

STATISTICS REVEAL FARM TO CITY DRIFT SLACKENS

Rural Population is Still Dwindling But at Lower Rate, Government Finds.

Washington, D. C.—Gradual slackening in the trend from farm to city with indications that the population is becoming stabilized were noted in studies made public by the Agriculture department.

The farm population still is declining, though more slowly than heretofore. It is estimated there are 27,222,000 persons on farms, or less than at any time within twenty years.

Movement of farm families to cities in the last twenty years, it was found, has established many new residential associations between rural and urban families that have gone far to create a homogeneous population.

Love in Each Port is Downfall of This Gobbler

Baltimore.—The adage that sailors have sweethearts in every port still holds true, because no man who goes down to the sea in ships can be true to one woman, according to Harry W. Miller.

Several months after his marriage in November, 1928, his wife, Mrs. Mattie C. Miller, eighteen, accused him of infidelity. He told her frank photographs in his pockets, she testified.

Judge George A. Solter, in Circuit Court No. 2, has signed a decree granting Mrs. Miller an absolute divorce and giving her the right to resume her maiden name, Mattie C. Meredith.

Miller's views on gobbler amours were revealed in testimony given by Mrs. Miller and her mother, Mrs. Alice Meredith, in the divorce proceedings.

Mrs. Meredith substantiated her daughter's testimony in regard to Miller's views of love and the sea. He told Mrs. Miller, she said, that he "was untrue to her and could not be faithful to her because he was in different ports at different times, and no man in his line of business could be true to any one woman."

Mrs. Miller and her mother live at No. 2725 East Oliver street. When Miller was last heard from he was in San Pedro, Calif.

Faked Talkie Starts Riot in Czech Theater

Bratislava, Czechoslovakia.—The first "talkie" to be presented in Bratislava was enthusiastically received. Naturally the tones and the movements on the screen did not always synchronize, but the audience, viewing a tone-film for the first time, did not find this particularly disturbing.

A movie critic present at the debut was puzzled by white flashes that appeared on the screen from time to time, and, being curious, he investigated. His curiosity took him to the back of the stage, where he found on orchestra, several soloists, and a chorus in action.

They were supplying the music, singing and dialogue for the "talkie" and were depending upon the white flashes for their cues. Only a riot call to the nearest police station prevented the audience from demolishing the movie house when the trick was exposed.

Arkansas U. Loans Ford Old Electric Motors

Fayetteville, Ark.—Henry Ford's museum at Dearborn has been granted the loan of several pieces of ancient electrical equipment now owned by the college of Arkansas here.

The university, however, reserves the right to ask for their return at any time desired. The collection includes: Perrett 1889 motor, 110 volt, 10 h. p. 6 pole, Edison bipolar dynamo, Thompson-Houston arc machine, carbon lamp, Houston bipolar motor, carbon lamp, bought in 1890 and still well preserved.

Chicken Thief Sends \$4 for Loot He Found Tough

Elizabeth, N. J.—A letter with four \$1 bills enclosed was received today by Albert V. Burns of 528 Walnut street.

The note read: "Please accept this money for chickens taken from your hen house some time ago. They were far from tender, sorry." Mr. Burns says that several chickens were stolen from him about a month ago.

Old Crochet Work Bands of Crochet Work Made in Peru

Earlier than 200 A. D. are among the rare textiles owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York.

Chipmunks in Winter While Chipmunks hibernates during the winter, they apparently do not become dormant in most cases, like bears; rather they store up food in their burrows during the summer and subsist upon this.

Wilma's Own Wedding

By ISABEL NEILL (Copyright.)

WILMA slipped quietly into the great church, deserted now at the dinner hour rush time. It was dim there, in the great quiet building, and cool, after the warmth of the June day outdoors.

A faint odor of flowers hung heavily in the air. The chancel was massed with green, and there were great baskets of white lilies and delphinium here and there.

Another wedding, probably that morning! The old church had stored away the memory of many weddings—the delicate, drifting odors of millions of bridal bouquets, the soft murmur of hushed voices—and happiness! All of it was concentrated here—the happiness of others.

Wilma closed her eyes and let the spell steal close around her. She had come often to the old church—it was on the way to her work—but not to pray.

She came here to see her own wedding. When she closed her cloudy blue eyes tightly she was able to forget that she was only Wilma Wilson, an underpaid clerk in Watson's great department store; she was Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's popular brides. She could see herself sweeping down the aisle, not in her cheap little tweed suit and felt hat, but in a misty, floating chiffon dress, and a creamy lace veil over her brown hair.

There were silver slippers on her feet, and in her arms were flowers. The flowers weren't orchids such as most brides carried. Wilma was particular about that. They were the flowers she had known and loved in her grandmother's garden—nodding, pearl-lilies of the valley, sprays of pink and blue forget-me-nots, dancing, silvery columbines, a tiny pale rosebud or two.

Wilma knew she was a lovely bride. It compensated her for being a rather indifferent clerk, one who wasn't able to speak up and take her own part as the city-bred girls did, and one who had to bear the brunt of much of the displeasure of her department manager.

Yes, there she went, down the aisle; Miss Wilma Wilson, one of the season's most beautiful brides. The wedding march was played softly, and every one was turning to look at her.

And waiting for her—ah, that was the sorry part of the dream! She was never able to see his face. She had dreamed the dream dozens of times, but she had never had a single glimpse of that bridegroom standing so quietly there at the altar.

The music was playing on. She was walking down the aisle; she was almost there—he was turning—turning to her!

It was a hand on her shoulder that roused her. She started up, her dreaming forgotten. A young man was standing at her side, staring at her.

"Pardon me—I was afraid you were ill," he was stammering.

"I wasn't ill," Wilma said frankly, but condescendingly. "I was tired tonight, and I slipped in here to rest for a minute before going home. I—I was day-dreaming. I'm sorry I troubled you."

"I'm the one to apologize. I'm afraid I interrupted a lovely dream. Tell me about it. You see, I've noticed you before. I drop in here now and then, and I've seen you praying, or dreaming, or whatever you'd like to call it."

Wilma had started out of the church. On the great stone steps she paused a moment.

"It was nice of you to waken me," she said softly.

"Maybe you'd let me walk away with you," suggested the young man. "I'll wager that you haven't eaten, either. Come on—I know a dandy little place on a side street where we can get fried oysters for forty cents. Eat with me and tell me more about your dream."

Over the clean, white table Wilma learned that the boy was Glenn Martin, that he came from a small country town, that he made fifty dollars a week and that he was soon to get commissions as well.

"You didn't tell me about that dream," he reminded her.

"I'll tell you—a year from today," laughed Wilma.

"I'll hold you to that," smiled Glenn. "And I'll be back Sunday evening to remind you of your promise."

A year from that day Wilma saw another wedding; not in shadowy St. Mark's in the city, but in the simple country church she had attended as a child. The wedding march, ground out wheezy on an old organ, sounded like celestial music to her ears. The daisies and June roses set about the church looked more gorgeous to her than the delphiniums and lilies of the city.

But her bouquet was just as she had dreamed it, and down at the altar, waiting for her, was Glenn, his face turned eagerly toward her.

TO HARNESS OZARK STREAMS FOR POWER

Electric Projects Begun on Water Courses.

Joplin, Mo.—From fiddles to phonographs, feuds to farming, mule back to flyover—the Ozarks have stepped along almost of the times.

Good roads and making the hill country into a summer playground have changed it all.

Now the thousands of miles of spring fed streams that twist through narrow gorges at the base of cliffs are soon to be harnessed and made to produce light and magic wealth.

While these Ozark people have always worked hard for their small comforts and pleasures, the era of hydro-electricity holds a future for the weekly pay check and its assurance of plenty of store clothes for the cross roads dandies.

Capable of 600,000 H. P. The streams are said to be capable of producing 600,000 horse power by construction of numerous dams.

Licenses have been granted covering erection of 500,000 horse power plants and work of developing more than 900,000 horse power is now well under way.

A happy, lazy land will soon be teeming with industry.

Actual building of dams across Ozark rivers is now in progress at Bagnell on the Osage, Table Rock on the White, and Lebanon on the Niangua.

The Bagnell-Osage project will cost \$30,000,000 when completed and will create a lake covering 85 square miles. The dam will be 95 feet high and 1,000 feet long. About 125,000 horse power will be developed. This power already has been sold to the lead mines of southeast Missouri.

At Table Rock, on the White river, a dam 195 feet high and 2,000 feet long, costing \$16,000,000, is to be started, and work now is in progress on the dam site. This lake will be 125 miles long and will cover 75,000 acres of land. The dam itself will generate 225,000 horse power.

Both the Osage and Table Rock lake will play important parts as resorts.

Other Undertakings. Near Lebanon on the Niangua river a large force of men are boring a tunnel 1,000 feet long under a mountain and building a dam 600 feet long and 90 feet high to create a lake covering 1,000 acres to a depth of 20 feet. This project will cost \$10,000,000 and will generate about 75,000 horse power. The electricity already has been sold to about ten Missouri towns.

On current river a public utility has obtained a permit to construct two dams generating 60,000 horse power. On the Cascadore river in central Missouri the Presidential Missouri Pacific company has preliminary permits to construct three dams. Preliminary surveys have been finished for a \$10,000,000 water power project near Arlington on the Piney river, and another project on Black river near Leeper is contemplated, government permits having been obtained.

Pulmotor Squad Saves Young Man Thought Dead

Seattle.—Into the land of death and back. That was the experience of John Abbenhous, seven-year-old automobile mechanic, who owes his life to the tireless efforts of a fire department rescue squad.

Young Abbenhous was overcome by carbon monoxide gas from an automobile on which he was working.

For hours he lay as dead until he was found slumped down in the front of the car by M. Dannwig, manager of the garage.

Although rescue appeared hopeless, an inhaler crew of truck company No. 10, directed by Fire Capt. Joseph R. Cook and Lieut. James Carey, went to work on the unconscious form. For more than an hour and a half they labored over him without the slightest sign of returning life.

Then, almost imperceptibly, the still body began a labored breathing. Life had won over death.

Radio Device "Saves" London in Secret Raid

London.—Secret air maneuvers employing a new radio device have been carried on over London for the last two weeks by Royal Air Force planes, it is said by the British high command.

So effective was the defense that the attacking squadron broke through only once.

London now possesses virtually an impenetrable air protection, according to experts.

The British high command directed attempts to bomb the city and all nearby air centers were at full defensive strength to resist the invasion.

For the first time a mysterious instrument of intercommunication between air and land bases was used, according to reports, speeding up the auxiliary land preparations as well as coordinating movements of planes.

Fixed X-Ray Cure. While taking X-ray photos of abnormal children to ascertain whether their skulls were deformed, Missouri X-ray specialists discovered that the rays themselves caused such the mental and physical condition of the children to improve, the rays apparently having penetrated through the skull to the brain with beneficial results.

Early Wall Decoration. Inhabitants in ancient Pompeii were specialists in wall decoration, painting their plastered walls in rich, flat tones and in decorative medallions.

And Always Collected. The excess of your youth are drafts upon your old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.—Capper's Weekly.

He Was Not a Slow Worker

By GENEVRA COOK (Copyright.)

BIG SVEN JOHNSON and the other men in the quarry had a lot of fun with Craig Elton—or tried to. There was something about Craig, with his squared shoulders and his fine gray eyes with their level gaze, and his willingness to laugh at a joke though it was made at his own expense, that somehow made them like him. But with all that, Big Sven and Tank and Charlie and Pete and the others in the gang regarded him as an untried "soft city fella."

Craig had never minded their snickers until today. He knew their contempt for any "collich boy." He had come up to the Mooseville quarries this summer for experience, and he was willing to stand the gaff. But for this morning he was hauled up in the big wooden topless box (the men called it "the dump") for lunch, there beside the engine house was a little red car.

And in the little red car was Rita Marsden, her black eyes sparkling as she watched the huge crane lift them slowly out of the shaft and swing "the dump" over to the ground.

Craig had seen Rita Marsden speeding around what was of Mooseville every day since he had come up this summer. There was no way any one who worked in the quarries, even one who worked in the shafts, could "collich" himself to his high school girl.

It was bad enough to have to climb out of "the dump" right before her attentive black eyes. But when Big Sven Johnson, acting upon his rights as gang boss, approached the girl, and called obscenely, "Good morning, Miss. You see us come oop. We like nice company," Craig reddened with embarrassment. Big Sven grinned knowingly around at the men. "This is a good gang," he continued, "talks in at them over his shoulder. 'Alling at them over his shoulder. Slow worker. That one!' He pointed a grifty finger to the place where Craig had been—but the "collich boy" was gone.

Fifteen minutes later Craig sat miserably with his lunch on an empty flat car at the top of the inclined tracks which ran down sharply to an old shop. Beyond the shambling wooden building, now unused, save its yard, where Big Sven and some of the other workmen parked their ramshackle cars, ran an abandoned dirt road that led toward Hansen's sink. The new shaft which was being sunk from the lower quarry was being run right under this road. Even the workmen, hardened to risk as they were, did not dare drive across the road over the shaft, for the weight of a car would be sure to cause a cave-in.

Suddenly Craig was startled from his unhappy reflections by the sound of a motor from below. He jumped to his feet. Speeding merrily along over the road past the old shop was Rita Marsden's little red car.

A shout from behind him told Craig that the other man had seen it, too. "The shaft!" shouted Big Sven. "Cave-in! Cave-in!" Hoarse excited voices took over the cry. Already there was a flash of red beyond the shops and around the curve.

Craig threw himself on the flat car and released the brake. The car shot down the slide at a dangerous speed. Craig clinging to the sides with his hands. At the bottom Craig jumped to the ground, gathered himself up and raced toward the nearest car, the old open driver of Big Sven Johnson. The key was there! The motor coughed and sputtered and choked—sputtered again—and was turning!

The car lurched out of the yard and, gathering speed, bumped swaying down the uneven dirt road toward the hill.

Craig met the laboring motor faster, faster. He had to catch that girl. He blew the horn madly. But the little red car did not stop. Just beyond that next curve was the shaft.

He was blowing the horn steadily now, but he couldn't seem to make her hear. Just as she went round the curve, he saw her turn, heard the screaming of brakes, saw the stop light flash on. There was a silence.

As he made the curve he saw in the road before him, the little red car, its front wheels just at the edge of the work place in the road. There was a crack in the road, not a foot ahead of the spring from the driver. Crumpled over the wheel of the red car was the still body of Rita Marsden. He climbed cautiously, with infinite slowness and care, out on the left hand running board. The car held. He opened the door, and lifted the girl in his arms. He carried her tenderly and laid her on the soft grass at the side of the road. After a moment she opened her eyes and smiled up at him.

At half past four, when Big Sven Johnson and his gang came up in "the dump" for the day, the rest of them snatched with eager eyes Craig Elton flash gray but happy, into the little red car (some of the men had towed it back from danger), and turn smiling to Rita Marsden.

"Well, Sven, vot you got to say now?" called one of them.

"Big Sven Johnson shook his head. "Boys," he said, "I say about that collich fella—all I said before, I take it back—his eyes followed the red car down the road, and it was moving very slowly—'He's a fast worker!'"

Possibly nothing is as unsatisfactory as writing the information editor to settle a hot argument as to whether, for instance, the accent in Trafalgar is on the second syllable, or the first and third, and finding either is permissible.

Conversation may be effectually used to prevent any precipitate tendency to war. At last the filibuster when conscientiously handled may claim recognition as a benign influence.

Business Men say: "Advertising Pays"

Streets of Old London Dangerous in Storms

Whatever the terrors of the gale we ought perhaps to congratulate ourselves that life in a city is rather less dangerous in a high wind than it was in the past. Perhaps wind than it was in the past. Perhaps wind than it was in the past.

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OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Assembled for Information of Our Readers.

William Nichols, founder of Milton, was buried there recently. He was 92 years old.

Waterfront mill plant No. 5 of the Port Orford Cedar Products company opened recently at Marshfield with a small crew.

Married in North Bend in May, 1873, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Simpson celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary there May 21.

At the final session of the P. E. O. state convention held in Klamath Falls recently, Mrs. Grace Kent Magruder of Clatskanie was elected president.

Polk county paid approximately 55 cents for each vote cast at the primary election. The total vote was 3778 and the cost of the election was \$1900.

The \$40,000 armory to be built in Cottage Grove, voted by the last Oregon legislature, will be erected on North Eighth street between Gibbs and Whitaker avenues.

George H. Brown, 67, known as the potato king of Clackamas county, was fatally injured when he was struck by the fender of a truck driven by Wilson Wilde, Clackamas.

No hope is held out for the rebuilding of the business section of Bonanza, recently destroyed by fire. Six main buildings, including the bank, supposedly fireproof, were burned.

A boulder dislodged from the hillside by heavy rain demolished Oscar Kelly's new automobile when he struck the rock on the highway two miles west of Clatskanie recently.

The Stoddard Lumber company of Baker has obtained a lease on the abandoned Baker Molding company plant on the west side of town and reopened it June 1 as a cut-up plant.

The Pendleton city council recently passed a milk ordinance for regulation and inspection of dairies providing milk for Pendleton. C. W. Daley, Pendleton, will be employed as milk inspector.

While the fruit crop in the vicinity of Corvallis does not look as promising as growers would like, it is indicated that there will be more than an average yield. Cherries and prunes have been damaged.

A serious situation in Douglas county is in connection with fire blight infestation of apple and pear orchards. Under present weather conditions the blight is apt to make rapid headway until hot weather comes.

Traffic accidents on Oregon highways took a toll of 16 lives and resulted in the injury of 378 others during April. A total of 2436 accidents were reported during the month, four of those killed being pedestrians.

Further proof that an ocean long ages ago rolled over central Oregon was obtained recently when there was discovered on hillsides near Mitchell, at an elevation of 3000 feet, numerous marine shells, including a huge coiled ammonite.

An airplane will be used to dust clover with sulphur on the Henry Striker ranch near Redmond. Sulphur dusting appears to be the only method of preventing mildew, which has been known to reduce crops by 50 per cent.

J. H. Billingslea, supervisor of the Siskiyou national forest, has announced that the United States forest service this summer will reconstruct the suspension bridge across Rogue river at Agnes. Work on the structure will be started soon. The bridge, which was built several years ago at a cost of approximately \$25,000, was wrecked when a flood washed out one of the main piers.

Word has been received at La Grande that the new cooperative creamery to serve Union and Wallawa counties would be located at Union.

The Rogue River Valley Traffic association has gone on record in favor of postponing the annual Jackson county fair to October. The September dates comes at the height of the fruit season and works a hardship on growers and shippers.

The Farmers Co-operative Creamery company of Baker, which recently purchased the Commercial Creamery company plant, is adding another department to its operations, a casein plant, which is expected to be in operation within the next two weeks.

James Brindley, 45, clerk at another Burns hotel, lost his life in a fire of undetermined origin which destroyed the Grand hotel with a loss of about \$45,000. Ten other occupants of the hotel escaped, but were unable to dress or to save any personal belongings.

It is feared that the apple crop in the Sheed section will be light next fall. Some trees did not bloom well and apparently they were injured by the extreme cold weather last winter. Some growers do not have enough apples to make spraying their orchards worth while.

At a meeting of the North Morrow County Fair board Mrs. W. C. Isom was elected treasurer and Mrs. O. Corryel was re-elected secretary. The office of president has not yet been filled. The fair is held alternately at Irrigon and Boardman and will be held at Boardman this year.

The C. A. Spaulding Logging company, which operates a large mill in Salem, has announced that their operations would be placed on a 40-hour per week basis. This is necessitated, it was said, because of the unsatisfactory lumber market and a desire to keep their present crew employed.

A fall out of a window at Ashland almost cost Robbott Ovsrby, a small girl, her speech. When she fell she struck with her teeth in such manner to almost sever her tongue toward the back of her mouth. Physicians managed to sew up the wound and the girl is expected to suffer no ill effects.

That the farm lands of Union county are considered by the state land board as high-grade loan risks is indicated by the fact that out of a total of \$5,750,024.83 that has been loaned from the state irrefusable school fund, loans aggregating \$456,259.21 are in the hands of Union county land owners.

Jersey breeders of Linn and Benton counties conducted the largest Jersey cattle show at Albany that has ever been put on by the Two-County club. With 38 exhibitors showing 141 cattle, all entry records were broken. Each entry is certified as abortion free and otherwise a thoroughly healthy cow.

Orchardists in Marion county have declared war on the native band tail pigeon which is said to be causing heavy losses in prune and cherry orchards. Several orchardists have obtained permits from the state game commission permitting them to kill the pigeons, which are said to be stripping the fruit trees.

Fire, believed to have been of incendiary origin, destroyed the Roy Beebe mill at Leona, with a loss estimated at around \$350,000. The fire threatened the entire town of Leona, as no water was available. Dynamite was used to destroy the lumber dock and keep the fire from spreading away from the buildings.

The new two-story grange hall at Williams is nearing completion. The structure is 40x90 feet in dimension. The first story is constructed of concrete, housing storage, dining room and kitchen, while the second story, of wood construction, will be the main assembly hall, with a large stage room. The hall will be dedicated July 4.

Tranchell & Parelina, Portland, Or., contractors, started work recently on the \$150,000 union station being built in La Grande by the Union Pacific system. The firm has 150 days to complete the two-story structure, which, when completed, will be the largest depot between Portland and Boise on the O-W. R. N. railroad.

To John R. Moore, Portland, goes the distinction of owning the lowest motor vehicle license number in Oregon, No. 1, and of being the first person in the state to receive the 1929-1931 license distributed under the new fiscal year license law. Dennis K. Koupal, Eugene, will have No. 12, much sought despite its reputation.

Daylight saving time, which started at La Grande recently, has proved a failure, and now La Grande is operating on standard time. The city commission rescinded its previous proclamation at the request of 533 petitioners.

Hood River county Pomona grange, in defense of the dairy industry, has adopted resolutions pledging to buy