

SPEED 'EM UP IN AIR AND ON GROUND

TOMORROW'S RACING PROGRAM

- First event—Six-mile motorcycle race.
- Second event—Trials for track record.
- Third event—10-mile motorcycle race.
- Fourth event—10-mile race for fully equipped machines by amateurs riding straight up.
- Fifth event—10-mile race between bi-plane and motorcycle.
- Sixth event—Economy test for automobiles using one pint of gasoline.
- Seventh event—Three-phase race, beginning one lap on low, another on intermediate and last on high.

It was Terah T. Maroney, who flies tomorrow afternoon in a biplane in a race with Tracey Hollister on a motorcycle at the Motorcycle Club race track, that first flew from American soil to Cuba demonstrating the practicability of the hydro-aeroplane. The flier is an experienced man in the game, and when the big race takes place tomorrow the air craft's reputation will be in good hands.

On this page are shown various feats which he has accomplished. To race with an automobile is no new stunt but a motorcycle is considered to have more chances to beat the flier out than an automobile.

Officials have been selected to handle tomorrow's race meeting which is featuring a contest between a bi-plane ridden by Terah T. Maroney, and a motorcycle ridden by Tracey Hollister, popular speed demon. Jay Van Buren will officiate as referee and starter; A. W. Nelson as scorer, with K. Evans, Roy B. Currey, assistants; Fred B. Currey, Eugene Selder and Herbert Browning judges; J. H. Peare and Willie Peare timers; Eugene Good, Roscoe Neal and A. W. Nelson announcers.

The meet begins promptly at 2 o'clock and will be run off as per schedule with due dispatch. There are several lodges for use of patrons and ample seating space as well. The general admission will be 50 cents and those holding season tickets are of course entitled to admission.

UP IN THE SKY.

Army Aviator Tells How It Seems Alone in the Air.

BY PHIL RADER.

(In San Francisco Bulletin.)
"Somewhere in the Sky!"
To those who have never known the sensation of riding in an airship, this is only a vague phrase. Even to those who have had the thrill of sailing on a sunny afternoon in a dependable biplane, this merely means an exhilarating experience. If the ride has been at night the aviator appreciates a little more what an awe-inspiring thing it is to be alone in the great black void, your fate hanging on the fidelity of a mechanism that can weaken in a hundred spots. Turn a calm, clear starry night into one with a mean fog, absolutely impervious to your brightest searchlights, and a treacherous wind carrying you where you know not. "Somewhere in the Sky" then takes on a new and dreadful meaning.

Hunt for Zeppels in Fog at Night.
But the loneliness, the helplessness, the hopelessness of his plight surges in on the sky-scout most acutely when he leaps from the earth in response to a Zeppelin alarm, dives into the dark and gropes for the hidden enemy, knowing full well that a meeting with the invader will mean a battle

Clear, Peachy Skin Awaits Anyone Who Drinks Hot Water

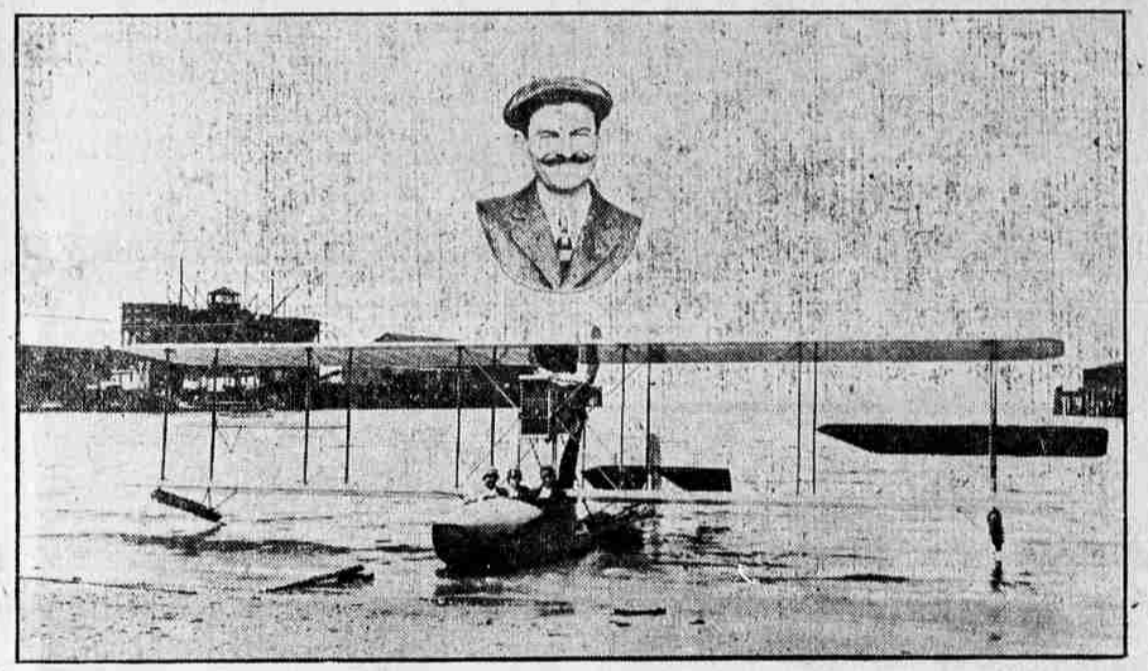
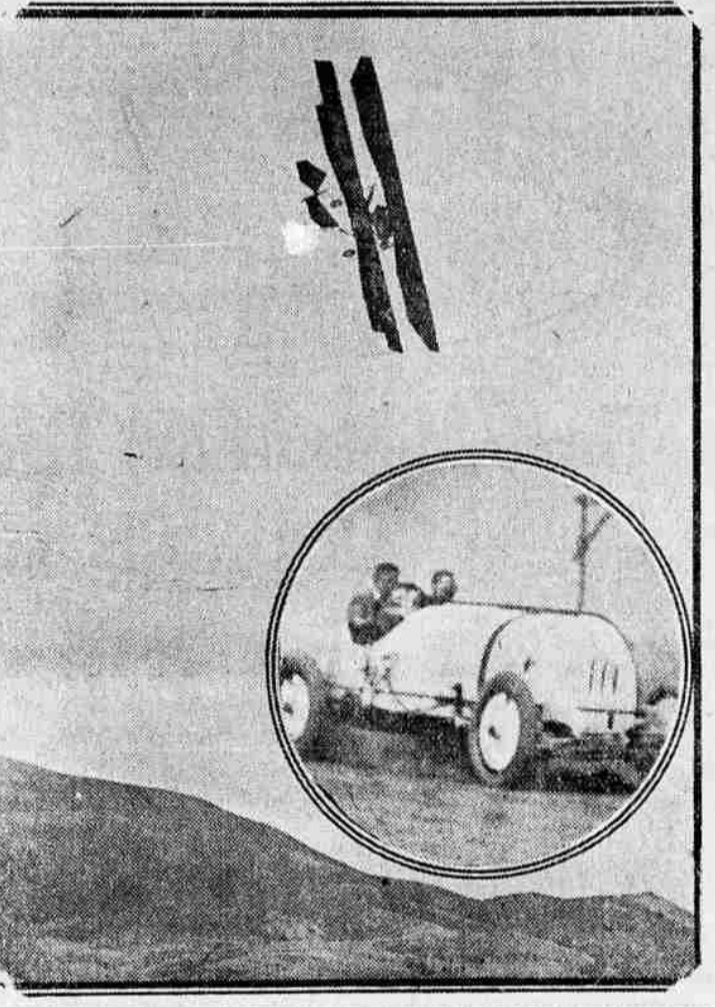
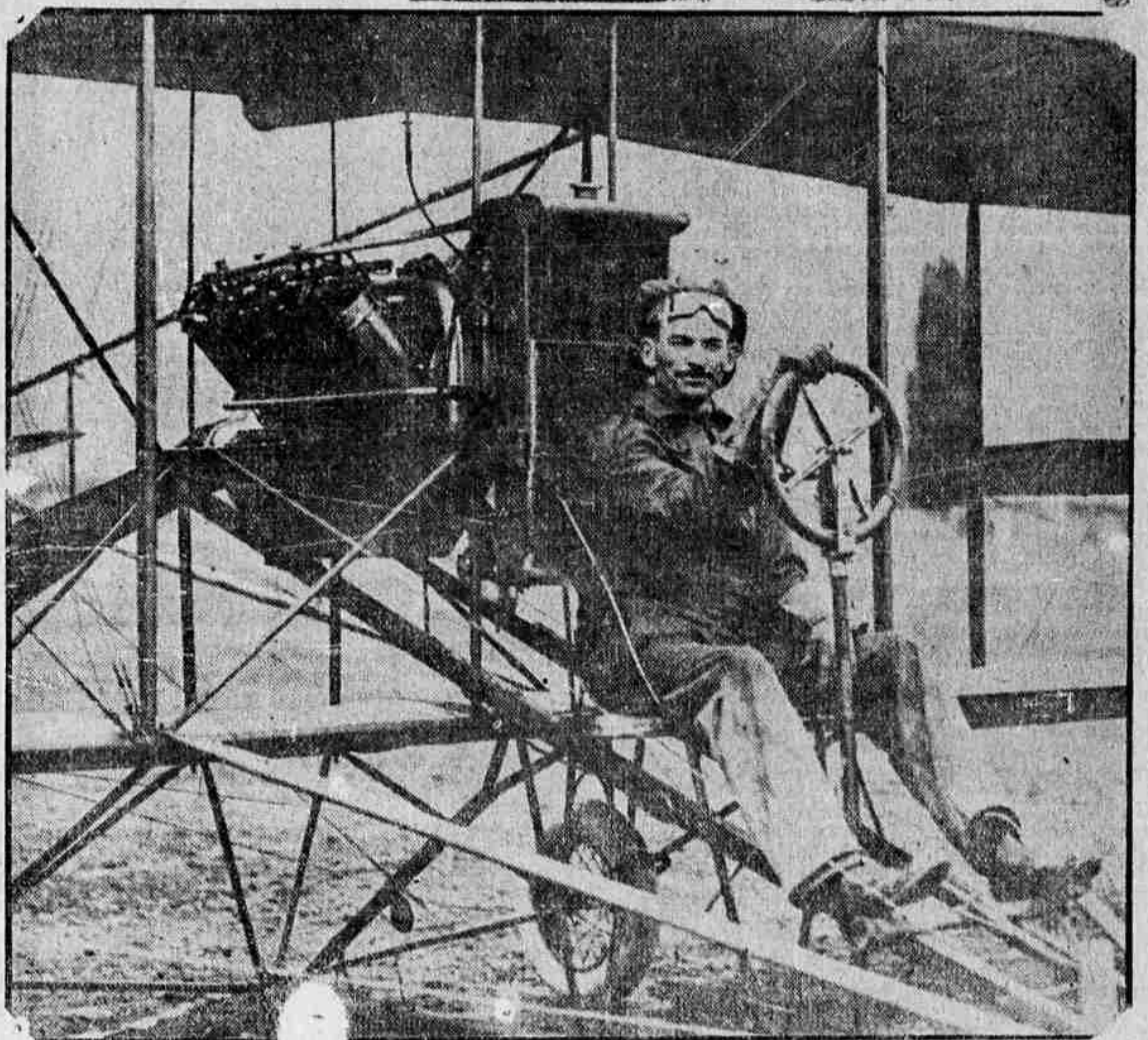
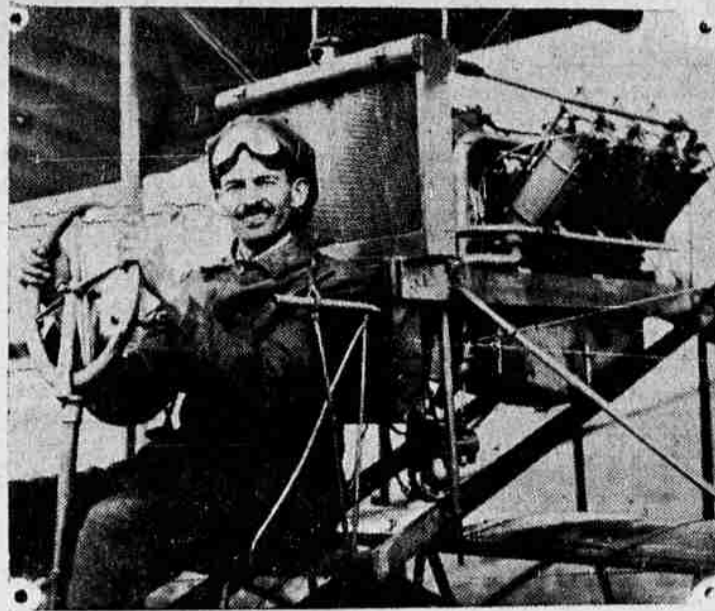
Says an inside bath, before breakfast helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Sparkling and vivacious—merry, bright, alert—a good, clear skin and a natural, rosy, healthy complexion are assured only by pure blood. If only every man and woman could be induced to adopt the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change would take place. Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls, with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking each morning, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds, and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance, awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.

PICTURES OF MR. MARONEY'S FEATS IN AIR OVER LAND AND SEA, AND VARIOUS VIEWS OF THE POPULAR FLIER HIMSELF WHO PERFORMS TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT SPEED'EM UP OVAL IN A RACE WITH A MOTORCYCLE.



with a slender chance that both combatants will escape unscathed.

Your sky-fighter carries a generous load of bombs, which will annihilate him if his machine suffers a collision in the air or makes too jarring a landing. He has a tank full of highly inflammable oil, which a chance bullet can transform into a flaming aerial hell. In England, thanks to the nervous anti-aircraft fighters below the aviators, there was the added horror of having to dodge bullets and shells from your own side.

Little wonder we of the Royal Flying Corps "lost our nerve" as we saw the fate of our comrades and knew that the day for us would come as relentlessly as it had for them.

And little wonder that when we made our ascents "somewhere into the sky," severed all relations for the time being with our fellows and cast ourselves adrift, prey to a score of deaths, our imaginations transformed every ordinary sound and sight into the shrieks and grimaces of fiends that waited to destroy us.

I did plenty of flying during the 15 months in which I was aviator with the Allies. As a matter of fact, I made exactly 2265 independent flights, some of long duration and great altitude, but I rarely left the ground and soared up aloft that I didn't experience the chill of being left absolutely alone, a speck in the universe, as god-forsaken a waif as any atom of humanity could possibly be.

As long as I live, I shall remember the first Zeppelin raid on London, in which I took a small part as one of the defending squadron. It was this night of January 31, when, out of 21 machines which were sent up to find the invading airships, only three landed safely. I was fortunate to be pilot of one of the three.

It was a night when the fog was so dense that it was utterly useless to make an ascent. We, at the aviation base, where I was stationed, could hardly see the length of our biplanes and we found that even the calcium "flares" we used to light the field so that we could pick out safe places to land were useless against this heavy mist.

London Did Not Know Conditions.
We received our orders by telephone from London, a matter of 20 or more miles away. Doubtless, the authorities there at the capital had little knowledge of flying conditions where we were, but military discipline prevented our remonstrating when the brusque order came over the wire:

hardly remark that I relished the task not a bit. It's bad enough to fly in the darkness and fog under peace conditions. But war adds a few refinements of the horrible that must be experienced to be appreciated.

I sailed up into the murk and instantly lost all sense of direction. I had been given the task of remaining in the air a definite period of time, and I never knew the seconds to creep in such a sluggish way. I tried to sing, but my voice seemed to collapse. I turned around in a startled way, thinking I was being followed. But it was only the ghostly tail of my own machine swinging behind me, just visible in the fog.

200 Pounds of Bombs.

I had plenty to think about. I was carrying 200 pounds of bombs in this 100-horse power army biplane of mine, and a half-pound pressure was all that was needed to explode the entire load. If I ran into something in the fog, that would be the end. If I made a landing too boisterously it would be the same story. I didn't dare to lower myself too close to earth, for I had no idea where I was, what hill or tower or other obstacle might suddenly loom out of the gray mist, giving me no time to maneuver my machine.

I'd have stayed up until my gasoline gave out. I really believe, rather than risk a landing on an unfavorable spot or under dangerous conditions. As it is, I consider it remarkable that, after I had been up, sailing helplessly around for two hours and fifteen minutes, of course seeing no Zeppelins, or anything else for that matter, the fog parted just long enough for me to see the lights of the naval aerodrome, and I lost no time in diving down to a safe landing.

18 Encounter Disaster.

Eighteen aviators in the Royal Flying Corps met with disaster on this fatal night. Four majors were killed, and several of the pilots met ghastly ends. One poor fellow, flying along just as blindly as I did, had the misfortune to hit a church in the fog. His load of bombs exploded. Not only was he killed, but 22 people, who happened to be in the house of worship at the time, lost their lives in the catastrophe.

After that blunder on the part of the central powers at London, they made a new and sensible rule governing aviation under unsatisfactory weather conditions, it being settled that an air-scout would not be required to make an ascent if the commanding officer at his station deemed it either unsafe or useless.

I don't want to appear to be criticizing my erstwhile superiors, but it

was apparent to all of us that fateful night that not the slightest good was being done in sending a lot of fliers up into a dense fog at night to do the impossible—find Zeppelins. All that was accomplished was to weaken the Flying Corps by an unnecessary waste of skilled aviators.

Was Immediately Released.
Hull, Eng., July 8.—A woman sent to the local prison for neglecting her children promptly gave birth to triplets. She was immediately released and the charge was withdrawn.

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