

Vernonia Eagle

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EDITORIALS

HAPPY NEW YEAR

"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

The 3-word phrase, year after year, sometimes gets under your skin, doesn't it? Some of us get such rotten breaks during the so-called new year, and then, again, some of us get better breaks.

But when The Eagle wishes you a "Happy New Year" you can be assured that the publishers and staff mean it. If there exists any situation that we can diplomatically remedy that will make your new year the more pleasant, the more joyous, the more prosperous, then we shall be ready and willing to throw in our assistance, whatever type or kind it be.

After all, our success or failure is dependent, entirely, upon the new year's treatment of our readers and customers. And so it would be poorly for us to wish you anything but a "Happy New Year!"

But, friends, we do not express the season's wish alone to gain an end, or alone to "feather our nest," as the saying goes.

We are interested, tremendously, in Vernonia, the territory adjacent, its people and its problems else we would not have selected this district with which to cast our lot.

So as the new year gains momentum, as we peer into the next few weeks and months, wondering and waiting, be assured that The Eagle is with you, for you, and one for you. With this thought in mind, accept our greetings in the spirit in which they are intended.

Truly, The Eagle wants yours to be a "Happy New Year!"

TIMES'LL BE BETTER

ROGER BABSON, the nation's most outstanding economist and most prominent prognosticator of conditions, says, in a release of the past week, that this district will enjoy a prosperous year.

Though there are thousands of us who do not, or have not, fully agreed with Friend Babson's opinions, he has enjoyed the uncanny ability of predicting good times and bad. He has enjoyed a record of prophesying that is not easily refuted.

So as we pen these few lines, we want to hang to Mr. Babson's opinions for he says we are in for something a bit unusual . . . real prosperous times. The least a newspaper editor could do, in the face of the Babson predictions, especially residing in a territory precisely covered by his statements, is to go along with the famous economist and pass the good word along to his friends, readers and customers.

But Mr. Babson in a bit behind The Eagle's predictions of a few weeks back. We, too, have faith in our industrial future and have so evidenced that faith by publication of optimistic editorials.

We are not lost. Much less. We are doomed for our share of the good year 1938's manna and know that from the ditch digger on up to the banker, all will enjoy the fruits of a system unequalled in the world, unequalled for all time. We are living in America!

SOCKING THE POOH POOHER!

AMUSINGLY, SUNDAY, we read of a naval recruiting officer in Portland who, happening by a curbstoner speaker on Burnside, listened for a moment, then stepped up and took a healthy poke at the speaker's pan, laying him low for a moment. The sailor was arrested. Whether he was fined or given a pat on the back at the Oak street station by the cops we did not learn.

But the point is, and we do not know the subject nor the contents of the speaker's presentation, that we have often harbored the suppressed desire to konk some of the metropolitan curbstoners in just the same manner.

There is room for free speech in the United States. There is room for every speaker dissatisfied with the system. But there is no room, as far as we are concerned, for the soap boxer who expounds his theories on good American soil but who bases his theories on systems which are failing and which have failed; theories that are not acceptable to normal or clear thinking minds.

So often our soapboxing friends, in private life, are men, and women, who adhere strictly to and agree with the American democracy. In public life they manufacture pawns who, unknowingly contribute to their livelihood and well-being.

Sincerity, and sincerity alone, forges ahead to make needed and acceptable economic changes.

If we are arrested in some foreign port at some future date for taking a poke at a curbstoner it will be because we do not believe the speaker sincere in his, or her, statements.

PARASITES OR —?

ONE STATEMENT that frequently creeps into conversations we have as we go around and about is this: "Newspapers are parasites on a community—they produce nothing of value; they take money for themselves and distribute very little in return."

Sometimes we concur in that statement, but on the whole we feel our position in the community is definitely more important than the lowly one of a parasite. Our business is unlike any other in town—we are snoopers, we admit freely (in fact we love that part of our work more than is right to confess). We badger merchants for advertising because that advertising stimulates business and gives us revenue with which to buy our own groceries and clothes, pay our light and water bills, keep shoes on our kids and ourselves, and relax now and then at a movie or dance.

In return for that advertising we must see that we have sufficient readers for the paper. The readers demand news and features as well as ads. That is where our snooping pays dividends to the town in two distinct ways.

And we flatter ourselves that occasionally we come out with an inspiration of our own that will make merchants and townspeople think. If we can do that, say once a month at least, we have done something worth while.

No we don't feel parasitical very often. Our preferred definition of ourselves is that we are the yeast of the community, the "mixer", if you will. We would like to accept more responsibility than that and offer to act as oracles of civic affairs, arbitrators of political quarrels, dispensers of justice and wisdom, publishing the newspaper as a more or less amusing pastime and thereby cutting down our working hours to a scant 12 or 14 a day. We are open to suggestions and criticism—let's have it.

A LITTLE GIRL'S IMPRESSION

LITTLE MISS Gwendolyn Long, a Vernonia lass, is interested in seeing that The Eagle obtains all of the news. We know she feels that way because she spent most of Wednesday writing a brief—very brief—resume of the flood situation here last week. Miss Long was fearful lest we would not include some important points. Miss Long was right, for we did forget to "thank God" that the flood waters did recede, at length, and the sun shone at last, breaking through all too ominous clouds.

But, wait. Here's our friend's flood story: "It rained and rained all day. The water came up higher and higher. Some basements were flooded and the wood got wet. People were carrying up wood to last 'til the flood went down. Some people had to put their cows where it was dry and the water did not come. After a week went by the sun came out and the flood went away. The people put the cows in the pastures and the wood dried out. All the people prayed and thanked God that the flood went away."

The story was sent to us by Miss Gwendolyn through an Eagle representative, and we know, from childhood experience that she believed she had covered the details. Our little friend will learn, as she grows older, that she omitted many details and has written a story that would hardly appeal to a hard-boiled editor.

But . . . Miss Long, you covered one detail that many of us, including so-called hard-boiled editors overlook. You saw the need for looking to a higher than earthly for aid in a crisis. Some will read your story and say: "It was cute." Others will say: "Not enough of the detail."

We read your story, Gwendolyn. We thought about it. And then we reread it. Too few of your age are offered the opportunity to thank God at any time, much less when the faith of the righteous is sorely needed . . . sometimes sorely tried.

Though the swirling flood may take away your home, perchance your dearest beloved, your invaluable property . . . everything you possess of a physical nature . . . if you maintain your faith and can thank your God in trying times you shall have no difficult problems confronting you in the years to come.

BOY, OH BOY!

WHAT A difference a few years makes?

We are not crowding middle age, by any manner of means, yet we can recall when a few mothers, more aunts and a lot of older sisters scurried for cover, their hair "done up" in rat tails as they called them in those days.

These demure ladies and lasses would raise hands, fingers outstretched, and clamp them over their head and squeal as they made haste to a back room or the kitchen. If the visitor . . . it was usually the love interest . . . saw them in such a mess . . . woe was theirs.

The only difference between the rat tails of those years and the more modern modes of hair primping is that a metal gadget with clamps is employed nowadays.

The wife uses them. The daughter uses them, yes, even mother has a nest of them in the dresser drawer and at regular periods any of the female sex may be found before the mirror placing the metal clamps neatly over the scalp, eventually to emerge a curly head and far more attractive feminine personage.

Do the ladies and lasses squeal with fear and scamper from sight these days? Of course not! They put these pesky things on their head and parade down town to buy the groceries, go to a bridge luncheon or party, to church or picnics. Everyone does it. We had the point brought home clearly this week as we made a purchase from one of the be-metalled ladies in a local store.

The modern pig tail curlers need only a diamond or two set in the metal to make them decorative. A change of equipment, but the method remains the same. No change in result but a change in attitude.

That's all the difference between then and now.

A friend wrote us this week after reading a sample copy of the paper and said: "Will you guarantee us a steelhead apiece if we come down?" We didn't guarantee the success ourselves but we wrote back and said that our underwriters would. Of course, our steelhead underwriters are Ross Duncan, Adolph Nelson, Charles Hoffman, Harry and Mrs. King, C. Bruce, the Monger boys (Mr. and son), and the rest of the successful steelhead artists.

Noting this week, while trying to balance our 1937 budget, that our grocery bill had run over somewhat, the wife pipes up and says that we plowed under too much pork at the dinner table for the past 12 months.

A Portland woman, arrested in San Diego the other day, refused to pay a \$5 fine, saying that she wanted to spend the money at home. She spent a day and a half in the San Diego jail. Too bad the small communities don't have more of this type.

The local Christian church ladies recently raised \$209.24 at a church dinner and bazaar held in a vacant building here. The ladies should rent the building and go into business for themselves. The least they can do is hire themselves out for business managers. We'll take a chance with anyone or a dozen of them if they'll guarantee the same result. Accept The Eagle's heartiest approval and congrats!

Someone has said that the reason pessimists can see nothing ahead is because there isn't anything ahead for them to see. Just another argument in favor of labeling yourself and being an optimist.

Two eastern motorists, residing in the same apartment house in a large city, two doors apart on the same floor, ran into each other in Texas the past week. They had never met before. Isn't it a small world, after all?

Eagle Items Of Other Years

FIVE YEARS AGO

Some argument ensues over qualifications of H. G. Sandon, regularly elected councilman. Discussion showed Sandon not a taxpayer. Is seated at special meeting when warranty deed displayed showing him owner of Vernonia property. Mayor Owens said he did not wish trouble, and that he believed he did not need to rule, in matter.

A. L. Lachine narrowly escaped death when falling tree hit him while he was working in the woods for Clark and Wilson. He noticed tree and was able to step aside far enough to receive only a glancing blow.

County court decides to apply to RFC for \$20,000 to care for county's needy. Amount budgeted in county is \$8,000.

Anglers having good luck with steelhead as they're running early. Many catch limits during week's time, story relates.

Mike Willard caught the largest steelhead during the week, weighing 14 pounds. The fish vary from 4 to 14 pounds.

TEN YEARS AGO

Announcement was recently made that the S. P. & S. Transportation Co. would open a stage line to Portland via St. Helens. There will be three busses daily each way.

Vernonia Camp, 655, held an enthusiastic meeting Monday night. Fred Overson submitted a drawing of the proposed new lodge building to be erected as soon as weather will permit.

Vernonia high school plays St. Helens high Friday evening in the first game of the current season. The game is slated to show the relative power of the two teams, the best in Columbia county. The local lineup is expected to be as follows: Bennett and Parker, forwards; Bergerson, center; Hedges and Ray guards. A. Adams, G. Adams and Bush or Hieber will probably play part of the game. Bennett and Hedges are lettermen.

The 40 at 8 of Vernonia has slated its installation and banquet Friday evening. The banquet will be held at the Horse Shoe Cafe and the installation at the hall later.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

A receiving station for the Mutual Creamery Co. has been established in the Coyle Meat market.

New council held first meeting. Officers were Mayor White, Marshal Fowler, Treasurer McGraw and Councilman Sears. These were sworn in for duty on Vernonia's council. A verbal report by the treasurer showed a balance of \$390 cash on hand. Bills were allowed with the

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councilmen complaining about prisoners having ham and eggs for meals.

Coyle and Coyle are building the new stairway on the outside of their building making more room for the R & L barber shop and bath room.

Honorable Judson Weed after serving for eight years as a county commissioner has retired January 1. He held many offices throughout the county and was considered one of the best known and best liked officials in the county. He also served a term in the state legislature.

What Other Editors Think . . .

LIMITING AUTO SPEEDS—

The chief trouble with automobile traffic these days is that the automotive engineer has gone too far ahead of the highway engineer—to say nothing of the average driver.

So says J. M. Gentry, Oklahoma state safety commissioner, in a plea for a national agreement among auto manufacturers to limit car speed to 70 miles an hour.

As things stand, Mr. Gentry points out, the average auto will go much faster than the average road can safely accommodate it, and also much faster than the average driver can safely guide it. A speed much above 60 miles an hour

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Nehalem Chapter 153, O. E. S.

Regular Communication first and third Wednesdays of each month, at Masonic Temple.

All visiting sisters and brothers welcome.

Leona McGraw, Sec.
Myrtle Brock, W. M.

A. F. & A. M.

Vernonia Lodge No. 184
A. F. & A. M. meets at Masonic Temple, State Communication First Thursday of each month.

Special called meetings on all other Thursday nights, 7:30 p. m. Visitors most cordially welcome.

Special meetings Friday nights.
T. M. Crawford, W. M.
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