

LOCAL Marketing
ASSOCIATION

How to form a local marketing organization for the marketing of wheat will be discussed by Senator F. J. Wilmer, President of the North Pacific Grain Growers, Inc. and a director of the National Grain Growers at meetings to be held Saturday, March 8, Lexington in I. O. O. F. hall at 7:15, P. M.

Weather Report

FEBRUARY METEOROLOGY

Total Precipitation	0.92
Total precipitation since September 1	5.96
... same period last year	4.72
Total snowfall, inches	1.00
No. of clear day	7.00
No. of partly cloudy days	9.00
No. of cloudy days	12.00
Prevailing wind	W.

R. E. Harbison
Co-operative Observer
Morgan, Oregon

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County, administrator with the will annexed, of the estate of Ernest Montandon, deceased, and all persons having claims against the said estate must present the same, duly verified, according to law, to me at my office in Ione, Oregon, or at the office of my attorney, S. E. Notson, in Heppner, Oregon, within six months of the date of the first publication of this notice, said date of first publication being March 7, 1930.

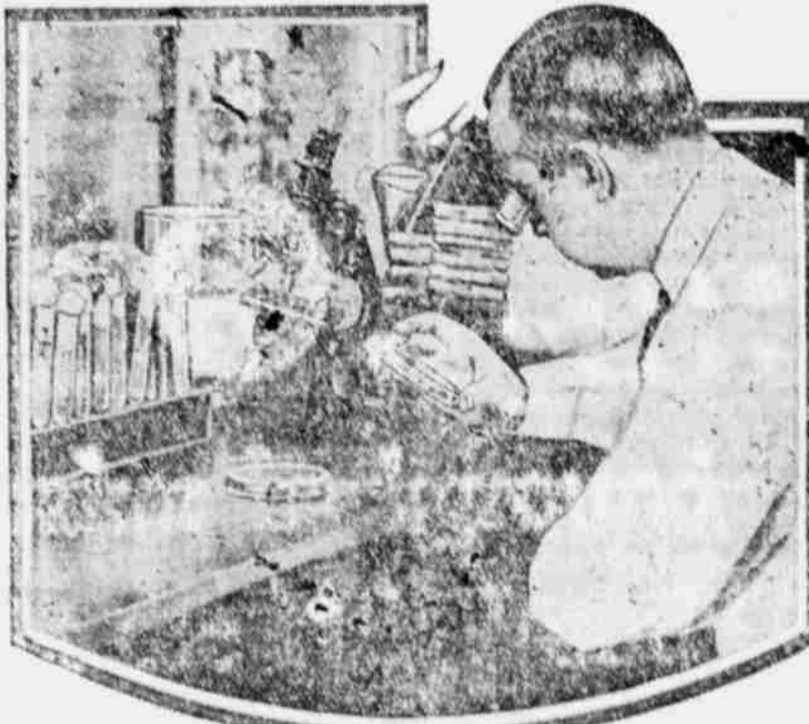
Louis Balsiger,
Administrator, c. t. a.

WILLOWS CRANGE NEWS

The Grange is showing their respect to the I. O. O. F. lodge by postponing its regular meeting from Saturday evening until Sunday afternoon, Mar. 9 at 2:00 o'clock, at which time initiation work will be given all candidates present.

Will join our I. O. O. F. friends in their get-together meeting at Lexington. The Grange orchestra will furnish music for dancing to follow an interesting program. One feature will be to special interest to the wheat farmer, which the Grangers will thus have an opportunity to hear. Pot luck lunch will be served.

Move to Wipe Out "Athlete's Foot"
Menace in Cities of United States



ENOUGH tiny parasites to infect every person in the United States with athlete's foot are lurking on the glass plate shown above. They are being examined by a New York bacteriologist. The plate contains billions of Tinea Trichophyton, which cause the foot malady, a form of ringworm, and these parasites were cultivated from a single specimen overnight. Widespread evidence of this disease, which has caused some schools to close and has indicated that an outbreak of it might come to any village or city of the United States, has caused medical men in all parts of the country to study means by which it may be eradicated. Constant use of antiseptic is being urged as a means to aid the fight against this age-old malady which has recently taken a more serious appearance in this country. The photograph was taken in the Pease Laboratories in New York where scientists are constantly studying the disease in an effort to control it.

The Star Boarder

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD
(Copyright)

"THE trouble is, mother," said William slowly, "that you have too much dead wood. It's had enough your running this darn boarding house when you could just as well come and live with me in the city. But you don't make any profit—carrying along roomers that don't pay—like old Stackpole, for instance."

"Well, maybe," agreed his mother mildly. "I'm sort of an easy mark, but when you come to know people, how hard up they are and what misfortunes, well, 'tain't so easy to turn 'em out."

"I know, mother," went on William, patiently. "Only, well, hang it, mother, old Stackpole gets my goat."

"Why, yes, for years he did!" exclaimed Mrs. Greeley triumphantly. "Up until lately, he's been real prompt."

"You must get rid of him somehow before I come down again."

William spoke sharply, partly through irritated affection for his mother, partly because of his own private troubles. This run-down boarding house had long been a source of provocation and had been a very important factor in his love affair with Miss Kitty Benedict, pretty cashier in the big hardware store for which William was purchasing agent.

How could he ever take the graceful Kitty down to that environment of shabby has-beens and never-would-be's?

The annoyance to William was that such a condition was needless. His salary, coupled with the small income left his mother by his father, was sufficient to maintain the two of them in simple but wholesome comfort and even admit contemplation of a third in the menage—if Kitty could be brought to consider such a thing.

Kitty, on the whole, had been rather discouraging; occasionally went out to dance or to the movies with William but never threw out any of those informal, "Drop round some night and we'll make fudge in the kitchen" invitations which young men welcome as signs of a desire to exhibit domesticity.

This time, on William's return from the country, he resolved to play the man and propose to Kitty. If she accepted him, there would be some what of a delay, presumably, before the wedding, and not until on the way back from the wedding trip would it be necessary to run down to Evansville and Mrs. Greeley's Homelike Boarding house. By then, at any rate old Stackpole, the sharpest thorn in his side, would have ceased to beard there.

William lingered some time in the vicinity of Kitty's cage before collecting sufficient courage to speak what was in his mind.

At last, "Kitty," he said desperately, "I've just got to see you alone somewhere, where we can talk comfortably by ourselves."

Now was Kitty's moment to say, "How about running up to the house?"

Instead, she hesitated and fingered her bill file. "Well, where can we?" she asked at last.

"I didn't know—how about my calling tonight?"

There was a moment's silence. "All right," said Kitty at last. "You know my address? All right—around eight."

Curiously, William, prompt to the second, rang Kitty's bell. It was a very shabby little house, not at all the sort of setting one would have chosen for a girl of Kitty's piquancy. From within, as Kitty opened the door without a word, issued a hubbub of sounds—noisy laughter, scraping of chairs, a phonograph.

"Mother's roomers," said Kitty. "Now, you see how much chance we'd have of any privacy. They're a noisy lot, mostly actors from third rate theaters, half the time out of a job. Ma loves it—the racket, I mean, and the after talk. She—she acted, once, herself, you know. But I get so sick of the noise, William, and I couldn't bear to have you come and put up with it all."

"Dear little girl," said William tenderly, "get your hat and coat and we'll go to the park."

A few short weeks and William and Kitty were married, slipping away after hours one day to a quiet little parsonage where the ceremony was performed.

A brief honeymoon and then William took his bride home to meet his mother. After the first greetings were over William managed an aside to Mrs. Greeley.

"Well, mother, I hope you haven't old Stackpole around as a boarder any more."

"N—no," said his mother nervously, "I haven't."

"How'd you manage to get rid of him?" he asked curiously.

"I'll tell you later," and his mother vanished indoors.

But that night as William smoked on the porch waiting the call to supper a familiar old figure came up the steps and sank into an old Morris chair as one who belonged here.

"Fine night—bit warm," he said amiably.

Old Stackpole! Rising, William sought his mother. "Thought you'd got rid of him!" he told her, indignantly. "I did!" said his mother, "as a boarder. You see, I—I—married him. And you wouldn't expect your—your father to pay board now, would you, dearie?"

ADDITIONAL LOCAL

Mrs. Ada F. Miller of Grants Pass was registered at the Ione Hotel, Monday. Mrs. Miller is north western district supervisor of the California Perfume

Company and the object of her visit was to establish a representative of her company in Ione. Mrs. Helen Farrere has accepted the position. Mrs. J. W. Howk and son have returned from Portland.

Announcing

A CHANGE OF DATE
FOR YOUR
TELEPHONE
BILLING

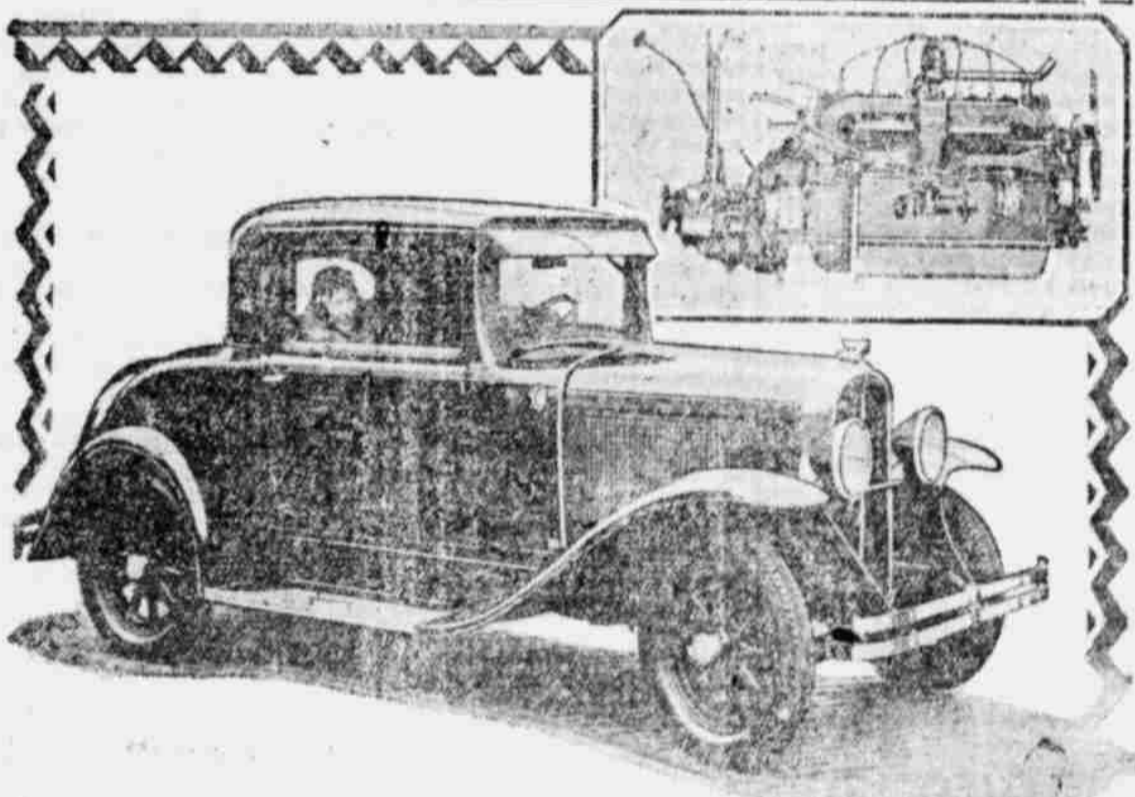
During March a new plan of issuing telephone bills will be introduced.

Benefits from the new arrangement will appeal to you. A full explanation will be enclosed with your March 1st telephone bill. Please read it carefully.

The Ione billing date, after March 1st, will be the 11th of the month.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

Performance Plus Economy



Powered with a motor that develops 60 horsepower at 3,000 r. p. m. from a displacement of 200 cubic inches, the New Series Pontiac Big Six combines excellent performance with the reliability and economy for which previous Pontiacs have always been famous. Here is the 1930 Pontiac Coupe with an inset of the engine.

LEXINGTON
GRANGE

Presents

"Cyclone Sally"

An Uproarious Comedy

In 3 Acts

At

Lexington High School Auditorium

THURSDAY, MARCH 13

At 8:00, P. M.

Admission: Adults, 50 ct; children, 25 ct.

Being Different Brings Success



Upper right: C. M. Fuller, President of the Richfield Oil Company of California. Lower right: A typical service station. Left: New office building of corporation in Los Angeles.

IT'S a long step from being janitor of a small town post office to the presidency of a \$150,000,000 corporation, but C. M. Fuller did it because he is an individualist.

Inspired by a lecture in his youth to be different, he has carried out the thought even in the building of service stations for the company of which he is now president, the Richfield Oil Company of California.

When but twelve years old, he was taken by his father to hear a lecture entitled "Acres of Diamonds," given by Rev. Russell Conway at Bakersfield, California. The thought behind the talk was that if a man was individual; was unwilling to follow in the footsteps of the throng, he would see that real opportunity lay at his feet if he could but find that endeavor in life for which he were best suited. The boy was so impressed that during the school years that followed, instead of playing during summer vacations as did other children, he worked at as many trades and professions as possible.

At the age of twenty-one, following this procedure of learning something of baking, banking, farming, meat packing, real estate selling and newspaper work at Bakersfield, all the time holding the position of janitor of the

local post office at \$100 per year, Fuller found himself in the oil game.

Twenty years have intervened, and at forty-one he heads one of America's major petroleum corporations, the youngest man from a purely age standpoint to have ever risen to the presidency of an oil company of such size. And as to his standing in the industry, he has just been re-elected as a director of the American Petroleum Institute.

All through these years his craving and hobby was to build beautiful buildings that would be different. The Richfield organization gave him this opportunity in its service stations.

In Los Angeles, the company has just completed its own office building. Instead of the usual type of steel and brick structure, it has been encased in black and gold tile, making it the outstanding structure of the Pacific Coast. On top is an aerial beacon that can be seen for miles. The idea of using such a combination came from Fuller, the individualist.

"Be different. Offer a better service to the public. Make them remember you but not with loud words or actions. Know as much as possible about the other man's business so that you can talk to him intelligently." These are some of his axioms.