



AUTOMOBILE NEWS



WON EVERY RACE WITH 'SPEEDERS'

Chrysler Phaeton a Real Asset to Traffic Officers California Cop Says

Travelling between San Francisco and San Diego in the interest of a local stage company is a Chrysler "76" phaeton that has upward of 60,000 miles on its speedometer, more than twice as much mileage as would be piled up encircling the globe.

Its owner is Ray Oida, who travels for the stage company now, but most of the mileage was registered chasing speeders in Ventura county, down Los Angeles way for Oida was formerly a state speed officer.

About a year ago Chrysler representatives sent out letters to a large number of California police who had bought Chrysler cars for use in their traffic duties and asked how their cars were performing. Oida did not reply at the time, but the other day he dropped in to see a Chrysler distributor to give his answer to the query.

Lost No Speeders
"You tell 'em for me," he said, "that there never was another automobile like it. You can say I chased speeders for the better part of two years in that car and never lost one of them."
"A lot of this speed work was at night, and that meant I sat by the roadside with lights out and a cold motor until some crazy galoot came tearing down the highway. Then I'd have to jump that Chrysler into action all at once, race it at top speed for maybe twelve miles to overtake somebody who was travelling at perhaps 60 miles an hour when he passed me."
"I've had that car clocked at 78 miles an hour, and I've blown a front tire on a fifteen-foot road travelling 65 miles an hour without even leaving the pavement. But I got 'em all."

"SHOOTING" FALLS BANNED
NIAGARA FALLS—City officials here now refuse permits for the old time favorite sport of "shooting" the falls in a barrel.

America is a country where a picture taken in Massachusetts at 10 a. m. is printed in the California papers at 8 the same morning.

PROTECTING THE FORESTS



PHOTO BY WESTERN AUTO SUPPLY CO.

FIRE
DON'T
TURN HIM LOOSE
ON THE NATIONAL FORESTS

Big Boss of Anti-Saloon League Sitting on Top of New Dry World

By Rodney Dutcher

WASHINGTON, Apr. 27. (NEA Service)—This is a story about how a man who is sitting on top of this new dry world lives. Even the most ardent wets will admit that Wayne B. Wheeler is sitting on top of the world. In fact, it is doubtful if any unofficial personage in history ever wielded as much power in government affairs as the big boss of the Anti-Saloon League.

Calling at his home, I found that he has bought a cooperative apartment, paying one-fifth down and so much a month. Mr. Wheeler recommends the cooperative plan.

This particular apartment house fronts one of the most beautiful sections of the wild and woolly Rock Creek park, where Senator Borah and others ride horseback in the morning.

Staking Up the Liver
Mr. Wheeler himself rather favors the mechanical type of horse such as is ridden by President Coolidge, but he contents himself

with a health machine in which one places a belt around himself, turns on the juice and out comes Gilda Gray herself as the machine shakes him up, down and around. "It shakes the liver out of you," explains Mr. Wheeler.

Finding Mr. Wheeler in his accustomed seat on top of the world, we found him most affable, too, despite a handshake that reminds one of cold stewed egg-plant. Handshake and all, Mr. Wheeler knows how and when to dictate, and recently when he formed the appointment of Roy A. Haynes as prohibition commissioner, he made his seat on top of the world a bit more comfy.

Bedroom His Office
Mr. Wheeler's twin-bed bedroom serves as his bedroom, office and gymnasium. It is here that he does much of his work. A roll-top desk is in one corner opposite the health machine. One of the twin beds has been occupied and, this being early in the morning, is unmade.

Opened mail is strewn upon it and square in the center is a contrivance similar to the back of a steamer chair which indicates that Mr. Wheeler has perused his mail and perhaps even breakfasted in bed. It all looks very comfortable and so untidy that one's heart warms toward Mr. Wheeler.

On the walls are pictures of personable young men and women who, one realizes instinctively, never indulged in cocktails or cigarettes. There is a "Golden Rule Calendar" and a colored picture of Easter lilies slipped from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Wheeler sprawled himself out on the untidy twin bed and looked comfortable. His shirt, with its starched and pleated bosom, was now covered by a vest. Mr. Wheeler's appearance is not impressive. He is slender, of medium height and would pass for a bookkeeper or look perfectly at home in a greener's apron.

The wet New York World has a photograph of Mr. Wheeler which looks like a composite of Beethoven, Leon Trotsky and Long Cheney and it delights to print this picture as often as possible, but Wheeler really looks much more innocent than that. There is an ease and assurance of manner and speech which belie his harmless appearance, however. He can snap out on the instant an answer to any new "wet" argument that comes his way. Mr. Wheeler has made himself a great man.

"What's all this hoosh about Haynes?" asked your correspondent.

"The wets are universally against Haynes," replied Mr. Wheeler. "Is that why you're so strong for Haynes?"

So He's For Him
"That's one reason," replied Mr. Wheeler, smiling. "The newspapers that slam Haynes' record are all wet. They don't want a dry who does his job in earnest." "Hasn't Andrews done a better job than Haynes did?"

"I don't care to go into that," Mr. Wheeler suggested, "but the records were open to anyone."

Why didn't Mr. Wheeler take the prohibition commissioner's job? The real answer is that Mr. Wheeler is too blundering, but he relied that he had long since answered that question to the effect that he felt he could do more good for the cause in his present position, and that league officials made it a policy not to enter government service.

About These Debates
"What good are these debates between Butler and Borah and you and Darrow going to do?"

"These debates only give us a chance to answer a lot of the wet bunk distributed by men like Butler and Darrow."

Mr. Wheeler said, further: "Effort is now being made to make it appear that prohibition enforcement will collapse. There is no reason for this unless federal officers fail to do their duty and state officers go to sleep. If we use the injunction section with

out juries we can try 'em quicker and more effectively and if the judges will all use the injunction section we'll soon have 'em spitting cotton."

"Prohibition is better enforced than in the early days and will be still better enforced. We will be just as aggressive as long as the wets put up a fight. Wherever prohibition is repealed, brewery and distiller stocks go up like skyrocket. That's why they keep up the fight to destroy prohibition. The people of this country are dry."

Mr. Wheeler beamed. Almost everything he had said revealed realization of his perch on top of the world.

Less meat per person was eaten last year than in any year since 1921, the growing public interest in diet being largely responsible.

STARKEY PERSONALS

STARKEY (Special)—Fred Briggs, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Briggs, who underwent an appendicectomy operation at the Grande Ronde hospital, is reported to be improving rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chandler, of La Grande, visited at the home of Mrs. Chandler's parents, Mr.

and Mrs. G. F. Hagey, Sunday. R. L. Sullivan and Jack Starkey have returned from a trip to Pendleton after horses. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Thomas were La Grande visitors the first of the week.

H. H. Briggs and son, Willie, made a business trip to La Grande last week.

EAGLE FIGHTS HOUND

CAMBRIDGE—A fight between an eagle and a hound has given the countryside here something to talk

about for weeks. Jean Deminal, a gardener at Cambridge, a village near here, shot an eagle over his chicken run and his dog dashed forward to retrieve it when it fell. The eagle, however, only had a wing broken and defended himself vigorously. The faithful hound was getting the worst of it when his master ran up and finished the bird with another shot.

Bachelors constitute 76 per cent of the male population of England.

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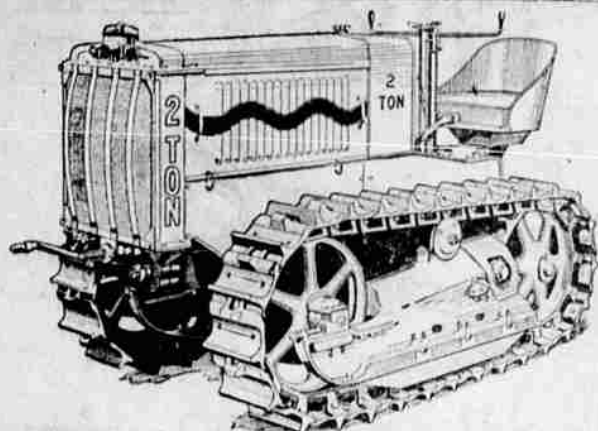
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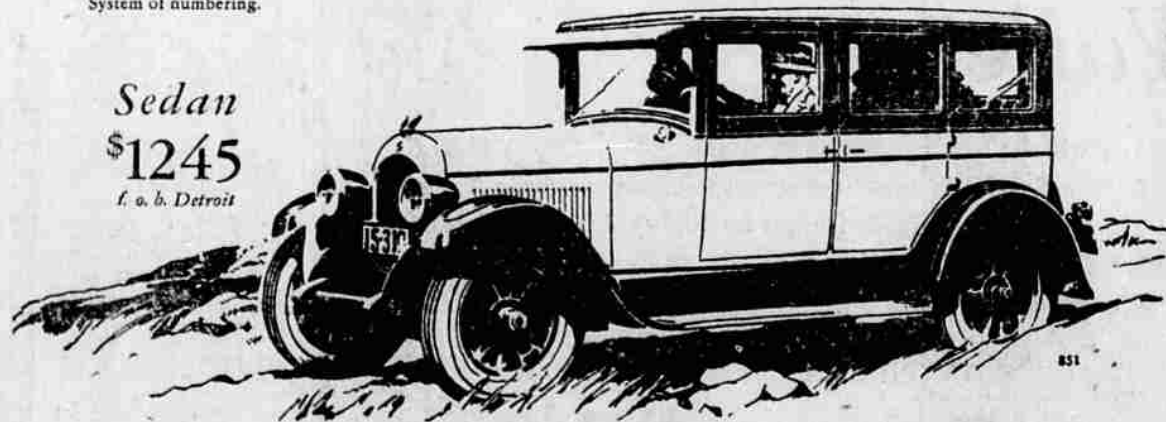
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