

VOTE
X 59 - Fred E. Schmidt
 CANDIDATE FOR
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
 REPUBLICAN PRIMARY ELECTION
Eight Years Experience as Deputy

 † **STANFIELD NEWS** †
 By Sophronia Rhea

Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Chapin are the proud parents of a baby girl born at their home early Wednesday morning.

Miss Dorothy White is quite ill with scarlet fever.

Miss Selma Kjonotnedt spent the week end visiting friends in Pendleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Smith and son Teddie of Portland visited Mrs. Smith's sister Mrs. Herbert Gilanders last Sunday.

The Rebekah lodge held its regular meeting in the lodge hall Monday evening.

A group of young people from Hermiston and Stanfield charivari-ed Mr. and Mrs. Carl Rhea at their home Monday evening.

Miss Ethel Dunn and John Dunn and their mother left Wednesday for Halfway, Ore., their old home.

Mrs. Frank Sloan was hostess to the Ladies Aid on Thursday afternoon in the parlors at the church. Special music was furnished by Miss Rose Hooster and Mrs. Edgar Hooster. Rex and Mrs. Jesse Griffith were present to give missionary talks. Mrs. Mabel Richards read an annual report of her work as missionary chairman.

Mrs. D. R. Starkweather, Mrs. J. V. Lane, Mrs. Frank Sloan, Mrs. C. E. Greathouse and Mrs. Ila Wallace were Pendleton visitors Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Horace Cronkite was a business visitor in Portland over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hoggard and Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Greathouse motored to Rufus, Ore., Sunday where they spent the day visiting friends.

Mrs. Adolph Heyden and son Harlan spent last week visiting relatives in Portland.

Mrs. Frank Sloan entertained at a bridge party Monday afternoon at her home, honoring Mrs. Margaret Laughary.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Russell are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Penney this week.

Miss Marie Thorsen and Earl Attebury, students of La Grande Normal, spent the week end in Stanfield visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Thorsen and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Attebury.

Mrs. C. D. Connor of Pendleton entertained the senior class at dinner at her home Friday evening. Guests were T. C. Baker, Boyd Jackson, Miss Selma Kjonotnedt, Merle Hutton, Doris Greene, Mary Rhea, Bill Beebe and Leonard Connor.

Boyd Jackson spent the week end in La Grande with his mother.

Misses Billie Hedrick and Viola Krause were in Stanfield Saturday evening visiting their parents.

"SHE MARRIED HER BOSS" IS ACE FILM FUN

The problems of a private secretary are briskly dealt with in Claudette Colbert's picture, "She Married Her Boss," which will be at the Oasis theatre.

Miss Colbert herself delightful; her inherent charm and vivacity have never been shown to better advantage. As a very efficient secretary who carelessly falls in love with her boss, she sees to it that he takes time off one day to buy her a wedding ring. That proves a costly mistake, for the marriage turns out to be one of the maddest things one can imagine.

The fun continues fast and furious, with Miss Colbert as the storm center.

Edith Fellows as the boss's precocious nine-year-old daughter; Katherine Alexander as his nerve-racked sister; Raymond Walburn as a butler; Jean Dixon as Miss Colbert's crony; and Clara Kimball Young in a small role are all splendid.



J. A. Yeager
 Candidate for the
 Nomination for
**COUNTY SCHOOL
 SUPERINTENDENT**
 at the Primary Election,
 May 15, 1936
 NON-PARTISAN TICKET
 INCUMBENT

Bryan's Ghost
 By ARDEN X. PANGBORN
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 WNU Service.

EVEN in his high, peaked nightcap and his long white nightgown there was a certain dignity about Colonel Trigg as he padded out to the doorway. A certain dignity in the way he carried his stately head with its untamed sea of silvery hair; in the way he held back his shoulders, which were still straight for all their sixty-eight years.

A little sound of displeasure came from his thin throat and a frown of petty annoyance creased his forehead. "Clumsy," he muttered. "Clumsy oversight. No invitation yet."

Back in his dressing room he peered at the watch which hung over the back of his bed—the big, gold watch William Jennings Bryan had given him in gratitude for his speeches in the campaign of '96.

Nine o'clock. Three hours before the President's arrival—and still no invitation. It was inconceivable that they had not intended him to be one of the President's reception committee. They were irritatingly careless sometimes, these younger men. He would speak quite plainly to young Olmstead, who had been made chairman of the committee.

The colonel dressed slowly, carefully. Not even to himself would he have admitted that his pleated shirt was just a trifle soiled from the Fourth of July parade, nor that his white, patterned vest was frayed along the edges and spotted from the wear of seasons past. His high wing collar was fresh, at least; and his black string tie was hardly worn.

He found young Olmstead buzzing about central committee headquarters with the self-importance of a newly hired head office boy.

"Well, what of it?" Olmstead halted long enough to bark in answer to the colonel's question, while he wiped the perspiration from his long thin nose. "What of it? The whole town can't be on the reception committee. There's only the governor and the mayor and the president of the chamber and a couple of others. If you wanted to be on the committee, why didn't you say so a month ago?"

"Say so? Sir, a gentleman . . ."

But Olmstead interrupted. "See Grimes. He'll find a seat back in the caravan some place." And Olmstead was gone.

The colonel's step was as majestic as ever as he searched out Grimes, the young man in charge. Members of the general committee would meet the President at his train, would escort him up the river to the dam he was to dedicate.

Grimes paused but a moment. "Good lord!" he exclaimed. "What do you expect? The seats were gone a week ago."

"But I say . . ." began the colonel in his best oratorical manner. Then his mouth closed suddenly, weakly. His audience had departed. He fell back, uncertain, almost unbelieving. A voice came to his ears from the headquarters beyond. Olmstead's voice was loud. They were talking of him.

"That old codger!" he heard, and there was no mistaking the scorn in the words. "Of course not. He's living forty years behind the times. Why, it'd be like dragging Bryan's ghost out on the platform."

"Bryan's ghost . . ." The words blurred in the colonel's brain. He stood, scarcely moving, his long, bony fingers clutching the gold knob of his cane until the flesh went white and the veins stood out upon his hands like blue cords. Bryan's ghost . . . Yes, they were right. Just another old man clinging desperately to the past; an old man suddenly broken in spirit, tired. The trembled slightly. A mist came over his eyes.

Colonel Trigg did not remember very clearly what happened then. He had a vague recollection of a stuffy excursion train, of crowds and heat and noise. He had a recollection of soiled red plush, and of glimpses from a dusty window of the broad artery across which the dam had been stretched like a tourniquet—the dam the President was to dedicate.

Then he found himself in a swirling mass of humanity. He lacked the spirit to fight back as he was flung from shoulder to shoulder, hurried and pushed and jostled. Presently the milling ceased and the President was being ushered to the speakers' stand. Young Olmstead, smiling, self-important, was at his side.

Memories rushed back to Colonel Trigg. There was the speech at the Chicago convention in '96, and the time he himself had introduced Bryan. But those days were gone and he was just an old man with drooping shoulders, an old man in a wilted, slightly soiled high wing collar and bedraggled black string tie.

He realized the President was speaking, but the words did not register in the turmoil of his mind. There was something about a debt to the state, something about speeches.

Then abruptly the crowd fell back around him and suddenly he understood. His shoulders snapped back straight, his head rose high. There was dignity, almost majesty, in the flourish of his gold knobbed cane.

"That campaign I followed as a boy," the President was saying. "Those speeches, brilliant in their pleas for Bryan, fired me with a great ambition—an ambition you, the people of our country, have willed that I should realize. To their author, let me say again, I owe a debt of humble gratitude. His name was Colonel Martin Trigg."

FOLLOW the CROWDS TO THE GRAND OPENING OF THE NEW RED & WHITE

Saturday MAY 2

WE HAVE EVER BEEN ON THE ALERT TO PROVIDE THE BEST IN FOODS AND SERVICE. WHILE OUR EFFORTS HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN THE PAST—WE CAN NOW OFFER A FAR MORE VALUABLE SERVICE. . . . We have joined a great international body of independent grocers and have placed the Red & White sign above our door. Yet we own our store outright. No other corporation has any financial interest in it.

Our store is arranged for your convenience and to make our efficiency greater and our operating costs lower.

RELIABLE SAVINGS

OUR NEW LOWER PRICES REFLECT THE SAVINGS THAT ARE THE RESULT OF MANY THOUSANDS OF MEMBERS THROUGHOUT NO. AMERICA, BUYING TOGETHER. AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE WE WILL REPLACE OUR PRESENT BRANDS WITH THE RED & WHITE BRANDS OF APPROVED QUALITY.

More than 90 items have been Tested, Approved, and Guaranteed by the Good Housekeeping Magazine. This record is unequalled by any other brand of merchandise. We are proud that we can offer this dependable line of goods to the people of Hermiston, and combine with it the most economical "direct line distribution" plan yet devised.

50 GRAND PRIZES 50

ABSOLUTELY FREE

WILL BE GIVEN TO HOLDERS OF LUCK NUMBERS! Drawing for prizes will be held Saturday afternoon at 4:30. Come early—Get your free chance and look over the many interesting prices on staple items that will be offered for this special occasion.

TICKETS TO ADULTS ONLY — YOU ARE REQUESTED TO BE PRESENT at TIME of DRAWING

AN AMAZING OFFER
Act Now!

22 Piece DINNER SET \$2.50

With purchase of \$15.00 worth of Red & White Foods

Ask the Clerk for Information.

FOOD DEMONSTRATION ALL DAY SATURDAY!

Additional Specials

| | | |
|---|--------------------|------------|
| SUGAR Fine Granulated | 10 LBS. | 57c |
| ROLLED OATS Triangle | 3 Lb. Pkg. | 18c |
| FRUITS for Salads Erman's | 3 Tall Cans | 39c |
| CORN SYRUP White or Amber - Any brand in stock | 2 1/2 Lbs | 13c |
| GRANULATED SOAP Peet's Large | | 27c |
| LAUNDRY SOAP Crystal White | 17 Bars | 50c |

The Million Bubble Soap.

Meat Department

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|------------|
| POT ROAST Super Quality Beef | LB. | 15c |
| LEGS OF PORK Half or Whole | LB. | 27c |
| Mock Chicken Legs Each | 5c 6 Pk. | 25c |
| VEAL BREASTS | 2 LBS. | 25c |
| Open Kettle Rendered Lard | 2 Lbs. | 33c |

COMPLEXION SOAPS

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| PALMOLIVE PLUS HEALTH | CAMAY PUMICE |
| 6 Bars for | 28c |
| Fairy Oval | |
| 5 Bar Carton | 20c |
| Cream Oil | |
| 3 Bars | 13c |

WHAT DO YOU MEAN—THERE'S A SURE WAY FOR ME TO GET THE RIGHT REFRIGERATOR?

I MEAN JUST WHAT I SAY! BE SURE IT MEETS ALL 5 STANDARDS FOR REFRIGERATOR BUYING!

See the new
FRIGIDAIRE
with the "METER-MISER"

MOR-TONE SOUND SERVICE

ADJACENT TO THEATRE PHONE 131

JAMES EARL RAY, THE ASSASSIN OF DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., WAS HELD IN A MENTAL HOSPITAL IN MEMPHIS, TENN., APRIL 29, 1968.