

Over the Valley

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Buying Sheep—W. H. Vogel, of near Union is up in Wallowa county for a few days where he is closing the deal for the purchase of several hundred head of sheep. Mr. Vogel is one of the successful sheep raisers of this valley, and is coming into possession of another bunch of ewes.
Mrs. Walter Pierson and baby daughter, LuAnn, who have been making an extended visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gashill, south of Tualum, returned the first of the week to their home in Portland.
Entertain Aid—Mrs. Herbert Speckhart, Mrs. Mrs. Harbert, Mrs. Paul Krautz, Mrs. Loren Tinker and Mrs. H. W. Lydie are hostesses to the Allied Ladies aid yesterday afternoon at the Speckhart home in the Iowa district. About 40 guests were present.

The Feast

"Let me tell you now, my dearies,"
Smilingly said Chiblakow.
Of a feast within the valley.
In the pleasant Grande Ronde valley,
Where the wind blows through your windows
And the sand gets in your eye-brows.
In the golden, autumn weather
When the state laws
Open on the birds and pheasants,
Then the tribes and clans all gather,
Gather all the squaws and papooses
For the feast, supreme and luscious,
That is held within the wigwam.
Of some warrior, brave and fearless,
Who is living in the confines
Of the Tuttle, Wade and Brooks
In the country where McKinnis
Patched his tent and raised his children.
Harken while I spin my story
Of those people at the joy-feast,
At the feast of China pheasants,
Cakes and pies and luscious biscuits,
Of the pies and cakes and biscuits,
Biscuits light as any feather,
Tatoes, peas, peaches, jelly,
Jelly red and jelly golden,
Waffles, cream and all the good things,
That the squaws make when they want to,
Bake and brew and stew and simmer,
Till the air smells a new miles round
Of the feast, supreme and luscious,
First we look upon the old buck
In whose wigwam we have gathered
With his squaw and her children,
And his squaw so sweet and comely,
With papooses two—enough said,
Then a tale of custom women
Who have journeyed from the city,
From the city in the valley,
For they smelled the air that floated,
Floated to their nostrils quivering,
Quivered with their eager longing
For the feast of China pheasants,
That was feyng in the valley,
That it was who brought the lady
A descendant of the Wade tribe,
Honored guest at all their gatherings,
Welcome her at all their tables,
When they meet to eat the wild birds,
Send us look upon the driver,
Of the Lizzie without fuel,
He it was who brought and boasted
He could drive the fastest Lizzie,
And as many of those Lizzies
As had ever cranked or started,
Drive the Lizzie on the highway
Without gas or any fuel—
Simply drives them with his hot air,
And his wife, so meek and gentle,
Gentle as a breeze in spring-time,
Meek as any wild old bear-ant,
When you rub it for the wrong way,
And their names in the book sent
With her chin and the Professor,
All were coming to the Chief's feast
Of the tribes and clans of Tuttle,
Brooks and Wade's and the McKinnis,
Now another warrior, see him,
He it was who has the deer hunt,
Where he has the deer and holds them,
For the poor and timid hunters,
When they hunt they get back again,
And can't hit a flock of big horns,
Now the squaws, who and babies
All are going to the big feast,
Hold their year within the wigwams
Of the tribes within the valley,
Of the clans of the McKinnis,
Come they far and come they many,
Brothers, sisters, wives and children,
All are glad to gather once more
'Round the table where their fathers
Gathered for their feasts and pos-waws,
First there comes the oldest brother
From the village in the valley,
Not the Sommer up at Elgin,
Named and named for his fine summers,
Not the grand, old warrior Daniel,
Not the young and pleasant Joseph,
Not the squaws where the grass grows
When you plant the wheat and taters,
Left behind his wife and children,
Left them home to nap the squaws,
While he went among his neighbors
While he ate the China pheasants,
Next a brother and a sister
Come from out the sister county,
Where you hear the plover saying
Of the pleasant nights of nature,
Of the tall and graceful junipers,
Of the rivers that in summer
Glide and sparkle through the canyon
Of the lake of the Wallowa,
Where the Indians never wander
On its shores, for fear of serpents—
Serpents that are big and vengeful
Who reside down in the lake bed,
Of the clans of the McKinnis,
Two are living in the valley
Living where the China pheasants
Fatten on their wheat and berries,
Of those who the older's being
On the old McKinnis homestead,
Living where he grew his potatoes
In the old barns where his daddy
Used to tan his trousers daily,
When they sat on the pillow
When he sat upon the benches
In the old home by the spring-house,
And his name who walks beside him
With these children—all are gathered
With the tribes of Wade and Tuttle,
Brooks and all their friends and neighbors,
Gathered there to have their China-feast,
Of this other brother, neighbor,
He who lives beyond the river,

Where the pheasants are the thickest
And the ducks sail on the water
Of the tranquil Grande Ronde river,
He is tall and straight as pine trees,
Honored, as are all McKinnis
In the valley of the mountains,
And his wife who's tall and comely
Who can pick a box of apples
For you but your bottom dollar
She would never pick those apples
If her husband has his say-so,
For he wants her always with him,
Always wants her close beside him,
Where he trusts his eyes upon her,
Yet another brother, brother-in-law,
Comes from far off camp and wigwam,
Comes from out the west Willamette
Where they always wade in water
Till their toes are grown together,
With him comes his son, a young buck,
Come they to the Grande Ronde valley
To attend the famous China-feast,
Listen to my story, dearies
Of the stern old buck from east lands
From the ancient tribe of Chinook,
How he journeyed to the valley
Searching for a squaw to wed him,
Searching for a young lady
Young and true, and he seized and found her
Young and true, and he seized and found her
Made her work and bear his children,
Sanding a' her with his war club
Till she dares to even him once
To will up and even him once
Tack her 'ere the bean with vigor;
Tack her by her graying tresses,
Tresses long and silky—
And he makes her wear lung tresses
For they are in easy hand-hold,
When he drags her back to harrow,
Harrow, plow, and till the rich soil,
In the pleasant Grande Ronde valley,
This old buck and squaw and papooses
All attend the pheasant dinner,
Next we'll find a luscious mother
All alone now in the wigwam,
For her children all have married
And have moved from out her wigwam,
There's a madden dazed papoose
Sits and eyes the married women,
Wonders how they were so foolish
As to think their big fat husbands
Ever were as young as you,
Look you now upon this new buck,
Laying in the old Wade wigwam,
Drum his squaw and twin-papooes
From the sunny Chinatilla,
Gathered all his bands and wampins,
Brings a thousand grain old horse-haws,
Moxes from over in our valley,
When he comes to make the wheat grow
On the lands of Wade and Tuttle,
Then a couple from the hill-side
When they raise the hills and taters,
Raise the beans so brown and heavy;
Raise the white and brown and spotted
Beans of every kind a dizenation,
Beans of every weight and color,
Brown and red and white and spotted—
Raise this couple on the hillside,
This Chief's Bean and wife and children
All attend the feast of pheasants,
Look you now within the wigwam
At the squaw who sits so proudly,
Sits and holds her little papooses—
Sits the young squaw of the hunter
Who can kill the ducks and pheasants
Kill them till they fall like moss-bakes,
Like snow-storm in the winter,
And this young buck of the Wade tribe
Plans to hold within his wigwam
The next year of China pheasants,
The next year of China pheasants,
In October when the game is
Open on the China pheasants,
We all missed one of our tribesman
And his wife, as my and happy,
Who has always been so faithful,
We all missed his pale-skinning,
Like a full moon o'er the mountains,
Like a moon in month of harvest,
No, my dearies, you're mistaken
No Apache ever dined here,
That was named by being plow,
That was named by being plow,
In his youth when comes the Sunday,
He would go to the preacher,
But they in the damp old church-house,
That is now by the old scalp-lock,
That is why he is bald-headed,
There's some mourning in the wigwam,
For one squaw, heavy body
Who has always been the fairest
In the place for tribes to make,
Gather yearly for the China-feast,
But this year she was not here,
To attend the pheasant dinner,
And the squaw and babies all missed her,
When they ate the China pheasants,
Now you all are wondering, dearies,
Who this girl is that's leaving,
Wasting of the tribes of Chinook,
Tuttle, Wade and the McKinnis,
All the Indians and squaws gathered
For the feast of China pheasants,
I will tell you, later, dearies
For Chinabuck, ancient poet,
Starting back from studies of Hokus,
Back to wander in the old homies
Of our tribes throughout the nation,
And I found a strange letter
In the date of 1909 "The Valley"
Told possession, out of pity,
And I missed her with this write up.

Returns From Portland—Robert Withycombe, superintendent of the Eastern Oregon Experiment station, is home again from Portland where he accompanied his mother a few weeks ago and remained to partly recuperate from the effects of his recent accident in which he sustained severe cuts about the face. Mr. Withycombe is reported as being considerably improved.
of apples. This year has seen good crops of produce at this time, berries of all varieties, cherries, prunes, pears and apples.
Visits Home—Robert M. Harkley, here making the home market survey, went to Corvallis Monday evening for a few days visit with his family.
Shipping Bananas—This year's harvest of winter bananas from the orchard of H. H. Weatherpoon were shipped this week. Mr. Weatherpoon is quite busy working in his packing house with the others to be started up later.
Visit In Baker—Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Robinson of the side hill road were in Baker Saturday looking after matters of business. On Sunday, together with their son, Lester, they surveyed the country from Union up the Cathlamet creek road to Fordson then back through Tebeon and on home. The Robinson family moved into this section from Willard, Montana, just spring and have not seen all the beauties of this valley yet.
Many Guests—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Starr, who live on the Albert Hunter farm in the Iowa district, have had as their recent guests Mrs. Starr's brother, John Shoel of Sacramento, California, her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Shoel of Chico, California, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Enos Martin and family of Hornston, Oregon.
Two Farm Deals—Roy Bacon of La Grande has recently purchased the 160-acre farm known as the old Peterson place below Cove from the Idaho State Life Insurance company and has moved his family on the place after having rented the residence sufficiently to make it habitable. Guy Parks of Baker has recently moved into the valley having purchased a 40-acre tract and dairy ranch, located on the hillside two and a half miles from Cove. He and his family are already located on their new acreage and have been welcomed by the citizens of the Cove neighborhood.

A SEASONABLE RECIPE
Tomato Relish
8 quart ripe tomatoes
2 medium onions
4 bunches of celery
4 bunches of parsley
Sift the tomatoes and dice in small pieces setting aside to drain. Dice onions and celery. Chop the peppers fine. Mix all these together and add the following:
1 cup white mustard seed
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon ground cloves—cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon allspice and pinch of dash of red pepper.
Place in a jar and cover with cold vinegar. This is not to be sealed but covered with muslin or other cloth.
If kept in a cool place will keep almost indefinitely.
Before the severe weather of the winter, the new home is being built on the Grange Hill road. It is a substantial cottage of seven rooms and will be strictly modern. A water plant will not be installed until next spring, when other improvements will be made.
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DIGGING POTATOES IN WALLOWA; YIELD LESS THAN NORMAL
Although separated by high and mighty physical boundaries, Union and Wallowa counties stand very close together and each is interested in the crops, the experiments and the activities of the other county. For that reason a statement of conditions existing there at the present time as regards fall crops is quite apropos and is given by our correspondent as follows:
Potato digging is the order of the day at a number of farms in this community at this time, with the most of the individual patches well dug and from present indications which are that the crop will not be a very heavy one. It is not expected that the supply will be more than sufficient for local needs. T. G. Johnson, who has the largest planting in this end of the valley, reported recently that he did not believe he would have more than half a crop; this same condition is holding true of the smaller tracts which have been dug recently. Extremely dry, hot weather coming at the time when the potatoes were setting on, is believed by many to be largely responsible for the light yields. While there has been no marked activity in the potato market in this section, reports from some who have sold their potatoes indicate that the buying price is in the neighborhood of \$1.25 per hundred for good grade of stuff, and about 50c per hundred for small ones and culls.
A few fields of late maturing spring grain has made it necessary for some of the machines to continue threshing some every few days on some of the irrigated farms. Giles Pass, who has been threshing for C. A. Hunter at his farms in the valley east of Tualum, still has a small field to thresh, yet, a few showers of rain during the middle of last week caused some delay in the threshing of these small jobs. Some farmers are anxious to see the soil become wet enough to make fall plowing good. A little plowing is being done in a few parts of the county, however, it is said to be very dry, requiring much horse-power to pull the plows to any depth.
Feeding in the bunch-grass pastures and fields is beginning to get fairly cool again at this time, the warm weather much of the time since moisture has soaked the ground some, has allowed the grass and waste grain in the fields to start up nicely, supplying some badly needed pasture. It is stated that there has not been sufficient moisture fed in the large range sections of the county to put fall ranges in the condition they should be.
Some seeding of fall wheat is still being done on some of the large farms in the hill sections, but taking the country over there has been more early seeding done this fall than for a number of years, and should, with favorable weather, make the chances for heavier yields of grain slightly better, as in nearly all instances the best yields are secured from the early seedings.
In an Indiana town roosters are forbidden to crow before 5 a. m. An ordinance ordering all hens to lay at least one egg each day also ought to help along.
Emilio Portes Gil is the new provisional president of Mexico. The provision in that country seems to be that he escapes the coroner

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