

SPORTING NEWS

NEW CROP OF GOLFERS LARGE

DOZEN OR SO AVE BEEN BITTEN BY BUG LATELY

Dr. Phyl Builds Private Course—News and Notes From Country Club

There is a considerable beginners' class suffering from the virus of the golf links just now. The tyro number a dozen or so, all of which please the officers of the La Grande Country club for they see promising material in the new ones, young and old.

A. T. Hill was severely bitten by the golf bug a week ago and he has a smooth path all of his own around the edges of the rough already. He is one of the beginners who has been getting his drives away to good direction. In company with "Dad" Crawford, who has tossed away his legal appointments of late to host to the call of the golf ball's ring, Mr. Hill went the rounds the other day, both doing them in 72, which is pretty good for starters. Both men got an awful kick out of the sport.

C. E. Short may be a little late with his daily reports to the J. C. Penney company hereafter, for he makes his maiden tee-off tomorrow.

R. L. Poarch, "Bill" Sawyer and Frank Lilly form a trio that is just starting out and when the supply of balls holds out, they make the course with a fair amount of success to themselves and a great deal of promise to the old timers who are watching them.

Doctor Johnson hasn't abandoned his molar ejectors entirely but is tempted to, since he was stung by the little bacteria called "golf fever." The doctor has found there is much to learn, and that any old time you pull the stuff about golf and old men being unacquainted are simply displaying an over-dose of ignorance about the subject.

Another beginner that has promise for the future is Merton Kiddie. The suburban sifter has a long wing that is standing him in hand and he is catching on rapidly.

Builds Private Course.
"Doc" W. T. Phyl, of Hot Lake, has become so enthusiastic about golf that he is building a three-hole course at the sanitarium for his own edification and that of his guests. That it will be a busy place goes without saying, and no doubt many local fans will be anxiously awaiting an invitation from the genial doctor at the lake to try out the new course.

Once in a while there is a fellow that fights off the temptation to fall in line on the golf question. J. D. Lynch, local fuel dealer, is one of them. He fought against the call for a time, and has so far fallen that he persistently walks the course as a non-playing companion to some of his friends, but as yet has refused to lay hold on the sticks. He will, soon, and then the coal and ice business down town will be sadly neglected.

Vocabulary Enlarged
C. H. Reynolds learned football and track long before Buddy and Shrimper were born, but he hasn't learned it all about golf yet. However, the great outdoor sport has done much in the way of improving his vocabulary, for he admits to himself that he learns new words every time he tops one off into the rough and kisses six bits goodbye.

Depot to Be Created.
Another example of how the Country Club directors are looking toward the comforts and convenience of the membership is seen in the announcement that within a day or two a plan will be announced whereby such members as do not have cars can get to the club through a new depot. It is proposed that a downtown depot be established whereat all who have cars will call on their way to the club and pick up anyone who may be waiting there to get a ride. In this way a carless member can get a ride most any time between 6 and 2 on a Sunday or holiday. Definite location of the depot will be announced shortly.

FAMOUS ATHLETE KILLED
Son of La Grande Printer of Recent Date Meets Unlucky End
The famous Brown of the Navy football team who was fudge a few years back, and who is the son of Wm. Brown, a printer who made his home in La Grande a few years ago, was killed this week in an airplane accident. He was flying over the mountains near his home when the plane crashed. The pilot was killed and the young man himself was severely injured. The pilot was a friend of the young man's and the young man was a member of the La Grande Country Club.

Big Leaguer Losing on Runs



CONNIE MACK WHO IS LOSING ON HOME RUNS

In one respect, at least, Fred Mires, veteran Cove player differs from Connie Mack. The latter team is second to New York Yankees in home runs but the Mackmen are in the cellar. All of which proves that Fred Mires and his proverbial "hunk em" theory which he has quarreled about and fought for until he has given up in disgust, is about the right dope. The outstanding fault with the La Grande team and all the rest of them, too, is that they aspire to attain home runs and neglect Fred Mires' one base clout and bunts. Watch Connie's team if you disagree.

Girl Equestrian Springs Surprise by Winning Many Honors

It seldom falls to the lot of a young lady with her early teens to capture about all there is to take in the way of equestrian honors at the Union Stock show, or any other exhibition of good riding. But such was the good fortune of Miss Alden Serogin, charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Serogin, with her mare, carriage and "know how" riding Roman Sciprius "Honey Boy" at the recent carnival of stock exhibit at Union. Miss Serogin is a pupil of her parents, having learned the art from them, for it is an art to ride well, and the hands she got at every appearance reminds one of the ovals placed out on the little Canadian lass who takes the Pacific International Stock show by storm every year. Miss Serogin's trophies are many and hard to get. First she won the Ladies three-act contest. Then she doubled with Allyn Hunter and took the high stakes in that class. On Friday she swept the field, winning from the winners of all classes. All this while she was riding Mr. Sciprius' splendid mount, a saddle that he brought here from Washington state. The winning of the stock show events is commendable from two angles, namely, that a young girl has so far mastered the art of horsemanship that she can win three first prizes and the further fact that mounts capable of showing off that rider's talents are being groomed here. There are many good saddlers in Union and many who know how to sit in the saddle which makes Miss Serogin's victory all the more worthy.

Young Ball Players Neglected and Game Suffers Accordingly

Old timers around La Grande who are either in the senior class or have graduated from the amateur baseball ranks, need to form a close corporation to develop young players. Interest in baseball is coming back to where it was 10 years ago, all over this neck of the woods, but there isn't a crop of new players coming up. What is seriously needed is a school for such players. One of the best things for the good of the sport that could happen would be for a few old timers to give a little attention to the vacant lot league. There are promising youngsters there whose latent talents are never made known, while on the other hand a little friendly coaching now and then from a group who would give their attention to such matters, would be the makings of future players. La Grande has two players on her club this year who are blooming out nicely, but two isn't enough. The purchase of the fair grounds for playground purposes is indeed one of

BOXING CAME INTO IT'S OWN

Boxing came into its own on July 4, 1919, when under the sanction of the United States government and a brother of the navy star. Followers of football will recall his gridiron victories. A dispatch from Nyssa, Oregon, in this regard, says: "Lieutenant Walter Vernon Brown of the marine flying corps, stationed at Quantico, Va., who fell to his death in the Potomac river near Colonial Beach, Va., Thursday, was a son of Wm. S. Brown, editor of the Gate City Journal, published here. Sergeant Bucky, Lieutenant Brown's assistant was severely injured. The following telegram received from the commander of the post gives details of the incident: "Deeply regret to inform you that your son, Sergeant Lieutenant Walter V. Brown, was instantly killed at 8:32 A. M. June 9, when machine called in during fog and dove into a tall spin 500 feet above Potomac river. He only fell from dock at Colonial Beach, Virginia. The body is being sent to Boise, Idaho, to his mother. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy. John A. LeJune, Major General, Quantico."

BALL CLUBS ON TOES SUNDAY

TOMORROW'S GAMES PROMISE KEEN ENJOYMENT

Cove Sitting Pretty, Easy For This Season—Veteran of Trenches Pitches Well.

Team	W	L	P. C.
Cove	7	1	.875
Elgin	4	1	.800
Union	6	2	.750
La Grande	5	3	.625
Baker	4	4	.500
Haines	4	4	.500
Fubler	2	7	.222
North Powder	1	8	.112

Where They Play Sunday.
Haines at Union, North Powder at Cove, Baker at Jumbler, La Grande at Elgin.
Tomorrow's setting for the intermountain league promises a great deal of keen sport. The season is so well along that it is pretty well established that Cove is going to take down the bunting unless it should be Elgin that crosses her path. But, in face of all there is a lively scramble all along the line—La Grande to get further up the ladder in the first division, and North Powder and Fubler in the fight against the cellar.

Just who will pitch tomorrow's game for La Grande is problematical. The home club has two good reliable men—McInnis and Robert. Robert worked last Sunday and proved that 25 months in the trenches with the Canadian Black Watch, or, as it was officially known, the 15th battalion, has completely divorced him from nervousness on a little athletic line like a bush league rubber. McInnis' stability is already established, so that there should be no further troubles with the pitching staff from now on.

Rabbit's Foot On Job.
Even Cove admits that her old-time friend, Lady Luck, is staying close on the job this year. Without intimating in the least but that Cove has a good team, it also remains a fact that she is a lucky club. Last Sunday she was licked slicker than a whistle in the ninth inning by Haines, which sprang a surprise with a new pitcher. A lucky hit, a momentary Haines blowup, and the game went into extra inning, terminating in a twelfth with a Cove victory. Cove

School Chief



Uncle Sam's new commissioner of education is John James Tigert of Kentucky. Tigert was professor of psychology at the University of Kentucky.

got a lacing from Union two weeks ago, but her luck was still on the job for it is reported that there was no watering on that game. Though a loser, Cove shekels remained in Cove.

Frank Crippen, O. A. C. speed artist, connected with a home run last Sunday. Spectators are of the opinion that it was a safe two jagger for an ordinary player, but they reckoned without Crippen's fleet feet. He had a runner on second when he flouted, and was scratching gravel near the home plate when the runner ahead, scored. As a hitter Crippen isn't a flut, but on the paths he's in a class by himself.

Coming back to Roberts. He inspires confidence with his own display of it. His peculiar throw has effect, and while his assortment is only normal, he does, like his colleague, McInnis use a lot of brain matter, with good results every time. His war history, topped off with seven or eight wound stripes is far beyond the ordinary overseas men, but that is another story of which baseball is not concerned. Mr. Roberts is in the employ of the city water department, and few who see him about his daily task recognize in him a man who faced all the horrors of the extra trenches for a period that is greater than that of the average mortal who went into the scrap before Americans did.

The Real Reason.
Mary Queen of Scots, one reliable historian now informs us, was an ardent golf player and we suppose the time came when they simply couldn't stand hearing her talk about it any longer.—Ohio State Journal.

Hey, Listen, Jack!

Hey, Listen, Jack! I know you're feelin' heavy. An' outin' wud, an' all that sort o' stuff. But this here fight won't be no pink tea party. This guy Dempsey is pretty tough! Don't let him fool you with his manners pleasant. He packs a heavy wallop, don't be slack or you may get a knockout for a present. Hey, Listen, Jack!

Come on, old kiddo, do a little trainin'! Sweat off that grease an' get yourself in trim. Or, when the fight is done you'll be explainin' "I guess I underestimated him!" Many a champ has had his head grow blurry. And found himself recumbent on his back because he didn't think he had to worry. Hey, Listen, Jack!

Hey, Listen, Jack! This fightin' in the movies. An' vodvillo don't give you any pep. Hey, Listen, Jack! What I am tryin' to prove is— You gotta work, you gotta watch your step. Condition counts, in fact I'd say it's vital. An' if you don't reduce that meat you pack, I'll lose my money an' you'll drop your title. Hey, Listen, Jack!



Nick Falls for Golf

Dempey was prevented from scoring in the first round only by a bell that did not work properly, for Before Record claimed afterwards that he had not heard the bell at all when the time keeper claimed to have sounded it, while he (the referee) was counting out Willard. Only in that way could the referee explain why he had counted out Willard in the first round. Only in that way could the referee explain his action in holding Dempey's hand in the air at the close of the first round, declaring him winner.

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