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LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTH POLK COUNTY

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HEIRS TO FORTUNE MAKE HOME HERE

Is there a better time in life to fall heir to a fortune than when you're turning or have well turned to the shady side of life? We think not, and if we can't have it all the time, send it along for the decline. That's just what happened to Mr. and Mrs. John Haun. Mrs. Haun has just inherited a small fortune and of course she'll divide with her husband, John Haun, who admits he is 70 years old. The couple married just a few months ago. They lived in the country and were contented but when the \$75,000 came they had dreams of town life and a home all "bungalowed" and modernized. The F. S. Stewart bungalow on the north side of Main street satisfied their dreams. The place was purchased and Mr. and Mrs. Haun are enjoying life in a way they once hardly anticipated.

Street of C Street Disposes of Business

W. H. Street has sold the C Street Meat Market to E. C. Ott of Portland. Mr. Ott is a meat man of experience, having been connected with markets in the city. He will take possession of his newly acquired business Monday. Mr. Street will devote all his time to ranch life. Mr. Ewing, who has been in charge of the market, is undetermined just what he will do as several things are being considered.

For printing—from postal to poster—try the Post Printer.

VERY HEROIC



Lady—What did you do to get that medal?
Tramp—I got it for bravery. I took it away from a man twice my size.

Independence Man Dies at Muskogee, Okla.

The very sad news of the death of Herbert Hoyser reached here Wednesday from Oklahoma where the young man had lived for some time. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hoyser of East Independence, had written him a few days before asking his advice about what make of car to purchase. When the message came, they expected the contents to express his choice of car for his parents. Instead, the terrible blow—a death message.

The young man was about 26 years of age and has many friends here who will be deeply grieved.

He was a member of Homer Lodge K. of P. and during the war belonged to the U. S. navy. He had the distinction of being on one of the "subs" that escorted President Wilson on his return trip from France.

His body will be in charge of Oklahoma K. P.s and will be forwarded to Salem for committal. This order will have charge of the ritualistic part of the funeral service.

Camp Life at City Park Among the Tourists

(BY VIRGINIA SOUTHERN)

Just at this time, the city park is the most interesting spot within the boundaries of Independence, because here there are tourists California bound and tourists Canada bound. And to me there's nothing so interesting as people who have traveled from pole to pole and know the world in its many phases. This personal contact and shoulder to shoulder meeting is worth while and furnishes a little spice for simple living. For most of these tourists are an animated, good-natured, Goth-like horde, roving of eye, cheerful of countenance and amiable of disposition. I must tell you about a family from Kentucky. Father, mother and all the children were so in love with Oregon they said. "We want to stay; where can we get some place to live?" Some booster in my crowd directed them to the Independence Realty Co. Later I saw them. They said, "One member of the Realty Co. made us homesick; he looks like a Kentucky Colonel." I said, "That has been my opinion for a number of years." In fact I had assigned that cognomen to Mr. Hubbard several years ago. Then they gave me this poem about the "Blue Grass State":

It's down in old Kentucky,
Where they never have the blues;
Where she Captain kills the Colonel,
And the Colonel kills the booze.
Where you get up in the middle of
The night
To let the cat in, and it takes two
Doctors three days
To pick the buckshot out of you.
Where a cyclone bloweth you
Into your neighbor's wife bosom;
And your neighbor's wife husband
Bloweth you into Abraham's bosom
Before you have time to explain.
Where the frogs are afraid to holler,
And the birds are afraid to sing;
For it's hell in old Kentucky;
They shoot 'em on the wing.

"So one of these days we're going to buy a home from the Independence Realty Company and live among you."

Next I interviewed some California people. You won't believe it, but they frankly admitted that the beauties of Oregon surpassed that of California. The man of the party had with him a machine to sharpen lawn mowers and was diligently working to make mowing for somebody a pleasure rather than drudgery.

Another party from Oklahoma told about the Osage Indians just cutting another 'melon' and how the pale faces would marry the squaws and get a fortune and almost at the same time a divorce.

In vehicles of all sorts they came, from touring cars with neatly arranged cases containing baggage to big lumberlike bodies mounted on "flivver" chassis. From the windows eager faces of children peer and from the sides blow strings of vari-hued "wash" from "jazz

— The — Scrap Book

HAD OLD DARKY GUESSING

Hard to Understand How Professor Could Have Known What Those Particular Chickens Would Do.

An expedition was sent from the capital to one of the southern states to observe the recent eclipse of the sun. The day before the event one of its members said to an old darky belonging to the house where he was staying: "Tom, if you will watch your chickens tomorrow they'll all go to roost at 11 o'clock."

Tom was skeptical, but, sure enough, at the time predicted the sky darkened and the chickens retired to roost. The negro, amazed beyond measure, sought out the scientist.

"Professor," he said, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?"

"About a year ago," he replied with a smile.

"Well, if dat don't beat all. Why, professor, a year ago dem chickens wa'n't even hatched!"

AWARDED PRIZE FOR VIRTUE

Picturesque and Ancient Ceremony That is Annually Performed in French Municipality.

Every year, in the week following Pentecost, the municipal council of Faremontiers, following a tradition three centuries old, solemnly awards the prize for virtue established by M. Lambert of Meo, a civic benefactor, in the year 1654.

The presentation follows an original and charming ceremony, every detail of which was arranged by the founder. Thirteen maidens, chosen as the most virtuous in the community, present themselves before the municipal council which selected them. In an urn are twelve blank ballots and a thirteenth bearing the following words: "God has chosen me." Each candidate, with eyes closed, draws a ballot, and she who draws the ballot with the motto is forthwith declared winner of the rose of virtue.

This year Destiny chose Madeleine Thomas, a dressmaker, sixteen years old. Amidst general acclamation, the happy winner was escorted on the arm of the mayor, who presented her with a sheaf of flowers, to the home of her parents, while a musical society, especially organized for the occasion, played appropriate airs.—From Le Petit Parisien.

French Amazons.

The French, transferring some soldiers from Wrangel's army to their own foreign legion, have discovered one of them to be a woman. They have engaged her as a nurse; but there have been many cases in which they have allowed women to bear arms in their service. There were, for instance, the Sisters Fernig, who fought at Jemmapes, and of whom Dumouriez reported that "they were even more remarkable for the remarkable propriety of their behaviour than for their reckless daring." One of them saved a Belgian's life, killing two Uhlans in order to do so; and the Belgian, having recovered from his wounds, vowed that he would seek her out and marry her. It took him years to track her down; but the quest was eventually successful. The marriage was duly celebrated, and two of the children born of it did well in the world, one of them becoming honorary counselor at the Douai Court of Appeal, and the other inspector general of the Belgian prisons.

The Rickreall bridge is closed to traffic on account of repairs.

garters" to "flesh kickers."

In the park, license tags from several states have mingled their colors and their combination of numerals. Some parties have been on the road for months; others have just started. They are all out for a good time. They are going somewhere. Where; they don't know. "We're seeing the country," they say. "It's a great life."

MICKIE SAYS

SAY, YA GOTTA FRIEND WHO USTA LIVE HERE, AINT YA? AN' YA DONT WRITE T' THAT FRIEND AS OFTEN AS YOU SHOULD, DO YA? THEN WHAT YA OUGHTA DO IS TO COME IN 'N ORDER TH' OL' HOME TOWN PAPER SENT TO 'EM REG'LAR. THAT WILL SURE PLEASE 'EM



Delightful Social Function At Rogers Farm Home

Mrs. Joseph Rogers graciously entertained Tuesday at her country home for her daughter, Miss Loeta, a recent graduate from Oregon U. and Mrs. Clyde Ecker. The table was beautifully appointed and covers laid for eight. A three course luncheon including all the delectable features of a ranch home was served. Following the luncheon the party motored to Salem where the hostess entertained at a theater party at the Oregon where "The Rainbow Trail" was shown and thoroughly enjoyed.

At their pretty country home the Rogers are "monarchs of all they survey," possessing about 300 acres of fertile land and surrounded by the most delightful neighbors.

Miss Loeta will be leaving soon for Ashland where she will teach English in the High School of that city. She specialized in dramatics at the University and was leading lady in the Senior class play of '21. She is also considered splendid in French and was vice president of the University French club. Her many friends are delighted she has secured such a splendid position.

Motor Co. Adds Equipment

W. B. Huggins of the Sayles Motor Car Company has enlarged the repair department. More equipments have been installed and everything is complete for doing all kinds of repair work.

"LOST" COUPLE "FOUND" AT HOME

Wm. Cockle, of Sloper Bros. & Cockle hardware store, and Jas. Robbie are sure they can easily land a job with the Pinkerton Detective Agency, not only a job but one at a fabulous salary. Their extreme confidence in their clever ability was thoroughly established when a picnic party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cockle, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Robbie, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Sloper and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Buena Vista were returning from Falls City last Sunday. The Sloper car and Robbie car had spun along together for a while when Mr. and Mrs. Sloper decided they'd take the Fishers to their Buena Vista home. All was well until the Cockles and Robbies reached home and no Slopers had arrived. Hours went by and still no Slopers showed in the shadows. There was but one thing to do. Cockle and Robbie immediately formed a searching party and started on the highway to Falls City. They knew the kind of tires the Sloper wheels bore and just the kind of "tracks" they made, so they could locate them if they had missed the road. So cleverly did they "detect" that they followed some suspicious "tracks" for miles and peered into every fence corner and wayside ditch expecting to find the stranded party. For miles and miles they went until despair turned them homeward, arriving here about eleven o'clock. The two detectives halted at the Robbie home. Mrs. Robbie decided she'd call the Sloper residence, but of course expected to get no answer. To her glad surprise there was an answer. Mrs. Sloper responded, "Yes, we've been home a long time; we just went to Buena Vista to take the Fishers home." 'Tis suspected the Slopers were on their second honeymoon while "the rest of the world went by."

Mrs. Huggins Enjoying Visit from Her Father

W. C. Kolb is a guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Huggins. Mr. Kolb is traveling salesman for an undertaking establishment and has traveled in the Coast country for about twenty years. He says that while his business is a "dead" business, it's a mighty good one and a very necessary one.

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