

TRIBUTE PAID ROSCA GRIDER LATE PIONEER

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farm, on the south was the farm of Major and Mrs. John Ruark Kellogg. Here we formed happy associations which have left the three farms photographed on the golden sun of memory.

In those days industry was compulsory. No one was idle. I worked for Charles Hadley and Jason Hunter for \$14 per month on their farms, and soon I was in the employ of Major and Mrs. Kellogg at 50 cents per day.

To this home established in 1862 no children were born; so Major and Mrs. Kellogg took in their lives and affection all the boys and girls of the neighborhood. The Major played grimy times on the flute for the young folks and when W. W. Baker left La Grande, he sold the family organ to Major Kellogg and that historic instrument remained in the possession of Mrs. Kellogg until her death.

This was the first organ in the Kellogg neighborhood. Soon Mrs. Kellogg's fingers learned to caress the keyboard of the instrument so that she accompanied the whole-souled singing of the community; and we who were children then have been singing those songs ever since.

We sang: "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand. I want upon my forehead, a harp within my hand; and there before my Saviour on glorious and so bright. To be a shining angel and praise Him day and night."

We also sang: "O, happy day that fixed my choice On Jesus my Saviour and my God."

Later while viewing some early Christian sculpture in the catacombs at Rome in which Jesus is represented as embracing a little child, I thought of the following song which Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg taught us as children:

"I think when I read that sweet story of old When Jesus was on earth among men, How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then."

There was the song: "There is a happy land Far, far away, Where saints in glory stand Bright, bright as day."

Here it was that many of us first learned "America."

One evening while Rev. J. R. N. Bell and I were sitting in the suburbs of Jerusalem we both dwelt on the long distance we were away from home, and both grew very lonesome. Presently the great silver moon rose above Mount Olivet, when it was remembered that only a few hours ago it had been shining on Olivet, and that it was the latest visitor from home. "Twas then I found myself humming:

"Twas a calm still night When the moon's pale light Shone soft over hill and dale, and friends mute with grief stood around the death bed Of my poor lost Lilly Dale."

The next morning when we came to the precipice overlooking bleeding Gethsemane and were shown the traditional spot where Stephen was martyred, childhood came back to my heart as I murmured:

"Where, O, where is the martyr Stephen? Away over in the promised land, By and by we'll go to meet him, Away over in the promised land."

When we were conducted to the place marked by tradition as the Saviour's tomb, my mind did not dwell on Shakespeare, nor in geography, nor in mathematics, but yearning in my mind was the inquiry, "It this the tomb where lay he whom my mother mentioned in that little evening prayer she taught me—

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to take," Then came back the hymn we learned at the historic organ under a Granite Honda sky:

"Mary to the Saviour's tomb Hastened at early dawn, Spice she brought and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved was gone."

To the tones of that organ we learned to sing, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Nearer My God to Thee."

The two little Wilkinson sisters sang at a picnic in 1871 a song that was now then, but long since it has been written on the hearts of thousands. During the following week one of the singers passed away, and at her grave her schoolmate sang the song, one stanza of which was:

"When He cometh, when He cometh to make up his jewels Precious jewels, his loved and His own."

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His own."

One of the songs that Mrs. Rosca Kellogg-Grider taught us seems to have been most thoroughly exemplified in her life. The title is "Only Remembered by What I Have Done." One stanza reads:

"Up and away like the dew of the morning Soaring from earth on its way to the sun; Thus would I pass away from earth and its toiling, Only remembered by what I have done."

Only remembered, only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done."

I am but one of many who received these beautiful life-long impressions from the influence of this noble woman. And when I say, "influence," I mean that many who were children then and are parents and grandparents now have directed their action and measured their lives by what she might think about this or that.

Rosca Ann Hill was born in Virginia, July 30, 1836. With her parents she early moved to La Grande, where she lived until she came to be of marriageable age, when she became the wife of her teacher, John Ruark Kellogg. In 1862 she came with her husband and her father's family by ox-team to Oro Dell, Union county, Oregon, where they encamped over night.

The next morning Major Kellogg strolled around the foothills near by, and there he obtained his first full view of the Grande Honda valley, which charmed him on first sight.

In my youth I thought these mountains rimmed the best and most beautiful of earth and that the sun rose bluer over the valley than any other place in the world; and as I have bivouaced in these fields and watched the first firmament of stars until I could see the second bank beyond, and then steadily held my gaze until I could discern a third and fourth bank, and recalled that each star is a world much larger than the one we live upon, I thought that the boys and girls of this beautiful valley should not only be good but great also.

Upon returning from the stroll Major Kellogg said to his wife: "I have found a place where we can build our little home."

He then advised her to go on to the Willamette valley with her parents saying, "I will build a house so we can have a home of our own by spring when I will go after you."

"No, I will go with you and share your hardships," was her prompt answer. This she did. The two built a home beside a spring, and here they spent their remaining days, he passing September 5, 1904, and she July 22, 1929.

This historic home is located on a dais overlooking the valley and it is comparatively exempt from early frosts. Some of the first fruit trees of the valley were grown on this place. Mrs. Kellogg was one of the first women of the valley to introduce tame flowers, among which as I recall were hollyhocks, pinkies, snapdragons, and morning glories. Also on this farm rotation of crops was practiced at a very early date, thus destroying the weeds and strengthening the soil.

Among the early families with whom Mrs. Kellogg associated were the Blocklands, Booths, Caspenecks, Combs, Dumbars, Eskies, Powells, Githams, Goods, Grimmetts, Hughes, Hulleys, Holmes, Hunters, Jones, Knapps, Ladds, Lusseays, McCallisters, McCalls, McDonalds, Mitchell, Moss, McGinnis, Needleys, Oswalds, Probsts, Rawleys, Russells, Surbers, Tolls, Vanhookers, Hines, Carters, Charlans, Soodkrast, Stephens, Welbs, Bakers, Huntingtons, Staters, Gangloffs, and the Ryneasons.

Like her neighbors she was found ever striving to be good and to do good without making much ado about it. May I compare this group to a forest of fine trees, she being one of the very last to fall to the earth.

While Mrs. Kellogg was very sympathetic she was also courageous when occasion demanded it. In related upon good authority that while crossing the flats she

encountered in which some of certain man under serious suspicion be promptly disposed of for the safety of the train. Mrs. Kellogg was convinced that the accused man had rights which had not been considered and that grave injustice might be done unless the movement be checked.

She appealed to her husband, father and brothers to save the man until sufficient evidence should be offered. Opinion among the accusers gradually changed, the man was not executed, but on the contrary Mrs. Kellogg was praised for her strong convictions and dauntless courage in saving a man when his life was at stake.

In my experience I have observed many face supreme tests, but I have never seen stronger determination than that of Mrs. Kellogg when she learned that Major Kellogg's days were about numbered.

Major Kellogg had played the fife for the drum corps at the Fourth of July celebration of 1904, for the last time according to the professional opinion of Dr. W. W. Smith, an able physician of La Grande. Also he told Mrs. Kellogg that it was a matter of less than ninety days with the Major, but cautioned her against worrying him with this information.

That afternoon my friend and former school master, James McCall, was at the Major's home. I happened to be in the kitchen when Mrs. Kellogg told me what Doctor Smith had said to her, and she cautioned me against imparting the information to Mr. Kellogg, fearing it might jeopardize his chances for recovery.

I shall never forget how in the despair of his critical condition she clutched her hands, while the determination written in her face centered in her veins as she declared: "I will nurse him to strength again." Presently Major Kellogg came into the room. When she dropped out, he told me that he was a very sick man, that he could not live long, but that I must not tell her, lest it cause her needless grief.

Unfortunately my ideas frequently come too slow; and that time they came by freight. Had my ideas come in by express I would have advised him to talk it over with his wife—which is usually a good policy.

Major Kellogg repaired to his couch again, when I suggested that after he had taught music for forty years and had been a Sunday school superintendent for the same length of time, I wondered what song he loved best.

He was an Oberlin man who recited in Shakespeare, and he might have mentioned one of the songs of Shakespeare, but I fancied he would say, "Home Sweet Home," or "Nearer My God to Thee." But after thinking a little for a man is very careful about his words when he knows he will face his statements within ninety days—he said: "I believe I like this one the best" and proceeded to sing it. You will observe the sentiment expressed in the baby words of this song which the university man loved most. This I believe was his last song.

If you're ever going to love me, love me now.

Shows Stainless Properties



General Petroleum station attendant is showing the fair young lady motorist that Violet Ray gasoline will not stain a white handkerchief and consequently will not soil her white ensemble. In fact, he says, a good many dry cleaners use it for removing spots from clothing.

Love me now while I may know Give me the sweet and tender blessing Which from pure affections flow. Love me now while I am living Do not wait till I am gone Then chide it in marble In ice cold words of stone.

If you knew some one were thirsting For a cup of water sweet, Would you step so slowly? Would you step so slow retreat? There are weary ones around us Who are yearning for this love. Why withhold from them What Nature makes them crave all else above.

I'll not need your kind caresses When the grass grows o'er my face; I'll not need your kindly words In Death's last low embrace. So if you love me any, If it's just a little bit, Love me now while I am living, So I may own and cherish it.

Upon the death of Major Kellogg his widow being childless and alone required the companionship of a husband; and in the course of events was married to Mr. William Moss, a neighbor, who had lost his companion. Upon the death of Mr. Moss, she was married to Mr. John Blockland, whose companion had preceded him. In the course of time after the death of Mr. Blockland she married Mr. W. P. Grider, who survives her. I know these men personally and well to be among the best men in Union county. They were all good husbands to her. In late years she was helped in which case Mr. Grider

gave her that constant care which has won my lasting admiration for the man.

Mrs. Kellogg-Grider had lived in two worlds. She had lived in the slow ox-team world and later traveled by the swift automobile, which is literally a chariot of fire. When she came to Grande Honda valley the day was divided into 24 hours, hours into 60 minutes, minutes into sixty seconds. But now they span a second around the earth in the sixtieth of a second. Within her eventful life, time grew so precious that we are now casting about for a suitable name for the sixtieth of a second. Yet within the lifetime of the younger generation there may come a demand for the subdivision of that sixtieth of a second. The Almighty generously placed her life and ours in a marvelous niche of the world's history.

In the earliest days before flowers were cultivated in this valley, children gathered roses and lilies along the road to the school house where meetings were held. They placed the flowers in a can

which they covered with paper for a vase upon the improvised pulpit. And it seemed to me that the two flowers symbolized two types of pioneers—the rose represented the rugged type that blossomed among thorny obstacles, and that it symbolized such a life as that of our beloved sister whose virtues we study. Because it symbolized her life let us study the flower of the pioneers. The ruddy rose amid her thorns, And leaflets green which she adorns. Sustains her charms, preserves her grace, And heavenward lifts her lovely face.

Although her rough companions pierce With knees keen and daggers direct, The rose unfurnished lives and dies, As do the brave, the true, the wise.

And though in life one oft receives A pang that sorely, sadly grieves, This rose to know that roses bloom, Mild winds and rains and thorns and gloom.

Aromas from these flowers unite To lure our prayers to yonder height, Commending there with bliss and praise, Enriching heaven through endless days.

Blush on, blush on, thou rugged rose, Thy crimson face with beauty glows, Pure symbol thou of a sinless heart, Where Truth and Pence like angels rest.

Every person preaches sermons, but the best sermons of this earth are the sermons of well-spoken lives. In this respect Mrs. Rosca Ann Kellogg-Grider's life-sermon is eloquent. Not long ago a tint was in the rainbow. Later it was the radiance of a rose. Yesterday it was the glory of a human face. The rainbow was evanescent, the flower faded, and the beautiful face passed on, but the tint—that delicate tint remains forever, and nothing is lost in the Almighty's cycle of economy. Our friends will continue to live throughout time and eternity. Let us meet her.

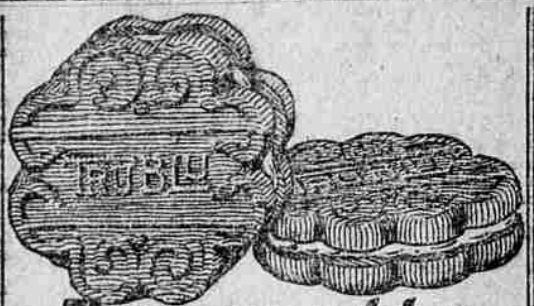
Bino Larkspur has won \$220,000 in purses. Only six other horses in the history of the American turf have earned that sum.

Legion At Baker Working To Get 1930 Convention

Although all American Legion workers participating in the drive to underwrite the 1930 convention which the local post hopes to secure for Baker next year, had not reported at 1:30 today the success of the campaign is assured. George L. Jett, assistant general chairman of the convention committee, stated this afternoon. The response of those asked to sign pledge cards was very favorable, Jett said.

The campaign, which was expected to be completed into this afternoon started this morning at a high-off breakfast in the Antlers grill, where approximately 35 Legionnaires and business men rallied to listen to the pep talks given by members of the Legion. The merchants at the breakfast assisted the Legionnaires in the drive.

These underwriting the 1930 Legion convention will not be asked to pay the amount they have pledged unless enough money is not received during the convention to defray the expenses. Any deficit would be pro-rated among those signing pledge cards. Extensive plans are expected to provide sufficient funds with which to pay the costs of the convention.



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AT BUICK DEALERS SATURDAY July 27th