

## Bridge Contract Will Be Let For Gales Creek Span

Contract Rather Than CWA to Be Used to Speed up Important Work

(Forest Grove News-Times)

Contracts will be let by the county court in the near future for the building of a bridge to replace the wooden covered bridge over Gales creek at Gales Creek which was dynamited Friday after one pier had been washed away. Present plans of the county court are to call for bids on the construction of concrete piers with alternate bids on a steel or wood bridge structure.

Other bridges damaged by the high water not being of the emergency character of the Gales creek bridge, which carries heavy traffic up Gales creek to Timber and Vernonia, will be built with the aid of Civil Works assistance where possible. However, the court does not wish to hold up the Gales creek bridge construction pending the delay of approval from the CWA. Bridge expense being largely materials and the CWA being more interested in work the replacement of bridges is not expected to occupy a very large part of the CWA program in the county.

In the meantime, traffic to Timber is having to detour by the Hillside road, over the hill before returning to the regular Timber road.

The Rood bridge near the wireless station north of Hillsboro was another county bridge to be washed out by high water.

Bateman quarry bridge across Gales creek was saved from the rush of the flood waters when the bridge was held in position by a cable. A private bridge on the Oppenlander farm and a bridge over Gales creek going to Roderick falls went out with the high water.

The approach to a bridge in

the Cummings hill section was washed out but with work in this section already approved by the CWA.

### On Approval

By ROSA Z. MARIONONI

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MEREDITH was walking home hurriedly, her feet rippling under her, her cheeks flushed, her heart beating queerly; she wondered if the two gowns which were to be delivered on approval had preceded her home; she hoped they had, and wished they had not.

As Meredith walked along she felt conscious of two voices in her debating the issue, which stood out before her. One thin, care-free voice was saying: "There is no harm in your wearing the lace gown tonight. Nothing will happen to it. Elmer will be proud of you before his friends." And another voice, a worried little voice, was saying: "What if something should happen to the gown while you wear it tonight and Elmer should find out you are wearing a dress which you do not intend buying? He is so scrupulously honest, he would never forgive such an underhanded action on your part."

Tonight was the first time since their marriage that Elmer had dared invite Mr. Sanders to his home. Mr. Sanders was the district manager of the company which employed Elmer.

When she had told Elmer about her not having a dress fit to wear at dinner, Elmer had quickly suggested that she buy a new one.

"I noticed in the paper that Lander's are having a sale," Meredith had said. "Dinner dresses priced at nineteen ninety-eight."

That very morning she had gone shopping and while trying on some of the dinner dresses priced at \$19.98, the saleswoman had been called away. As Meredith waited for her, she had noticed an exquisite gown of blue lace over silver cloth hanging on a wall peg. She had glanced at the size and price tag. The gown was her size, but it was marked fifty-nine dollars. An insidious thought had entered her mind. "I could have this lace gown sent home on approval, wear it tonight, then return it."

When that evening the clock struck six, Meredith stood before her bedroom mirror gowned in lace and silver. As Elmer entered the room to say that Mr. Sanders had

arrived, he remained breathless, looking at her.

"You look marvelous!" he told her. When they entered the little drawing room, Meredith's heart felt queerly cool as Elmer said with high pride in his voice, "Mr. Sanders, this is my wife."

"How do you do," she smiled; and thought, "I feel as if I were a thief."

It was about nine o'clock when Elmer suddenly said: "I think I hear the baby crying," and jovially, "Mr. Sanders, you must see our baby! You must!" Then turning to Meredith, "Go and bring in the little rascal. I want to show him off." Meredith went to the bedroom. The baby had stopped crying, she took him gently in her arms, afraid he'd crush her dress.

Mr. Sanders proved interesting to Bobby, for he had a gold watch chain and sparkling spectacles. Elmer was beaming. Mr. Sanders tried to be gracious. Suddenly the baby began to bob himself up and down in Meredith's arms. Mr. Sanders' spectacles had attracted his attention, his chubby hands reached toward Mr. Sanders' face, the gentleman slanted backward. "Better take the baby back to bed," suggested Elmer.

As Meredith turned away, the baby gave one high-pitched cry, the tiny fist closed about the mother's lace bodice, tearing, pulling.

Meredith ran into the bedroom, the child in her arms.

Time passed, the baby fell asleep, the young mother kept crying. When Elmer tiptoed into his wife's bedroom, and gently touched her shoulder, she looked up at him, her eyes brimming with tears, her lips trembling, her face swollen from crying.

"What is the matter? You've been weeping," exclaimed Elmer.

"Oh, Elmer, look, the baby tore the dress!"

Elmer sat beside his wife attempting to console her, but the more he tried to pacify her, the more she clung to him and wept. Suddenly, she sank her head on his shoulder and told him all, and when she had finished she was only conscious of Elmer kissing her and whispering, "My poor little girl." Elmer felt a protective pity toward his wife. He told her he would fix matters. In the morning he would go to the agent and try to have his insurance payment postponed a few months—Elmer was worried, but he did not wish Meredith to know how much.

Meredith rose to her feet, smiling through the tears, opened the closet door. "Look, here is the other gown, the one I should have worn," she

## Treharne

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayden, daughter Eva Jean and son Floyd from Astoria spent New Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. L. Grenia.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Smith have taken their daughter to Portland for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Keller and family motored to Dallas over the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parson and son Stewart of Forest Grove were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Crawford.

Koster camp resumed operations January 2.

E. Lisenby motored to Astoria over the holidays.

Mrs. Harold Peterson and daughter of Buxton visited with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Justice, a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sehorn spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Patterson, at Corvallis.

Lyle Bledsoe of Manning spent the week end visiting with his sisters, Mrs. Carl Wienecke and Mrs. J. E. Britten.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirk of Buxton spent Friday at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Chas. Justice.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Prutzman and daughter made a business trip up to Washington.

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Mr. and Mrs. George John spent the holidays visiting with relatives at Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stanton and daughter Lawanda of Gaston visited with relatives here.

T. A. Schamberger and family were called to Wapinitia by the illness of a relative.

Mr. and Mrs. John Glassner entertained Sunday night. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Davis and Sonny, Betty, Dorothy, Bert Williams, George Douthit, Mr. and Mrs. S. Baker and daughter Loretta. The evening was spent playing cards. After midnight the hostess served lunch.

## LODGES

### A. F. & A. M.

Vernonia Lodge No. 184 A. F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Temple, Stated Communication First Thursday of each month. Special called meetings on all other Thursday nights 7:30 p.m. Visitors most cordially welcome. J. B. Wilkerson, W. M. F. D. Macpherson, Secretary

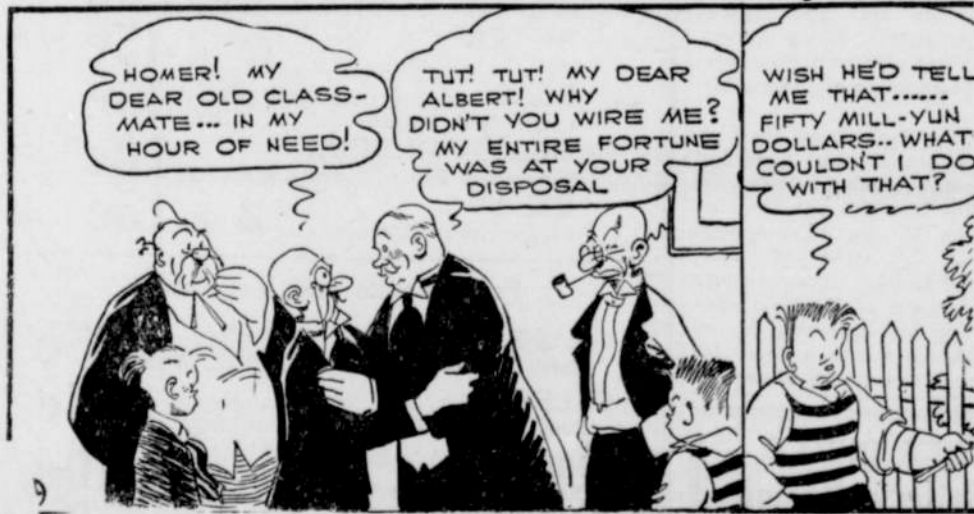
### Order of Eastern Star

Nehalom Chapter 153, O. E. S. Regular communication first and third Wednesdays of each month, at Masonic Temple. All visiting sisters and brothers welcome. Mrs. M. F. Wall, W. M. Leona McGraw, Sec.

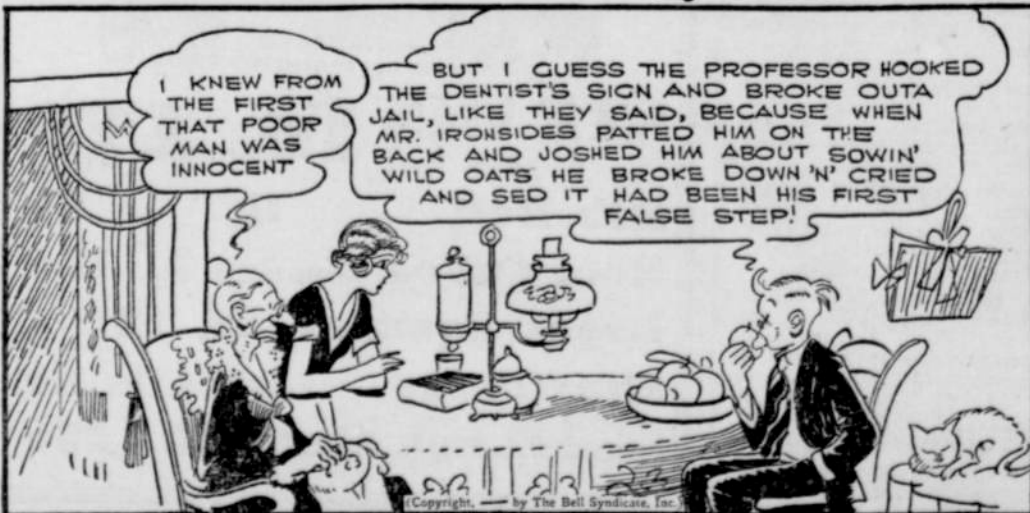
### Pythian Sisters

Vernonia Temple 61 meets every 2nd and 4th Wednesdays in W.O.W. hall. Florence Nanson, M. E. C. Clara Kerns, M. or R. & C.

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