

THE IONE INDEPENDENT

Frid. y, Ap il 4, 1930

Spoke Only the Mother Tongue

By BEATRICE A. VANDEGRIFT

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PRIVATE PETRONI, who was a soldier in a heavy tank company of the United States Army, wanted his pretty young wife Maria to learn to speak English.

One day Maria and her little boy Beppo set out to pick blackberries in the woods near the army post.

After a while he grew tired and wandered off with his little bucket.

Maria's pail was nearly full when she heard a familiar and terrifying noise in the woods about her, a crash-

ing like prehistoric monsters in conflict. "Beppo!" she called in terror, but he was nowhere to be seen.

The crashing came nearer. Cutting through the sweet smell of the woods came the acid smell of gasoline—the tanks.

One of the young lieutenants took her by the arm and tried to soothe her. There was a chilling general in the group whom they were trying to impress. Her awful cries simply must not reach his ears.

Suddenly, on the ground that the tanks had just passed over, Maria saw a bright object. It was Beppo's little pail, flattened, she swung from side to side in anguish.

At length the party came to a clearing in the woods where the tanks were quietly ranged in a row like well-fed beasts. In the center of the clearing was a great log bundle, six feet high. One of the tanks left the row and starred forward. Maria lapsed into an anguished silence and watched.

The huge tank laboriously began the climb, nosing upward and making horrible noises. At the apex of the pile

FOR SALE

Four room modern house with bath Lot 50 x 100 across the St. from the school house. All clear. Will sacrifice for \$285 00, Cash Mrs B. Randall, 1635 Grand Ave, Phoenix, Ariz

A 25ct bottle of perfume for 15ct at Bullard's Pharmacy.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP ETC.

Requisee by Act of Congress of Aug. 24, 1912, of the Ione Independent, published weekly at Ione, Oregon, for April 1, 1930. Editor, Managing Editor, Publisher, Owner, W. W. Head.

Known bond holders, Mortgagees and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities. None.

W. W. HEAD, Owner.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 4th day of April, 1930.

I, Robert A. Notary Public

My Commission expires 2 1/2 '32.

Cook with gas See Bert Mason

Dog Biscuits Needed

By I. WRIGHT

(Copyright.)

LORA hurried down the street, her purse in one hand, a list of errands in the other and old Mrs. Martin's umbrella hung on her arm.

"Why carry an umbrella on a day like this?" called Jessie Meacham, whose attire proclaimed to the suburb of Westmont that she, too, was going into the city for the day.

Before Lora could answer a young collie rushed pell mell up the street, followed at a slower pace by a young man with his cap under his arm.

"Lot of errands to do for everybody in town as usual," he asked as he came up to the girls.

"Oh, of course," answered Jessie. "Things that people wouldn't dream of doing themselves they'll ask some one else to do for them. Mark Temple asked me to bring him eight library books week before last.

"The young man with the cap colored. "Help!" he muttered, throwing up his hands in mock appeal. "I—I was going to ask one of you to order some dog biscuits for the pup. He hasn't one biscuit left and the grocers here in town don't carry them."

Lora added another item to her pencilled list and laughed as she listened. "For my part, I don't even expect to go, and so I am settled. It's a nice evening I'll take Bennie to the movies."

Her voice tried to keep disappointment from the surface, but Jessie Meacham only smiled cynically. "Well, I want to go. And I'm going to go to it if I ask somebody to take me."

Lora gasped. "You never would!" "If I didn't think young Doctor Miles would be off on a hike with that coffee of his, I'd ask him to take me," said Jessie stoutly.

Lora's cheeks flushed, but as the train was already entering the Union station, no one noticed.

All day long Lora rushed from place to place. She had come in to the city to buy some fringe and trimping for a black lace frock. It was one that she had had for some time for parties and which, if she were fortunate enough to be asked, would be quite suitable for the dinner-dance to be held in Westmont. The list of errands given her by neighbors so filled her day, however, that it was well after three o'clock when she started to do her last errand.

In the seventh floor grocery department she bought a five-pound box of dog biscuits and ordered five more boxes to be delivered.

She arrived at the station in time to watch the last coach of the 5:51 pull out. The next train for Westmont would not leave until 6:42. "If I hadn't stopped for the dog biscuits," she said to herself. Before she could finish some one tapped her on the arm. It was young Doctor Miles.

"Miss H?" he asked. She nodded. It meant that she would miss dinner at home for her aunt was strict and meals were not kept waiting.

"I just came in and happened to see you looking after the home-going train," laughed Doctor Miles. "I had to get some dog biscuits and the wires were down from the storm last night."

"Here's one box and five more will be delivered," said Lora, handing him the package.

He stared at her. "Why, dear girl—" he paused, coloring.

Hardly realizing it, Lora found herself sitting opposite him at a rose-shaded dinner table in the loop, her parcels checked at the station.

"Wasn't it lucky you missed the train and—ah—all," young Doctor Miles was saying haltingly. "You see, I've been wanting to ask you to go to that dinner-dance they're fixing up out home, but you seemed so stand-offish and—ah—all—and all—but when you handed me that box of dog biscuits—why, hang it all, it was such a awfully friendly thing and—ah—all. When I asked this morning I just meant to have some delivered."

"But the pup didn't have any—for tonight," put in Lora, her gray eyes sparkling gayly.

"Never mind the pup—he'll have his dinner. You're going with me to that dinner-dance. I absolutely refuse to take anything but 'yes' for an answer."

And as Lora agreed softly to go she did not regret the missed train nor dinner at her aunt's house.

City Hall Briefs

The City Fathers met in solemn conclave at the usual hour Tuesday evening, with all chairs filled save that of Councilman John Bryson. Routine matters were of business were disposed of and the monthly reports of the Treasurer and the Recorder were read, accepted and ordered filed.

The bill of Bryston and Johnson balance of \$1.96 was ordered paid.

The application of the Shell Oil Company to build acistributing prant on Block 21 was granted; Coudciman Lion was made the custodian of all street and fire equipment; the petition of Mrs. Wilard Farrens for permission to keep a milk goat at her residence on Second St. was granted on condition that she file a doctor's certificate of necessity.

Bryson House Burns

About six o'clock, Wednesday evening, roof of the John Bryson residence was discovered to be on fire. The alarm was given, the city hose cart was brought forth, a large and enthusiastic crowd gathered and by dint of the use of water, some muscle and skill and loss of oratory, the fire was extinguished. The fire was confined to the roof and ceiling.

VISITORS IN IONE

Mr. and Mrs. Joan Blake departed the West of last week for their home at Klamath Falls. These people are former residents of Ione and had been here visiting their son and daughter in law Mr. and Mrs. Earl Blake, and with other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Woods and children, who have been visiting relatives and friends here and at Heppner, left Friday for their home in Eugene. They were accompanied as far as Portland by Miss Hazel Paoberg who had also been visiting here.

"Any girl in need of a friend write to Adjutant Miss F. H. Allemann, The Salvation Army White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair Avenue, Portland, Oregon."

LIFE SKETCH OF SENATOR HALL

Republican Candidate Well Qualified for Position of Governor.

A quarter of a century ago, a young man, lured to Oregon by the call of the west, was swinging a shovel in a Portland sewer. As each day ended he would climb steep stairs to the fifth floor of the Tremont hotel—there was no elevator—to his \$1 a week room.

Today, with a fiction-like record of success behind him, the man—Charles Hall—stands before the public as a candidate for the republican nomination for governor. In 1922, he barely missed the nomination, losing by 150 votes.

He taught school three terms in Pennsylvania after completing his elementary education in a little red school-house near his father's farm. When he stepped from the Portland sewer ditch, he taught a term at Clatskanie. This teaching experience gave him an intimate knowledge of educational problems in which he, as a state senator and leader in public life has been actively concerned.

Hall, after leaving school work, was employed by an uncle in a drug store at Clatskanie. He saved systematically during his early years, and then engaged in timber cruising. He was successful and made enough to attend the University of Michigan 1903-05. In 1906 he returned to Oregon, where he acquired a drug store at Hood River. There he was active in the work of the Chamber of Commerce. For a time he was the organization's president. This gave him a vision of the possibilities of united effort. He was one of the leaders in organization of the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce for more comprehensive efforts in behalf of the state, and was the first state president.

Going to Coos county, he took over a struggling rural telephone system which was undercapitalized and facing the problem of serving a rapidly growing but widely scattered area. He built and strengthened it until it was known for its efficiency, its friendly relationship with its customers, and its low rates.

A determined organizer and builder, he founded the Bank of Southwestern Oregon and later the American Bank of Marshfield.

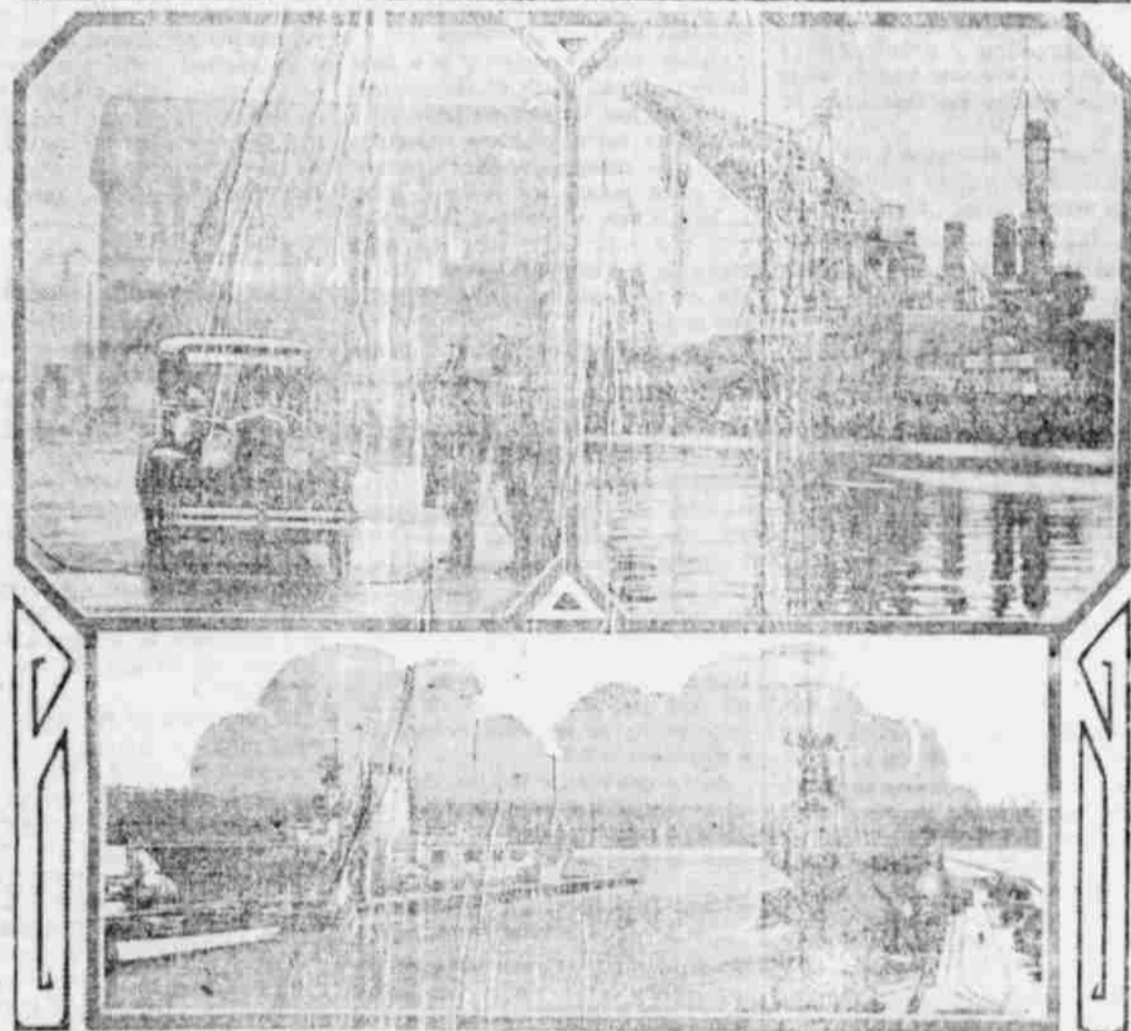
He was among the first leaders to see the commercial value of the Columbia river highway, and interested many influential men to join the drive to put the project across. As chairman of the senate highway committee, he fostered much of the legislation for better highways.

Re-nominated and elected, he says, one of his first moves will be to start his "Industrialize Oregon" program by calling a meeting of representative citizens from each county in the state.

Dr. Clark Eyesight Specialist, in Ione, Sat., April 12, at the Ione Hotel.

Ask for a Flamo demonstration at Bert Mason's Store.

Navy Uses Huge Power Equipment



At the upper right is the world's largest floating crane, capable of lifting 250 tons. The left-hand picture shows a Pontiac Big Six sedan receiving the salute of the guard while entering Puget Sound Navy Yard. At the right is a view of the two airplane carriers, the Lexington and Saratoga, at the navy yard at Bremerton.

BASEBALL

IONE VS CAYUSE Indians SUNDAY April 6

On Ione Grounds. The Cayuse Team Beat Athena Last Sunday. Game starts at 2:30 sharp.

It pained, its forty tons making one lurching crack and groan. Then it found the center of its balance and began to seewaw precariously.

Suddenly, from a crack in the bottom of the log bundle appeared a dark curly head and a pair of brown, sleepy eyes.

"Beppo!" screamed Maria. The man gasped and stood still. In a flash the gray-haired general, the mighty one from whom they had sworn to keep all attendance, darted forward and, in his spotless beautiful uniform and russet boots, knelt and softly extracted the bewildered Beppo from the logs, while overhead, the huge tank seewawed its forty tons.

Without a backward glance, the general carried the fat little Beppo directly to Maria.

"I imagine this child is yours, madame," he said gently.

Maria burst into a ecstasy of the general in the most passionate and vivid Italian at her command. Then she stopped. He could not understand a word of it. Swiftly, she picked up one of his gloved hands and kissed it. Then she snatched up the naughty Beppo and ran in the direction of home.

When the father came home they had no berries to give him, but he didn't seem to mind, he was so elated with the events of the day.

"They picked me to do a special stunt for a visiting general," he told Maria, proudly. "The old stunt of teetering a tank on a bundle."

"You!" exclaimed Maria in horror. Great heavens! He had been the one to nearly kill his own child, unknowingly, shut up in the iron monster, while she, pleading in a language no one could understand, was powerless to stop him.

She looked away for a moment while her eyes filled with tears. Then she faced him and said, passionately, "Gufolo! Teach me to speak English."

Transparent Toads

Pipa toads, which have recently arrived at the London zoo from South America, are so thin that one can see through them. The eggs, numbering up to 100, are taken by the male and deposited in cavities in the mother's back.

BIG DANCE

AT IONE

SATURDAY, APRIL 5 BENEFIT OF BASE BALL TEAM MUSIC BY KNOUSE'S 'BILLIKINS'

Refreshments will be served by Ladies of Ione.