

NESTUCCA VALLEY BANK

CLOVERDALE, OREGON

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Your Patronage is Solicited



THIS IS THE TRUE RED CROSS SPIRIT

A Little Story With a Big
Thought in It.

WHAT YOUR DOLLARS DO

One Hundred Cents' Worth
of Mercy and Relief for
Every War Fund Dollar.

Your Red Cross dollars—every cent of every Red Cross dollar—actually relieves suffering—actually goes as you give it, for war relief. Not one cent of any contribution goes into Red Cross administration expenses—the overhead of War Fund administration is more than covered by the interest accruing from the banking of the funds. All relief work not pertaining to the war is amply covered by the normal revenues of the Red Cross through membership dues.

Your answer to humanity's cry—your donation to war relief—includes not only the care and restoration of the wounded. It is a mission of mercy to the famished, the homeless and helpless, the lame, the halt, and the blind—all the victims of war that appeal to the heart of mankind. The relief of invalided soldiers, relief of the mutilated and blind, training of crippled soldiers for useful pursuits—relief service for the care and revival of soldiers on furlough from the front—relief of children throughout devastated territory—relief of dependent families of soldiers—relief of prisoners in Germany—relief among repatriated people returning to France—children's refugees and hospitals—these are among the divisions of organized work that carries practical aid to its every object in a wide field of activity. Its scope embraces Russia, Roumania, Serbia, Italy and Armenia—besides the great field of France.

Your donation makes this great mission of mercy your own. The Red Cross carries 100 cents' worth of aid for every dollar donated.

How to Increase World's Bread Ration

With famine creeping through Europe, and every nation struggling to produce enough food to sustain life, the American farmer has a duty that he can not shirk. America must ship food to Europe for our soldiers. America must supply bread to starving peoples. No matter what other crops are raised, more acres should be devoted to bread grains. "Do your bit, Mr. Farmer," says a Food Administration bulletin. "Success depends upon you in this world war."

West Point is on a food-conservation basis, and the health of the cadet corps is better than ever. All bread used is composed of 45 per cent wheat flour, 45 rye, and 10 per cent white bolted grain flour; and many cadets consider it superior to the former white bread. Sugar consumption has been cut down, meatless days and meals are rigidly observed, and the reduced amount of meat has been beneficial to health. A lesson from a reliable source.

A month ago the Red Cross chapter in Bay City, Mich., received a hurry up call for 150 dunnage bags. Troops were about to move, and through an oversight their equipment was not complete. The bags had to be made and sent within 48 hours. A request for help was sent over the town, and the stores were searched successfully for the right materials. Among those who quickly responded and came to the chapter workrooms to help were two little girls, sisters, about ten and twelve years of age, each eager to lend a hand and do something for the boys who were going to the front. All day long the fingers of the women and the little girls were fairly flying. Bag after bag received the last stitch until scores were piled up ready for shipment. Closing time came, and the woman superintending the making of the bags counted those completed and announced that if every one of the workers could come early the next morning and work all day the bags would surely be finished in time for shipping by evening. Two crestfallen little girls, the little sisters, were waiting for her at the door as she departed.

Red Cross Dunnage Bags.

"We are awfully sorry, ma'am," said the older of the two, "but we can't come back tomorrow. You see tomorrow we have to—" And, without finishing the sentence, she looked back wistfully at the pile of bags.

"It is too bad you can't come back," said the superintendent, "but I want to thank you, and we all thank you, for the work you've done today. You two have been a wonderful help, and that pile of bags wouldn't be nearly so big if you hadn't been here. Good night."

The next morning when the superintendent came down to unlock the workrooms for the day she was astonished to see the two little girls standing in the cold by the locked door.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she said. "I thought you said you couldn't come?"

"Oh, we knew those Red Cross bags just had to be finished for the soldiers," exclaimed the little one, with glistening eyes, "and we got up at three o'clock this morning and got the washing done early!"

SUPPLYING FRENCH HOSPITALS.

The Red Cross hospital supply service in France has 16 warehouses filled with drugs, medicines, surgical instruments and dressings. It serves 3,422 French military hospitals.

Clough's Carbolic Compound

For disinfecting where Contagious or infectious diseases are prevailing.

CARBOLIC COMPOUND is a powerful Germicidal mixture and by its use will improve general stable conditions.

CHAS. I. CLOUGH,

Reliable Druggist, Tillamook, Ore.

Down Oretown Way.
Composed by Mrs. S. H. Rock and recited by her at the Red Cross social held May 10, at Oretown. Printed by request.

Down Oretown way
They're a queer old set
They growl when its dry
They laugh when its wet.

They lay in their beds
And sleep and snore
And Nevar get up
'Till half past four.

When they crawl from the quilts
And into their clothes
They are careful to notice
Which way the wind blows

Next they drive from the hills
A few bony, old cows
And when these are "pumped"
They feed the old sows.

Then to breakfast they go
And they eat and they eat
And swallow and gobble
With manure on their feet.

After that to the factory
The whole bunch will go
One after the other
In a sort of a row.

There they talk and they talk
About—well—spiders and cheese
'Till the poor, bony horses
Get weak in the knees.

When the dinner bell rings
They climb in their "shay"
Fill up with hot water
And old, stinky whey.

Then they start off for home
At a poky old pace
Clean their hands on the towel
And go "feed their face."

From then until night
They lay in the sun
And dream and imagine
The work is all done.

And the women, why bless you,
From summer till fall
And from fall until summer
Do nothing at all.

When the few skinny Jerseys
Are pumped for the night
And the pigs and the chickens
Are all out of sight,

They climb in their "Tin Lizzies"
And go ridin' aroun'
Sometimes even as far
As Cloverdale Town.

The men are all "dads"
And the women are croony,
The children are "kids"
And the young folks are spooney.

They have a Red Cross
And a grange of some "class,"
Goat went on a tantrim
And fell through that glass.

Down at the Grange
They sweep and they eat,
The rest of the time
Talk "substitute wheat."

Such a lot of old stuff
They sew up at Red Cross,
Make everything wrong,
To be "ripped" by the boss.

The socks that they make
Fit a man with the gout,
And all the pajamas
Are made inside out.

When of sewing they're weary
And work seems to lag
Heads get together
And they chew the old rag

This Red Cross and Grange
Get mixed in great style,
One can't tell which is which
Only once in a while.

They use the same cups
And organ and spoons,
They eat the same grub
And use the same rooms.

They sing the same song
And salute the same flag
And both clean their cups
One the same dirty rag.

Now Uncle Sam
Got onto this bunch,
He pulled down his whiskers
And "got him a hunch."

To turn up the time
And save daylight not fied
So he ordered the blooming
Old clocks set ahead.

Now the cheesemaker, he,
Gets up by the moon
And the young folks find time
In the daylight to "spoon."

The kids get to school
At eight—sakes alive
We dine at eleven,
Have supper at five.

It stirred up the men
Like bees in a hive
So one day lately
They "had a big drive."

"Will" got up at three
Will Penter at four
Dad Porter slept all night
With his hand on the door.

All ready to start
And do Oretown's part
To get a full quota
Right at the start.

The momentum they got
Sent them "over the top"
And then they kept going
They just couldn't stop.

"Comprenez-vous francass"
Or is it "Cum Tax"
Even Four Thousand
Eight hundred bucks.

Then the women sat up
Took notice and said
"Just see what we'll do
For the Cross so Red."

There was Minnie and Stella
Molly, Jess and Elma
Bertha, Bertie, Condesa
Also Retta Ray

Josie, Sarah, and Otzen
Jim, Esther and Fox
Ev, Mary and Zada
And a woman from Rocks,

They mixed up the Grange
With the noble Red Cross
And started this social
Saying "Please come across."

They ask you to give us
Your dollars and dimes
Then do it all over

Cloverdale-Tillamook

New Auto Stage

First-Class Roomy and Comfortable Car

Careful Driver of Several

..... Years' Experience

Leaves Cloverdale daily at 7:30 a. m., arriving at Tillamook in ample time for morning train to Portland. Leave Tillamook at Ramsey Hotel at 4:15 p. m., on arrival of train from Portland.

FARES:

Cloverdale-Tillamook, \$1.50	
Tillamook to Pleasant Valley, 50c	
" Hemlock, 75c	
" Beaver, 1.00	
" Hebo, 1.25	
" Cloverdale 1.50	

No round trip fares.

YOUNG BROS., Proprietors.

Yes, two or three times.
If you'll buy the goods
We'll do our bit
We'll do our bit
We will mool and knit.

So help us again
Your dollars please spare
It's all being done
For the boys "over there."

Don't wait till too late
A loved life to save,
Just lack of attention
May make a new grave.

They are wounded and ill
And suffering maybe
And moaning out feebly,
"O come and help me."

So help them tonic't,
Send a sick brother cheer,
Can't you feel for a brother
Though he is not near.

Hear the groans of the anguish,
See the blood flowing free,
He's been giving his life
For your liberty.

Once more I beseech you,
Give your dollar to save
A life offered freely
By you boy so brave.

[Copied insert]—They say, who come back from "over there" that the troubled earth between the lines is carpeted with pain. That death rides whistling on every wind, that the very mists are

charged with awful torment. That of all things spent and squandered young human life is held the least dear. The following are the words of a citizen soldier of the U. S. Nat. Army: "It is not a pleasant prospect for us who can yet feel upon our lips the pressure of a mother's goodbye kissbut, thank God, the love of life is not so dear as the love of right. For us, the steel swept trench, the stiffening cold, weariness, hardship, worse. For you, you for whom we go, you millions safe at home, what for you? We shall need food. We shall need care. We shall need clothes for our bodies and weapons for our hands. We shall need terribly and without failure supplies and equipment in a stream which is constant and never ending. From you, you who are our resource and our reliance, from you who are the heart, hope of that humanity for which we smile and strive, these things must come from you.

Once again I beseech you
Give your dollars to save
The lives offered freely
By you boys so brave.

FRANK TAYLOR,

Notary Public

Cloverdale, Ore.

Dr. E. L. Glaisyer

VETERINARIAN

County Dairy Inspector

Telephone Main 3—and Mutual.

Tillamook, Oregon

Quality Counts

In ever line of Merchandise, but none
more especially than in

HARDWARE

Our large stock is in every instance the best that can be had
and our aim will be to keep the high standard up.

Builders' Hardware, Tools Shelf and Heavy Hardware

Stoves, Ranges, Farm and
Garden Tools

And everything usually kept in a first-class hardware store, and
all goods are of the best quality.

Alex McNair & Co., Tillamook, Ore.