

THE IONE INDEPENDENT

IONE, ORE.

Friday, June 7, 1929.

It Was "Strictly Private"

By HELEN R. BARTON

AFTERWARD, Connie Mathews realized that there was absolutely nothing about the stranger to cause her to assume that he was the garage mechanic, except the various smudges of grease daubed picturesquely about his lean, tanned face. Still, when one has battled with a refractory flivver for three hours and the promised-to-come-right-over-garage-mechanic is overdue two hours and you simply know that the train won't be even three seconds late, almost any errors might be excusable.

Anyhow, that was how it was. Connie made a lovely picture as she rushed forward to scold the supposed garage mechanic and ask him if there was a Chinaman's chance of getting the flivver started to make the ten-ten. And for only a split second did he pause before he started rolling up his sleeves in business-like fashion, saying: "Where are your tools?" Three minutes later his long, lanky length was stretched under the rebellious flivver. He kept giving Connie crisp, military orders and she found herself, surprisingly enough, obeying them promptly, until he crawled out and, clamping down the hood, cranked the car and smiled warmly at Connie's amazed expression when the engine started churning noisily.

Practically grateful to him, Connie dug out a five-dollar bill and stuffing it hurriedly into his greasy fist, called: "I'll get the change next time I'm down—I'm too rushed now!" And she drove madly down the hill and around the bend toward the railway station.

The tall, slim man stood for a long moment gazing after the cyclonic departure of the lovely girl and then his amused eyes traveled to the bill in his hand.

His short-clipped brown mustache and carefully cut hair gave him a military look, despite the graceful ease of his long, thin limbs. He went slowly up to the shabby porch and leaning up against a pillar, stretched his long legs before him on the worn boards and started to fill an old briar pipe with tobacco. And it was thus that Connie found him when she drove the flivver into the yard and got slowly out of it.

"Did you find the train gone?" he asked quietly, and at his gentle tone the girl slumped down on the low stone step and burst into tears. For a while he sat slowly puffing on his pipe, his face serious and sober, and his eyes registering what his face was too well-schooled to show—keenest concern and sympathy! Finally it all came out in a flood of discontented, jerky sentences and he listened, first amazed and then incredulous.

The girl, it seemed, had heard a certain singer over the radio night after night and had become so enamored of his golden voice that, on the impulse of the moment, she had written him a glowing, enthusiastic letter.

He had answered her letter and boyishly thanked her for her interest and appreciation and it had been one of those letters that simply demand a reply, which she shortly wrote. Thus a great friendship had grown up and had lasted through two years, the man writing regularly and the girl answering—and hearing his wonderful voice night after night until she loved him.

Then had come the telegram. And at the last moment the hateful old flivver balked and everything had consequently gone wrong.

"Does it matter so very much?" he asked her gently, paying strict attention to the stuffing of tobacco into the shabby old briar.

"Oh, you can't understand! I never cared for anyone before. I've been a hermit up here, writing and reading and never thinking of anything else—"

"Are you sure you'd like him?" he went on relentlessly.

"As if his physical appearances could out-balance his voice! And the wonderful idealism I found in his letters!" she said humbly.

"Have you a picture of him?" went on the man interestedly.

"Only his radio photos. I cut them from the papers!" And she went in to get the bunch of clippings from a book, together with the telegram.

"Hm!" said the man, noncommittally. "What did he say in the telegram?"

"Read it," she offered, sniffing audibly.

"Doesn't say anything about a train here—just says, 'arrive ten-ten.' Too bad you went to all that trouble!"

The girl opened wide her gray eyes and for the first time was conscious of him as something else than an emotional outlet. Then she was embarrassed as he took out an old wallet and, carefully counting out four one-dollar bills, a fifty-cent piece, a quarter, two dimes and a nickel, handed them to her, gravely saying: "Your chance, Miss Mathews."

"But I don't understand. About you the garage man? And you've just given me five dollars in change!"

"Well," he answered, standing up very slim and tall before her and looking for all the world as though he'd like to eat her, "you see I'm not a garage mechanic. I'm Gene Gallagher, the radio singer who was due to arrive at ten-ten. My plane is over there in your back field . . . and you might try kissing me if you really love me as much . . . as I do you!" he said, gathering her close in his hungry arms and hugging her tight to him.

Will Never Succeed

Jud Tinkins says a man will never succeed in business who wants to take all the best of it and give everybody else the worst of it.—Washington Star

Mrs. Elsie Shiply visited with Mrs. Eudora Seely, Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Minnie Ely and daughter Edith called on Mrs. Harbison, Wednesday morning.

Opal and Mable Cool visited with Carrie Medlock last week.

The Fraternities

The Past Noble Grand Club of the Rebekah Lodge met last Friday at the home of Mrs. Oda Rankin on Rhea Creek. Those present were: Mrs. Etta Bristow, Mrs. Verda Ritchie, Mrs. Della McCurdy, Mrs. Vida Heliker, Mrs. Etta Howell, Mrs. Bernice Blackwell and Mrs. Oda Rankin. Degrees were conferred on Mrs. Blackwell. The time following the regular routine work was spent in sewing and games. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Heliker and M. S. Rankin.

Improvements on the hall and grounds of the Masonic lodge are nearing completion. A concrete walk is to be laid from the street to the entrance.

The Purple Circle is to hold a meeting with Lone Balm Lodge I. O. O. F. at Hardman, Saturday night of next week.

Lodge Directory



IONE LODGE No. 129, A. F. & M. Meets every first and third Wednesday of each month.

W. M., Harlan McCurdy
Secy., W. E. Bullard

Locust Chapter No. 112, O. E. Meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

W. M., Lucy E. Harbison
Secy., Ruth Mason



IONE LODGE No. 135, I. O. O. F. Meets every Friday evening.

N. G., H. G. Rankin
Secy., Lee Howell

BUNN GRASS REBEKAH No. 9, I. O. O. F. Meets first and third Thursday of each month.

N. G., Lucile Bristow
Secy., Verda Ritchie



IONE POST No. 91, American Legion, meets the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Commander, E. G. Sperry
Finance Officer, John Farris

American Legion Auxiliary No. meets on 2nd Wednesday of each month at 8:00 P. M. and on 4th Tuesday at 2:30 P. M.

Pres., Margaret Blake
Secy., Gladys Drake

- 7 Rec., "Song of the Battle Flag", Opal Cool.
- 8 Address W. W. Head
- 9. Memorial Ceremony
Chaplain
- 10. Duet. Maybelle and Annie Krebs.

MEMORIAL DAY GAME

a walk and was sacrificed to 2nd by Osborne. Tucker and J. Soden were thrown out at 1st by Akers and F. Lundell.

Ritchie hit by the pitcher, and went out pither to second on R. Lundell's grounder. Rietmann grounded to pitcher, Ford walked and L. Lundell flied to second.

In the second, Weeman fanned, Bates popped to Ford, and Brock grounded to Reitmann.

Swanson fanned, Rankin grounded to short, Engelman fanned

In the 3rd inning Guy fanned, L. Soden flied to Ritchie and Wilson grounded to Ford.

Akers fanned, Ritchie fanned R. Lundell lined one out to the school house for three bases, Reitmann singled, scoring Lundell, Ford walked and pulled the double steal with Reitmann. F. Lundell made first on an error and Swanson hit for two bases, scoring Reitmann, Ford and Frank. Rankin popped a fly to first.

Fourth—Osborne fanned, Tucker singled, stole second, J. Soden fanned, Weeman singled, scoring Tucker, Bates fanned.

Engelman flied to first, Akers flied to third and Ritchie fanned.

Fifth—Brock and Guy were thrown out by Reitmann and Soden by Ford.

R. Lundell fanned, Reitman beat out an infield hit, Ford popped an infield fly which fell safe and ford was allowed to hold first and Reitmann ruled out, F. Lundell grounded to third.

Sixth—Wilson fanned, Osborne flied to center, Tucker hit to short left field and reached 2nd while the boys were playing catch back of second base. J. Soden and Weeden singled, scoring Tucker and Bates was thrown out by F. Lundell.

Swanson popped to the pitcher, Rankin and Engelman fanned.

Seventh—Brock fanned, Guy walked, L. Soden hit for two bases, scoring Guy, Wilson grounded to short and Osborne grounded to Ford.

Akers fanned, Ritchie flied to center and R. Lundell was thrown out from third.

Eighth—Tucker hit a three bagger, Soden popped to F. Lundell, Weeden hit a slow grounder to Ford who held Tucker at third and then threw to first. The throw was high and Swanson, leaping for it seemed to have come down ahead of the runner but his umps called him safe, Hates singled, scoring Tucker, Brock fanned and Guy was thrown out by Reitmann.

Reitmann fanned, Ford singled and was forced by F. Lundell, Swanson fanned.

Ninth—Larry Ritchie was sent to replace Ford and did the job like a veteran. L. Soden sent a high fly to Engelman and Wilson and Osborne were left swinging their bats over the plate.

Flags at Olympic Games

The flag used for the Olympic games has an arrangement of five circles on a white or neutral background. The three upper circles, blue, black and red, do not touch, but they are joined by the two lower circles of yellow and green, which in turn do not touch each other. The blue circle represents Europe; the black, Africa; the red American; the yellow, Asia, and the green Australia.

Now came lone's chance to do or die and they died but certainly had the Wasco fans worried and the home fans were keyed up beyond expression. Davidson, replacing Rankin, grounded to the pitcher, Engelman was socked in the ribs, Aker hit for a single, Ritchie forced him at second second and R. Lundell was hit on the arm by one of Soden's wild pitches which filled the bags. Reitman came up and the crowd went wild calling for a hit but the best he delivered was a pop fly just back of first base and aud the shouting was all over with three runners on the bags and Wasco leading by a single score.

Battkries: Ione, Ford and Akers; Wasco, Soden and Soden. Struck out: by Ford 8, by Ritchie 2, by Soden 11. Walked: by Ford 2, by Soden 2. Hit by pitcher: Ritchie, R. Lundell and Engelman by Soden. Three base hits, R. Lundell and Tucker; two base hits, Swanson. Umpires: Drake at the plate and Meyer on bases.

	R	H	E
Wasco	5	8	1
Ione	4	5	1

Jury of Grecian Origin?

Trial by jury is generally conceded to have originated with the Greeks in Athens a certain number of free men, selected by lot, heard and decided under the direction of a judge every case to be tried at law, a different group of men hearing each case. A similar system was adopted in Rome. The Normans made use of a primitive form of jury when they conquered England in 1066, calling them "jurata."

Silence and Sound

A producer tells us that the movie of the future will be a combination of silence and sound. We know what that is—a man carrying on an argument with his wife.

YOUR SERVANTS

DO YOU USE THEM?

ARE you taking advantage of the many electrical servants available? Do you realize the number of ways that electricity can lighten the burden of household duties?

Developments in the last forty years in the electrical industry have revolutionized homes, industries transportation and communication.

Of the 28 million homes in the United States, almost 20 million now have the advantage of light and power. The facilities of the power companies and the many facilities now on the market enable all these homes to employ electrical servants at reasonable cost.

These servants do not have to be humored. You do not have to give them "a day off". They work for you with the same efficiency all day, every day. Are you enjoying their service?

Pacific Power and Light Co.

W. C. T. U.

At the Christian Church

Sunday evening, June 9,

The State President Will Speak

8:00 O'clock Sharp.

Everydody Come

1929 PLAYING SCHEDULE WHEATLAND BASEBALL LEAGUE 1920

TEAM	At CONDON	At FOSSIL	At HEPNER.	At IONE	At ARLINGTON	At WASCO
CONDON	BATEBALL FANS!	April 7. June 9.	May 12.	May 19.	April 21. June 23.	June 2.
FOSSIL	May 30.	READ THE NEWS	May 26.	April 28. June 30.	May 12.	April 14. June 16.
HEPPNER	April 14' June 16.	May 19.	EACH WEEK IN	June 2.	May 30.	April 28. June 30
IONE	May 5. July 7	April 21. June 23.	April 7. June 9.	IONE. INDEPENDENT.	MAY 26.	May 12.
ARLINGTON	April 28. June 30.	June 2.	May 5. July 7.	April 14. June 16.	RENEW OR	May 19
WASCO	May 26.	May 5. July 7.	April 21. June 23.	May 30.	April 7. June 9.	SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

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