

THE IONE INDEPENDENT

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Friday, Mar. 14, 1930

The Elevator Romance

By RUBY DOUGLAS

GRACE O'BRIEN spent many hours of her day cooped up in the tiny outside box office of a moving picture theater. It was the only way she had of earning her living when she found herself a young widow.

Two elevators ran from the outside foyer of the theater where she sold tickets and two girls operated these lifts. They were relieved, as was Grace herself, by other girls who came on to do their turn at the work.

"Sometimes, Gay, I wonder whether the monotonous ups and downs of my life here in this elevator are not more wearing to the nerves than the life you live cooped up in that box," remarked one of the elevator girls to Grace when there was a lull in patronage.

"It's an even break," acquiesced Grace, "but I think we are lucky to have any jobs at all."

At that moment a man stepped up to the little window and asked for a ticket. He looked through the circular aperture at Grace O'Brien's face. Suddenly he reached his hand through.

"Grace—why Grace Lowe!" he exclaimed. "It is you?"

Grace looked at him scrutinizingly. "Bob Morton?" she cried.

For a moment each held the hand of the other but did not speak. It was ten years since they had seen each other.

"Aren't you lost?" asked Grace. "I'm just on here for a visit. And you?"

"Oh—it's a long story with me," admitted Grace.

And then, urged on by the gathering string of patrons, the man disappeared.

"An old friend?" asked the elevator girl when there was a moment of rest again.

"He was more than that—in our school days," said Grace.

"Oh—" breathed the girl.

"We were really—truly sweethearts in those days and then I came East and then the war and George in his uniform and the call to the front and—well, I married George before he left. That's all. I have never heard of Bob from that day to this."

It was the next day that Bob Morton was dragged as by a magnet to the moving picture theater again.

"Isn't there some time, some place, somehow that we could have a visit?" he asked, after talking to Grace for a few moments.

Grace was silent. She would not ask him to the general parlor of the boarding house. She did not like to let him take her to some place of amusement.

"Why couldn't you just visit—here?" she said hesitatingly.

"It isn't exactly my idea of—of romance!" he laughed.

Bob stepped aside again. He was thinking. His time in New York was short.

"Gay says you are an old friend of hers," said a voice at his side.

Bob turned hastily and took off his hat. "From her home town, in fact. You—you call her Gay?"

"We call her that because she's such a brick in the face of all the trouble she's had."

Bob remembered that Grace was wearing black—all black—on both of the occasions when he had seen her. "She's—she's had trouble, then?"

"Oh—yes! Her husband was killed."

Bob was silent for a few moments. "I have been trying to get a few words with her, but she seems so busy," he admitted to the girl.

The elevator bell rang; the girl looked at her wrist watch. "She will be off duty in ten more minutes. Stick around."

Bob remained. The girl returned with a little placard which bore the lettering, "Temporarily Out of Order." She fastened it to the door of the elevator she was running.

"What's that for?" asked Bob, amused.

"It means," said the elevator operator, "that you and Gay are going to have ten minutes of privacy."

Bob laughed aloud. He looked at the sign on the lift door. Then Grace emerged from the little rear door of the ticket booth.

"I say, Grace," said her friend.

Grace looked from the girl to Bob and back again. "What's up?" she asked, sensing the nearness of something important.

"We—we have decided that though an elevator isn't a very sentimental place—it is very quiet when it bears this sign." She pointed to the card.

"Come in for just a moment, Gay," said Bob.

The Fraternities GET TOGETHER MEETING

A great many of the members of Ione Lodge No. 135, I. O. O. F. and Bunchgrass Rebekah Lodge No. 91, availed themselves of the opportunity to partake of the generous hospitality extended by the neighboring lodges at Lexington, Saturday evening at the get-together meeting.

Grace remained. "In you go," urged the girl. "And you, too," she said, pushing Bob gently on the back.

She closed the door of the attractive little elevator and left the two alone.

When they entered, Grace came up to her, her eyes bright with a renewed outlook on life. "Bob wants you and me to have dinner with him. We—we might have a lot to tell you."

"Well—my internal economy is not temporarily out of order," so I'll go," said the girl, reaching for the sign from the door and pushing the elevator over to the relief operator.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Griffith and two daughters, Virginia and Katherine, motored to Portland on Thursday of last week.

Katherine, the nine year old daughter, was taken to the city for medical attention. Following the advice of her physician, the little girl has been kept in bed for the past six months. The many friends hope that she may soon be up and around again.

From Portland Mr. and Mrs. Griffith went to Eugene for a brief visit with Mrs. Griffith's brother, George Goodall, and family. The party returned home Monday night.

Known here, being the daughter of Mrs. Chas. Devins, former Ione wheat rancher.

Mrs. John Farris, who underwent an operation in The Dalles hospital, is now at her home again, and well on the road to recovery.

From Roman Calendar

"The idea of March" constituted a definite day in the old Roman calendar. The word was derived from a word signifying "divide." In March the idea occurred on the fifteenth while in certain other months it was the thirteenth. Julius Caesar was warned by a soothsayer to beware of that day, which proved to be the day of his assassination.

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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, et al.

THE QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP

By JOHN G. LONSDALE
President American Bankers Association

Leadership and success, in a general way, are synonymous. They are both founded upon simple codes of thought and action, upon the realization that he who wins the laurels must be a doer, not a waiter, that application of energy, not time or luck, is what counts most. A rabbit's foot is a poor substitute for horse sense.



Both success and leadership, if they be of the highest quality, are the result of service to humanity. Service has been aptly described as "the supreme commitment of life." Analyze the lives and times of all great leaders of history and you will find that those whose names are enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen are those who sought to render a needed service to the populace.

Leadership, like success, need not, however, be international or national to achieve great results. There is room for each of us to be a leader in his community, in his work, in his church, and in various organizations.

One of the indispensable qualities of leadership is the ability to persist steadfastly in the face of discouragements. If George Washington had not possessed the quality of persistence, he and his soldiers would never have survived the hunger and privations which were theirs at Valley Forge.

We have too many young men and young women these days saying a job cannot be done. Too many spend their time explaining why a thing can't be done, instead of saying, with firm resolve, that it can be done, and then going out and doing it. Anything that ought to be done is capable of being done. And anything worth doing at all is worth doing well. The fellow who handles a little job in a big way is always on the road to

Roy Blake, a former Ione boy who has been working since last fall in the lumber camp near La Grande has been spending a few days among old friends in this locality, while the mill is closed for repairs. Mrs. Blake is a student in the LaGrande, State Normal School.

Mrs. Bergen Leebetter who has been ill for some time, was taken, Sunday to The Dalles hospital. She was accompanied by her husband who returned home Monday. Mr. Leebetter is in a serious condition.

Fred McMurray shipped out three carloads of hay last week.

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Ione Independent

JOB PRINT

See Balsiger

For Insurance

Betty, the small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bergevin, was home for the week end. She is a student in St. Joseph's Academy in Pendleton. Her brother, Donald, who is also a pupil at St. Joseph's, was unable to come home because of illness.

Mrs. John Cochran left last Friday, for Yakima, Wash. She will visit her two daughters and will also receive medical attention while in the Washington city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hanel of Parkdale met with a severe loss recently when their store building and stock of goods was completely destroyed by fire. Mr. Hanel will rebuild. Mrs. Hanel is well chief clerk at the Pharmacy.

Mrs. Hannah Ahalt has rented the Mason house on Second Street.

I. R. Robinson returned the middle of last week from his trip

to Seattle. He was accompanied by Mrs. Hallick Stange is a former resident of Ione.

Mrs. Minnie Forbes has rented her house on Main Street in Ione to Mr. and Mrs. Marlotte, of Heppner.

McCarty and Davidson moved 800 ewes and lambs to the Rock Creek ranch, the first of this week. They report lambing about over and state that they have an increase of approximately 100 per cent.

Arle Farrens is assisting Mrs. Frank young with the work on the ranch.

A. E. Eagle shipped out a car load of mules, Saturday night. The car went to Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Blume are the proud parents of a fine baby girl born Thursday, March 6, at the Heppner hospital. The little lady has been given the name of Joan Alice.

Before contracting or selling your wheat it Will pay you to see L. Balsiger representing B. G. and Co.

Ione, Oregon

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wish first class accommodations.

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Farm Implements

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Will Be Represented this Season by
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It will pay you to see him before you sell your wheat.