

THE IONE INDEPENDENT

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Friday, May 29, 1931

*In our desire to be merciful the
pendulum has swung in favor of
the prisoner and far away from the
protection of society.*

President Hoover

Commencement

The Commencement exercises of the Ione high school were held Thursday, May 21, when 18 members, the largest class in the history of the school, received their diplomas. A capacity house was in attendance. The stage was artistically decorated with evergreen and cut flowers. The program was exceptionally pleasing and the class, composed of five girls and thirteen boys was most attractive.

Members of the Class of 1931 are Gladys Brashers, Geneva Pettyjohn, Helen Smouse, Veda Eubanks, Margaret Crawford, Earl McCabe, Milton Morgan, Francis Troedson, Irvin Ritchie, Ralph Mason, Johnnie Eubank, Louis Buschke, Grant Conway, Norman Swanson, Norman Nelson, Ordie Foreas, Virgil Esteb and Barton Clark.

The class motto: if we rest we rust. Class colors: heliotrop and rose. Class flower: pink carnation.

The program in full was presented as follows: processional, Mrs. Margaret Blake; invocation, Rev. W. W. Head; "The World is Waiting for the Sunrise", Seitz; "I Pased by Your Window", Brahe, by the high school octette; salutory, Helen Smouse; baritone solo, Lyle N. Riggs; class history, Genhva Pettyjohn; class prophecy, Earl McCabe; class will, Gladys Brashers; violin solo, Souvenir, Drilla, Mrs. Sam Hatch; valedictory, Norman Swanson; "The End of a Perfect Day", Jacobs-Bond; "House Beside the Road", Nevin, solos by Mrs. E. A. Tucker of Moro; Address by James T. Mathews of Willamette University; presentation of awards by Prin. George E. Tucker. At this time Mr. Tucker presented the sportsmanship cup to Earl McCabe, the citizenship cup to the senior class and the scholarship to Virgil Esteb who completed the high school work in eight years. The diplomas were presented by Ruth B. Mason, chairman of the school board and certificates were presented by County

Superintendent Lucy E. Rogers. The Superintendent presented eighth grade diplomas to ten: Hevard Etbanks Carl Lindeken, Fred Rankin, Margurite Troge, Harriet Heliker, Bryce Keene, Ellen Nelson, Clifford Yarnell, Eva Swanson and Mable Cool. Twenty pupils in the Ione school Supt. Rogers presented certificates of perfect attendance: Fred Rankin, Carl Lindeken, Bryce Keene, Myriam Hale, Eugene Normoyle, Ross Belle Perry, Rollo Crawford, Mignonette Perry, Ruth Crawford, Harry Normoyle Katherine Griffith, Helen Lundell, Joan Sipes, Harold Buchanan, Francis Fitzpatrick, Walter Corley, Eileen Spety, Dorothy May Brady, Maudie Cool, and Delbert Crawford.

Lexington News

Miss Anabel Stroutman

George McMillan and wife arrived in Lexington, on Tuesday, from their home at Cherryville. They plan to make a short stay with relatives and friends here before returning to their home.

Kenneth Warner, Llewellyn Evans, Jeff Yocum and Lawrence Wright have returned from a week's camping trip in the Blue Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hunt accompanied by Otto Rule left on Tuesday for a short business trip to Portland.

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne



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SAYS WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—All I know is that I just what I read in the papers or what I say as I growl bitter and thither. And Brother believe me I been doing some prowling lately. For a long time I have wanted to go meandering around in the Central American Countries, and the establishment of an Air line all through there give me just what I was looking for. Now in this first place you can leave almost any American place, right by plane and go either to Fort Worth, Texas, Brownsville, Texas, or Atlanta, or anywhere along the line and catch the Pan-American line. It leaves American Territory at Brownsville, and goes to Tampico and Mexico City, then from Vera Cruz, Mexico on down through all Central American Countries, then around through the north Coast of South America, and back up by way of Virgin Islands, Santa Rica, Cuba and all points east.

Well just think of the pleasure of getting up one morning, having breakfast at home in Santa Monica, grabbing the plane and being in El Paso, Texas, at one o'clock, going over the Rio Grande I've to Juárez to get some beer and see a Bull fight. It was Sunday afternoon, and my plane didn't leave there till Monday morning for Mexico City.

Did you ever visit Juarez, Mexico? Well don't take it. I went by the Bull Ring and bought our tickets as I had about 4 pilots from the line who had brought me in from Los Angeles, American Airways Co., and a great line. Well the flight was not to start till it got cool, for they went over till a bull till the sun is so low that the fighter went get unbarred. Then as we were driving around the town I saw a fellow with a lot of beautiful uniform got on an old poor decrepit pony, and I just knew from his make up that he was headed for the Bull Ring, so I got cold feet and didn't go. I gave away my tickets to some fellows that hadn't been saved as many times by horses as I had.

We prowled around and saw all the sights of the town, then back and early the next morning out to the Airport and then by the C. A. T. line. "Continental Aerial Transportation," American Pilots, powered with wings on Lockheed Planes. Well anybody that flies knows that from pretty near any part of our Country you can leave and be in Mexico the next night, and not fly nights either!

Right down over Chincawawa (that

not the way its spelled but thats sorer like it sounds) thats where the old Mexican Tarasas had the biggest Ranch in the World, a whole State, flew right over his old Headquarters Ranch, lost it all during the various Revolutions, Poncho Villa lived all him alone for years.

Well we must get moving. Got to Mexico City that evening about four thirty. Made my first speech in Spanish for the Spanish movietone, I know few words but none of em. At what I want to say, but I just used em all anyhow. I heard afterwards that in the Theatre that it went big. Well it would, I was sorter panuing our Country and boosting theirs. It didnt take much exaggeration to do either one.

Well after I got through with Mexico City, hit out for the real Tropics, down through Vera Cruz, then out of there on the Pan American Airways, and over the real Jungles, and stopped first at a little Mexican Army Post called San Gerónimo. Cawed up, was thirty but everybody said, dont drink water in the tropics, and by golly I havent. And the first Mangote, I believe it was to eat. Now we are on the west Coast of Mexico, we have crossed the neck, or straits and are headed for Guatemala. Y—make some other one on the line, and then into Guatemala City, the Capital of that Country. We have seen it on the Maps of our old Geography. Its in the rolling hills, and quite a bit of Avianca activity, and is a pretty little City from the air. They raise Coffee, and tell you that its the best there is in Central or South America.

But wait a minute, we havent got to Costa Rica yet, and they tell you that too, and I believe they got it on Guatemala, and Honduras, and all the rest on the quality. Its so good that America wont pay the price. Its most all shipped to Europe. It grows on a little land, and they have high trees planted all around it to shade the Coffee Plant, sometimes Banana Trees, but generally big wide looking shade trees.

You would be surprised at the amount of people that speak English in all these Countries. Almost all the young men of wealthier families are sent to our Schools since the war in preference to Europe, and they speak better English than we do. I cant get you all the way down now but I will get you to the Coast the next letter. Its quite a gully.

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