

Classified

Ads

FOR SALE—Saddle pony, gentle for children. Old growth wood; will deliver. Seven pigs. G. A. Riggin, Rock creek. 1t3

FOR SALE—Buff Orphington chickens. 22 hens and a rooster for \$18. J. M. Peachey 1t3—

BOY—15, wants work for board and room while attending school. Can milk. Reference. Inquire A. L. Parker. 1t3—

WANTED—Shake boards and shingle bolts; one-half of 25 double splits. Cedarwood Timber company, Timber, Oregon. See Mr. Thompson at Timber. 46t—

FLOWERS
Corsages — Cut Flowers
Potted Plants
Sprays for Funerals
Bush Funeral Home
Phone 592 6t—

FOR SALE—Ten-ton truck or wagon scales. Heavy Vaughn dog saw, 2 blades. John Deer plow. Spike tooth harrow. Viking cream separator, 400 cap. Excellent condition. A. L. Parker 52t3—

FOR SALE—Banquet cook stove, price \$10. H. Thacker, Treharne. 2t3

WILL BUY—Beef. See Bob Tipton at Sam and Bob's Grocery and Market. Phone 657. 2t4—

FOR SALE—House on Bridge St. Inquire at Soden's Barber Shop, 756 Bridge St. 2t4

NOTICE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned has been appointed enforcement officer, charged with the collection of dog licenses within the City of Vernonia, Oregon, by the Columbia County Dog Control District Board, and You are hereby notified that said licenses must be paid on or before the 1st day of March, 1940, at the City Hall at Vernonia, Oregon, and in default thereof a penalty of fifty cents will be charged in addition to the amount of said dog license.
A. D. Lolley
Enforcement Officer

The Forum

The following poem is one composed by Fred K. Dix, editor and publisher of the Prospect (Ohio) Monitor and poet:

PART ONE
The Arrival of the Pup—
Oh, listen, my lads,
With your ears up,
Of this wonderful tale
Of Our Office Pup!
I'll never forget it—
That cold, blustery night,
He blew into my sanctum,
A terrible sight.
The Banner was printed,
And, weary and cross,
I sat down at my desk
To check up my loss.
I scanned the long columns
With shivery and shakes,
Gripped tight in the nightmare
Of all my mistakes.
I searched through my pockets,
More holey than whole,
For a dime to buy soap
To cheer my old soul.
I longed for some soup,
I was hungry as sin,
The paper was out
And I was all in.

Then I said to myself,
Oh, what is the use
To toil as I toil
To be paid in abuse?
I went out of doors
And looked up at the moon
And the stars, where they print
The Celestial Tribune.

I longed to be there
Where the white presses run
By a belt of bright stars
That circle the sun.

The paper they use
Is spun from the dawn
By the shuttling sun,
Dropping dew on my lawn.

The news of the angels
Is all that they print
From type made of gold
In their Heavenly mint.

With angel subscribers,
Who pay in advance,
A printer in Heaven
Might have half a chance.

I thought of old friends
Promoted from here
To the Tribune above,
Without shedding a tear.

Then I thought of my lot
With my old squeaky press
With its rattle and bang
And black, inky mess.

I'm tired of it all
And I'll end it right now,
Said I, stepping inside,
And it matters not how.

I turned out the light
And started to grope
Around in the dark
For a rafter and rope.

I stood up on a stool
And looped the noose o'er
My head, when a racket
Broke loose at the door.

I threw off my necklace,
Leaped down to the floor
From my rickety stool
And jerked open the door.

I snapped on a light,
Then, with a loud wail,
In bounded a dog
With a can to his tail.

He was furiously frightened,
He leaped and he sprang
And howled while the tin can
Went bangety-bang.

Type, ink, paste and plaster,
Forms, presses and pi
Got mixed in the scuffle
And started to fly.

I raced and I chased him,
Till, quick as a wink,
He fell into a barrel
Of Black Diamond Ink.

There I caught him, at last!
When I sized the cur up,
I said to the Devil,
He's a born Office Pup.

I stroked the poor Pup,
My face wore a grin;
The Banner was out
And I was all in.

PART TWO
Poor Old Rags Is Washed Up and Fed
Then Takes the Editor's Coat for a Bed

From the end of his nose
To the tip of his tail
That poor Pup dripped black ink
Like a leaky old pail.

He shook and he shivered,
He was boney and thin
With his tongue hanging out
And drooped tail turning in.

His stomach was shriveled
And clung to his spine.
He looked very much like
He needed to dine.

A black mess was his hair,
With large chunks pulled out,
As if twenty old tomcats
Had put him to rout.

He licked out the pastepot
That stood on the floor
Then gnawed an ink roller
Clean down to the core.

I set in to wash him—
It took the whole night
And barrels of water
To make that pup white.

Such rubbing and scrubbing
He had to endure,
While drowned fleas and soapuds
Most stopped up the sewer.

And while he was drying,
He sniffed round the room
For the scent of a cat—
A dog's rarest perfume

The Devil came in then,
As usual—late—
He emptied the ashes
And shook down the grate.

I told him to run out
And fetch a big bone,
Then lock up the office
And leave us alone.

As the gray morning broke,
The Pup, having fed
On a roller and bone,
Took my coat for a bet.

Then I flopped down to sleep
Off my own weariness
On a pile of old papers
Right back of the press.

Then the Devil tacked up
My old gag sign again,
That "THE EDITOR'S OUT!",
And the town talked like sin.

PART THREE
The Editor Enlists the Office Pup in the Work of Making the Town Pay Up

It was dark when I 'rose from
My hard paper pallet
By a noise at the door
Like the beat of a mallet.

They rushed at the door
But its trusty lock weathered
The assault of the crowd
That before it had gathered.

They flashed lights and they screamed;
Someone yelled, "See him hanging
Right in there by his desk,"
Still they kept up their banging.

Then I heard women scream,
"His H-heart, it was mellow . . .
His own worst enemy . . .
And a p-pretty good fellow!"

I kept back of the press
Still hiding and harking,
Clamping tight to the Pup
To keep him from barking.

Then I said to myself,
Hear them talk without thinking,
When a woman's voice shrieked,
"The outcome of drink!"

No one said they owed me
And it 'stoo late to settle
As I searched through my pockets
All empty of metal.

Get a battering-ram!
A bold voice suggested.
I'll admit, by this time,
My wits were sore tested.

I slipped out the back door
As the crowd made its sally,
Leading Rags by a rope
I ran fast down the alley.

Then right into the street
Where the crowd was assembled,
I approached unconcerned,
While I inwardly trembled.

Then I lived for a moment
A lifetime of winters
As their battering ram
Broke my front door to splinters.

Yelled I, "Scum of creation,
Your black hands are tainted
With murder and thievery!"
As ten women fainted.

They cried, "Ghosts! Murder!
Thieves!"
As I stepped up before them,
With a club in my hand
I kept swinging o'er them.

For breaking my door
I vowed I would lick 'em,
And as Rags leaped and snarled,
I yelled, "Sickem, boy, sickem!"

"You've ruined my office,
And for this rash caper,
Step forth, everyone
And renew the home paper."

Each one paid his subscription
And groaned, "Oh, oh, dear,
for the POKE CENTER BANNER—
One fifty a year."

VISIT IN GOBLE; FOWLERS ENTERTAIN; VERNONIA SHOPPERS

WILARK—(Special to The Eagle)
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Cantwell and children, Frances Ann and Lorena Rae motored to Goble and visited friends and relatives Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Cantwell entertained Mr. and Mrs. Glen Pearl and family with a birthday dinner in honor of Mr. Pearl Monday, January 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Pearl entertained Mr. and Mrs. Chris Fowler

by playing cards at the Pearl's home Friday night.

Jack Townsend spent a few days at Goble last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Fowler entertained Mr. and Mrs. Glen Pearl and children by a dinner at their home. They spent the remainder of the evening playing cards.

Mr. and Mrs. Brinn and children were Wilark visitors Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Atkins and niece, Lylath Van DeBogart visited Mrs. Allen Ray of Vernonia Sunday.

Dorothy Hanna spent Saturday afternoon and evening visiting Lucille Ruffl of Vernonia.

Lester Roberts spent the weekend at Rainier.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Howard were Vernonia shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. John Rieder was a Vernonia shopper one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Olson visited Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gay of Pittsburg Saturday afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Losier visited friends and relatives at Washington New Year's.

Mr. and Mrs. Gene Orwig were Vernonia visitors one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Bransdel were Vernonia visitors one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson were Vernonia shoppers Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hanna were Vernonia shoppers Saturday.

Tell us what you want

over the phone and curl up in your favorite chair with a good book! You don't have to brave the sharp winds or the icy pavement. And we guarantee to send just what you ask for!

DELIVERY SCHEDULE—
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O-A Hill and East Side—10:30 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.
Phone 761 Quantity Orders Gladly Delivered

SAM and BOB
Grocery & Market

Our Gift for the First
1940 Baby
One Dollar in Trade

In appreciation for the business derived from Bill Heath

Signal Oil Company

The Forest Grove National Bank

Invites You To Bank By Mail if Inconvenient To Come In Person

J. A. Thornburg, President.
"THE ROLL OF HONOR BANK"

You Get Better-Looking Shaves Faster
With This New
Gillette Blade
At 1/2 Price!

Improved Kind Of Edges Stand Up Where The Going Is Tough. . . Protect Your Skin From Smart And Burn Caused By Misfit Blades

FOR fast, good-looking shaves at a worthwhile saving . . . the new Thin Gillette is the blade for you. Selling at only 10c for 4 . . . this blade has super-keen edges of a radically improved kind. And it's made of easy-flexing steel hard enough to cut glass. That's why it shaves tender skin smoothly without smart or burn . . . out-performs and outlasts ordinary blades two to one! Buy a package from your dealer today and enjoy real shaving comfort.

4 for 10c
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Thin Gillette Blades Are Produced By The Maker Of The Famous
Gillette Blue Blade
5 for 25c

CHEVROLET TRUCKS FOR 1940

Best Haulers . . . Best Savers and "BEST SELLERS" in the entire truck field!

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Only Chevrolet Trucks Bring You All These Famous Features

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- Chevrolet's Famous Valve-in-Head Truck Engines
- New Hypoid Rear Axle
- Extra-Sturdy Truck Frame
- New Full-View Outlook and New Crystal-Clear Safety Plate Glass Windshield
- Perfect Hydraulic Truck Brakes
- Specialized 4-Way Lubrication
- New Sealed Beam Headlights (with separate parking lights)
- Full-Floating Rear Axle (on Heavy Duty models)
- (Vacuum-Power Brakes, 2-Speed Rear Axle optional on Heavy Duty models at extra cost.)

Chevrolet—world's largest builder of trucks—now offers its new line for 1940—56 models on nine wheelbase lengths, all selling in the lowest price range!

Extra-powerful Valve-in-Head Engines . . . extra-strong Hypoid Rear Axles . . . extra-sturdy truck units throughout . . . make all these new Chevrolets *gluttons for work*, whether you choose a Sedan Delivery or a Heavy Duty Cab-Over-Engine model.

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