

Three Days OF EXCITEMENT

Featuring Prominent Speakers Baseball and Sports Pioneer Reunion It's Easy Now

The Brownsville Pioneer Picnic has grown up with the country. People went to it thirty years ago, when there were no automobiles or pavements.

Plenty of Sports

There will be a ball game each day in the new ball park. Foot racing and other athletics will be held as usual.

Good Camping

For all who wish to camp there will be ample room in the beautiful city park on the banks of the Calapoia. If you have been planning a camping trip you will not go wrong by coming to Brownsville for the three-day picnic.

LINN COUNTY PIONEER PICNIC BROWNSVILLE June 17, 18, 19

Halsey Happenings

(Continued from page 1)

This is pep week in the schools. Our breezes have been energetic and energizing the past day or so.

J. S. McMahan is looking after cattle at Sweet Home and Casca-dia.

B. M. Bond and family went to Goldendale Saturday, returning Sunday.

C. H. Davidson and Frank Hadley and wives were in Lebanon Wednesday.

Sam Garland of Lebanon has been appointed on the state fish commission.

Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Stalnaker of Corvallis visited at T. P. Patton's decoration day.

The American Barred Plymouth Rock club offers four handsome badges for barred rocks at the Linn county fair.

C. E. Gulliford and wife and daughter Isabelle of Portland were in Halsey Friday, on their way to Charles Mornhinweg's, at McGlynn.

E. F. Cross and wife attended the wedding of Mrs. Cross' sister, Mrs. Maude Friek, to Curtis McKinney of Portland at Salem Friday evening.

S. C. Hyder of Lacombe show d in Albany 83 strawberries which weighed six pounds, and he says they were not selected, but were the run of the patch.

If you miss the cross-word puzzle from this issue of the Enterprise, and want it, say so. We do not want to carry the feature unless subscribers want it.

W. A. Carey and wife and daughter left yesterday for The Dalles. Gilbert joined them at Portland. He will work this season in the Wenatchee orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Stafford went to Eugene decoration day and, after visiting the Mohawk cemetery the relatives, 32 in number, had dinner at the donation claim taken up in early days by Mr. Stafford's grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Parker of Portland were driving between Shedd and Tangent Sunday when they met a small child and its parents walking, properly, on the left side of the pavement. Parker swerved to his left to give them more room, when the child suddenly darted in front. To avoid hitting the little one he swung still farther to the left and his machine ran into the ditch, resulting in a broken shoulder for Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Inez Freeland is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Elaine

Rietman of Ione, and little daughter.

T. J. Jackson was in Albany Friday.

William P. Wahl's infected eye is better, after expert treatment in Eugene.

The days can't grow much longer, but the accomplishment per day can, with most of us.

J. H. Vannice succeeds the late J. W. Hussey as superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school.

Frank Kirk was home for decoration day from the Osco orchard, Monroe, where he is employed.

Mrs. J. W. Miller's brother, George Mill, who has been visiting her, has gone to Latah, Washington.

Lyman W. Patton is our school principal for the next term. He comes from Drain and with his family will occupy the D. S. McWilliams house immediately.

J. A. Stevenson and wife had as Sunday guests their son Stanley and family of Eugene and Mrs. Mary Robnet of Brownsville, the younger Mrs. Stevenson's mother.

Dr. Fieg, the Albany dentist whose name is familiar to Enterprise readers, became an American citizen Monday by naturalization. He is a native of Switzerland, but had become a citizen of Canada.

Sheriff Richard found, among other loot in a railroad car occupied by Mexican employes, property stolen some time ago from the stores of Homer Speer at Tangent and J. H. Rowland at Jefferson.

Dr. C. H. Bailey and wife of Roseburg visited the A. O. Armstrong home Monday night, as they were on their way to the state grange at Dallas. Dr. Bailey is editor of the Grange Bulletin.

Roland Marks and Miss Ruth Ireland, from Corvallis, visited at the Marks home Sunday. Roland who graduated from O. A. C. this term, left today for Hood River where he has a position as pharmacist.

J. D. Pittman and family are home from their California trip. The "glorious climate" did not hold them there.

Frank Porter and wife and daughter Amy were up from Portland decoration day. The ladies and Mrs. William Porter of Shedd visited Halsey friends Friday.

Jim Drinkard took part in the state shoot at Eugene Friday and Sunday. Mrs. Drinkard went with him.

J. P. Templeton had a visit Friday from his father and step-mother from Brownsville, who recently returned from a lengthy visit in southern California.

Guests over the week end at Chancy Sikkels' were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Casebeer and Mr. and Mrs. William Irvine of Portland.

Otto Ulrich, a real estate man from Connell, Wash., was here on a land deal Friday and pronounced this the finest section of agricultural country he had ever seen.

THEIR NAME WAS LEGION!

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

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(Continued from page 3)

plain and it's fact. Your father received concessions from 'Bull' Franniston. In payment for them he made the agreement to turn over to him the oil and mineral rights—the latter, of course, being only a technicality. Now you're kicking about it!"

"I'm kicking because I believe that there's some trickery about it, that some advantage was taken of my fa-

TRY HOT POTATO SALAD

in your new Electric Range Oven



When you're planning to be out all afternoon and want a nice, hot dinner that can be cooked in your oven try this:

In the morning boil six medium-sized potatoes. When cold skin and cut into thin slices.

Cover bottom of baking pan with potatoes. Sprinkle each layer with finely chopped parsley, green onions and celery.

Mix two tablepoons each of tarragon vinegar and cider vinegar and four tablepoons olive oil. One slice lemon.

Fry two strips bacon; cut in small bits; bring to boiling point; pour over potatoes; cover and place in oven. Set time and heat controls and serve hot when you come home.

MOUNTAIN STATES POWER Co.

ther and—"That's about enough!" Barrows continued to point a lean, vibrating finger at him. "All I've got to say for you is that you're a welscher and a quitter and yellow! Your father took this man's money on a gamble. When you came in and tried to pay it back I wouldn't accept it, and I told you that the notes were only a matter of form. You were very well satisfied with that. But now that they've struck oil you're trying to crawl out of a dead man's bargain. I'm ashamed of you. Look here! Where did your father keep his private papers?"

"In a safety deposit vault at the bank." Then don't stand here arguing with us as to whether there was any trickery about this will. If you have any doubt just go out and see if you can scare up a different will. Incidentally—the words were burning with sarcasm—"you might look in that safety deposit box. You might find a copy of this document there—where your father put it for safekeeping! In the meantime, get out of my office!"

For a long moment Bart Rogers stood trembling there like a muscletensed tiger before the spring. His hands were clenched, his eyes narrow and glaring; slowly down his chin trickled a thin flow of blood from a tear in his lower lip where teeth had set, unnoticed, upon it. His arms raised slowly and the fists clenched. Then, suddenly they dropped and Bart Rogers rushed from the room.

Dodging the crowds on the thronged sidewalks, Bart hurried to the town's one livery stable and rented a horse. Five minutes later, he was shuddering across the flat, toward Mannington, twenty miles away.

At last the dimly lighted office of the sheriff loomed to view and Bart saw a man dozing in a chair. Rogers awakened him.

"I'm Bart Rogers," he began, "son of the man who made a will you witnessed some time ago. Did or did not that will give any oil rights to a man named 'Bull' Franniston?"

The sheriff rose and stretched. "Think they did," came his announcement in an offhand manner. "Ain't you got a copy of your own?" "I—I suppose so," Bart Rogers, suddenly tired, suddenly cognizant of defeat, turned toward the door. "Yes"—yes, I guess I've got a copy of it." He went out into the night then, and to the return from what he now saw had been a hopeless and foolish quest.

Bart Rogers turned his thoughts to the safety-deposit box. If that paper were present, it could mean but one thing—

That his father, Franklin Rogers, actually had made his will with the provisions as declared to Bart in the office of Leon Barrows that night. It would be prima facie evidence that his father had willingly and knowingly signed away to a man whom Bart hated the thing that would make "Bull" Franniston a millionaire, and Bart Rogers a pensioner, a hanger-on for the rentals of a flowing gold mine that, by the right of work, of struggle, of privation, yes, even suffering, should have been his. It would end all thought of trickery, for it would mean that Franklin Rogers had known what he was signing, and that he had deliberately and knowingly saved the copy of a document that was to rob his son of millions. What would that safety box yield?

CHAPTER V

Disappointment

The next morning Bart entered the bank and asked to see his father's safety-deposit box.

"Oh, it's all right, I guess," the bank clerk shrugged his shoulders. "Your name's on there in your father's writing—and I know you're young Rogers. But I guess I'd better go along with you. We have to be pretty careful when some one is going through a dead man's effects."

They went within the big door then and to the fitting of the pass and master keys to the little bronze box. The tiny compartment swung open and the clerk brought forth the drawer, placing it on the counter. Hastily Bart seized the packets of papers and began their perusal.

A deed to the 100 acres which he had called home. An insurance policy which had been allowed to lapse. A canceled mortgage, representing the saving of the farm from its first load of debt. Then—a folded paper which caused Bart Rogers' heart to thump.

He brought it forth and read it, line after line—the final blow. It was the will.

"Guess that was about the last trip your father made in here—about a year ago—the day he put that will in the box," came from one side, and Bart looked down into the features of the clerk, forgotten for the moment. "Yes," Rogers turned toward him



Began Their Perusal.

rather curiously. The clerk bobbed his head.

"He showed it to me that day—he thought it was a great joke."

"Joke? On whom?"

"I don't know. He didn't mention any names—he just said that a fellow had played the fool and he let him go ahead, that he never liked him, anyway."

"He didn't say what the deal was?" Rogers was like a man hearing his death sentence.

"No, he didn't—except that it was something about some kind of rights."

Bart Rogers did not answer. He replaced the document in the box, and turned his key in unison with the one in the hands of the clerk. Then silently, admitting defeat, he walked slowly out of the bank.

He had dreamed vaguely of finding another will in the safety box, or perhaps some explanation of the document which had been read to him the night before. But there had been nothing of the sort. Instead, the unassailable proof of the genuineness of the document had come to him from the lips of the clerk, recounting the incident of his father's last visit, and the fact that he had boasted of bettering a man he did not like.

"Well, there's at least that consolation," he murmured, as he stood on the bank steps, watching the erection of a tent dance hall across the street. Then slowly, as if in realization of his defeat, Bart Rogers pulled the breath into his lungs and straightened, like a man about to face a sentence.

"If Dad figured things that way—it'll have to go," he mused. "He thought he was making a good bargain—and made a bad one. That's all there—"

There he stopped shortly, and turned in response to a dig in the ribs which threatened to keep on going. Again it came, even before he could look up into the features of the tall, gangly person who towered above him, and who continued the punching jabs, even as he asked his questions.

"Buddy!" he was announcing, "where's the American Legion? Where's it at? Huh? Tarko's name, Bud Tarko. Just came in on that special with the rest of the tin-born sports, gamblers, loose women and what-not. Got a Legion post here, Buddy? Where a good man like myself could get a wash-up and some

TORRANCE Reconditioning Shop

Raybestos Hi-speed Brake Service Station

212 East First s., Albany, near the skating rink Phone 379

Halsey Railroad Time

North		South	
32, 3:24 a. m. flag	17, 12:09 p. m.		
16, 5:15 a. m.	15, 12:45 p. m.		
18, 8:16 a. m. flag	33, 8:12 p. m. flag		
14, 12:09 p. m.	31, 1:34 p. m. flag		
34, 4:08 p. m.			

Nos. 14 and 16 stop to let off passengers from south of Eugene. No. 31, direct connection for Marshfield points.

Passengers for south of Eugene should take train No. 17. Halsey-Brownsville stage leaves Halsey at 7 a. m. and 12:15 and 8:15 p. m. Leaves Brownsville at 7:40 a. m. and 3:35 and 8:45 p. m.

Outgoing Mail

At the Halsey postoffice mails close going north at 11:50 a. m. and 5:20 p. m.

Going south, 11:10 a. m. and 5:20 p. m.

To Brownsville, 6:20 a. m. and 12 m. Morning stage to Brownsville goes on to Crawfordsville, Holley and Sweet Home.

Paid-for Paragraphs

(5c a line)

For sale—Buckwheat, 4c a pound. G. G. Hookensmith, R. 1.

Old papers for sale at 5c a bundle at the Enterprise office.

grub?"

"Why—" Bart had hesitated. The elongated Bud Tarko went genially on. "Have to pardon my parley-vo. Can't help it. Went A. W. O. L. the day before I was to shove off on the packet for home and they sent me back up into the army of occupation. Since then I've been all over."

"What outfit are you from?" One word had brought to the serious features of Bart Rogers the resemblance of a grin. Bud Tarko swung his arms. "What'd you like to have me from?" he queried. "Since the time that M. P. dogged me back up the harbor at Brest I've been in everything that ever looked like an outfit."

"I know. But your original outfit?" "Oh, that?" Bud Tarko untangled himself to his full height and beamed genially down upon Rogers. "The real one, huh? Read 'em and weep—the Fifth marines, brother."

Bart Rogers put forth a hand.

"Same division, friend," came quietly.

"Huh? The Second? Stand back there and let me take a look at you. Yep. Maybe it's so. Look like a good man. What are you from?"

"Ninth infantry."

"Ninth, huh? Vaux—that right? Jaunty? Huh? Thiacourt? Blanc Mont? Say, don't I know 'em? Slip 'er, Buddy! What's your name?"

"Rogers. Bart Rogers."

"Weren't a second looter?" Bud Tarko asked it with something of suspicion.

"No. Why?"

"Just afraid, that's all. You sorta look like one."

"Sergeant's the best I could do."

"Then everything's high, wide and handsome. Slip me your mitt. And now"—he rubbed mournfully at a lengthy stomach—"where's that Legion outpost? Where does the Legion keep its employment office? I just came in on that special." He nodded down the street.

"Queer-looking outfit," asserted Bart, noticing the vanguard of a motley mob.

"Queer?" Bud Tarko jabbed him in the ribs. "Worse'n that, Buddy. Guess I was the only honest man on the train. Say, who's Franniston here?"

"Franniston?" Rogers asked the question with a sudden interest. "He's a sort of land agent and politician. Ran for mayor at the election a few days ago and got beat. Why?"

"Just heard his name on the train. Everybody on it seemed to think that if he could hook up with Franniston, everything'd be gravy. Guess I'll start looking for him myself, if you won't jar loose with any info about that Legion post."

"I forgot that." Then Bart shook his head. "But I can't help you. There isn't any Legion post in town."

"No Legion post?" The human fence rail doubled again and a long finger poked Bart Rogers in the chest. "Do you mean to stand there and tell me that there ain't a Legion post in this town? If there ain't, why isn't there?"

"Because there aren't enough veterans to support one," answered Bart.

"Well, where can I eat?" asked the lengthy Tarko.

Bart pointed up the street; then, as Bud Tarko strung himself out along the sidewalk toward the restaurant, Rogers watched after him with interest. There was something likable about the elongated, freckled man, something wholesome, something worthwhile and companionable.

(To be continued)

HALSEY GARAGE

Union Gas and Oil Fisk, Firestone and Gates Tires and Tubes Ford Parts and Accessories

Buy your tires here and save money All work done here is guaranteed

A Popular Refreshment

One that is relished at all times by young and old alike is our ice cream. It is made from pure, unadulterated cream and flavored with pure fruit flavors. Try some whenever you can. There is no more wholesome or delicious refreshment on earth. Parties and families supplied in any quantity.



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