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"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

A question we have received
From somewhere down by Suver,
It is too deep for us,
So we pass it on to Hoover:
"If we must economize, stint and save
While some they live in clover,
Can't we take their 'fat'
For taxes and that
When the war is over?"
K. C. E. has been telling us
That it's hard to cutter,
If he can't get the creamy cream,
How'll he make the butter?
So we whispered in K. C.'s ear,
"Put in a little tallow,"
And K. C. said,
"You've a wise old head,
But do not tempt a fallow."
High school kids make quite a noise,
Tho it strains their collar,
Here is something for their repertoire,
Add this to their holler:
Swat the kaiser on the jaw,
Stop his deathly revel,
Lay him low,
So he may go
To his pal, the devil.
A friend came in the other morn,
Thru the foggy vapor,
And requested that we write more rhyme,
Fill up the whole darn paper;
We've thought the matter over much,
We dare not, we would rue it,
We'd run down
And the town,
No, we mustn't do it.

FOLKS AT HOME ARE HELPING, ALSO

WRITTEN BY DONALD GRANT AND MOTHER OF MALTA, MONTANA

Just before the mess-call mother,
I am thinking most of you;
While you're eating eggs and bacon
We are eating army stew.

Farewell, mother, we may never
Eat at home with friends no more;
But promise me you'll not forget me
Standing at the mess-hall door.

Mother, we get beans for dinner,
Hardtack morning, noon and night;
And, mother, don't forget we're eaters;
We can eat as well as fight.

When we go across the ocean
And see Germans every night,
And my stomach's feeling light;
We'll be very lucky, mother,
If we have hardtack to bite.

Now my tale of woe is ending,
Just before the dinner, Donald,
When I get back home to your, dear,
My inwards sure will be a fright.

I will eat tin cans and paper;
I can down most anything;
I could eat the parlor organ,
And then, maybe, I can sing.
(On to Berlin)—Donald Grant.

MOTHER'S REPLY.

Just before the dinner, Donald,
I am wondering what to do.

We're not eating eggs and bacon,
And we haven't any stew.

Eggs are forty cents a dozen,
Bacon's fifty cents a pound,
Gee! I wish I was a soldier,
With my grub and clothes all found.

Beans are only used for Sammies—
Anyhow, that's how it looks.
Side-pork, sausage, chops or ham is
Far beyond our pocketbooks.

Hardtack's made of flour; we oughter
Try at that to take a whack;
We might be able to get water,
But flour is seven plunks a sack.

We must save our cans and paper,
For "conservation is the style";
Next they'll tell us to dry vapor
In the sunshine of a smile.

So just before the dinner, Donald,
The wolf is sneaking 'round our door.
For "give up till it hurts," they tell us,
So our soldiers may have more.

Just before the dinner, Donald,
Mother's thinking, dear, of you;
Hoping that you'll be contented
With your beans and army stew.

Just before the mess-call, Donald,
Standing at the mess-hall door,
Think of father, sisters, mother,
Helping Donald win the war.

COMMENT CONCERNING THE WAR

Russia just now has a steam roller but no steam.
—Wall Street Journal.

One report has it has that the kaiser "will rush to the front to cheer the soldiers." If he waits a little he will not have to rush so far.—Albany Journal.

In these feverish knitting days, the editors of Kansas are universal in their envy of Gomer Davies of Concordia who has a wooden log and can darn the hole in one sock with paint.—Emporia Gazette.

THE Y. M. C. A. DRIVE EXAMINE ALL SOON

Independence is now raising its quota for the Y. M. C. A. fund. Tuesday night an enthusiastic meeting was held at the Isis. Chaplain Matthews of the regular army made a forcible appeal for aid for the Y. M. C. A. A male quartette from Salem sang several numbers. The high school, three score strong, was present and made the building echo with their yells. Prof. Wright reported that the four classes of the high school had already raised over \$150 for the fund.

Another meeting was held Wednesday afternoon at which time a general committee, consisting of C. A. McLaughlin, C. W. Barriek, H. Hirschberg, C. W. Irvine and H. S. Wood, was selected to take charge of the raising of the Y. M. C. A. fund. It was also agreed that the committee would act in all further drives for money for patriotic works. This committee then held a meeting Wednesday night and appointed committees to have charge of the soliciting.

From the interest manifested here in the good work of the Y. M. C. A. in the army and navy, there is no doubt but what Independence and vicinity will do its share and more.

JOE EATON

Among the Portland boys who have graduated with honors from aviation schools is Joseph Edmond Eaton, who recently graduated from the U. S. Aviation School at Berkeley, Cal., standing third in his class. He is now at the aviation concentration camp in New York awaiting orders for active service. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Frank B. Eaton. Dr. Eaton for more than 45 years has been a practicing physician of this city and is a former member of the army. Young Eaton's grandfather was General Joseph H. Eaton and his great-grandfather was an officer in the War of 1812.—Sunday Oregonian.

ENTERTAINED

The W. C. T. U. was entertained by Mrs. Frances Fitzgerald Tuesday afternoon. After "old and new business" had been disposed of, readings from "Twenty Eventful Years" of the W. C. T. U. and topics of an inspirational character and uplift were discussed. At the close of the session, most delicious refreshments were served by the hostess, after which this band of Christian workers adjourned to meet with Mrs. Martha Richardson, Tuesday, Nov. 27th, at 2:30 p. m. All members are urged to be present and visitors will find a hearty welcome. C.

FOR CHAUTAUQUA

Those interested in the Independence Chautauqua, which takes place December 1, 3, 4, held a meeting Wednesday night and completed organization. C. W. Irvine was elected chairman. He appointed Clyde Ecker secretary and named the members of several committees who are now enthusiastically at work.

50 YEARS MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. Abram Nelson, most worthy and estimable people so well and favorably known to all, will on next Tuesday, Nov. 20, celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Such an important event in their lives will be properly observed.

The government will call all registered men for examination within a few days. This examination is not for the purpose of drafting them into the army at the present time but to have to have those eligible ready for service when the call comes. The men have been organized into five classes. Those in the first class will be called first. It consists of single men and widowers, who have no dependents, and married men who do not support their wives and children, are supported by their wives, or who have wives who are in good financial circumstances.

AUTO HITS MILK WAGON

Last night about nine o'clock an automobile ran into Grant McLaughlin's dairy wagon on Monmouth street and as a result Mr. McLaughlin was quite badly hurt. While no bones were broken, he was terribly bruised and will be laid up for quite a time. Ernest Chown, who was also riding on the dairy wagon, had an eye hurt and several teeth knocked out. Evidently the driver of the car failed to see the wagon owing to the fog. Mr. McLaughlin, when the car appeared before him, pulled the horse to one side and the machine struck the wagon nearly square. Being thrown onto the hard pavement made the chances for serious injury worse.

Two automobiles and a beet wagon met on the highway north of town yesterday morning and in passing one of the cars went into the ditch. No one was hurt.

S. W. LEONARD SELLS

S. W. Leonard has sold his beautiful country place south of Independence to Arthur B. Hale, late of Idaho. Mr. Hale has arrived and is living on the place with his mother and sister. The farm of 100 acres was sold for \$12,800. The community and neighbors regret very much to lose Mr. and Mrs. Leonard who have taken so much interest in the affairs of the neighborhood and sincerely hope they will not go very far. Mr. Leonard tells us that he has no definite plans for the future and does not know at this time where he will locate.

DEATHS

Archie R. Kisor, aged 33, living in the Lewisville section, died at Dallas Wednesday following an operation for appendicitis. Funeral services were held at the home today. He is survived by his wife and two young daughters.

Mrs. Allen Towns, aged 69, died at her home near Monmouth last Saturday. Funeral services were held Monday. She is survived by her husband and three daughters.

CHARGES PREFERRED

As the result of the fracas between Sam Cox and Andy Tupper on Hallowe'en night, Tupper preferred charges against Cox for assaulting an officer. In a hearing before Justice Holman, Cox was bound over to the grand jury and released on bail.

UNDER CONSIDERATION

An enterprising citizen of Independence is considering the proposition of erecting a milk condenser here. This seems to be a very opportune time for such a business.

GIVING OUR MITE AGAIN

A committee will call upon you today or tomorrow for a contribution to the Y. M. C. A. fund. Give what you can. Of course, these continual pleas for money are not to our liking, but they are part of the horror of war that cannot be avoided. As long as this war lasts, there will be these financial sacrifices to make. Perhaps there are better methods of "paying the freight" but they are not being used and we are obliged to do the best we know how.

As we give our dollars we have this consolation that it might be a — — worse. Then we are reconciled with the thought that we're going to win and that the harder we hit right now, the sooner it will be over.

FRED LIKES SUGAR BEETS

(Fred Lockley in Portland Journal)

Sometimes the Man About Town takes a day off in the country. A day or so ago—to be exact, on November 12—with John Rash, an old-time stage driver, I drove from Orville through the heart of the hop country about Independence and thence eastward over the Marion county hills to the Liberty district, some miles south of Salem. Easterners talk of the beauty of the autumn foliage along the Hudson. I have made a trip up the Hudson in autumn and there is no discounting the beauty of its wooded shores, but the Hudson never looked more beautiful than do the shores of the Willamette right now.

We stopped for a few moments on a rounded knoll in the Liberty hills. The sun was setting. The west was a mass of delicately pink and pearl gray clouds. Along the sinuous Willamette far below a filmy, opalescent haze was gathering. The recent rains had made the park-like glades on the hillsides brilliantly green, against the darker green of the evergreens. The frost-touched leaves of the cottonwood and alder glowed like pale gold. Here and there a maple's flame-red foliage gave a touch of color to the more sober garb of the other trees. Wide-spreading oaks, their limbs draped in yellow-green moss, with rustling brown leaves, stood in solitary beauty on crests of distant hills.

We took lunch at the farm home of J. E. Groves, who has been farming in the Willamette Valley for more than 50 years. Whole wheat bread and graham

gems, rich cream and creamy Jersey milk, home made butter, country gravy, baked potatoes with meat and fried sugar beets made our noonday stop most enjoyable.

"We hear a good deal of talk nowadays," said Mrs. Groves, "about the need of conserving our sugar and wheat, our meat and butter. I doubt if you ever ate sugar beets before. Do you like them?" I told her that actions were more eloquent than words and the fact that I had passed my plate for more fried sugar beets was good proof that I liked them. "Hundreds of tons of sugar beets are raised in this neighborhood," said Mrs. Groves. "The sugar factory at Grants Pass pay \$7 a ton for them. You can buy all you want from the farmers hereabout for 35c for a hundred pound sack, which is about one-fourth the price of potatoes. They contain from 18 to 20 per cent sugar. I steam them till they are tender, and then put meat drippings on them and bake them in the oven or fry them. They are tender, sweet and nutritious. Why don't you city people eat them? They would furnish the sugar required by the human system, and give you an appetizing and wholesome vegetable at extremely low cost. Hundreds of acres of hops are being plowed up hereabout and the ground is being devoted to corn, beans, potatoes and sugar beets. Last spring George Rose plowed up his 210 acre hop field and planted it to beans. On the Percival place near here, 58 acres of hop land was plowed up last spring and sugar beets put in."

CIVIC LEAGUE

The Civic League was called to order last Tuesday with a perfectly new and splendid gavel. The bit of artistry made of red juniper was presented to Mrs. Eldridge while she was attending the recent Federation of Clubs in Prineville and was made by a member of the manual training class of the Prineville high school. Tuesday the gavel was presented to the president and the club by Mrs. Cooper, and Mrs. Eldridge initiated it into the mysteries of Civildom with stately dignity. The meeting was well attended and Mrs. Homer Hill was received as a new member. Following routine business, Mrs. Eldridge gave a pleasant and entertaining rehearsal of her trip to the Federation. She dwelt especially on the pleasures, featuring the "Buckaroo Breakfast," the "Sunset Picnic," the cowboy street parade, etc., and told of many splendid speakers who talked during the Federation.

Mrs. Cooper followed with a most profitable talk, giving especial stress to the work of the scholarship loan fund, impressing each and every one present with the valuable assistance this loan fund is to many girls ambitious for an education. Both speakers were heartily enjoyed and applauded.

At the next meeting, Nov. 27, a paper on the "Early History of Russia" will be given by Mrs. J. S. Cooper.

"L" IS CAMPED

Despite all rumors to the contrary, Co. L is now at Camp Mills, Long Island. They are not on the way over or are not likely to go for some time. Measels has struck the company pretty hard, Ernest Smith being the latest victim. Cyril Richardson writes his parents that the sudden change of climate caused the boys to suffer severely from the cold, especially until they could get stoves up in their sleeping quarters.