

Wasco Women Play Bridge Tuesday

Seven tables of contract and three of auction were in play at the home of Mrs. E. D. McKee Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Charles Everett assisting as hostess. Dessert luncheon was served at tables centered with daffodils. The St. Patrick motif was used. Contract prizes were received by Mrs. Anna Lee and Mrs. Lewis Hastings and at auction Mrs. Ross Hilderbrand.

Members of the Tuesday afternoon study club were entertained at the home of Mrs. Orville Yocum. At the regular business meeting a silver offering was given by the members for the upkeep of the Doernbecher hospital. The study of the club was Yellowstone park which was mainly given by Mrs. Yocum with discussion by the members.

Georgia Harper visited with friends at Stevenson, Wash., returning to Wasco Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Ferguson of Juneau, Alaska are parents of a baby girl who was named Nancy Lee.

Mrs. and Mrs. D. E. Karns and family spent Sunday visiting in Prineville.

Mrs. Rose May of Spokane, a sister of Mrs. Hugh Herin, arrived recently. She will visit through the summer.

Wasco Circle No. 792, W. O. W. installed officers March 4 as follows: Past Guardian, Neighbor, Del Rust; Guardian, Neighbor, Gertrude Mee; Clerk, June Spencer; Banker, Selma Watkins; Advisory, Emma Shearer; Sentinel, Adeline Hull; Magician, Esthel Peugh; Co-respondence, Elsie Medler; Captain, Marion Medler; Assistant, Leo Watkins, who also did the installing.

Townsend officers were elected Wednesday evening at their regular business meeting. They are: W. A. Spencer, president; Emma Shearer, vice president; Elva Hines, secretary; Harry Richelderfer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Spencer and Idabelle, accompanied by Mrs. Elva Hines, visited the Townsend club in The Dalles Monday evening. Mr. Spencer talked and Idabelle rendered a solo.

The thirteenth birthday of Miss June Hines was observed at a luncheon at the Howard Hines home. Invited guests included her teacher, Miss Leona Clothier, Helen Blau, Idabelle Spencer, Barbara and Joe Hines, Patricia Yocum and Imogene Van Gilder.

Derrie Hennagin was numbered among the party guests of Diane Christensen at Moro Thursday.

Mrs. A. S. Johnson held high honors and Mrs. Frank Morrow second when the two table contract club met at the home of Mrs. Anna Lee. Dessert luncheon was

served with spring flowers used as decorations on the small tables. Pythian sisters and guests enjoyed themselves Thursday evening at the lodge hall. Seven tables of pinochle were in play with Mrs. Lee receiving the high score. Mrs. John McDermid received high at bridge. A grab bag afforded amusement following cards.

The I. O. O. F. lodge installed the following officers Wednesday evening: Benton Barnett, noble grand; John Addington, vice-grand; Joseph Mee, secretary; Harry Richelderfer, treasurer; and those appointed were Hugh Mathieson, R. S. N. G.; Sam Brock, L. S. N. G.; Joe Weatherford, R. S. V. G.; S. J. Coats, L. S. V. G.; Leo Watkins, warden; Dick Yocum, chaplain; Charles Sichel, inner guard; Ray Belshee, outer guard.

Members of the Klondike club met at the home of Mrs. W. E. Deaton Thursday for their regular social afternoon and business meeting.

Members of the Woman's Study club met at the country residence of Mrs. T. L. Fields. A very entertaining selection was given by Mrs. Earl Richelderfer from Kipling. Mrs. Lois Scholl gave a review of "The Natives' Return" by Louis Adamic. Mrs. H. A. White gave the English lesson.

T. J. Smith of Echo, a brother of Mrs. Lois Scholl, spent several days at the Scholl home returning home Friday.

Thelma Dingle left for Portland recently where she will be employed.

Mrs. Viggo Haufelt made a brief visit to Portland last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKean are now living on Lamborn hill in the house recently vacated by Claude Eaton and family.

A silver tea sponsored by the ladies of the Christian church was well attended Saturday afternoon and the following program preceded the tea: Chorus singing America; prayer, Rev. Carey; piano solo, Marion Crews; vocal solo, Idabelle Spencer; recitation, Ruth Spencer; comic reading, Mrs. Watkins; review of the life of St. Patrick, Rev. Carey; reading, Mrs. Eliza Dingle.

Alex Jackson of Maupin visited last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mee.

Lloyd Hennagin was a business visitor in Portland the first part of this week.

Members of the bridge club entertained their husbands at a 6:30 o'clock dinner Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lamborn. Plates were laid for 16 with a floral centerpiece of sweet peas. Cards followed with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Johnson winning high score.

CARD OF THANKS

We take this means of expressing our heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses extended to us during our recent bereavement.

Ralph Williams
Mrs. Margaret E. Sharp and family.

HI-WAYS TO HEALTH by ADA R. MAYNE OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

Green, green everywhere... green tallies and favors for parties, paper table clothes and napkins in green and white, showing shamrock or green hats or harps of gold—pastries hardly recognizable because of the generous coating of green icings, green coconut or green gum drops. Everything conceivable to remind one that here again comes another day that offers a really good excuse for planning a party of one sort or another.

It will of necessity be informal in tone. Can you imagine a stiff formal Irish party? It simply can't be done. Irish hospitality is as spontaneous as the leap of the salmon in the river Shannon and as gay as an Irish jig. It is said that if one could peep in the window of a thatched roof cottage anywhere in Ireland, over a table set with the simplest of food, there's gossip and laughter and singing, and everyone's having a "loine" old time.

The popular bridge party these days calls for dessert at one, rather than refreshments served late in the afternoon to completely spoil ones dinner. And the dessert that is causing a sensation are these attractive ice cream molds, that represent little pigs, shamrocks, pipes or almost anything you could ask for. Most men prefer their ice cream more simply served; in bricks, perhaps with shamrock centers. At any rate, you're sure to please your guests if its ice cream. Regardless of how you serve it—dish that agrees with anyone, and it is extremely convenient to serve.

If some friends are planning to stop at your home casually on St. Patrick's Eve for an hour or so of song and blarney, they will find a tall glass of gingerale containing a scoop of lime-sherbet a particularly welcome refreshment. With it serve crisp crackers spread with an assortment of cheese spreads and small cubes of cheese. If you are fond of fussing about the kitchen and your group of guests is small you may prefer to make your

own ice cream. This Mint Jelly-Ice-Man: Bower, North Wind Do Blow; Carrel, Man, the Unknown; O'Donogh, Green Margins; Mitchell, Gone With the Wind; Kanter, Arouse and Bower; Walpole, Prayer for My Son; Kay-Smith, Rose Deep Rose; Fee, Chief Joseph; Hobart, Yang and Yin; Willoughby, River House; Buck, Fighting Angel; Wahn, House of Exile; Hurst, Great Laughter; Heiser, American Drs Odyssey; Hillis, Live Alone and Like It; Douglas, White Banners; De La Roche, White Oak Harvest; Abbe, Around the World in Eleven Years; Edmonds, Drums Along the Mohawk; Barzee, Oregon in the Making; Penafidine, Russia—My Home.

New Books Added To Wasco Library

The following list of books have recently been added to the Wasco Public Library:

Ludwig, Napoleon; Sedgwick, Garden Month by Month; Norris, Secret Marriage; France, Anatole, Frances' Six Greatest Novels; Maugham, Of Human Bondage; Hilton, Lost Horizon; Larrimore, No Lovier Spring; and Two Keys to a Cabin; Burke, A Stone Came Rolling; Fairbank, Rieh Man Poor

Rufus Notes

The rumored road is no longer a rumor—it's becoming a reality. Work was commenced on the market road to connect Rufus with the road leading directly to Wasco. Construction began the latter part of last week at Rufus and will be completed in a comparatively short time.

Last Friday marked an event that shows two things about the high school girls—first, they use their pretty heads and second, they are thrifty. The boys were clearing the weeds from the ball diamond in preparation for the forth coming games of the season, and the girls not eating to see all the heat from the burning weeds wasted bought marshmallows and proceeded to profit by the occasion. The result? Rakes were cast aside and the boys, thinking, "Get thee behind me, Satan," aided in the consumption of toasted marshmallows.

Speaking of ball, Rufus will play its first game of soft ball at Wasco today. The Rufus girls, also expect to have a team and will try their luck against the other county girls' teams.

The legislator's wife sat up in bed, a startled look on her face. "Jim," she whispered, "there's a robber in the house." "Impossible," was her husband's sleepy reply. "In the Senate, yes, but in the House, never."

A "BY GUM DROP" CAKE FOR ST. PATRICK



WHO would trade one of mother's cakes for the fanciest creation of the town's best caterer? Here's one young man who would shout, "Not me" to such a question. No wonder, with one of mother's gum drop cakes, made specially for his St. Patrick's party, ready at hand. With the cake this young man's Mother is serving glasses of pineapple juice given a St. Patrick's air by the addition of green cherries and green cellophane straws. None of the delicate flavor of the taste will be lost, because this modern homemaker is planning to use tall-free cubes of ice man's ice to chill the beverage and to add an appetizing sparkle as well. Furthermore, she isn't worried in case her small guests request seconds for almost by a modern miracle an abundance of ice cubes can be secured in a jiffy. This modern miracle is a little ice-cuber with a small tank attached. The tank is filled with hot water and placed on the ice in the modern ice refrigerator. In 3 to 5 minutes there will be a fresh supply of crystal-clear ice cubes—and each young guest can have "seconds" and even "thirds" of this wholesome beverage without fear that there'll be a shortage of cubes.

Us—Best girl I saw you with last night?
"Necka best!" says Leo.

On account of Bill Ferguson lives out in the country again, he gets his milk for nothing—He's got a pull with the cow.

T. Lester Johnson
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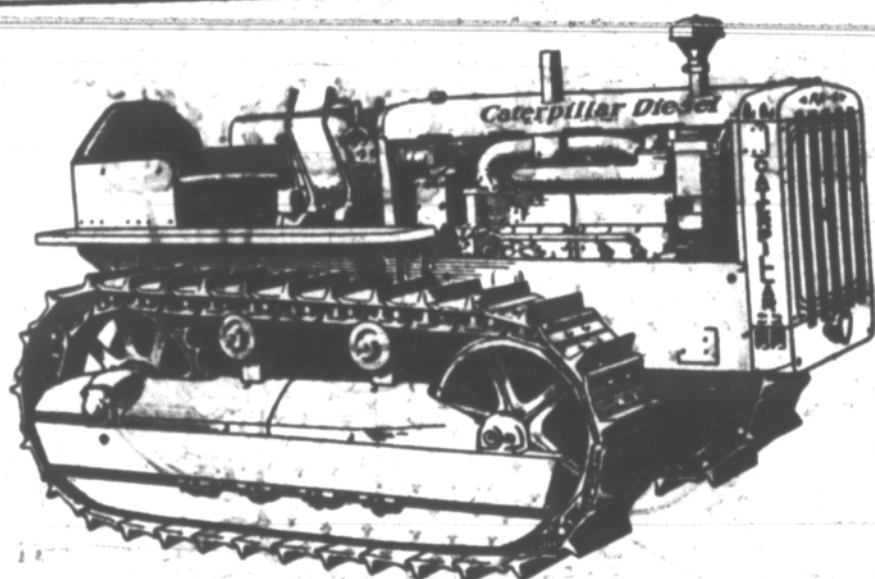
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field could his number be distinguished. Those in the grandstand also were suffering stoically. Cheers Reynolds, who had been utterly unable to keep away from the game, despite the fact that she now believed she hated Paddy with an undying hatred, looked like a bedraggled picture of misery as she stood with a sudden newspaper over her hat to shed some of the downpour.

She revived somewhat, however, when just after Schultz had recovered on Erie's forty-two yard line, Soapy sent O'Riley into the game at last. She even smiled a bit as the other Green Ridge players wiped their hands on Paddy's immaculate suit until he too became a mud image.

The teams lined up. Green Ridge shifted. Dutch called out "Forty-six." The ball snapped. It was a pass. Paddy threw the slippery ball. Naturally it fell short.

On the next play Paddy called for "Thirty-two." The Green Ridge team prepared for a pass. The Erie players spread out to receive it—and Paddy ran with the ball himself! He scrambled successfully through the line, evaded the secondary—all except the safety man—and dashed for the sidelines. There he stopped as usual just as the safety man was committed to his tackle. With a shift and a twist Paddy was off for a touchdown.

Then, before he had taken ten steps, he slipped and fell on his face in the mud!

"Green Ridge ball on the eighteen-yard line," boomed the loudspeaker. "He used to use that side line run in high school games," Cheers explained to a perfect stranger who stood beside her. Then, cupping her hands, she screamed: "Give it to Dutch."

As if in answer to the girl's command, Paddy handed the ball back to the fullback, who hit center for a gain of seven yards.

"Say, you're good!" exclaimed the fan standing beside Cheers.

As the teams untangled after this play, Dutch was limping badly, but no substitute was sent in for him.

"Now what'll he do?" Cheers' rooster inquired plaintively.

"Give it to Dutch again," was her decided answer.

The teams lined up once more. Paddy rested his hand on the center's back and looked anxiously up and down his line. Dutch took the ball, found a hole in the line, went through, and, bucking and twisting, plowed over the goal line, with three men draped about him. But this time he did not get up again.

The stands and the reserve play-

ers went wild with joy. But even though Green Ridge converted on the try for point, Soapy's grin was tense.

"Russell in for Dutch," the coach shouted over the din. "Watch for passes. Tell O'Riley to play safe—punt and hold those seven points."

Russell, eager, young and confident, ran out on the field. But his courage oozed away when Erie kicked off and the ball came right toward him. The new fullback looked around nervously. Then he advanced from the seven-yard line to make the catch... and missed. He and an Erie end rushed for the pigskin. Russell again was too slow. Erie recovered on Green Ridge's three-yard line!

"Can't blame the kid—first varsity year," Soapy said wryly to Doc. "There goes our ball game!" groaned his assistant.

"Second down—three yards to go for a touchdown. About one minute to play," the impersonal loudspeaker announced.



Just after Schultz had recovered on Erie's forty-two yard line, Coach Moreland ordered Paddy into the game.

Frantically Soapy motioned to Swenski. The little fellow, who was equalled as a benchwarmer only by Paddy, bounded up with a happy, dumb look. As he galloped out on the field the Green Riders looked at him with anxious curiosity, hoping to know what magic aid the coach had sent in at this juncture.

Without a word Swenski the line. The teams sprang into action.

"Third down—no gain," the big hofn reported a moment later.

"What did he say?" panted Swenski's desperate teammates during the next lineup. "Hurry up. What do we do? What did the coach say?"

"Say!" Swenski grinned manfully. "He just said to hold 'em."

At that the Erie center made a low pass. Green Ridge's line swarmed. The ball was blocked and a Green Ridge man fell on it for good measure. Then as the crack of a gun ended the game, the visiting team, tired as it was, went stark, raving mad! The players hugged each other, pounded each other on the back, shook hands, yelled... All except Paddy and Dutch, who turned silently toward the dressing room.

"Up in the stands Cheers was repeating over and over: 'Green Ridge wins—seven to nothing—seven to nothing—seven to nothing.'"

As she lifted her face to the sky the admiring fan beside her realized that her eyes were full of tears.

"Are you crying?" he inquired inanely.

"Of course not!" The girl jumped up, sniffed painfully and turned to ward the exit. "Can I help it if it's raining!"

(To be continued)