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A SOLEMN PLEDGE—I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people; and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations. Psalm 108:3.

The trouble with peace pacts is that they're usually merely companionate

MEMORIAL DAY

Time has a way of healing things and making sharp outlines less harsh.

The slopes of cemetery ridge, outside the town of Gettysburg, are grass-grown and peaceful. Vicksburg is surrounded by a smiling, green parkway. The woods of Virginia's wilderness are as quiet as they were before the white man came, and there are no ruined farmhouses or burned barns between Atlanta and the sea. The Civil War has slipped far back into the past.

But today, as on every 30th of May, we call it back again; heroic, romantic memory. We do this, we say, in order to pay homage to the men who fought. With it we conjure up scenes from other wars; names like El Caney, Santiago and Manila Bay, somewhat overshadowed of recent years by such words as Cantigny, Belleau Wood and Montfaucon.

Yet our reverence to these things seems to be rather a surface matter. We watch the parades and listen to the bands and the orators today; but tomorrow we put it all away and resume the daily routine. Memorial Day stands out to most of us, it is to be suspected, more as a day on which we do not have to work than as a solemn time of remembrance and consecration.

We need to recapture the solemnity of the original Decoration Day. Perhaps we could do it by bringing back in all their ghastly horror the war scenes that we talk about so glibly today. We speak of Gettysburg, for instance, and our minds picture the splendid pageant of Pickett's charge; but a man who fought at Gettysburg could give us a different picture. He could show us men disembowelled, torn asunder, trampled underfoot, run through with bayonets, smashed to bleeding fragments in that "splendid pageant;" and if we could see the picture as he sees it we might put more spirit into our observance of the day.

For the day's real significance lies in the fact that a great many thousands of men have given up their lives for the sake of that red, white and blue symbol that heads today's parades. They surrendered their youth, their hopes, their dreams, to die before their time; and they did it for a great ideal. All of the horror, all of the agony, of those battles are part of the price that was paid for the country we have today. Blood and tears and sorrow and pain helped buy the peace and prosperity of Decoration Day, 1928.

What should we do, then? Chiefly, we could make our patriotism a little deeper and broader. We could do it by remembering the sacrifices that this day commemorates; by reminding ourselves that our heritage, as Americans, was dearly bought. The freedom and happiness we have today did not come by chance. They cost a great price. We must maintain them. We must be worthy of them.—N. E. A.



MEMORIAL DAY

1776 - 1812 - 1845
1861 - 1898 - 1917

One Flag--
One Country

W. K. GILBERT CO.

ABE MARTIN



The average married woman has so much leisure that there's nothing else for her to do but repent, unless she likes to play cards. It's about time nature was "profitin'" by a few of her mistakes, for rhubarb nearly allus follows too close on th' heels o' all th' vicissitudes o' winter.

200 Students Of Yale Attempt To Rescue Comrades

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 30 (AP)—Two hundred Yale students hurling bricks, old eggs and fruit, stormed police headquarters early today in an effort to rescue six of their comrades who had been arrested, but they were unable to break through the ranks of 50 policemen massed before the entrance.

Bricks were thrown through the windows of the offices of the chief of police in one of the worst student riots known in this city.

More than 500 students participated in the two-hour riot. Police Captain James J. White called in reserves from the outlying districts to whom he issued the order: "Send them to bed, or to the hospital or bring them here."

The students arrested were: George B. Tweedy, son of Professor H. H. Tweedy of the Yale divinity school; Herbert Stanley Connell, N. Y.; Daniel T. Moore, New Haven; Daniel Goth, Middletown, Conn.; Hiram B. Williams of New York City and Hamilton Allen, Osnoda, N. Y.

The trouble started when a sewer machine, working in the street, disturbed the slumber of the students. Some one hurled a bottle which crashed against the machine and the next minute students from nearly every window laid down a barrage of glassware. A riot for the campus then started and soon 500 men lined the streets.

A firing squad was sent from police headquarters and Dean Clarence Mendell appeared in an attempt to pacify the riot leaders and send them to their rooms. As a street car passed some one pulled the trolley pole from the wire, a patrolman grabbed a student and started him towards headquarters and the riot was on.

The students were finally herded through the campus gates which were then locked. A detail of 20 policemen patrolled the streets adjacent to the campus for several hours but no attempts to renew the riot were made.

PODSDAM—Gold diggers are on the city beach near here. Every year shortly before the season opens, hundreds of youths spade up the sand, hunting rings, coins and trinkets lost or washed ashore since the year before.

The BIVOUCAC of the DEAD



The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their natural shroud;
And piteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
And free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannon-ade,
The din and shout, are past;
No war's wild note, not glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and saluted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell,
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That glids your glorious tomb.
—THEODORE O'HARA.

Ten Years After Belleau Wood, Second Division Rallies Again

ST. LOUIS, May 30 (AP)—Men who piled into French trucks ten years ago tonight and went rumbuling up the Paris road to stop the Germans at Belleau Wood were moving on St. Louis today.

By daybreak tomorrow the Star and Indian Head insignia of the Second Division will be flying over St. Louis, while the former doughboys and legions in that world war outfit will be started on their tenth annual reunion festivities.

Led by Colonel Sanford McNider, president of the Second Division Association, a half dozen generals, a hundred or so colonels and majors and several thousand "top jaws," "second looks," corporals and privates will be present or accounted for when the operation gets under way.

Much can be obliterated from memory in ten years, but it is doubtful if any of these will have forgotten that daybreak a decade ago when the long convoy chugged out of the rest area near Chaumont-Vexin with themselves aboard.

Few but the officers who had been the orators whether they were headed, vague reports of the German success at Chemin-des-Dames had been heard, but the officers and men did not comprehend the gravity of the situation. For the second time in four years the German high command was throwing its gray clad troops toward Paris, and all the allied strength had been unable to stop them.

The Second division started out in gay fashion. The men cheered, sang and yelled. Then the convoy came closer to the front. They passed a long line of refugees and the singing and cheering stopped. The spectacle of those thousands of terrified people, fleeing desperately from their homes, gave the men their first profound understanding of the horrors of war. At Meaux the confusion was ter-

rible. The city was choked with refugees, wounded men, troops and trains of every description.

North of Meaux the troops were debussed. The Ninth Infantry started immediately on a forced march to the line and the other regiments bivouacked for the night. German bombing planes made frequent visits over the camp and there was little sleep. At daybreak June 1, the Infantry and marine regiments marched towards Montreuil-aux-Lions, reaching positions in the rear of the line through "Bonneuil Vaux, Boursches and Belleau Woods" that night, with nothing but a thin line of heroic French soldiers between them and the enemy.

On June 1 the infantry began to block the Paris highway, and the next day all the infantry of the division was in line, with the Ninth on the right and the Marine brigade in the center. The Third Infantry, one battalion of Marines and the Fifth machine gun battalion had been thrown along the line through Vautilly, Fremont and Coulombs to reestablish liaison between two French corps which were resisting the Germans at this point.

Scattered French units still were holding the line. They had been engaged for six days, with little food and no rest. On the nights of June 2-4 they were relieved and passed through the American lines.

On June 4 the Second Division was holding a 12-kilometer front with no reserves between it and the Marne. It had crushed one enemy attack near Vautilly.

The first of a series of small but difficult advances began June 6. From then until June 25 the fighting, particularly in the front of the Marine brigade, was of the most desperate character. Division after division was thrown into the line by the German command in an effort to shatter the American lines between Vaux and Terehy. The

Marines ground their way slowly out steadily through the Bois-de-Belleau and on June 25, in a final brilliant dash, killed or captured the last Germans in the region. In recognition of the Marines' heroic work the French changed the name of the woods to Bois de la Brigade Marine.

AMERICAN PERFUMES ABROAD

CAIRO (AP)—If the Sphinx could speak, it might tell of the increasing popularity of American perfumes in Egypt. French toilet-eries still command most sales, due to low prices, but there is a growing demand for American products, imports of which have doubled since 1922. The market still is almost entirely urban, since people in villages and rural districts have little use for such luxuries.

SEA-GOING GARAGES

BOYONNE, N. J. (AP)—Floating service stations, carrying trained mechanics, parts, supplies and other necessities will cruise eastern waters during the coming yachting season to bring factory facilities right to the gunwales of motor craft manufactured by a large Boyonno company. Boat owners having difficulties simply notify the factory and the nearest service boat is instructed to answer the call.

FORM MARBLE CONSORTIUM

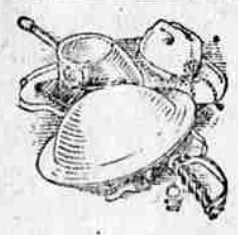
LEGHORN (AP)—A consortium has been formed under government control by marble producers of Carrara and Pietrasanta, Italy. Producers of rough and sawn marble in the two districts are obliged to transact all business through the consortium, which guarantees to buyers the source and quality, makes all deliveries and collects accounts. Artistic work in Carrara marble are exempt from consortium rulings.



To Memorial Day And Its Heroes

IT'S for only a day that we all pause from the hurry of business to pay homage to those who made the great sacrifice for this country. But in our hearts we cherish, year in and year out, these heroes both with us and absent. They shall never be forgotten.

N. K. West & Co., Inc.
"The Man's Store"



Memorial Day 1928

This bank will be closed all day in honor of those who laid down their trophies of war that we might enjoy the peace and prosperity which we now have.

La Grande National Bank



We Close Today
In Memory of Those To Whom
This Day Is Dedicated.
NORTON'S KIDDY SHOP

Light occupations: Clipping the coupons on marriage bonds.

Look Over Our Want Ads for Bargains