

Notice of Collection of Assessment

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that assessments have been levied for the construction of the street improvements in Improvement District No. 1, of the City of Vernonia, Oregon, and that same were entered in the docket of City Liens of the 15th day of May, 1925. The number of

ASSESSMENT ROLL

IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT NUMBER ONE

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Addition, Owner of Record, Assessment. Lists property owners and their respective assessment amounts for various blocks in Improvement District Number One.

The foregoing assessments are now due and payable and if not paid within ten days from the last publication of this notice will become delinquent.

Property owners who desire to avail themselves of the privilege of paying their assessments in installments under the provisions of Sections 3788 to 3796, Oregon Laws,

Hats off to Hon. W. J. Bryan, who is making a vigorous stand against the teachers and followers of the Darwin theory, and all evolution tudents who try to believe that their grandparents hung from tree branches by their tails.

commonly referred to as the "Republic Bonding Act", may do so by filing their applications therefor within ten (10) days from the date of this notice. Applications for such purposes may be procured from the Recorder.

Dated this 25th day of May, 1925. D. B. REASONER, Recorder

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. D. White will "vacation" for three or four days going to Jefferson over Sunday and down through southern Oregon before retreating the middle of the week.



IT IS one of the ironies of a soldier's fate that he may be honored in a moment of need, only to be utterly forgotten after the smoke of battle has cleared. Throughout the world the tragedy of the soldier ignored and neglected after he has given the best of his youth and vitality to his country is a spectacle which distresses the eye of even the most casual observer, ex-Major Namm of the Fifth division, A. E. F., writes in the New York Herald-Tribune. And if it be so with the living, what must it be with the dead?

But the corollary does not necessarily follow. So far as America is concerned, the dead are being cared for. No one can visit the great cemeteries of the battle areas without realizing the sanctity that is being preserved about the graves of the fallen, without sensing the beauty of the tribute that is being paid by tender hands dedicated to that sole purpose. Row upon row they lie there, like men in a profound sleep, content with their martyrdom, yearning for no awakening.

Only one thought comes to disturb the peaceful picture. Unfortunately, not all of the dead are there. Some of the fallen have not had the grace of a decent burial. Of the seventy-odd thousand American soldiers who died overseas more than two thousand never have been located, and still are being carried on the records of the War department as "reported missing." And of all the phrases that were flung into circulation by the war none has been a more poignant source of pain, of hope, of doubt than those two words which announced the fate of a boy to be unknown. To thousands of American mothers and fathers that phrase "reported missing" has repeated itself almost daily for the last seven years, provoking all manner of speculation, yet forbidding any definite conclusion.

Tragedy of the "Missing." What, after all, had become of him? If dead, why was his body never found? The vision of him lying in some shell hole, unseen, unguarded against the spoliation of earth and time, or cast up suddenly and sacrilegiously by some laborer's spade—that vision is not one to allay parental anguish. On the contrary, dead though that body be, so long as it has not been laid to rest it seems to have voice, a voice which cries out to loved ones at home.

And here it must be remembered that "reported missing" does not necessarily mean that the soldier has been killed. It yields room for hope, but hope mingled with grave concern. He may have survived, although badly hurt, and that conjecture suggests the possibility of his lying helpless in some hospital or wandering around Europe bereft of strength and reason. Again, he may have been neither killed nor hurt, which opens up a new field for speculation and the fear of something worse than death—desertion.

What is being done to lift the veil of mystery which enshrouds the missing? Are they to remain officially forgotten? On the contrary, although it requires time, skill and unremitting effort, the work of tracing the names, of recovering the bodies, of repecting in some cases members that had been scattered by shell bursts, of establishing the identity of the whole and of burying it finally alongside of the comrades with whom the "missing" one had fought and died—all that is being done quietly and diligently by the American Graves Registration service

Tribute to Heroic Dead



The last ceremonies, at the graves of the overseas dead of the navy and marine corps, when the heroic dead of the war time are laid to rest at Arlington cemetery. Photo shows the colors dipped as the resounding notes of "Taps" are played.

Subscribe for the Vernonia Eagle.

Another Tribute for Mother's Bread

The production superintendent of one of the largest Portland bakeries recently visited at a Vernonia home and as was proper Mother's Bread was a part of the repast of which he partook.

This gentleman pronounced Mother's Bread to be the finest bread that he had ever eaten from a country bakery.

We do not even know the gentleman in question and this compliment came to us unsolicited, so we feel that it is sincere and that it came from one who knows good bread.

A trial will convince you too that Mother's Bread is all that we claim for it—you can get none better and it is your most economically priced food.

Start using Mother's Bread today—ask for it by name and be sure you get it.

As a mark of respect for our Soldier dead, our store will remain closed all day on Decoration Day, Saturday, May 30th.

Vernonia Bakery

BREWER & VISNAW, Props.

On 2nd St., half-block South of Bridge St.

In France. Each month brings the recovery of more bodies; each week brings a reduction, even though slight, in the number of missing, and with the continuance of this work under direction as intelligent and conscientious as it has had in the past the time may yet come when most of the missing will have been accounted for and the fears and doubts concerning them will have been stilled.

Many "Unknown."

The important work of searching and accounting for the missing was begun by the 54th units section of the Graves Registration service immediately after the close of the war. The task proved to be extremely difficult. Records of burial made under battle conditions were not complete, for bodies had been hastily interred under fire and the terrain had been subject to many transformations. The first search of the battle zone in the fall of 1918 and in the spring of 1919, therefore, met with but little success.

It was not until November, 1923, that the Graves Registration service became free to resume an organized and systematic effort to search the records for the missing, to recover unlocated bodies. At that time an officer who had seen four years of service in the field was detailed to the Paris office and placed in charge of the records. Investigation and research department. He was especially equipped for the task in that he had served in the infantry and was thoroughly familiar with battle terrain, and also because he had a knowledge of anatomy which was exceedingly useful in the work of establishing identity between dismembered parts, where a shell, as often happened, had played particular havoc with the victim.

Good Work Going On.

That officer organized a series of units which are now serving in all the battle zones where Americans fought and under his direction the work has progressed steadily and successfully. Unfortunately for the service, under the operation of the "Manchu law" which requires every officer to serve one year out of five with troops, the man who until recently was in charge of the task has been compelled to return to America. The work, however, will be carried on by his successor.

From January 1 to July 1 of 1924 the units engaged in the search recovered and established the identity of 125 bodies, or at the rate of 5 a week. They also recovered 29 bodies on which identification could not be established owing to mutilation and corrosion that had taken place with the passing of time.

These results can only be regarded as remarkable and foster the belief that the time is not far distant when the search for missing heroes of the World War will be crowned with complete success.

Several members of the K. P. lodge, from Harding lodge, went to St. Helens Tuesday night and took along a couple Vernonites, who were shown the mysteries of the third degree. We had the pleasure of riding in Dr. Cole's big new Chrysler, and can truthfully proclaim, "she is some car."

CHASING THE ELUSIVE CLAM

AN EXCITING HUNT OF THE WILD ANIMAL ON OREGON BEACH

(By A. Clamshooter)

The encyclopedia says that clams are mussels, having bivalve shells, held closed by muscles, and opened by a springy ligament on the back of the shell, that the clam creeps through the mud and sand by means of a fleshy foot. Furthermore, that it draws in water by means of a fleshy tube and strains this water through plate like gills, discharging water and non-assimilable substances by means of a second tube. For the past ten years I have been advised by superior persons that "clamming" is the sport of kings and I have been made to feel ignorant and inferior because of the fact that I had never seen a clam. Recently coming to a conclusion that this deficiency in my early training should be at once remedied, I planned a campaign against this ferocious animal. The preparations of Theodore Roosevelt for combating the lion, were carefully studied and after assembling the necessary weapons, offering the Smithsonian Institute any rare species discovered and granting the newspaper reporters a farewell interview I hopped off for the hitherto impenetrable wilds of Cannon Beach, Oregon. On arriving I found that the natives were prepared for the arrival of the expedition and our party was met with offers of summer cottages, hamburgers, hot dogs and near beer, which the natives were willing to exchange for the small bright disc like piece of metal and vari-colored strips of paper which we carried along, we having been previously advised that these articles would always assure us a welcome.

Immediately on our arrival, I was in favor of plunging into the clam territory and engaging the enemy, but the native guide advised us that the clams would not make their appearance before 7:30 a. m., and it would be useless to go out in the afternoon. Though very much disappointed at not being permitted to take any club out and knock over a few delicacies for dinner I was compelled to bide my time. Early the next morning, however, we were on hand in ample time for the performance. When the guide arrived he had a couple of the kind of spades that you dig post holes with. I threw my baseball bat away and accepted a shovel. It seems that Mr. Clam has a regular schedule for his appearances and he is as temperamental as an opera singer. There are little

printed schedules at most beach resorts telling at the exact time the clam family will exhibit and if they do not show up at the given time, you get rain checks.

"Brick," the red-headed boy who acted as guide for the expedition explained that the proper method was to grasp your shovel firmly and stroll along the beach keeping a close watch on the sand in front of you and "when she bubbles, dig like hell." It was also explained to us that the clams only show up at minus tide. I will confess that this had me baffled. I learned in school that the tides were something that the moon had something to do with. I was soon enlightened, however, and wish to inform the eager public that the tides are the things that wash things ashore and a minus tide is a tide that is not only not a tide but it lacks considerable, and bears the same relationship to a tide that less than nothing does to anything at all. With this simple explanation I think we can proceed with the story.

We walked along the beach for several yards looking for "bubbles" but none appeared. Suddenly "Brick" grabbed his shovel with both hands dropped to his knees and shoveled like his life depended on it. He then ran his hand, arm, shoulder and one ear down in the hole he had dug and after wiggling around a little yelled, "I've got him," and fell over backwards. He had evidently got a gentleman clam. However, on close inspection of his catch I found that it was a soda-pop bottle. The next three trials he got a piece of bark, a sardine can and a crab shell. However, perseverance finally rewarded and produced a sleek oblong object that looked something like a vanity case, only it was messy looking. It was put together with hinges and seemed to have two heads. Frankly, I was disappointed. I thought a clam was worth looking at, at least, but this thing looked more like nothing than anything I ever saw. However, we came for clams and I intended to get some clams, even if they were not worth having after I got them.

I found that you dig when you see a sort of a little sink hole appear in the sand in front of you. After a bit I began to find plenty of sink holes and I began to dig and poke my arm and ear down in the pits I had dug, following as closely as possible the same method the red-headed boy had followed. The first 18 holes I played produced two pieces of starfish, three tobacco cans, one pop bottle, one shoe and eleven pieces of bark. The next netted me two cut fingers and a broken thumb nail. I dug 27 more holes and guess I would be digging yet, but I worked so fast that I overtook the lady who was strolling along and punching these sink holes in the sand with her shoe heels.