

Oregon Historical Society

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"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

Off to Newport still they go,
It is a pleasant lark,
Unless perhaps a few of them,
Are gobbled by a shark;
Heaven's faucets were turned on,
The hay was down in floods,
And so the cow
And Berkshire sow,
Will have to chew their cuds.
Presbyterian folk in session met
And wisely picked a pastor,
He will do them worlds of good
And make the church grow faster;
Wedding bells are due to ring,
And many are supposing
As the end is near
Of leaping year
The girls are all proposing.
The ladies of a certain club
Among the tops and uppers,
Dragged their poor hubbys out,
But gave the things their suppers;
Scores are after a piece of land,
To be lucky in the draw,
This we pen,
The single men,
Should also get a squaw.
The V. & S. is coming soon,
They say its on the level,
And Pastor Stephens is back again,
To help combat the devil;
Berries were picked from every bush,
In all the neighboring thickets,
And Homer Wood
Says it looks good
For Woodrow and his ticket.

DUNSMORE CHOSEN

At a meeting of the members of the Presbyterian church Wednesday night, Dr. H. C. Dunsmore was invited to become pastor of the church and no doubt he will accept. The doctor is one of the most able and eloquent pulpit speakers in the state and his selection as pastor will greatly benefit the community as well as the church. It is planned to give him a royal welcome Sunday morning.

HOP NOTES

The present weather is very conducive to a good hop crop. Salem hop men say. The hop vines will begin to bloom in about two weeks. Neither lice nor mildew is noticeable on the vines this summer, a contrary condition to a year ago, when both were general in the hop sections.—Salem Statesman.

Locally the hops have a fine color and are still making an excellent growth. Vermen are few. A period of hot weather is the chief need this month. Growers consider the crop prospects improving, but little encouragement is felt over the price prospects.—Aurora Observer.

FED THEIR HUSBANDS

The Wednesday Afternoon Club enjoyed a most pleasant meeting with Mrs. L. L. Hewitt on Wednesday of last week. Needle work, music, and a splendid luncheon were indulged in.

On Friday the members of the club entertained their husbands with a picnic supper, later going to the Eldridge home, where delightful amusement was furnished until a late hour.

MARRIED

At the home of Pastor Stephens, at 1:20 p. m., July 18th, Mr. Ernest C. Brundridge and Miss Tina Stalnaker were united in marriage in the presence of selected witnesses. May much joy attend their way.

"NOT IN THE MONITOR"

Editor Monitor—Why wasn't my party in the Monitor? Hostess.

Your "party was not in the Monitor" solely because the Monitor did not know you had a party. Never take chances on the Monitor finding out everything. Phone or write when you have a party, get married, go away, company comes to see you, have a baby, etc. This applies more especially to our readers living in the country. Every woman, who reads the paper, is appointed a special correspondent for the Monitor. The more she writes or phones, the better it will suit us.

DIED

After an illness of several weeks, Mrs. P. R. Burnett, mother of Mesdames Sherman Hayes, C. W. Irvine, and Florence Whitaker, of Independence, died at her home in McMinnville Wednesday morning. Mrs. Burnett is well known in Independence, as her husband was pastor of the Christian church here at one time. The sympathy of Independence friends is extended to the bereaved daughters.

M. C. and F. A. Williams went to Portland Wednesday to attend the funeral of their uncle, Wes Williams, a pioneer of Oregon.

RAIN SPOILS HAY

The rains of last week, something unusual for Oregon, damaged the hay crop greatly. The larger part of it was caught between the mower and the stack. Most of the clover will be unfit for horse feed and the grass hay will be black.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

"The Birth of a Nation," appearing at the Grand Opera House, in Salem, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, of next week, afternoon and evening, is the most stupendous and spectacular enterprise ever produced. 5,000 scenes, 18,000 characters, 3,000 horses, cities burned, battles, artillery duels, in which real shells are used, the assassination of Lincoln, in all, 12,000 feet of film, accompanied by 30-piece orchestra. If you fail to see it, you are missing the greatest production of the times.

NEEDLECRAFTERS

The Needlecrafters were the guests of Mrs. Crosby Davis, at her attractive Seventh street home, yesterday afternoon. Pretty flowers of riotous hues and array from the hostess' own well-kept gardens, decked the rooms where the guests plied their needles and visited. The afternoon was rounded out with a delicious luncheon, Mrs. Davis thoroughly sustaining her well established reputation for being a splendid epicurean, V. S.

"BILL" LOSES HIS HAY

Editor Monitor—The clover hay has been knocked out by the Oregon rains. We can stand a big lot of the good old Oregonist, but when it gets to pouring down in July, as it did this year, goodby to the clover. We may be able to fool the cows into eating it, but that's all. No respectable horse will eat it as long as there is any of the mangel left. I regret to report the failure of the clover crop because everything on the place eats it except the hired man.

"Farmer Bill."

GOOD TIME TO MARRY

The marriage of several prominent people is scheduled to take place between this time and September 1st. In the opinion of the Monitor, this is an ideal time to get married. The happy pairs can spend their honeymoon in the hop yards and so make money enough to start them up in housekeeping.

RIVER BREAKS RECORD

The river is 5.1 feet above low water on the 18th day of July and the oldest inhabitant will have considerable difficulty in remembering a time when the river was at this unusually high gauge at this time of the year. Ordinarily by the middle of July the river is barely above the zero gauge mark and boats are taken off on account of the low stage.—Salem Capital Journal.

LANDMARK GONE

The popcorn vender, who has been stationed on the corner of C and Main streets for several years, quit business this week. High license was given as the reason for quitting, by the proprietor.

POPULATION INCREASES

With hop picking time drawing near, many families are moving in.

THE "RECALL" GOES ON

About thirty-five members of the Taxpayers' League assembled in the circuit court room of the court house last Saturday to nominate candidates to oppose the members of the county court in a recall election, which it had been previously decided to initiate. In the absence of President Harry Butz, Vice President E. F. Rogers, of Oakdale, presided. E. A. Gwinn acted as temporary secretary.

The first man recognized by the chair was J. K. Sears, of McCoy, who launched into a bitter denunciation of our esteemed contemporary, the Observer, branding certain recent references to the recall movement in that publication as being deliberate falsehoods. Mr. Sears, while sparing the itemizer from the fury of his wrath, stated that no support to this movement can be expected from either of the county papers, as both have been subsidized. At the conclusion of Mr. Sears' speech, Mr. Rogers and one or two others also took a rap at the Observer.

After more or less talk the meeting finally got down to the business for which it was called, and nominations for the various offices to be filled by the recall were made. Ex-county Commissioner S. H. Petre, of Airle, and E. F. Rogers were named for county judge and a ballot resulted in Petre receiving 13 votes, Rogers 12, U. S. Grant 3, and one for "Mr. Roberts." The chair declared Mr. Petre the nominee. For commissioner to succeed George A. Wells, William Riddle, of Monmouth, and Mose Manston, of Dallas, the regular Republican nominees were named. Before a ballot was taken, however, Mr. Riddle's name was withdrawn and Mr. Manston was declared the nominee by acclamation.

For commissioner to succeed Clyde W. Beckett, Ed. Luce, of Brush College, and Geo. McCullough, of Broadmead, were named, the ballot resulting in the latter's nomination.

A motion prevailed that in case any of the candidates nominated refused to run, the next highest in the balloting should be the nominee.

A committee composed of J. K. Sears, E. F. Rogers, and Mr. Waite were named to prepare and circulate petitions for signatures for the recall.—Polk County Itemizer.

THE CANDIDACY OF MR. PETRE

Whether by accident or design, the recall promoters added to their strength by nominating S. H. Petre for county judge. There are many—a great many, who while not in sympathy with the present recall movement, would look upon his candidacy with much favor.

THE 1916 COUNTY FAIR

The Monitor hopes that the Polk County Fair of 1916 will be the best one ever had and that it will be largely attended by Monitor readers. From the preliminary announcements, it appears that it will be worth your attention. Says the management:

"The fair management wants the residents of Polk county to feel that this institution belongs to them, and that its promotion and success depends largely upon the interest they manifest in it. There is no good reason why Polk cannot boast of the best county fair held in the state, and it can, if residents of the various sections will only put a shoulder to the wheel in its behalf. From an educational standpoint it is worth while; the amusements and entertainments which are calculated to form a part of the 1916 fair,

while a very necessary adjunct, should be of secondary consideration. From the present indications we have every reason for believing that the coming event will eclipse all previous efforts in this direction, the board having been assured of the hearty co-operation of agriculturists, horticulturists, stockmen, dairymen, and other allied interests, not to mention the business people of the several communities within the ball-wick. But there is a part for all to play to make the Polk County Fair the pronounced success for which we hope, and we earnestly solicit your assistance in bringing about the desired result. If you have something to exhibit, enter the contest, not alone for the premium that may be offered on that particular article, but that others may profit from your experiences and from your success."

He Got Away

THE police received a call a few nights ago that a man, apparently intoxicated, had fallen against a weighing machine in front of a store in Virginia avenue and was believed to be hurt seriously. Two bicycle policemen were sent to investigate.

They returned to the police station a short time later and reported to the captain that the report must have been false. At any rate, they were unable to find any one who had been injured, they said.

Sergeant Richter was sitting in the station at the time and overheard the bicycle men's report.

"That's easily solved," said Richter. "The fellow probably saw you cops coming, dropped a nickel in the slot and got a weigh."—Indianapolis News.

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON

Attempting to recall Commissioner Wells when he is already looking for his hat.

HONEST ABE, U. S. M.

He Writes Obituaries



WHEN I got along to Farmer James Foster's the other day he was at the gate to say as he solemnly shook his head:

"Abe, in the midst of life we are in death."
"Yes, but in the midst of life, especially that of a mail carrier, we have got to hustle," I replied.

"Well, you don't bustle one rod until you hear what has happened and do a little writing for me. You have writ your durned

old poetry for everybody but me for ten miles around, and here is where I come in. I have been shook with excitement for the last week, and my old wife has had to take to her bed, and like enough will never leave it for her heart is mighty near broke at what happened last week."

"And what happened? I was away last week, you know."
"Why, the awfullest thing that ever took place," he answered. "Didn't you know that Sam Slippy, son of Old Man Slippy, was no more on this earth?"

"I haven't heard a word of it."
I went into the house with him and found out all the particulars and then set to work and wrote the obituary required. It came to me as easy as a sawlog rolling downhill. All I had to do was to touch a lead pencil to my tongue and away went the verses as follows:

Now, Farmer James was parient to
A gal named Susan Jane,
And her look continued beautiful
In mud or snow or rain.

And Susan Jane, she had a beau,
His first name it was Sam;
And he was full of energy,
And push and rush and stam.

One summer's Sunday afternoon
As they stood by the fence a-woolung,
And talking of the turtle doves
That all around were cooling.

A bull came up and looked at Sam,
And then he gave a beller,
And then he pawed up loads of earth
Just like a bluffing feller.

When I had finished this ode and read it, "ears stood in the eyes of the farmer and sobs shook the frame of his wife. Although Miss Susan Jane was upstairs in her room with the door locked and her head covered up with the bedclothes, we could hear her crying as if she would never smile again. The ode also affected me, but nevertheless I managed to eat half a mince pie before I left the house. The poetry will be framed and hung at the head of the girl's bed.

When I got to the blacksmith's shop at the Red Bridge I found old Jim Sprague sitting in the door of his shop with his head in his hands. Of course I asked him what was the matter, and he told me. He is a grim faced old man and not much given to sentiment, but I thought I discovered a slight wabbling to his chin as he answered me that his wife was dead and asked me if I wouldn't write a verse or two that he might hang up among those horsehoes to remind him of her many noble qualities. Jim had always been obliging to me, and I cheerfully wrote for him:

Jim Sprague's wife, she is no more;
She's gone where angels sing,
Where harps and silver bells and wih
They keep the air a-ringing.

It's left poor Jim all stark alone;
He has no one near him,
But he will take another wife
And have some one to cheer him.

"That goes right to my heart," said Jim, "because it says that I shall marry again, and dog-gone my cats if I don't! I'm not goin' to trot round here alone and do my own housekeeping. I'm sorry the old woman decided to die, but it was the will of heaven, and I'm not goin' to kick about it."
M. QUAD

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Stood by the Fence A-woolung.