

THE POLK COUNTY POST

Oregon Historical Society x
Auditorium

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN SOUTH POLK COUNTY

VOLUME IV.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1921

NO. 21

"LEGACY" IN WAITING FOR GEORGE CARBRAY

[Letter received by Co. Clerk Moore.]
Camp Bucksport, Oct. 8, 1921.

Dear Sir: Excuse me, please. I am a Trapper and Mountain Guide and this summer became acquainted with a gentleman by the name of Jack Sibley, who informed me of your address, and he said that you would be sure to know of the address of one George Carbray or Carbray. The here in mentioned person has fallen into a "Legacy" and I hold the credentials for the delivery of the same, if you have not the time to hunt up this person, see Sheriff Orr, perhaps he can locate him.

I am still busy guiding persons to the various health resorts throughout Northern California, and it was only day before yesterday that I stubbed my toe against a four-pound gold nugget on the hillside. This whole hillside was covered with the shining particles resembling gold that for a time I was flabbergasted with astonishment.

HANK PETERSON.

P. S. Leave it to Uncle Jim Sweeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Married Thirty-five Years

Wedding bells rang again for Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Alexander on Sunday when a wedding dinner was served at the home of their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Alexander. It was in celebration of thirty-five years of married life. A reception was held during the day at their own home across the street where relatives gathered to talk over old times and to join in singing the old songs. At one o'clock they flocked to the well laden tables of good things, made pretty with the Fall flowers. During the dinner the children presented their parents with a clock. Those in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Dell Alexander, Mr. Pearl Alexander and family, Mrs. Joseph Anderson and family of Dram, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Scott and son Paul.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

This store can clothe you stylishly, durably and at a very cheap price in comparison to other. You should see our Suits priced from \$18 to \$32.50. Look at our Caps, Mackinaws and Bath Robes. You will want them. Our special work shirts at 75c are dandies.

Yours truly,

O. A. Kreamer

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON

Mr. and Mrs. John Scott and daughter Mildred of Monmouth
Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Stapleton and family
Mr. and Mrs. L. H. McElmurry and son Henry
Mr. and Mrs. Oren McElmurry
C. B. Forbes
Mr. and Mrs. John Compton and son Isaac
Mrs. Grant Standard of Silverton
Mr. and Mrs. Homer Linsley and daughter Rose Marie
Mrs. Jack Stapleton and son Dean
Mrs. Rose Evans
Miss Erea Smith of Portland
Don Dickinson

Mrs. Irvine Entertains For Mrs. Cooper and Daughter

Mrs. Chas. Irvine entertained a few friends Wednesday evening complimenting Miss Genevieve Cooper and Mrs. C. W. Henkle, who are on the verge of departure. Miss Cooper will pass the winter in Portland and Mrs. Henkle will go to California about Nov. 1st to spend the winter. Mrs. Irvine provided ample diversion and served a dainty repast to close a delightful evening.

Grandson Killed Today Message To Mrs. Govro

Mrs. I. Govro received a telegram today informing her that her grandson, Lisle Govro, had been killed in a California logging camp.

"Merry Mixer" Scheduled For Wednesday Night

Plans are being made for the "merry mixer" for the teachers to be given at the Methodist church next Wednesday evening. It is hoped that every one will respond to the invitation to be present.

Mrs. Kreamer's Mother Dies In Eugene

The O. A. Kreamers went to Eugene yesterday in response to a message that Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Kreamer's mother, had passed away Wednesday.

ARISTOCRATS OF RUSSIA PEDDLERS

Once Haughty Officers of Old Regime Are Now Penniless in Turkish Capital.

ONE TRAGEDY OF GREAT WAR

Every Street in Constantinople Is Crowded With Refugees From Russia—Wives and Daughters in Menial Occupations.

Constantinople.—When Russia was a mighty nation under her czars it was the Slav dream to march into Constantinople.

Well, the Russians in their thousands have reached this city, but their presence means not a triumph, but one of the great tragedies of the aftermath of the war.

The allies, and especially France, backed and financed a number of attempts on the part of Russians to break down the Bolshevik government and substitute one that would do business with western Europe.

The last of these mercenary armies was the one led by General Wrangel, who at one time was master of the Crimea.

But just as soon as the Bolsheviks secured peace with Poland, they smashed Wrangel to smithereens. The Crimea witnessed one of the greatest scrambles in history.

Soldiers and their leaders, civilians and their wives and families, clamored for ships to take them away before the avenging Bolsheviks came in.

The vessels which were finally supplied for the refugees were jammed beyond human endurance.

Filled With Refugees.
Thousands of the survivors of this page of recent history were brought to Constantinople.

Every street in Constantinople is crowded with them. Near this city you may see broad-faced Mongolians and Kalmyck Tartars, who were once in Wrangel's army, working on the railway tracks.

In the city itself the Russians have largely turned to peddling.

Their wives and sisters and daughters have taken to waiting in little restaurants or washing dishes or scrubbing floors or doing family washing.

Many have been forced by sheer want into immorality.

And there are thousands who have no visible means of support. They sell nothing. They do not work. They simply walk the streets aimlessly.

Many of them have shirts, but no coats. If you see them with coats buttoned up to the neck, you may know that they have neither shirt nor undershirt underneath. In this blazing hot oriental weather many of them go about with great, long, heavy caress coats whose collars and sleeves are trimmed with thick astrachan.

Shift for Themselves.
Men who were once officers in the czar's army and later in Wrangel's forces still go about with their epaulets on shoulders. Often one has a wicked-looking Russian officer's dagger at his side.

It would seem that with this great influx of one-time soldiers of adventure, made desperate by want, there would be a great increase of petty crimes. But the 2,500 Turkish police have held crime in check.

For a considerable period the French authorities undertook to feed the 100,000 Russian refugees, the only stipulation being that they should seek work to make themselves self-supporting. But work was the very thing that the great majority of them did not want.

They seemed to think the allies were under some sort of obligation to maintain them in idleness. The result was that the French felt compelled to withdraw all assistance and allow them to shift for themselves.—Milton Bronner, in Chicago Post.

PUBLIC KISSING ON WANE

People of Asia Minor Change Age-Old Custom of Showing Affection, Esteem or Reverence.

Angora.—The age-old custom of men publicly kissing other men as a mark of affection, esteem or reverence, is passing in Asia Minor.

As in the French army, high officers or generals of the Turk nationalist army kiss men whom they decorate or wish to commend. Gen. Ismet Pasha, in reviewing infantry, often walks up to some stalwart soldier, slaps him on the shoulder and kisses him on both cheeks as a mark of public approval. The correspondent has seen a high officer kneel and kiss the hands of Gen. Moushidine Bey, the former teacher of the younger officer.

But in general, as a custom of the people, of friends meeting and embracing after long separation, kissing is a thing of the past.

FOSTERED CZECH 'SPIRIT OF '76'

Sokol Societies Kept Alive Patriotism in Czecho-Slovakia.

IS SLAVIC IN CONCEPTION

Instituted Under a Hostile Government to Foster Physical and Moral Forces Which Make for Manliness, Simultaneously It Forged the National Forces Which Make for Freedom—Now Works to Strengthen Bonds Which Unite New Czech State.

The recent visit of a delegation of Sokol gymnastic societies from Czecho-Slovakia to the United States had a deeper interest than that attaching to an international athletic event. Europe's new-born republic sent to the far older republic of the new world a representation from an organization which had much to do with keeping alive a national spirit against the day when she seized her opportunity for independence, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society explaining the historical significance of the Sokol societies.

The delegation of Sokols from Czecho-Slovakia were repaying the visit made by many American Sokols who went to Prague last year, each of them bearing food drafts so that their presence in Prague would not be more of an embarrassment than a help.

A group of American Sokols met at the castle-crowned hill where the March and the Danube unite and there draped Old Glory over a millennial monument, which was erected by the Magyars to commemorate the establishment of the Hungarian state by Stephen the First in 997.

Reveille to National Spirit.
The founding of the Sokol organization in Bohemia was the sounding of the reveille to a slumbering nation. Czech nationality in 1862 was somnolent. Even friends of the Hussite people despised of its regaining its sense of freedom. The enemies of the race which produced Comenius openly sneered at the low estate to which the once proud nation had fallen.

Then came Miklos Tyra and Jindrich Fugner, who conceived as a means of awakening their race the establishment of an organization which would escape the antagonism of the Hapsburg oppressors while cementing the people into a unit by training them in discipline and organization.

The Sokols, or falcons, derive their name from a Slav legend in which that bird typifies a spirited and courageous youth. The organization is Slavic in conception and it has so far aided in energizing successive Slavic groups.

It was the Czech Sokol spirit which united the thousands of Bohemian war prisoners in Russia and, when the permission from Kerensky came, forged them into the army which formed the spearpoint of the "Kerensky offensive" in the summer of 1917. It was the Sokol spirit which actuated thousands of men in western Russia, who could almost see their native hills, to set out on the most marvelous anabasis that World war has known, an adventure which culminated in the capture of huge tracts of Siberia, and the return of the veterans in American transports from Vladivostok to Trieste.

The Sokolovna, or Sokol hall, is not only the gymnasium for the men and women of Czecho-Slovakia, but is also the social and cultural center of the city or village. It has been through more than half a century of awakening nationalism the hearthstone to which the Czech lares and penates have been gathered.

Becomes National Festival.

Last year the seventh Sokol festival was held in Prague. Coming at a time when the new nations of Europe were still dazed with selfgovernment, it did more than any other thing to unite the people of one country and to reveal to them the spectacle of a nation's people co-operating in a tribute to the very nationality which their co-operation was strengthening. Sokols were brought from most remote districts. Children who had long heard of their capital but who had never seen Golden Prague spent a week in visiting the places rich in historical and national interest. The railways were given such a test as war itself would not impose upon them. Hundreds of thousands of newly enfranchised citizens had the privilege of paying personal tribute to their newly elected chief, President Masaryk.

The organization which was instituted under a hostile government to foster the physical and spiritual forces that make for manliness, simultaneously forged the national forces which make for freedom. Freedom having been secured, the same organization operates in strengthening the bonds that unite the new Czech state.

ENDS "SHRIMP DANCE"

Modern Machinery Does Away With Picturesque Custom.

Sun-Dried Shrimps Were "Chucked" to Music of Banjo Plunked in Weird Minor Key.

New Orleans.—Due to the inroads of modern machinery, the "shrimp dance," one of the picturesque bits of routine that for years has marked the work on the shrimp-drying platforms along the Louisiana south coast, this year goes into the lumber room of memories to join other quaint customs of bygone years.

Machinery hereafter will "chuck" the sun-dried shrimps.

To the tourists who have ventured down into the wilderness of low-lying marshes, where the shrimp platforms gather in the cargoes of the trawlers, the "shrimp dance" has ever been a colorful memory.

Bolled in salt water in great copper vats, dried in the sunshine to rubbery resiliency, the shrimps have been swept up into huge circles in the past years. Then, while guitar or banjo or accordion wailed and plunked a dancing strain in a weird minor key, the husky platform workers, hands on hips, have shuffled over the circular piles of shrimp. Beneath their tread the brittle shells crackled into fragments.

Following the dance the plinkish shrimp meat was shoveled through great screens, the brittle shell fragments falling through, while the piles of dried fish were packed in barrels.

The shrimp industry in Louisiana has grown to greater proportions than is generally known. During the season of 1920, 29,716 persons were supported by the industry, more than \$1,000,000 were invested in shrimp fleets, and the catch was listed by government officials at 28,950,000 pounds.

THIRTY THOUSAND SEAL SKINS.

Instructions have been issued to the United States bureau of fisheries representatives on the Pribilof islands authorizing the taking of 30,000 fur seal skins on both islands during the calendar year 1921. Tentative divisions by classes for the killings on the two islands are as follows: St. Paul, 22,100 three-year-olds, 3,000 four-year-olds and 600 five-year-olds, and St. George, 2,750 three-year-olds, 450 four-year-olds and 100 five-year-olds.—Fisheries Service Bulletin.

VERY CLOUDY CLOUD.

William Lyon Phelps of the English chair at Yale has added a new mixed metaphor to his large and amusing collection. This addition is from one of the novels of W. L. George: "The cloud that tried to stab their happiness was only a false rumor whose bitter taste could not splinter the radiance nor dim the effervescence of their joy."—Detroit Free Press.

Nine-Foot Man Marries 5-Foot Woman.

Mrs. Jan Van Albert of Port Arthur, Ont., who became a bride recently, will always look up to her husband. He is nine feet five inches tall, and she is five feet four inches.

Italians Use Gold Dollar as Standard.

The ministry of commerce of Rome, Italy, has announced that hereafter the gold dollar will replace the pound sterling as the standard upon which the Italian lira is based.

REV. HEROLD PROPPE RE-ELECTED PASTOR

Rev. Harold Proppe has been asked by the Baptist church of Independence to remain as pastor and he has accepted. During his pastorship here, Mr. Proppe, ably assisted by Mrs. Proppe, has accomplished much good for the church and community.

The local Baptist church has a large enthusiastic membership and is especially noted for having so many young people actively co-operating and assisting in advancing the principles of the Master.

Mrs. F. F. Black Entertains Women of Buena Vista

Mrs. E. F. Black was a very charming hostess to the Buena Vista Ladies Rural Club at her home on Third Street yesterday afternoon. A paper to have been presented by Mrs. J. E. Hubbard was deferred until later. The president, Mrs. Perry Wells, presided over the session. The ladies responded to roll call with interesting quotations. The hostess, assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Fisher, served dainty refreshments.

Tell The Post About It!

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