

Ione Independent

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CHAMPIONSHIP GOES TO IONE

When the Ione High School Baseball team defeated the Heppner team, 7 to three on the Lexington field, Thursday of last week, they tied with Arlington for the championship of the Upper Columbia Athletic League. Ione and Arlington crossed bats on the Heppner field last Saturday to decide the championship. The honor went to Ione.

School Notes

Elwin Dick has been neither absent nor tardy for four years and Walter Bristow has been perfect in attendance for three years.

For extras to fit Holt and Harris harvesters, see P. G. Balsiger.

Eskimo Musicians Not Enthusiastic About Jazz

The Eskimo must be the great music-lover. It is said of him that he will sit on his native tee for hours listening to the graphophone. His own music he makes on an instrument which consists of a skin tightly stretched over the frame of a hoop—half drum and half tambourine. Eight players of eight of these instruments make an Eskimo orchestra. With each man striking the one note of his instrument with a rod, the eight notes of the octave are produced. Also, the musician sings as he plays. Needless to say, the people nourished on this music are amazed by the more civilized music, and it is said of them that they greatly appreciate graphophone records of singers. Strangely enough, too, they prefer most other music to jazz.

Continued on Pg. 4.

Clark & Linn
Carpenter Work, Painting, Paper Hanging and General Repair Work
Ione, Oregon.

Local Happenings

Bert Mason has installed a General Electric Ice Unit which is large enough to hold his supply of fresh fruits and vegetables. Mrs. Grimes has also placed a General Electric refrigerator in her home.

The New Model Remington Portable Typewriter is here. On display at Bullard's Pharmacy.

On Monday of last week, Jack Grimes made a trip to Portland, delivering to Fairbanks, Morse & Co., the 25 h. p. Diesel Engine which has been used in the Farmers' Elevator of Ione. The Farmers are now installing all electric machinery and have no further use for the engine. When M. J. Grimes returned he brought a load of Dwight Misener's furniture.

Clark Brothers are building a house to replace the one destroyed by fire last February. Clark Linn are doing the work.

Chocolates, Highest Grade, now 50 cents a pound while the present stock lasts.

—Bullard's Pharmacy.

For Sale

Day old chicks;
Barred Rock & R. I. Red \$12 per 100
White Leghorns \$10 per 100
\$1.00 more if shipped.
Hatches May 23, June 5-14-26.

Willow Creek Poultry Farm
Morgan — Ore

ICE ON HAND

The Ione City Dray now has ice on hand and the price will be the same as last year; 1¢ct for small orders and 1½ct for over 75 lbs. No order will be filled for less than 50 cts. except to daily customers.

T. C. TROGE

WANTED

Men to examine those fine suit samples at Bristow & Johnson's.

I. R. ROBISON

DON'T WEAR
out your tractor or automobile by making it eat dirt.
INSTALL A POLYMONA CLEANER. It will take all the dirt out of the air.

MACHINE SHOP

Objected to Shaving by Monkey Apprentice

Sir Harry Lauder is fond of telling the following story:

The sailor son of an Arbroath barber had brought home with him a large, hairy, and particularly ugly monkey, which he presented to his father. The barber trained the monkey to assist him in the lathering of his customers' chins, much to their amusement.

One day a stranger dropped into the shop, and had a good look at the monkey sitting in a far corner staring intelligently at a comic paper. By and by the barber was called to the door to answer some query or other, and in his absence the monkey seized the lathering brush and proceeded to work diligently on the customer's face. Afterwards he grabbed a razor and started to strop it with equal diligence, but in a grossly careless manner. Then he clambered up on the arm of the chair and made as if to begin shaving the alarmed customer.

"No, na, na wee mannie!" said the latter, jumping to his feet and pushing the monkey aside. "I've no objections to ye soapin' me, an' yer stroppin' maybe a' richt, but yer father'll hae to do the shavin'!"

The See-Saw of Success

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

GLADYS VAIL, capable commercial stenographer, laid her pencil down neatly by her notebook and looked up in the middle of a trial dictation from Hoyle Jones, attorney.

"What's the matter?" he rapped out smartly. "Are you like the rest I've had—too slow for ordinary dictation?"

"I am—if that's ordinary dictation," she spoke quietly though her heart thumped, adding: "Have you ever had a secretary who was really satisfactory?"

"I did have—just one! A man! I promoted him. I'm capable of that!"

"Well, then," Gladys met Hoyle Jones' frown with a frank smile, "if you won't go slowly for a day or two while I pick up these new terms, there's no use my going on with this work."

"I pay expert wages; I demand expert service," he shot back, arranging the letters on his desk with crisp precision.

Gladys rose, patted her hat and jacket, neat but worn, and walked to the door, saying over her shoulder:

"I'll leave my name and address in your applicant's file. Just on the chance you don't find anyone to fill your man's place."

Curt and cold as the interview had been, still Gladys smiled as she shot down to the street in the elevator. She liked the lawyer. Her intuition penetrated his hard shell and contemplated what she was sure lay underneath, a responsiveness that no woman had ever touched.

Dwindling dollars and a very empty stomach drove Gladys to a fifteen-cent lunch. What next? Everything was due, due.

Sitting on her high stool before a marble counter, she drew a letter from her shabby handbag as some would have drawn a jewel. Its creases were worn, fuzzy and and thin from many an opening and folding. Nothing to brag about; only—

"Enclosing check for ten dollars. Your letters are full of color and human stuff about New York. I edit them a little and use them for a weekly column which always goes over big here."

This from a friend in newspaper work in the West. The little note gave Gladys a real mental boost whenever she fingered it.

As she slid from her stool, Hoyle Jones' answer to her question knocked sharply at her consciousness:

"A man—I promoted him. I'm capable of that!"

That was it! Promotion! A wave of realization rolled over her mind. She must seek work where lay the possibility of promotion. Then the idea leaped into focus. If she could write acceptable material for an out-of-town newspaper, why not try for a job on a New York paper?

Half an hour later Gladys stood beside the city editor of the Press, looking at his head bent over copy on his desk.

"I want a job writing stories for you. I've had experience."

Queer coincidence, this, thought the editor, looking up and studying Gladys' pretty face and frank confidence. That morning his feature writer, a woman, had left suddenly, and all day he had been telephoning about for some one who was willing to take her place.

"I'll give you an assignment and see what you can do," he spoke quickly. "Do me a feature story on the downtown night court and have it here first thing in the morning." He bent over his copy again.

That was Gladys' beginning. Two years took her a trail of salary and respect to the top of the ladder of success in her trade. She had an advice column under her own name that was published in papers the country over.

But she yearned for some one to share success with, and the image of Hoyle Jones, whose brusque words had pointed out the idea to her, was always with her.

So it was with a keen thrill that she read the signature of her first fan letter one morning:

"Dear Miss Vail: I have no problems except the welcome ones of work; but I read your corner every day. It is human and helpful. You often speak of real companionship as the ideal of marriage. I'm afraid I've missed a lot by devoting my life entirely to my profession. Anyway, thank you for your cheerful writing, and if you care to drop me a line or two for my collection of autographs—a hobby, you know—I'd appreciate it very much."

"Sincerely,
"HOYLE JONES."

That afternoon Gladys presented to the lawyer, at his office, the appli-

Continued on Pg. 6.

Morgan News

Mrs. J. F. HARDESTY

Martin Baurenfeind was repairing Mr. Hardesty's engine last Monday.

George Mahoney's brother, Frank, came from Gervaise last Tuesday to visit with George and family.

Continued on Pg. 4

COMENCEMENT AT IONE

The Twenty-first Annual Commencement of Ione High School was held in the auditorium, Friday evening, May 17. The stage was beautifully decorated with flowers and green, with the class colors, Coral and gray, predomi-

Continued on page 4

Its style is the first indication of its big car qualities

One look at the New Pontiac Big Six and you know that here is something different in low-priced motor cars. It has the proportions, the rakish lines and the style of a fine big automobile. And this is only the first indication of its many splendid big car qualities with which it is endowed.

Prices \$745 to \$895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Michigan, plus delivery charges. Bumpers, spring covers and Lowjoy shock absorbers—regular equipment at slight extra cost. General Motors Time Payment Plan available at minimum rate.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list price when comparing automobile values. . . . Oakland-Pontiac delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

I. R. Robison, Garage
IONE - OREGON

THE NEW
PONTIAC
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS
BIG 6 \$745 AND UP

HOLT HARVESTER REPAIRS

I have received a large stock of genuine HOLT repairs and can supply most any wearing parts. Get your orders in early and avoid delay when the HARVEST COMES ON

BERT MASON

IONE, OREGON

NOW IS The Time To Have Your Measure Taken for That NEW SPRING SUIT

Come in and examine our samples.

BRISTOW & JOHNSON

Ione, Oregon.