

## Past Noble Grands Club Meets in Wasco

The Past Noble Grands club and their husbands were entertained Friday evening at the home of Mrs. Maud Akers. Twenty guests arrived for an evening of pinocle. Mr. Addington and Mrs. Wesley Wilde were the successful players. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Michael of Portland were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sid Johnson.

The Tuesday study club met at the home of Mrs. McKean with 18 members present and two guests. Mrs. Ada Morgan of The Dalles and Mrs. Eliza Dingle. A memorial review of Lincoln was given by Mrs. Wilde; Alma Fridley gave a reading from Barnes fifth reader. Minerva Scholl gave a valentine recitation. After group singing refreshment were served by Sadie McKean and Wilma Wilde, co-hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Fordyce of Portland were guests Sunday of Mrs. Jessie Amos. Mrs. Sarah Tony and daughter, Fatty Lou are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Landless, from Lakeview.

Members of the young matrons club entertained their husbands Sunday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold White. During the evening four tables of contract bridge were in play. Prizes went to Mrs. Leon Smith and Melvin Walsh.

Mrs. Maud Akers enjoyed having her grandchildren, Derric and Michael, with her Tuesday while their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hennigan left on a business trip to Bend.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hilderbrand and daughter, Patricia were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mathias of Sunnyside, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Johnson were week end guests of their son and daughter in law, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Johnson, from their home in Willamina.

Mrs. Mary Crossfield is here from The Dalles visiting her sister, Mrs. Jessie Amos.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Balzer of Grass Valley visited here recently with Mrs. Balzer's brother in law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hartmann and son Charleese.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor are moving into town and will rent the small house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Everett.

Mrs. John Illingworth was a caller from The Dalles Saturday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Armsworthy. The Masons were special guests Sunday at the morning service of the Methodist Church. A basket dinner was enjoyed in the basement dining room. A birthday cake was set on the table for those having birthdays in this month. Lafe Barnett was one who had reached his 82 year and Rev. Cannell and Lloyd Gosson were among the honored guests. Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Van Gilder, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barzee, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Byers and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Belshee attended from Moro.

Mrs. Joe Drinkard and Mrs. Ronald Johnson were co-hostesses Saturday night at the home of the latter for members of the Klondike 500 club. Special guests were the husbands of the members. Mrs. Lynn Michael won the high score and Mrs. George Drinkard low. Prizes for husbands went to Sam

Brock and Walter Medler. Valdis Wilde and Charles Cunningham of Camp Murray were Saturday night guests here with Valdis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wes Wilde.

Don Rostad made the high points in the first team when Rufus school basketball teams were defeated here Friday evening.

Sergeant Arthur Van Gilder left town Wednesday for Bromerton where he was called for active duty for the reserve Marine Corps.

Harold Dutton left from the home of his parents where he had been visiting for the past month. He visited his brother Earl in Portland Saturday and went to Fort Lewis Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Kruger and son Johnie spent Sunday in Portland with Mrs. Kruger's mother, Mrs. Funk.

Mrs. Eliza Dingle and Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stephens were dinner guests Sunday at the E. L. Woods home. After dinner Mrs. Dingle was called home by relatives from The Dalles, who came to see her, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Freebe and their four sons.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Royce returned home from Portland where Mr. Royce underwent an operation recently.

Ladies of the Auxiliary of the American Legion held a regular meeting Monday at the home of Mrs. George Wilde. The afternoon was spent in sewing rags to be sent to the Veterans hospital.

## Poultry Meeting To Be Held February 12

A meeting of all those interested in poultry will be held at the court house, February 12, at 2:00 p. m. at which time Mr. Noel Bennion, Extension Specialist in Poultry, from Oregon State colleges will be present and will discuss with those in attendance, production and management of poultry. This will be the second annual meeting of this kind and is being held by popular demand of those who were in attendance in 1939.

Those interested will be expected to bring questions regarding various problems affecting them and their activities in raising poultry in this county. Those who attended the meeting last year received valuable information and it is expected that these same will be true this year.

## Rufus Fruit. Vegetable Growers Meet

The fruit and vegetable producers in the Rufus area met at the Rufus high school building Wednesday at 2:00 p. m. at which time Mr. O. T. McWhorter, Extension Specialist in Horticulture, discussed with those in attendance various diseases and pests, orchard management and marketing. Following the meeting Mr. McWhorter accompanied the fruit and vegetable men to the orchards in the vicinity and discussed on the ground, various methods of pruning and other management features in the production of these crops.

In addition to the information and material presented by Mr. McWhorter, the county agent discussed the weed control law and how it would be applied to the Sherman county conditions. In addition to the weed control information those in attendance were given information as to the world outlook for fruit and vegetables.

## Basketball Game To Be Broadcast

The Oregon State college basketball team, still smarting under the sting of the defeat administered by the University of Oregon in the first game between the two schools earlier in the season, invades Eugene Saturday night, February 8. The game will be broadcast by Associated sport-caster Jack Shaw, beginning at 8:00 p. m. over KXL, Portland (1420 keys) and Station KSLM, Salem (1360 keys).

## People's Column

Following is the partial contents of a letter written by Mrs. Pearl Snodgrass of McMinnville, Oregon, mother of Mrs. Theodore Johnson of Moro, describing her recent trip to California and Mexico.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bullard and Florence:

The journey is ended. I stored up a wonderful supply of beautiful thoughts and fancies while on this little trip with my two grand children.

We left late in the evening of December 27, drove to Cottage Grove the first day, staying that night with relatives, left the next morning at five stopping at a lovely camp cottage at Redding, California for the night. The next day we visited my sister-in-law in Yuba, California, left the next morning after visiting three deep for hours. We stopped for a visit with my brother at Sacramento, but had to visit in the street for he was nursing a household of flu patients, so we went on to visit a sister of mine—it had been 54 years last May or June since I had seen her—just a stranger to me until we talked over family affairs. By noon next day we were in Pasadena with Jean, she used to stay with me in McMinnville and stayed in the hospital at nights. She is one of these twittry women—well she just twittered about us like a bird about its nest. Not a camp cottage or hotel room could we get for next day, New Years, was the tournament of roses and we just had to see it, so she said. I know her so well,

so I knew she was holding back something, she scouted among her friends over the telephone until she found a room with two beds about 20 miles from her place, but still in the city of Pasadena. After an early breakfast we followed them for miles finally finding a place to park our car. Laurence went back home, said he had seen 17 tournaments and that was enough for him.

Now for what Jean had up her sleeve—we walked two blocks, I with my cane, Jean holding my other arm, crossed the street where a great mob was standing—sitting—hanging up in branches of trees—on top of porch roofs—leaning out of up stairs windows, ever of the church—so I knew we were on the street where the parade was to pass. Jean piloted us across the street to where a policeman was standing—now to describe the house he was guarding. It was built a very long time ago. It originally stood on a knoll but when the streets were leveled the yard was cut down on both sides and retaining walls of stone keep the earth from falling into the street. Jean presented a card to the policeman and he un-did the chain and let us go up the steps, near the top a white haired man took us into the big hall where we signed the register, then out in the yard where a great number of people were seated. We saw the parade after which we were taken into a small park back of the house where tables were piled with doughnuts, coffee, punch or cocoa were served to all who wanted them. Negro girls in black, with white caps and aprons served cream and sugar. This lovely old weather beaten house is not celled, has great hand hewn 18 inch beams over head and a most beautiful old hand carved winding stairway leading up from the hall. A Mexican orchestra played all the time. We were presented with gardenia corsages, left with regret.

We had a time getting out of Pasadena, traveled by inches until we left the crowd and away to Los Angeles to visit a niece; from there to San Diego and on into Mexico for a short stay, before returning to Los Angeles. We went into town next day to get some pottery on little Mexico street, as everything in Mexico was too high priced for us. We loaded up with

pottery, dishes, water jars with cups, jars, vases, perfumed candles etc. On Sunday we went on a 200 mile drive among thousands of acres of orange trees, the sunshine was so warm that the air was sweet with orange blossoms. The trees were loaded with both ripe and green fruit, spring flowers were every where; birds, just flocks of them. We drove by the cemetery, it is four miles around it, with all kinds of rare shrubs and trees in it; some kind of an evergreen tree with feathery fronds of pink blossoms. We saw 17 funerals and two graves being dug in this four mile drive—more maybe in the center.

Next day we visited the great market in L A—well, it is just past belief. It would take trucks and trains to haul away all the fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, bakery goods we saw there, tons of it. While here we saw an old begger woman, a shoplifter, bundles of rags, stockings in tatters, shoes worn out long ago. She had a shopping bag, her claw like hands pulled out a handful of beans, dropped them in the bag, some peas, a potato or two, a carrot—we lost sight of her in the mob but told Edna if we had followed her home she would go into some damp cellar or basement where there is no light and where a lot more like her live.

We went to see the new addition of Los Angeles. Many new houses built for the working class. Don said; I thought to myself, yes and sold on terms of \$100 down and \$35 a month, betting that you won't stay a year; a plan I have seen a lot of in my time.

Tuesday we left on our way home—acres of lettuce at Salinas, enough to salad the world twice over. The next day in San Francisco we saw the Mission Dolores, such an old church founded in 1776. The walls are four feet thick; is 114 feet long and 22 feet wide. It was so dim, so peaceful and quiet in there, the thick adobe walls shut out the noise of the street; the old mullied windows let in very little light, one could almost hear the rustling of the people of long ago, as they knelt to worship. The old cemetery—what a story it tells, shut in with its high old walls, its old tombstones dated so long ago; the old redwood cross in the Grotto of Lourdes, it is dedicated to the Forgotten Dead.

It was just an old Catholic church to my grandson. To me it stands as an early vanguard of civilization and a reminder to us all that there is a some thing we know not of. I left with many a backward glance. We stopped in Ingwood for the night, a quiet place in the mountains. The next day we saw the redwoods, even drove through the big trees. We drove hard that day, reaching Cottage Grove for the night and on our way home the next morning.

Now for all the pictures I saw on this trip as we traveled along the good paved roads. At one place where the trees were far apart we saw a flying squirrel sail through the air and alight on the trunk of the big redwood tree through which we drove our car. We stopped near Goldhill to see the house of mystery where in a circle of 125 feet all the trees lean to the north. In this house you cannot stand erect, if facing south you lean back till one would think you would fall; facing the north you lean forward just as much, yet stand in the same place.

Between Marysville and Sacramento we saw fields of cotton; on down to Merced we saw thousands of acres of grapes and cotton and before crossing the big mountains, we traversed a big valley where nothing but stacks of alfalfa hay end thousands of cattle could be seen. Over we went into the real California gardens, orange groves, cattle, sheep and truck farms. Between L. A. and San Diego we saw the garden country of the world: acres of tomatoes, beans on poles, acres of celery, all kinds of vegetables being gathered. Sugar beets on trucks going to factories; strawberries being picked.

Going to San Diego I looked out on the ocean, and said what a funny looking boat; just then a stream of water shot up in the air; my boat went smack on the water and disappeared—it was a whale's tail I had seen.

The people in Mexico were so dirty, but to hear them talk was like music or running water, low sweet voices, all their words were so to speak, rounded off at the corners, more like the drowsy hum of a bee.

Bums and tramps all along the highway—battleships in the harbors—airplane factories humming—ship yards busy—camps being built up for training of our army

boys—military reserves all along the coast—it looks bad to me. I was like Farmer John when I got home, with my good clothes off and my old ones on, "Now I'm myself" said Farmer John. What a world of meaning that word home has where the chairs are just right to rock in, floors with no ups and downs to trip old stumbling feet, and faces of my neighbors after looking into millions of strange faces, how good it was to greet them. The neighbors little white dog, with a wag of his tail was even glad to see me. And the sky is just as blue here, if I did see acres of pansies, I saw no violets like mine. And the drinking water, the less said the better, good old bull run or Haskins creek water for me every time.

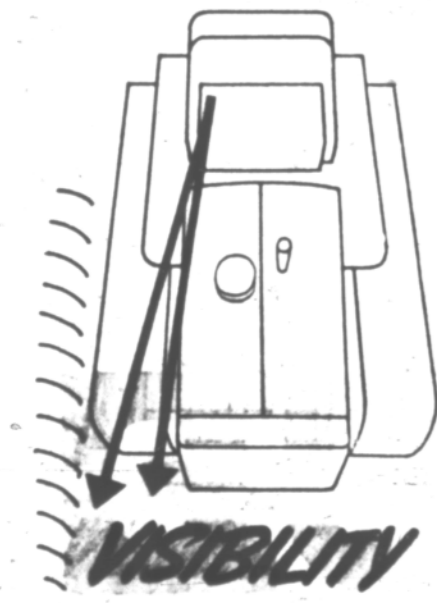
## ECONOMIC CONFERENCE

(Continued from page one) Sherman county. After the elements have been depleted it then will be necessary to replace them artificially by using commercial fertilizers or by the growing of legume crops.

Following these discussions it was decided that all of the committees should meet and formulate further recommendations for the agricultural policies in Sherman county. A meeting of the livestock committee will be held at the Court house, February 7, at 2:00 p. m. and a meeting of the farm and rural life committee will be held Monday, February 10, at 2:00 p. m. The meeting of the law use and crops committees will be held following the AAA meeting to be held February 11, at Arlington of the county committees of all the wheat producing countries.

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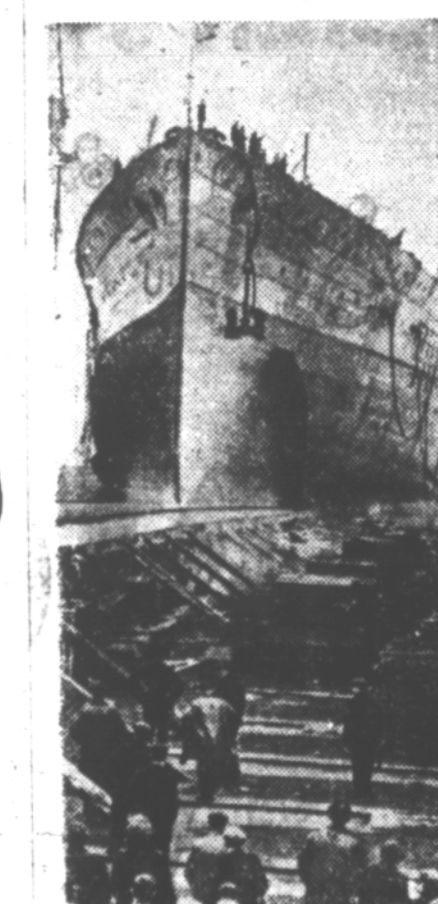
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