

LET'S BE SOCIABLE

Three Are Honored At Club Meeting

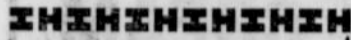
The regular meeting of the Nehalem Social club was held Wednesday evening, April 11, at the home of Mrs. A. J. Hughes with Mrs. W. T. Lilly assisting.

After the regular business meeting a farewell gift was presented to Mrs. Frank McCord, and a pink and blue shower was held for Mrs. Ralph Reynolds and Mrs. Wallace McCrae. Each of the three honor guests were presented with red camellia corsages at the close of the evening.

Delicious refreshments were served by the hostesses.

The next regular meeting of the club will be held on Wednesday, May 9th.

FOR CLASSIFIEDS THAT CLICK—THE EAGLE



MAKES COFFEE TASTE MUCH BETTER!

Does away with flavor-robbing, messy filter cloths and metal parts. Filters coffee through coffee That's why coffee made with the Cory Glass Filter Rod is so much fuller-bodied, richer tasting. Much more convenient, too. Just rinse off and it's clean. An exclusive feature of the famous Cory Glass Coffee Brewer—but fits all standard glass coffee makers.

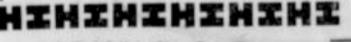
CORY GLASS Filter Rod

50¢

GENUINE Cory Coffee Brewer with coffee measure \$3.75

HOFFMAN Hardware Co.

For Bonds, See Uncle Sam — For Hardware, See Hoffman
Phone 181 Vernonia



IF YOUR CAR ACT AT ONCE

KNOCKS Unlike opportunity, when your car knocks, it does not stop at once. It keeps on knocking, louder and LOUDER, until —BOOM— and then, alas, it may be a really serious break-down because of some part that cannot be replaced. At the first signs of trouble call at **JOHNSON'S VERNONIA SERVICE STATION.**
VERNONIA SERVICE STATION PHONE 311

BREAD AND ROLLS

BAKERY PRODUCTS THAT ARE MUSIC TO YOUR MEALS!

These savory, brown-skinned, taste-teasers will make any mother or hostess happy and lighten the cares of food preparation.

VERNONIA BAKERY
PHONE 991

LONG AGO And FAR AWAY

Rona Morris Workman
Rocking W Ranch
Vernonia, Oregon

My mind seems to be running on food lately. Maybe it is my ration points—or rather my lack of ration points—that causes that condition. I have just been browsing through an ancient copy of the "White House Cookbook". Now that is Literature. Read it and weep. How's this for breakfast?

- Grapes Steamed Oatmeal
- Pickled Pig's Feet Fried
- Oyster Toast Potato Puffs
- Wheat Bread Egg Muffins
- Coffee

And me with my grapefruit and coffee! Shades of my grandparents!

Or this for a nice quick little dinner when hubby brings the boss home unexpectedly:

- Beef Soup with Croutons
- Boiled Fresh Mackerel
- Hollandaise Sauce
- Roast Partridges
- Mashed Potatoes Stewed Corn
- Stuffed Egg Plant
- Tomato Salad
- Lobster Croquettes
- Peach Meringue Pie
- Tutti Frutti Ice Cream
- Rochester Jelly Cake
- Cheese Coffee

Now those were the days when men really could eat and women could really cook. Bring out the Alka-Zisser. It gives me the indigestion even to read it. No wonder women had curves then and men the gout. A meal like that would put curves on even me.

Meals like those are not too far in the past. I, young as I am, can remember some very much like them. No wonder I was a chubby little thing at that time. Ah, those Sunday dinners when I was too young to appreciate them! Of course, when there was lots of company, we children always had to wait until the "second table," after the grown folks had finished their eating and their seemingly endless conversation. But even the second table had enough food left on it to feed a modern family a week. Besides it was much more fun to eat by ourselves; we didn't have to mind our table manners so carefully and we could chatter as we pleased, which was something in the day when children should be seen and not heard." (Even in those days, however, it would have taken more than a precept to keep me from talking, grownup or not.)

It seems to me, looking back through the years that always when we came home from Quaker Meeting in our "surrey with the fringe on top" behind Dad's fast-stepping team, that a train

Moortele instructed the group in the art of soap carving. Results ranged all the way from cleverly carved animals and flowers to complete disintegration of soap bars to soap chips.

The next meeting will be held on April 24th, at the home of Mrs. Charlotte Steele with Mrs. Noma Callister as co-hostess.

Wedding Solemnized for Prominent Couple

In a setting of quiet simplicity, ceremonial services were read for one of Vernonia's most prominent couples on Thursday, April 12, when Emil Messing and Florence McDonald were wed.

Motoring to the Christian church parsonage at Forest Grove, the wedding party was ushered into the church chapel where the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Herbert Sias. Best man for the occasion was Mr. Bert Tisdale and Mrs. Tisdale attended the bride.

The bride wore an attractive suit of aqua, with brown accessories. Her corsage was of white carnations and sweet peas. The groom wore a suit of navy blue serge.

The wedding party included a few intimate friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Porterfield, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Annala, Mr. and Mrs. Hartzell, Jean McDonald and Florence Tisdale.

After the ceremony the couple left immediately for a ten-day honeymoon trip to coast cities. They expect to return by Sunday April 22nd. Mr. and Mrs. Messing will hold at that time, an open house reception at their home on C St. for their many friends.

Card Party and Tea Events Planned by Aux.

Among recently planned local activities the American Legion Auxiliary has decided to sponsor a card party to be held at the Legion hall on Friday, April 27.

Also planned at this meeting was a Mother's Day tea to be given in the near future for mothers of service men.

An amount of \$15 was sent to the National President's Rehabilitation program. The money to be used to build green houses at the hospitals.

Announcement of Engagement Made

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hedman announce the engagement of their daughter, Lillian Therese, to Ensign John Baker Olin of the U.S. Navy. The date of the wedding has not been set.

Miss Hedman attended Oregon University for two years and is now a student at Marylhurst College.

Ensign Olin (Jack) attended Oregon University where he was affiliated with Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. He also attended U. C. L. A. for twelve months and received his commission at Columbia University, New York City.

Club Members Get Soap Carving Practice

The Vernonia Business and Professional Women's club met on Tuesday, April 10th, at the home of Mrs. Maud Kobow. Valda Larson, Anna Mae Ramey and Jean Ellen Irvine were hostesses.

Roll call was answered by members presenting their bundles of clothing to be turned over to relief organizations. During the business session plans were made for a dance to be held in the near future.

As a recreational feature of the evening, Mrs. Ruth Van De

52 GIFTS IN ONE—AN EAGLE SUBSCRIPTION

of shiny buggies and other vehicles followed us down the long lane to the big white farm house. There the men, after they had unharnessed their horses and fed them in the big barns, wandered about the farm-yard, or squatted on their heels whittling stray pieces of wood while they gossiped—or do men gossip—about neighborhood affairs, crops, pigs or the Presiding Elder. Meanwhile, the women, doffing their Quaker bonnets and tying aprons about their ample waists, helped mother set the big table, pulled out its greatest length, and finish the dinner. And what a dinner! Quakers were taught in those days that pride in wordly things was sinful, but I smile sometimes when I remember. The women wore little grey bonnets and plain grey dresses, but I have a vivid picture of my mother. Her dress was of Quaker grey, yes, but of silk heavy enough to stand alone and the simple little grey bonnet was as captivating as any tip-tilted little thing of modern times, and much more becoming, and if it wasn't pride which I saw in her eyes when folks told her that she was the best cook in the county, then I didn't recognize pride when I saw it. And as for the men—well if it wasn't pride that made them buy and drive the finest, fastest horses and the most up-to-date surreys and buggies, I don't know what you would call it. But I suppose they, like most of us today, managed to rationalize it into something else. Who cares now? That was long ago and far away, and only the memory remains.

I am very sure, however, that my mother did not think it sinful to be proud of the table she set. I can see, through the golden light of years, a chubby grey-eyed little girl swinging a long paper fly brush over that laden table, a table on which—to quote a saying of that day—"you could not lay the flat of your hand" because it was so covered with food. Jams and jellies, the clear translucent pinkness of water-melon preserves, crisp platters of fried chicken, huge platters of fried chicken, crisp and brown as only my southern mammy-trained mother could fry it, great tureens of stewed fat hens with tender noodles, plates leaped high with thin slices of

pink home-cured ham, baked with cloves and brown sugar, every vegetable the farm could produce, and pies of every kind with cakes piled high with frosting. Excuse me while I weep a little and go and count once more my ration points. I fear me this way madness lies.

Then after the children had finished at the second table—and what fun that was, only the grown-ups usually took the best pieces of chicken and the Presiding Elder always did pig the last piece of whipped cream cake—the women washed up the dishes and whispered over the choice tidbits that we "little pitchers" mustn't hear, while the men sat on the porch in full content and we children played

through the long lazy afternoon until the dusk came with its fire-flies and the reluctant departure of our guests.

Those days are gone, lost in the speed, the restless hurry of modern life. I wonder if our haste, our eager grasping for the things we wish to attain, will bring any result one half so precious as the thing we have lost. There is no time now to enjoy leisurely visits, no long afternoons to idle away in desultory conversation while the shadows slant toward evening and the mists lift slowly across the lower meadow. Perhaps those things remain the same and only we have changed. I do not know. I know only that we cannot go back. We can only remember.

Loans for FARM PRODUCTION!

DISCUSS YOUR PROBLEM WITH US

St. Helens Branch
United States National Bank
HEAD OFFICE, PORTLAND MEMBER F. D. I. C.

GROCERIES

NEWCOMERS TO VERNONIA:

THERE ARE SO MANY NEW RESIDENTS IN VERNONIA, WE WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO THEM PERSONALLY. WON'T YOU CALL ON US FOR THOSE FINER QUALITY FOODS YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR? OUR STANDARD HAS BEEN MAINTAINED ON ONE LEVEL AND ONE LEVEL ONLY, AND THAT IS THE TOP QUALITY LEVEL. NEW AND OLDER RESIDENTS, ALIKE, KNOW THAT TO BE SURE OF THE BEST IT'S ALWAYS —"SHOP NEHALEM!"

NEHALEM
MARKET AND GROCERY
Phone 721

We Satisfy HUNGRY PEOPLE

And we do it so pleasantly you can't resist a return trip often. For the best, snappy lunch service in town, drop in at—

The Cozy
Bus Depot Ph. 582

Bulk ice cream in Pints, Quarts and Gallons.

RPM MOTOR OIL

How can a motor oil save gasoline?

Much gasoline loss is caused by gradual ring and cylinder wear. Gas mixtures then "blow-by," compression is reduced, performance gets rough. RPM Motor Oil slows this wear 'way down—sticks tight on hot or cold metal surfaces, insures cold motors against extra starting wear, protects critical hot spots on long runs. For more mileage, less wear—use Standard's RPM Motor Oil.

L. G. HAWKEN
Vernonia, Oregon Phone 502

Your local representative for **STANDARD OF CALIFORNIA**

Make A Date--

to meet your friends at **THE CHAT 'N NIBBLE**

for Sunday Dinner!

Mr. & Mrs. Bruce Bass
Proprietors

Oak bark tan puts the sturdy quality in oak leather soles. Put the old oak tree to work on the bottom of your shoes!

LINES SHOE REPAIR

GET THE BEST for Less

GIROD'S FOOD STORE

MAKE IT A PRACTICE TO SHOP AT GIROD'S AND GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES. YOU CAN'T BEAT A COMBINATION LIKE THAT, NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY!