

THE IONE INDEPENDENT

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Friday, Dec. 27, 1929.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Technical Fouls were:
Lexington.

Veronica Brashers.....one
Peggy Warner.....on
Mary Slocum.....on

After the game dancing was enjoyed by the members of two student bodies. Music was furnished by the combination radi and phono graph, which the lone coach C. M. Daniels, is demonstrating.

Technical Fouls were:
Ione.

Gladys Brashers.....one
Geneva Pettyjohn.....on
Helen Smouse.....on
Margaret Crawford.....two

Lexington High School

forward.....Nesmi Mac Millan
forward.....Iona Gordon
center.....Mary Slocum
s. center.....Nelly Davis
guard.....Fay Gray
guard.....Peggy Warner

The substitutes for Lexington was Veronica Brashers for Naomi Mac Millan.

Ione High School

forward.....Clara Brasher
forward.....Veda Eubank
center.....Josephine Healy
s. center.....Margaret Crawford
guard.....Geneva Pettyjohn
guard.....Helen Smouse

The substitutes for Ione was Beulah Pettyjohn for Margaret Crawford.

Bertha's Big Surprise

By LEETE STONE

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SPONVILLE could not get along without Bertha Ransome; but Bertha sometimes felt she could do very well without Sponville. Sometimes, on a day like this when wind and rain battered the post office window with relentless fury, Bertha tired of Sponville; but its usual peace and beauty held her in spite of gray days.

Sorting the last of the morning mail she heard a sharp thud outside following a particularly vicious gust of wind.

"What was that, Jed?" she called from behind the mail boxes to one of the men waiting in front for the little delivery coop to open. Bertha heard him shuffle to the door and look out.

"Just the town tablet blown down," Jed replied. "I wanted to set them sideposts in cement; but the town wouldn't stand for it."

Bertha's heart stilled. She paused the trice of a moment every morning, passing that War memorial with its fourteen names, to glance at the first one—John Curtis. They had been engaged when he went away and had planned to go to Chicago, his birthplace, to live and work when he returned.

Bertha had heard no word from him since the day the troop train steamed into Hartford station and he had held her tightly in his arms and whispered brokenly, "Bye, dear! Back soon! Don't forget me!"

No, Bertha had never forgotten him. There was a band of gray in her thick, lovely hair, a pinched turn to her pretty mouth, and an intensity of yearning in her brown eyes that spoke her memory's fidelity. Sponville was periodically astonished that she paid no heed to the reverent suit of Ezra Jenkins, head selectman which had lasted ever since he returned long ago from the fighting front.

Bertha went to church with Ezra every Sunday morning, rain or shine; but that was as far as she went. She would never let him lead her down the narrow church aisle to the pulpit.

She nursed Pop Alken during his aged, falling years and did all the work that the government attributed to him as its official postmaster. Simply because he had adopted her as a child, and had been even kinder to her than he was to his beloved swarm of cats.

She was the life of the Ladies' Aid society, the adored spiritual mentor of a dozen Sunday School children, and three evenings a week, the intelligent counselor and guide of those who sought the public library, a gift of Sponville's wealthy townman. The town just couldn't do without Bertha, and Ezra Jenkins tried every Sunday

morning, strolling home from church to persuade her that he could not do either.

The collapse of the town tablet this furious March morning was like a sudden stab that drew blood from the flesh of the past. The hurt of it was in Bertha's eyes as she lifted the little oaken sliding slab, her sorting finished, and banded the minister his mail. The minister was served first no matter how many waited. That was as it should be.

Jed, he who had apprised Bertha of the tablet's fall, town jack-of-all-trades, was last to be served, no matter if he was first to seek the warmth of the sheet iron stove. That, also, was as it should be.

The office was vacant when at last he slouched over to the mail shelf.

"Don't expect nothin', Bertha. Always Jes' step up from force o' habit." Jed smiled behind his week of whiskers at the sweet face across the mail shelf from him.

"Sorry, Jed," Bertha smiled, too. "It isn't time for your tax bill yet. By the way, Jed, if it clears tomorrow I wish you'd get some one to help you set up the war tablet. Sink new posts and set them in cement this time. Ezra will see that you get your money from the town."

"I'll sure work at it in the morning, Miss Bertha, if the weather's reasonable." He stuttered and cleared his throat. "Say, Miss Bertha, you guess who I seen in Hartford, last night?" Jed paused to note the glint of eagerness in Bertha's eyes. "Seen John Curtis—no one else!"

"Jed!" The woman's faint rosy fingers showed blood dark red as she gripped the counter in front of her. "Jed, John Curtis is dead."

"I know, Miss Bertha, so he said, but he's live again now. He ask me 'bout you first thing an' said as how he was comin' over to see you this evening. Said as how he'd bin in furria parts ever since the big scrap—shellshocked or somethin'—an' now some big doctor's made 'im busy an' sent 'im back home."

Bertha wanted to believe Jed's news; but all day her heart wavered between hope and doubt. Not until the evening bus arrived, bringing John Curtis and his gay smile, did her joy crystallize.

That night a brand new crescent moon lighted Lover's Lane that wound its crooked way to Sponville cemetery. Bertha and John discarded the years of heartache and loneliness with a kiss and tender words, and the light in their radiant eyes was sufficient token of the delightful happiness to come.

The first test under practical duty conditions of providing radio music for cows has proved a big success, according to officials of the Detroit Creamery Company, near Mount Clemens, Mich. The creamery company officials bought RCA loudspeakers for each of their barns when they noticed the cows liked the music from a Radiola receiving set installed to entertain the men doing the milking. Now all the 500 cows on the model farm enjoy radio programs.

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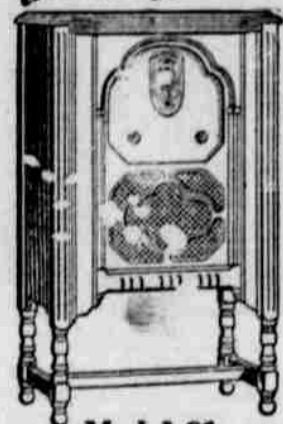
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