

OVER THE VALLEY

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"And Lost Awhile"—There are some things, yes, many things, that are far too sacred to draw from the sanctuary of the heart and give any sort of expression. But it is unthinkable that we should pass without any comment the passing of a friend. It is a time like this that there comes the desire for the ability to express feelings in the most beautiful and tender words, written or spoken. But alas the pen and the lips are so cruelly dumb. Yesterday morning, in the early morning before dawn, those who were near and dear were hurriedly called to the bedside of "Mom" Ledbetter, of the valley, where life had hung in the balance for so many hours. And then later, the word was passed, "It is finished, and the experience came which will marry the glorious Easterfest of vastly more significance than it has ever been to friends of this sainted mother. Stated sons and daughter have the memory of a mother who counted nothing as sacrifice which tended to their well being and happiness and these same sons and daughters are a monument to the mother who has left her overshadows any shaft of marble or block of granite.

If I were to attempt a eulogy, I would want to begin with "I was a stranger" and she took me in, "I was sick" and she visited me. And not to me alone was this interest shown, but to scores and scores of others who were objects of the loving thought and care and interest of this "mother in Israel."

"Mom" Ledbetter has gone home.

Visits—Mrs. Walter Pearson and daughter, La Nita, of Portland, are in the valley making a visit at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jet Gaskill of near Imbler.

Remains the Same—Mrs. Becker, who has been ill at the home of her son, Eugene Becker, in the Valeria district for the last several months is reported as being about the same. Mrs. Becker does not improve as her friends would wish and at the same time her condition does not become discouraging.

Would Dispose of Property—Mrs. Frank Bidwell, of North Powder, has her property up for sale. It is reported, and plans to leave that community which had been her home and Mr. Bidwell's until his death around the first of the year. We are told Mrs. Bidwell plans to divide her time between relatives at Island City and with others in Portland.

Has Infection—Clyde Myers, of near Summerville, has been having some difficulty with blood poisoning in one of his hands. He has been going to La Grande for treatment daily and the reports are that the member is responding to the treatments given.

Ill—Miss Woodell, rural mail carrier out of the Summerville office, has been confined to his home with an attack of lumbago. Henry Fries has been acting as substitute and carrying the mail while he is off duty.

Dinner Guests—Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Harty and sons, Edgar and Donald, and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mills and sons, Gale, Lloyd and Allen, all of near Cove, were dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Lydia Lantz and son, Lewin, on Sunday.

Move to Imbler—Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Westenskow are living in Imbler again. Wilford has had change of the remodeling of Irwin Westenskow's house and has moved the family down from La Grande to remain at least until school is out this spring. Ronald Westenskow started to school Tuesday morning and their former classmates were glad to have them here again.

Home from Hospital—Mr. Neil Light, of lower Cove, has returned to his home from Hot Lake, where he recently underwent a major operation. Her two little daughters, Betty and Marie, are celebrating their mother's return home by having the whooping cough.

Chosen as Delegates—Mrs. Ida Sanderson, of Dry Creek, and Mrs. Bill Smith have been elected as delegates to represent Jewel Rebekah lodge of Summerville at Grand Lodge which convenes this year May 19, in Corvallis.

Giving Program—The pupils of Frothy school and their teacher, Miss Vera Case, are giving an Easter program and supper this evening at the school house on lower Cove.

In La Grande—Miss Gladys Crouser, of near Imbler, has been spending some time in La Grande assisting Mrs. Walter Hutchinson.

Sunday Guests—Guests Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Woodell in Dry Creek were Albert Woodell and family, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Lillie Baker and son, Roy, of La Grande, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Choate and daughters, of Dry Creek and Verna Hardy of Imbler.

Sells Potatoes—Carl Brown, of near Imbler, reports the sale and shipment Wednesday of a carload of seed potatoes.

Called to Valley—Miss Eva Ledbetter, from Lewiston, Idaho, Miss Edna from Weston, Ray Ledbetter from Muddy Creek were called yesterday by the death of their mother, Mrs. W. B. Ledbetter, of near Alice.

Has Small Pox—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Standley, in the Iowa district, was quarantined recently. Mr. Standley is ill of small pox, according to reports.

Give Birthday Dinner—A delightful dinner party was given at the beautiful farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McGoldrick, of near Imbler, last Sunday. It was given in

A SEASONABLE RECIPE

SNOWY SALAD

2 bananas.
2 apples.
2 cup celery.
1 1/2 cups coconut.
1 head lettuce.
1 cup dressing.
Mix diced bananas, apples and chopped celery with salad dressing. Place on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with coconut and garnish center with poinsettia made by cutting pimento into strips.

peak, the little flat at the mouth of Salt creek, where this tree stood, was taken up. The homesteader planted an orchard, which in time blossomed and bore fruit. This lone tree accepted the friendship of its new neighbors and showed its appreciation to the homesteader by bearing him apricots in abundance. It has continued each year down to the present time. It is estimated that the tree is over 100 years old, during the last 40 years of which it has ripened sufficient apricots to supply the needs of two or three average families.

From Portland—Miss Hazel Martin, of Portland, is at Imbler having been called to the valley on account of the illness of her mother.

Slayer in Jackson County Jail Again

MEDFORD, April 3. (AP)—James E. Kingsley, convicted slayer of a woman, was granted a stay of execution by virtue of a supreme court certificate of probable cause, was back in the Jackson county jail yesterday. He was returned yesterday from a death cell in the state prison and will be kept here pending the appeal. The state rejected the county's plea for the keep and guarding of Kingsley if he could be kept at the prison.

Crack N. A. T. Pilot Dies of Injuries

CLEVELAND, April 3. (AP)—Robert P. Hopkins, crack National Air Transport pilot, died yesterday of injuries suffered Wednesday when his automobile crashed into a bridge abutment. He was returning from a party given in honor of Lieut. Charles E. Bauch, 34, who was fatally injured in an identical accident the same night.

PIONEER'S CONCEPT OF RELIGION GIVEN BY COVE HILL BILLY

As I said last week, I am going to give you a little story of the pioneers, illustrating best their attitude toward religion. Of course it will also bring out their ethical and moral characteristics, for "moral character is the evidence of his religion."

Among my many acquaintances of the old pioneers, one stands foremost in my mind as a true philosopher with the gift of self-expression in speech. He also writes verses and prose lucidly enough for anyone to read and understand.

This man is Daniel Fruit. Everybody loves Uncle Dan Fruit. Every body loves Uncle Dan Fruit.

Now, Uncle Dan is not possessed of many worldly assets, nor is he in-cumbered with many liabilities—he is just a plain clean old man, young in spirit. Full of life with means to carry him over a long while yet, although he is now entering his 85th year.

And, Uncle Dan is very seldom out of his job. Last year he was called for a survey outfit in Idaho and Montana—working for his Uncle Sam's forest department. Rugged old fellow, he still roughs it out in the mountains. I believe he said that this was his seventh season with the outfit.

Uncle Dan crossed the plains in 1851. He was then 7 years old. So that it can be inferred that his schooling was very limited. Uncle Dan is a self educated man in the full sense of the word. His education may not rank high in the classics that are looked up to today, but his education is one of experience and therefore truthful.

Having no records whatever of his birth, being an orphan and reared by his uncle and aunt, Miss Dan gave a little confused about his own age—not that he is ashamed of his getting old, but sometimes he doesn't think he is that old. But as a general rule a man who talks about his age says for instance: "The year that Lincoln ran and won the race for president in 1861 I was only 19 years old and I couldn't vote," and "I was seven years old when I crossed the plains."—We can almost rest assured that he comes near hitting the truth. So computing from 19 in '61 makes his birth year 1844—and 7 when he crossed the plains brings the date to 1851. I think he told that his birthday is in February, so Uncle Dan is working on his 85th year now.

Last summer, I made it a special interview with him while he was with us for one week. And as he is a good talker, he told us a lot of genuine good old western stories. On his religion, or views of religion, for Uncle Dan is more ethical than religious—I will try and give them to you verbatim as we carried on the conversation.

What do you believe was the general attitude of the pioneers of your time toward religion? I began the query.

"Well," he answered, "It's pretty hard to answer that question just exactly, but I am sure to say that we pioneers weren't much on church religion. But, I believe that as a whole we were a lot of good Christians. Now, there was a lot who thought they were real religious people and good church goers, but most of them were one day of the week saints and the other six days just about like we all were. They would get mad, cuss a little and swear quite a bit and some of them would be pretty sharp at planning a bargain and get the best of their neighbors."

Here he threw his head back a little, stretched his legs out, leaning way back in his chair—laughed and said:

"I'm just thinking of one time when one of those good church fellows put one over on me. If you're going to have this published I sooner you mention the name—it wouldn't hurt him now, because he is gone long ago, but as he has many relatives some of them may not like the story attached to their name."

"Jim" was quite a church man and would often preach himself of a Sunday when no preachers were present. After he heard him preach often—and used to like his way of preaching—he was lively and direct to the point. But in the field he would be a different man, quite a good fellow for he was everlastingly finding fault with their irregular ways of living and working. You see it was pretty hard to wrangle horses, build and grow without getting a little out of sorts and do a little cussing now and then. Well, Jim was all the time remonstrating and telling of his re-

Ex. Station Distributes New Berry

Fifteen thousand plants of the Corvallis strawberry, a recent variety known as O. S. C. No. 12 originating by C. E. Schuster, horticulturist in the United States department of agriculture, have been distributed throughout Oregon and adjoining states this winter, reports Dennis Cooley, horticultural foreman at the state college.

L. M. Hatch, president of the Pu-yallup and Sumner Fruit Growers association wrote Dr. George M. Dar-row, senior pomologist of the United States department of agriculture, that he had purchased a thousand Corvallis strawberry plants to be tried by members of his association.

The Corvallis is a cross between the Marshall, which has been the leading market strawberry for 20 years, and the Ettersburg 121, considered the leading canning strawberry in the United States. Dr. Darrow says that the Corvallis is superior to both parents and in his estimation promises to be the highest quality commercial strawberry in this country.

Mine Owner Flies To Father's Side

PORTLAND, April 3. (AP)—Land-alides and high water didn't prevent W. J. La Port, Prineville mine owner, from reaching the side of his father, confined to a hospital. He was in Portland when he learned that the elder La Port, having left Baker for Portland where he was to have entered a hospital, was unable to proceed farther than The Dalles. He was transferred to a hospital there. His son chartered a plane and flew to The Dalles to be with him.

"Give the little girl a hand," as the unlucky bride fan said to the dealer.

"Now the horse I was riding was one of Peggy's, and he was famous in having good horses. He could walk fast, trot better and Lord, how he could lope. Well, leaving town, Cooley was outwalking my pony and I had to jerk him back several times. I could see that his ears were working in a way that I didn't fancy nor trust very much."

"He kept prancing and going faster and faster until my pony was running as fast as he could lick—and when we came into that first turn of the road, Cooley went right straight ahead into the field—in rocks and sagebrush. I couldn't hold him any longer and Cooley soon disappeared back of that big bald hill."

"I have never seen the horse since. The next day, I went looking for the outfit. I found everything scattered here and there, most of it badly damaged—found the saddle about a mile from the road at the Hendershot point."

"I have never said a word to Jim about the affair. He had told me the truth—the horse could carry anything you'd put on and he could gallop with it than any horse I knew of. But I found out that Jim had had three big runaways with that same horse while packing on Catherine creek."

"But, maybe I better give you these few little bits of writing that I put down up there in Montana while waiting for the boys getting in to camp for supper—sometimes I had to wait quite a while—for they would go a long ways some days looking for their points and landmarks."

And he handed me these, his own compositions:

Questions and Answers

"It living a pure and upright life give you the right to ask questions, why not living the same life make that heaven here on earth? It will. Let us make our heaven here. Let us begin by doing unto others as we would have them do unto us."

"Why should we die to get anything good? We should not. By making others happy we are bound to be happy ourselves. And happiness is heaven on earth."

My Views on Prayer

"Don't ask God to do any more for you. He has done beautifully His part. Now we must do the start."

For it's up to us to do.

My Religious Vows

"This is the way we should live: We should drive evil thoughts."

Then we can walk hand in hand in righteousness—

Let us hasten that glorious day. Wars from the world will be driven. We shall cease shedding innocent blood;

Then we can make a heaven on earth

Living as God's children should.

Everyday Life

"Let moral deeds be our highest aim. We'll have nothing to lose, but all to gain."

We can make a heaven through righteous deeds.

But we never have through man-made, stale creeds.

"Dan Fruit"

Uncle Dan is now writing an autobiography and history of himself which he has promised to give me when complete—and I will be glad to pass it on to you folks, for it will be highly interesting and well worth reading. I have with me many of his stories now, that I will incorporate from time to time into my subjects under the story come out."

Today as I am writing, I have in mind that it is the birthday of a greater pioneer of this whole beloved U. S. A., George Washington. By all that I have read and heard of or against the great man, I find that the spirit—that nucleus that seems to be in all human souls—the true friend of man—that which has saved the old colonies to fight and die for the freedom and liberty we should all enjoy today—was all concentrated in his great heart. It must not be to me whether he knelt or didn't kneel at Valley Forge—his actions through his worthy life plainly show that the very soul of a good Christian occupied his material body which made it the body and soul of a great, and a real man.

Before I leave you this week, I must give you about as good an idea of religion which that dear little old lady pioneer of this valley, Mrs. Dougherty has composed and written: There is No Death!

By Mrs. Juliet Dougherty

The law built up in times gone by declares that man in life must die! In Love, God gave to man His Breath The breath of Life that's free from death!

In Him we live—in Him we move; He breathed into each soul His Love A Love so great, it moveth all; It changeth not; but needs man's call And fills each heart with joy and peace.

And causeth wars—all wars—to cease. God knows not death—He knows but Life.

When man knows God there'll be no strife.

Old thoughts must go—the world grows wise

And man begins to realize That life is real—that death is wrong—

That faith in God makes all men strong.

By faith man sees the goal is here. And not beyond that stream so dear That stream so false—so very dark And crowned by bonks that's called "Death's Barque."

By faith man sees there is no shore Beyond that stream where evermore He plays a harp and sings a song— While souls in hell are begging loud For cooling drops of water clear

To soothe their anguish hot and sear. There is no hell! But each must pay For his misdeeds—for his false way. "There is no death!" the scriptures say.

Now all is life—Christ leads the way. Men look to God and wisdom find— And gains new life and peace of mind.

Belief in death must be cast down. For death can never bring a crown— To overcome death is victory won— Then comes the message sweet: "Well done!"

Looking at this wonderful valley—the wholesome life it contains today—the essence and growth of what it was yesterday, Mrs. Dougherty expresses a truthful and logical sentiment in her poem. The Spirit of the Pioneer never dies! Their "victory" is more than "won"—and we of today can cheerfully send them the so well deserved "message sweet: "Well Done!"

As everything works from cause to effect—we are in certainty the effect

of our pioneer ancestors of yesterday. So the Grande Ronde valley owes its formation and its life to the beautiful and lofty mountains ever guarding over its destiny. And the mountains as great and wonderful as they may be also the effect of a greater cause. Now won't you just for a moment become a simple man of the Hills and with me in Silence speak the ultimate cause of all things:

Oh God, the Spirit which our old pioneers adored—the Father Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omnipotent—the Father of whom Jesus the Christ said: "He doeth the work"—give us the understanding so we may perpetuate the bountiful mission of our fathers and mothers making this valley, today so rich in material and spiritual wealth. We do not ask "Give us this day our daily bread," for we already have it here; but, rather give us the knowledge of how to use such wealth aright. As we are advancing with the rest of the world

in this fast and reckless age—let us not, oh God, forget the principle by which our forefathers founded this great community. Let us not forget their great love of home and country—their love for their neighbors—their sacrificial and devoted tolerance towards the weak, that charitable spirit to all mankind—their hospitable and protecting spirit to the strangers regardless of creed or nationality—their love of liberty and justice for all. And above all, all their lives seem to have been a ceaseless effort toward making others happy, and that even beyond their graves! And God our Father let us tune in with Your Great Patriotic of All Wisdom so we may follow in their footsteps—give us the understanding so we may do and leave to our descendants, in the same spirit, what our pioneers have done and left for us, that they have not, nor will they die in vain! Amen.

Next week my simple idea of the Hills will be on "Government."

MACMARR STORES

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We hear this question asked frequently and we realize the importance of supporting the railroad industry in La Grande. The Answer is — WEDO! During 1930 there were shipped by MacMarr Stores, into La Grande territory, more than 75 straight carloads of freight by O.-W. R. R. & N. Railroad. In addition to that, hundreds of tons of L. C. L. freight were received via rail carriers. Support the railroad and help our community!

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