

## Tempus Fugits And How!

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN,  
ROCKING W RANCH

I wish some one would explain to me what has happened to time. There is, so I understand, still twenty-four hours in a day and night, but I never meet anyone who has time enough to do all the things they want, or have, to do. Everyone goes galloping madly around, puffing and panting, always about ten jumps behind and trying frantically to catch up, yet folks used to have time to do things, lots and lots of things.

The Daughter-of-the-House has among her treasures a Rose of Sharon quilt made by her Quaker great-grandmother one hundred years ago. Every tiny stitch is set with the most delicate precision. The demure, gray-downed little lady who did this marvel of workmanship made all the clothes for the family, including her husband's white shirts with dozens of tiny tucks on the front, wove her own blankets and linen, had one young child and another coming and yet she began and finished this quilt, according

to her diary, "so that my hands may not be idle." Wot a woman! And I, her granddaughter, began a knitted carriage robe for "Mike" three months before he was born. "Mike" is now three months old and, judging from its present rate of progress, the robe will be completed about the time his second child arrives.

How could any one find the time to accomplish all those women did? When they made a dress, they lined and stayed it, puckered and shirred and gathered yard and yards of material. They wore three or four petticoats, ruffled and tucked and edged with hand-made lace, and everything was sewed by hand. We slash into three or four yards of material, run up the seams on an electric sewing machine sling a belt around it, and the thing is done, yet nine times out of ten we don't have time to do even that, so we rush out and buy something at My Ladye's Shoppee around the corner.

An elderly gentleman was once telling me of his pioneer mother. She reared thirteen children, did all the carding of wool, weaving, spinning, cooking, washing, preserving, etc., besides knitting the stockings for all of them and in

her spare time she pieced quilts and acted as mid-wife for the neighborhood—forty miles of it. He smiled as he answered my amazed question, "Always she rose at three o'clock, built up the fire in the fireplace, and sat knitting or spinning until time to get breakfast." Maybe that three o'clock business is part of the answer. No wonder only the strongest managed to survive, or that old graveyards are willed with stone slabs erected to beloved first, second, third and fourth wives of So-and-So. (May they rest in peace.) Apparently men didn't have to divorce their wives in those days; they just wore 'em out and got a new one.

You may say life was more simple fifty or a hundred years ago, but that still doesn't take care of the time element, and be-

lieves, in a lot of things, it was much more complex. Take the matter of a woman's getting dressed in the morning: She modestly slipped out of her long full lace-trimmed and buttoned night gown, put on an undershirt, then her corset, and hitched the strings to the bed-post for a good hard pull, put on a corset-cover, ruffled panties—no, they were drawers in those days—three or four petticoats, her dress, long stockings and buttoned shoes (and probably had to hunt for the button-hook), combed and fastened up her long hair, then tied a big apron around her before she started breakfast. If I had to do all that, the Big Boss would never get any breakfast, and I don't mean maybe.

Many of those women, especially the pioneer women, must have

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been really grand people. We think of them as being brave and adventurous, but I wonder if they thought of it that way, or was the danger and excitement merely something to be lived through. The other day I met a charming little person—I didn't ask her age but I hope I'll be half as young as she is when I am as old—whose mother was a pioneer in this little valley. Only a trail led in here. They packed a few bare necessities (I wonder what was considered necessities in those days) on the backs of two horses and walked in. For months she and her children lived under a big

cedar tree on their homestead while the father went away to work and earn enough to build a house. Glowing animal eyes looked. (Continued on page 6)

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## WOMEN'S HOSE



Our hose register gives us the following report. During the period of May 1st to June 7th inclusive, we have received and sold three hundred and twenty-three pairs of nylon and rayon hose. We are doing everything possible to get all the hose we can for the Vernonia area.

Figures show that the Vernonia area received more hose than most parts of the country according to population.

It is a difficult problem to distribute these stockings due to this fact that there is not enough stockings as yet to cover the demand. Until that time comes, we ask your cooperation so your neighbor may get a pair of stockings too.

The program is this. All folks having received stockings from our store have registered in their own hand writing and are asked to give up their turn until the same amount of hose has gone out to people not having received stockings as yet.

In other words, if your name is on our hose register from May 1st to June 7th you may not purchase hose until three hundred twenty-three pairs have been sold to those who, as yet, have not received hose.

Sure, the war is over and your money is as good as anyone's, but the effect of the war is still with us so let's all cooperate on these shortages until we can have what we want when we want it.

Thanking you in advance for your wholehearted cooperation in helping us make our hose go as far as possible.

MILLER'S  
Vernonia