

'With a Few Interruptions'

RONA MORRIS WORKMAN
ROCKING W RANCH

This is going to be short. The reason is based on a chubby five-month-old chunk of laughter, tears, funny sound-attempts and more energy per inch than any other living thing. You see, I have a baby in the house. Years ago my own mother gave me brief holidays of rest by taking care of my babies occasionally. I cannot repay my debt to her, so I pass it along to my own daughter, and thus for three days I have been playing foster-mother to a little grandson. And have I been having fun! If the long mirror in the living-room did not, as I flash past it, show that my hair is gray instead of brown, and that I have angles where there used to be curves, I would think that the past twenty-five years are only a dream and that I am young again with my own babies.

Babies are always the same. Methods of feeding and care change (and undoubtedly for the better) but babies themselves remain the same. When they get hungry they yell—and how—and no amount of reasoning will convince them that, according to schedule, they should not be hungry for another half hour. And they still go into a "trance" while you are stuffing them with their mush and vegetables and have to be poked gently to recall them to the business on hand. They continue to regard a spoon as an entirely unnecessary implement for putting in food, and they still dribble and drip as you stuff them. Furthermore, if you don't diligently scrape the overflow



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from their chins they will promptly proceed to use it as face-cream and hair-cream. (Pardon me. I take time out to remove the cat from young Michael's predatory clutch. The unwary feline walked too close and was promptly grabbed by a front leg and an ear and is now in the process of being devoured. Just why do babies reason that everything is edible? Is it the age-old instinct of combatting hunger by every method known?)

As I was saying—no, pardon me once more. He has just poked the handle of the potato masher (which I gave him to play with), so far down his throat that his eyes bulge and he can't seem to understand what is choking him. Well, as I was saying—never mind. I've forgotten what it was.

When I acquired Michael last Saturday, complete with canned foods, diapers, and a feeding schedule, I surveyed the lot with some trepidation for it has been many years since I had complete care of a young baby. I thought they must have changed, become as modern as the food they eat, but a few hours convinced me that I need have no fear. All that I had learned from painful experience many years ago still remained a sound working knowledge. Babies still eat and sleep and howl, and like an unflinching spring, they never go dry, and they still prefer a bright tin pie-plate and a potato masher or a big spoon to beat upon it, to all their expensive toys and fandangies made to catch a baby's eye, and they take every minute of your time. Asleep or awake, you have to be always on the job, mentally and physically. (Oops, he has the cat again. Heaven help me, that cat is a glutton for punishment, but if I put him outside, then Michael will yell, so I leave him to his fate. I never heard of a baby really eating a live cat, so perhaps this one is reasonably safe.)

Fortunately I don't have to worry about the dogs. Reddie comes in, looks at the baby with a bored air, and retires to a remote spot. Sheppie attempts to ignore his existence, and when you try to get him to notice Michael he gets the silly, embarrassed expression that bachelors acquire when some fond mother dumps her young pledge of affection into their arms and says "Isn't he sweet?" and they haven't the slightest idea of how to hold the thing nor what to say to it. Shep, being a dog, is more fortunate than they for he doesn't feel he has to be polite, so he promptly pleads an important engagement with a cow or something and departs with more speed than dignity. (Oh, lordie, now "Mike" has fallen over, pulling the floor quilt over his head and is apparently smothering to death.) It's no use. You'll just have to wait until I quit being a mother. Taking care of a baby is—as it has always been—a full time job. I'll be seein' you later.

PI Premiums Total \$75,000

Premiums totaling \$75,000 will be awarded exhibitors at the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, October 5-12, according to a premium list published and available to the public, it was announced by Walter A. Holt, general manager of the live stock show.

Prize awards at this year's Pacific International are the largest in 36 years the show has been operating. This year's premium list is 12 1/2 per cent greater in value than in any previous year, Holt announced. In addition to \$75,000 stock prize awards, \$15,000 has been set up for Horse Show prizes.

Copies of the preliminary classifications and premium list, a 60-page paper bound booklet, are available to all exhibitors and other interested parties. Requests should be made to the Pacific International Livestock Exposition office, Wilcox Building, Portland, Oregon.

Entries for the show must be posted at the Portland office on or before September 20, 1946, Holt announced. Horse show entries are limited to September 16. Entries received after that time will of necessity have to be returned, he stated.

Better Home Changes Noted

RIVERVIEW — Improvements noted: A. F. Shalock had the Logan bulldozer at work on his berry ranch most of the week; two good wells have been dug, one on the Bledsoe property where Mr. Bledsoe was assisted in the work by Mr. Falconbury using the windless method and the other on the Everett Johnson place where Mr. Johnson drove pipe and drilled by hand to a depth of 19 feet getting 12 feet of water; W. D. Steele's residence has received three coats of white paint, Mr. Frank of Vernonia doing the work by the brush method; Glen Hawkins is having his residence sprayed with white paint and it will have a narrow red trim; Oscar Steele is just completing a big plumbing job; a cement floor was poured for a fruit room at the Ed Buckner home early in the week; the addition to Dessey's tavern is growing rapidly; a new residence is under construction on the Owens place; and a large number of our homes are undergoing remodeling and redecorating.

Patsy Jean Gibson accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Clare Sunnell and Bob to the Astoria fish derby Sunday. First prize was awarded to a cousin of the Sunnells.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McKee spent the week end in Portland and enjoyed several hours at the Washington park zoo.

Mr. and Mrs. Middleton Crawford and son, Dennis, and Mr. and Mrs. Weston Pemble spent the week end at the T. M. Crawford ranch with Mrs. Elizabeth Brown.

Our new Journal carrier is George Davis, a former carrier who took up the job again Sept. 1, when the Normands decided to retire due to the opening of school.

Sunday dinner guests at the J. A. Wirtz home were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Beacom of Vernonia who report the sale of their home on Corey Hill to Mr. and Mrs. Luigi Critelli of S.W. Vernonia and the purchase of a new home for themselves at Newberg which they plan to occupy about the middle of the month.

Walter Moore harvested his garlic crop this week. He is well pleased with the result of his experiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Fowler and sons, Deibert and Larry spent Sunday driving to Kelso where they spent the night with Mrs. Fowler's brother, Carl Biggs, and family. They returned Monday.

Mrs. Franklin Worley was in Portland Thursday for a check-up on her recent operation which was satisfactory but was advised to consult a specialist in regard to her back which is causing her much trouble at this time.

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ONLY in the United States is the first Monday in September officially regarded as Labor Day. In the year 1894 Congress passed a bill making that day a legal holiday and for fifty-two years Labor Day has been participated in by all the people of the nation and, except during war time, observed by the closing of factories and stores. It is in keeping with the American tradition that this should be so. It has never been a part of the American character to glorify the idler—it is to workers that the nation's respect and honor are given. On this fifty-second anniversary of Labor Day, the men and women of labor can look back with rightful pride on their achievements in both war and peace. Through their skills and strengths America has been built—and in time of peril preserved. The nation joins with Labor in celebrating this Day.

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