appeared at Dallas earlier in the day.

Midwest Teachers Leave for Homes

BETHANY—Mrs. Edwin Overlund was removed to the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elser Aarhus, this week, having suffered a relapse. She is under the doctor's care. Mrs. Overlund underwent a major operation some weeks ago but has been much improved since that time until recently.

Evelyn and Eileen Larson left for San Diego, Calif., where they will visit briefly before returning to their home at Thief River Falls, Minn. They have been guests of the Elling Tollefsruds for the past two months. The two teach in the midwest.

Timely Garden Talk

By LILLIE L. MADSEN

Because some of the ingredients of insecticides and fungicides may not long be available for garden use, cleanliness and neatness in the garden is even more important than in pre-war days, to prevent disease and insect troubles.

It is time now to look to your garden for fall beauty. Every possible harboring place of insects and fungus should be destroyed. Perennial plants which are through blooming should not be permitted to go to seed unless seed is actually wanted. In such cases as perennial phlox, it is well to remember that seedlings are seldom true to parenthood and that root division is the safer. If the tops of the perennials are diseased, burn them; if not, put them on the compost pile. Rake up leaves as they fall and place these on the compost.

Some commercial fertilizers may later be difficult to obtain—we know that peat will—and so compost will be taking the place as a mulch. Tangled vines should be straightened out by some judicious trimming. Dead wood should be removed from shrubs and trees as it dies. Rake the lawn and give it a fertilizer for fall growth. Such a clean-up in late August should last through September and in October another clean-up period should follow. Keeping the lawn neat not only adds to the beauty of it but protects its health as well.

Mrs. B. C. R. asks if it is true that maples and birches should be pruned in August rather than in early spring with other trees and why. Also why is it best to prune trees in spring rather than in autumn?

A bulletin from the Arnold arboretum reports that "experiments have shown that wounds heal most quickly when pruning is done between February 1 and May 1."

"While many small wounds may heal over quickly enough to prevent infection, still it is best to paint for wounds, listed in order of their merit, are asphaltum, orange shellac, white and red lead paint and bordeaux paste. One of these should be applied immediately as soon as the cut has been smoothed off. Maples and birches should be pruned only in the late spring or summer when the wood remains dry enough to paint.

"Bordeaux paste is made by mixing dry commercial bordeaux mixture with enough linseed oil to form a thick paste. As a wound paint it has the desirable property of being slightly porous to moisture and air, and at the same time is a fungicide."

Do you remember last spring that you promised yourself that you were going to "plant hundreds" of ranunculus bulbs? Now is the time to fulfill that promise. Order your bulbs at once. For best results plant the bulbs from September until late into the fall. They like a full sun, so select your location with that in view.

Anemones may be planted in the same bed with ranunculus, as they require the same culture and together they provide a striking picture.

Suggestions in planting are that before you plant either, wrap the bulbs overnight in a wet cloth so that the dry bulb will soak up moisture and germinate more rapidly and more uniformly. Some gardeners soak the bulbs in water for an hour or two before planting. Others plant in a wet soil.

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