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HILL'S DEPT STORE

A Good Place to Trade

President Harding's Address At Top O' Blue Mountains

My Countrymen: As I stand here in the shadow of the great hills, my mind reverts to the placid banks of the broad Potomac. There, as here, to an American proud of his country and revering her traditions, there is much of patriotic interest, and between these rugged mountains and those fertile lowlands I find much in common. Living history records many indissoluble links, to one of which it seems fitting that I should direct your attention today.

Of the many rooms in the White House, which possess the peculiar charm of association with epochal happenings, the one most fascinating to me is that which formerly comprised the Cabinet room and the President's study. Through its high windows one's gaze is drawn irresistibly to the towering granite shaft whose very grandeur, exceeded by no other monument in the world, admirably symbolizes the matchless character of George Washington. The beautifully carved mahogany pedestals are those upon which fell the eyes of Andrew Jackson when spent from the troubled slumber which even to this day occasionally falls to the lot of an over-weary president. Sunken into the marble mantel piece is a bronze tablet recording the circumstances that it was in this room that Abraham Lincoln signed the great emancipation proclamation which struck the shackles of slavery from millions of human beings.

Yet another episode of hardly less importance in the building of our mighty Nation took place within these walls. Before my mind's eye as I stood in that historic chamber a few days ago appeared the vivid picture. I beheld seated at his desk, immaculately attired, the embodiment of dignity and courtliness, John Tyler, tenth president of the United States. Facing him, from a chair constructed for a massive frame, his powerful spirit gleaming through his cavernous eyes, was the lion-visaged Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

The door opened and there appeared before the amazed statesmen a strange and astonishing figure. It was that of a man of medium height and stately build, deep chested, broad shoulders, yet lithe in movement and soft of step. He was clad in a course fur coat, buckskin breeches, fur leggings, and bear moccasins, looking much the worse for wear. But it was the countenance of the visitor, as he stood for an instant in the doorway, that riveted the perception of the two chiefs of State. It was that of a religious enthusiast, tenaciously earnest yet revealing no suggestion of fanaticism, bronzed from exposure to pitiless elements and seamed with deep lines of physical suffering, a rare combination of determination and gentleness—obviously a man of God, but no less a man among men.

Such was Marcus Whitman, the pioneer missionary hero of the vast, unsettled, unexplored Oregon country, who had come out of the West to plead that the State should acquire for civilization the empire that the churches were gaining for Christianity.

Many of the exploits of America's resolute sons are recounted in prose and verse. How often in our youth, and even in later years, have we been thrilled by the story of how "on through the night rode Paul Revere, through every Middlesex village and farm" to call the Minute Men to embattle at Lexington and fire "the shot heard 'round the world!" How many times we have skaddered at the impending fate of the Shenandoah Valley with "Sheridan twenty miles away!" I loved the martial notes of those stirring verses as a boy. I love them still.

But, when I stood in that historic room in the White House and my imagination depicted the simple scene I could not but feel that the magnificence of Marcus Whitman's glorious deed has yet to find adequate recognition in any form. Here was a man who, with a single companion, in the dead of winter, struggled through pathless drifts and blinding

storms, four thousand miles, with the sole aim to serve his country and his God. Eighty years and eight months ago he was pushing grimly and painfully through this very pass on his way from Walla Walla to Fort Hall, hence, abandoning the established northern route as impassable, off to the South through unknown, untrodden lands, past the Great Salt Lake, to Santa Fe, then hurriedly on to St. Louis and finally, after a few days, again on the home-stretch to his destination, taking as many months as it now takes days to go from Walla Walla to Washington.

It was more than a desperate and perilous trip that Marcus Whitman undertook. It was a race against time. Public opinion was rapidly crystallizing into a judgment that the Oregon country was not worth claiming, much less worth fighting for; that, even though it could be acquired against the insistence of Great Britain, it would prove to be a liability rather than an asset.

It is with sheer amazement that we now read the declarations of the leading men of that period. So good an American, so sturdy a frontiersman, so willing a fighter, as General Jackson, shook his head ominously in fear lest the national domain should go too far outspread, and warned the country that its safety "lay in a compact government." Senator McDuffie, of South Carolina, declared he "would not give a pinch

of snuff for the whole territory," and expressed the wish that the Rocky Mountains were "an impassable barrier." Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, said that, with very limited exceptions, "the whole country was as irreclaimable and barren as the Sahara desert," and that malaria had carried away most of its native population." Even so far-seeing and staunch an advocate of western interests as Thomas Benton protested that the ridge of the Rockies should be made our western boundary, and avowed that "on the highest peak the statue of the fabled God, Terminus, should be erected, never to be thrown down."

Webster, although not definitely antagonistic, was uninterested and lukewarm. Years before he had proclaimed Oregon "a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men," and he was not one who changed opinions readily. But neither was Whitman one easily dismayed. Encouraged by the manifest friendliness of President Tyler, he portrayed with vivid eloquence the salubrity of the climate, the fertility

of the soil, the magnitude of the forests, the evidences of ore in the mountains, and the splendor of the wide valleys drained by the great rivers. And he did not hesitate to speak plainly, as one who knew, even like the prophet Daniel.

"Mr. Secretary," he declared, "you would better give all New England for the cod and mackerel fisheries of Newfoundland than to barter away Oregon."

Then, turning to the President in conclusion, he added quietly but beseechingly:

"All I ask is that you will not barter away Oregon or allow English interference until I can lead a band of stalwart American settlers across the plains. For this I shall try to do."

The manly appeal was irresistible. He sought only the privilege of proving his faith. The just and considerate Tyler could not refuse.

"Doctor Whitman," he rejoined sympathetically, "your long ride and frozen limbs testify to your courage and your patriotism. Your credentials establish your character. Your request is granted."

Whitman's strategy was true statesmanship. Substantial occupation would make good the claim of the United States and that was what he had initiated during his few days in St. Louis. A few months later he had completed an organization of eager souls and led the first movement by wagon train across plains and mountains along this unblazed trail.

What a sight that caravan must have appeared to the roaming savages! And what an experience for the intrepid pioneers!

More than two hundred wagons, bearing well-nigh a thousand emigrants, made up the party. They traveled by substantial, heavy stage route that Whitman had taken when he first went out to Oregon; from a rendezvous near what is now Kansas City they moved due northwest across northeast Kansas and southeast Nebraska to the Platte river; followed the Platte to the middle of what is now Wyoming; thence crossing the mountains by way of the Sweetwater Valley and the South Platte; and from Fort Hall, following the well-known route, roughly paralleling the Snake river, into Oregon. The difficulties of the trip, in-

volving beside the two hundred wagons, the care of women and children and of considerable herds of livestock, were such that its successful accomplishment seems almost miraculous.

But stern determination triumphed and the result was conclusive. Americans had settled the country; he country belonged to them because they had taken it; and in the end the boundary settlement was made on the line of the forty-ninth parallel, your great Northwest was saved, and a veritable Empire was merged in the young Republic.

Never in the history of the world (continued on Page Four)

One Dollar Saved Represents Ten Dollars Earned.

The average man does not save to exceed ten per cent of his earnings. He must spend nine dollars in living expenses for every dollar saved. That being the case he can not be too careful about unnecessary expenses. Very often a few cents properly invested, like buying seeds for his garden, will save several dollars outlay later on. It is the same in buying

Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. It costs but a few cents, and a bottle of it in the house often saves a doctor's bill of several dollars.—Adv.

Let HEACOCK of Enterprise, Oregon, install your Radiophone, and it will work right. 2-7-22

Correct this sentence: "Thank you, said the small boy; 'they are rather green and I am afraid green apples wouldn't be good for me.'"

An Observer Want Ad will sell it.



"It may be comedy for you but it's tragedy for me."

So said a young man to us with a painful smile. His heart was in those words. His story was common; his opportunity had come and found him with only five dollars cash. It required less than five hundred.

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