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Sport Slants

by ALAN J. GOULD

Whether it's home runs, ten shots or the stomach-ache, Babe Ruth can always be counted upon to produce something extraordinary and in a big way.

The Babe wants \$35,000 a year for three years and shows some inclination to insist upon it with appropriate Ruthian restlessness. Colonel Ruppert is willing to pay his star a presidential stipend of \$75,000 for a two-year term in office.

In either case the Babe gets a raise, for when bigger and better salaries are paid in the major leagues Ruth will get them. Whatsoever the merits of the present financial dispute, Ruth always has been worth whatever the Yankees paid him. In less than a decade, the Ruthian pay check mounted from \$10,000 to \$70,000, a mere 700 per cent increase, but the Yankees have paid better and better dividends regularly.

His last three-year contract, calling for a total of \$210,000, was considered a wild risk—for that Yankee. It was signed on or about the eleventh floor of the Ruppert brewery and there was some disposition among the boys to believe that "Colonel Jake" had become a trifle balmy under the

influence of his surroundings. At the close of that year—1927—the same boys crowded around to congratulate the Colonel on his remarkably astute judgment after the Babe had proceeded to about 60 home runs and smacked his own major league record.

About this time eight years ago, Ruth apparently had hit the chutes after a disastrous season and a lot of platoon business among the bright and dim lights of Broadway. The big fellow sat at a dinner table one night and listened to the famous appeal of Jimmy Walker to get hold of himself, turn over a new leaf and make good for the "dirty-faced kids" who considered him an idol.

"I'm going to quit this stuff and get down to business and that goes," repeated Ruth, with a sincere show of emotion. He did not expect for the famous stomach-ache of 1925 and the "flu" of 1922, the Babe has missed few games.

A year ago the Babe said to me: "Say, I feel more like a kid than ever. I'm not getting any younger but I will be only 35 next month and I've got a lot of baseball left. I still think I will be in there when I am 40, taking a cut at 'em." Ruth will be "only 36" this February, an age when, according to the Bill Tilden, no champion should be showing up unless he has yielded to "mental pressure" or lost the "will to win."

Ruth never has been troubled by mental pressure. His underpinning no longer carries him over the territory in right field as rapidly as before but his spirit, the "will to win" or whatever other fancy name you give to the "competitive urge," is still there. Ruth would rather forfeit any raise in pay than miss the opening game but he will not be called upon to make this magnificent sacrifice.

The answer to what ex-Bunion Derby competitors do in the winter-time has been obtained after considerable research. Oil Warden of New York, the 27-pound Finnish runner, and Phil Granville, the Canadian walker, each of whom figured in the cross-country Pete joints, have entered the Snowshoe Derby to be run shortly from Quebec to Montreal. What time the nearest thing to a Slager might that has come out

of Finland, was a cross-country champion before he came to America to take up distance running. He covered 2000 miles in the first Bunion Derby. He paired later with Joe Hay to beat a team of horses in a six-day race at Philadelphia. Oil and Joe covered 735 miles, running alternately, and had the quadriceps dizzy.

Montana Downs Cougar Tossers With Ease, 54-24

MICROTELA, Mont., Jan. 21 (AP)—Montana's baseball quintet defeated Washington State college, leaders of the northern division in the Pacific coast conference race, 54 to 24 here last night. The Montanans shot brilliantly to lead the Cougars 20 to 12 at the half period.

DUDLEY AHEAD AS CLOSE OF OPENING DAY

AGUA CALIENTE, Lower California, Mexico, Jan. 21 (AP)—Dudley, Wilkeson, Del., professional today looked to the second round of the Agua Caliente \$25,000 open tournament with an array of 107 other chosen golfers trailing at his heels, the \$10,000 first prize money their objective.

The stern knowledge that only approximately half of their number will be eligible to continue in the quest for twenty money prizes which range from the "ten grand" on down to \$200 confronted the field as it prepared to swing through the second 18 holes over the stubborn course.

Those fifty starters and they will journey on through the concluding 36 holes with the concluding eighteen on Thursday. Dudley was the only one of the 115 starters who could equal par on the tedious course. He shot a 71 to lead Macdonald Smith, Long Island, N. Y., by a stroke. With-in two shots of his mark were Harold Long, Denver, and Al Watrous, Detroit.

NIGHT FIGHTS

By The Associated Press
New York—Tommy Grogan, Omaha, Neb., outpointed Billy McCoy, New York, (10); Joe Harrison, Garfield, N. J., stopped Billy Deane, Germany, (3); Philadelphia—Lew Massey, Philadelphia, outpointed Battling Battalino, (10); Young Terry, Trenton, N. J., stopped Stuffy McInnes, Scotland, (5); Cleveland—Johnny Black, Cleveland, outpointed Ricardo Hernandez, Italy, (10); Paul Picerno, Cleveland, and Tom Brennan, Erie, Pa., drew, (10); Rochester, N. Y.—Tommy Paul, Buffalo, knocked out Eddie O'Dowd, Columbus, O., (1); St. Louis, Mo.—Jack McCann, Minneapolis, outpointed Louis Zach, Sioux City, (10); Hillsburg, N. J.—Jimmy Irbit, Hillsburg, knocked out Ted Ihoner, (4); Miami, Fla.—Harry Forbes, Chicago, outpointed Jimmy Watts, Atlanta, (10); Young Montreal, Providence, R. I., refused to fight Watts.

DID YOU KNOW THAT

Heinie Mueller, the man who once built a better chicken coop than any other man could build, but had to tear the coop apart to get it out of his cellar, wonders why some major league club hasn't brought him back to the big show for 1930. Heinie hit .385 for Buffalo last year, after the Braves had cut him adrift. He's just as soon play with the St. Louis Browns this year. The breach between Rogers Hornsby and Branch Rickey seems to have been completely healed. In 1926 they were bitter enemies. One day last summer Hornsby was sneaking Rickey's box in the St. Louis park and he looked up and said, "Hello, there, Branch." And Rickey was so taken aback that he invited Hornsby up to his office for a visit sometime. The Rajah came. It was on Hornsby's recommendation that Rickey gave Mickey O'Neill, the catcher, another shot at the big show this year.

FIGHTERS OF OLD SPEARS' POLICY TOUGHER HE SAYS GIVEN BY HALL

Joe Walcott, One of Greatest of Ring Men, Now Polishes Pictures.
Every Player Starts From Scratch Each Year Under New Oregon Coach

News: As a partial answer to the question—what are the conspicuous figures in sports of other days doing now—The Associated Press presents the following feature on Joe Walcott, one of the few championship survivors of boxing's mauve decade.

By Edward J. Neil (Associated Press Sports Writer)
NEW YORK, Jan. 21 (AP)—Madison Square Garden is a dim glow place in the afternoon, full of shadows that blot the outlines of the battle ring and the end-like rows of empty seats (into banks of dark). Footsteps echo loudly, folks usually talk in whispers in the amphitheater that by night glaze with light and rocks to the roars of fight crazed multitudes.

There are dim figures, too, in the corridors, mostly twisted old fellows with mops and pails of scrub washing floors for a meagre hourly wage. There are others dusting the walls, wiping the glasses in huge pictures that show the likenesses of the late Tex Rickard, John L. Sullivan, Demary, Fitzsimmons, Carbett, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans and hosts of almost forgotten warriors of the ring.

Only one of the chairmen hurms to himself, whistles occasionally, chuckles at his work. He's a short, chunky, happy negro with arms that stretch down to his knees. His shoes are almost without form, his trousers baggy, misshapen. A grey checkered coat sweater, fitting his arms all right, stretches down to his knees in incongruous fashion. Diligently he wipes pictures and woodwork with a dirty cloth, a sharpless cap on the back of his black head, a grin on his wide, flat features.

One of the Greatest
Yet this happy, harmless negro, 55 years old and glad of the chance to work at menial tasks, in Joe Walcott, the Barbados fighter, perhaps the greatest fighter that ever lived. He once weighed 129 pounds for an epic battle with Kid Lavigne and as the welterweight champion of 25 years ago he never scaled over 142 pounds. But he knocked out great fighters in five classes—lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight. His most amazing victory was a seven round knockout of Joe Choynski, a crack heavyweight, when Walcott weighed 140.

Today he polishes the pictures of men who qualified before him decades ago. King heroes now dead, whose shades might tremble a bit even now at the touch of Walcott's hands, now hairless. He fought when a fighter's earnings in the ring did not equal the purses paid ordinary fighters today for a single bout.

Remembers Saginaw Kid

Furthermore, he doesn't think that the entire crop of fighters in the smaller classes today could have furnished George Lavigne, the Saginaw Kid, with an interesting night's work. Joe has a tremendous respect for Lavigne, as well as Tommy West, who had a disconcerting habit of biting chunks from his scalp in the bloody battles they fought decades ago.

The old timers, Joe says, were tougher, stronger, were just as good boxers, and took the game more seriously than do the gladiators of the present era. To his mind, the toughest men to bring down were the big fellows despite his own scanty five-foot height.

"Ah liked to play with them big boys," Joe grinned as he swabbed away at the woodwork. "Ah just pushed away at their tummies 'till they begin to bend. Then just thing you know their jaws is down when they tummies was and then's easy."

Joe ambled off down a corridor, past a picture of Tex Rickard, past the likeness of a hero of his times, and dabbed at a painting of Rocky Rob Fitzsimmons.

"Ah ain't got no kiel," he said. "Ah's alive and they's dead. Ah'm gottin' plenty good poke chips, too."

Chuckles rippled out behind him.

EUGENE, Ore., Jan. 21 (AP)—Dr. Arnold Bennett Hall, president of the University of Oregon, said Monday upon his return from Missoula, Mont., where he met Dr. Clarence W. Spears, newly elected head football coach at Oregon, that Dr. Spears will arrive in Eugene early next month, and will immediately assume his new duties.

Dr. Spears will remain here until after spring practice when he will return to Minneapolis for his wife and three children. The new coach will have complete charge of football activities at the university, and in addition, will be attached to the university health department in part time work, and will teach the class in football coaching in the physical education department. During the summer school term he will assist in the coaching school held on the campus here.

Same Assistant Coaches
The present assistant coaches who worked under Captain John J. McEwan, resigned, will continue with the new regime. In addition Dr. Spears will bring an assistant with him who is fully conversant with his system.

This assistant, who has not yet been identified, will remain permanently in that position here.

Intensive work on an extensive scale is a predominant policy of Dr. Spears, who insists on doing his work according to a well-regulated schedule each day. During football practice, Dr. Spears meets with his assistants every morning at 9 o'clock and plots out the day's work for the squad and plans tactics for practice.

A Problem of Strategy
During his coaching tenure at Minnesota he held spring practice during February, going outside during March and April.

Every player on Spears' squad starts from scratch at the beginning of each season and pieces on the team are awarded on the showing made from day to day in practice. He considers football primarily a problem of major strategy with versatile plans and many surprise tricks. In this way he differs materially from Captain McEwan who depended more upon straight football and power attacks with the line.

The Soviet government has ordered an increased wheat acreage and a better yield per acre. Maybe the Soviet also ought to tell the wheat not to grow those scratchy heads.

The man who received two bathrobes for Christmas probably will have to raise the ante to Wednesdays as well as Saturdays.

Pacific League To Attack 1930 Schedule Today

By Russell J. Newland (Associated Press Sports Writer)
OAKLAND, Cal., Jan. 21 (AP)—Approval of a complete playing schedule for this season and adoption of an "official" baseball were the chief items of business to be taken up by directors of the Pacific coast league in today's concluding session of their two-day program here.

The schedule, presented yesterday, was held over for a slight rearrangement of dates at the request of Lew Mossing, owner of the Sacramento club.

Considerable interest was shown in the efforts of two outstanding pitchers to sell themselves to the various clubs. Carl Mays, veteran "submarine" twirler formerly with the New York Giants, was seeking to sign. While most of the club owners were anxious to take on the big right hander it was reported his salary terms had brought on a reaction somewhat similar to a winter's night without an overcoat on "Patch" Reuther, left hander now with the San Francisco Missions, was the other artist looking for a new home.

He has been given permission by his club to make a deal for himself. It was understood that Reuther's terms, too, were a bit up in the air.

Out of yesterday's short morning and long afternoon sessions the directors emerged with the information that the next meeting would be held in Seattle, some Monday next November.

Some of the directors had before them today invitations to back a four team, Utah-Idaho league. John Derks, Salt Lake City newspaperman and vice president of the Utah-Idaho league that functioned in 1928, was the leading spirit behind the movement to revive the Class D circuit. Derks' plans call for teams in Salt Lake, Ogden, Pocatello and Twin Falls, with San Francisco, Oakland, Hollywood and the Missions as the backing clubs.

Signing of two new umpires was announced by Harry Williams, league president. Ed Melanoughlin, former National league umpire, will be on the job this season as will E. J. Burke, of Portland, Ore. Williams said that Ed Kells, who called balls and strikes last season, had been released while Chet Chadbourne and Powell had been granted permission to make deals for themselves elsewhere.

Bird With Human Voice
Of all bird voices the song of the swallow is most like human speech—not American speech, but like the songs which the Lapps and certain other races of Europe and Asia sing.

Kamela Reports 30 Below Zero; Expecting More

By Mrs. C. E. Thornburg (Observer Correspondent)
KAMELA, Ore. (Special)—KAMELA residents spent Sunday morning shivering under the first real snow storm since the first snowing about noon on Saturday and continued intermittently all day Sunday. Approximately three feet of snow fell. Though the mercury fell to 28 below last Thursday night, people felt well off. On Sunday night, however, Kamela had even more cold for the thermometer at the depot read an even 30 below at 7 p. m. The sun shone brightly on Monday, but it does not seem to have made the air any warmer and more real winter is expected.

Mrs. Heshel Horstman, who has been ill at her home here for some time, recovered sufficiently to attend a church meeting in La Grande one day last week, but has been ill again and is just recovering now. Her son, Jack, has been absent from school since last Thursday and he too is recovering.

Betty Barnes and Alta Wigglesworth are also absent from school because of colds. Alta had to go to La Grande last Thursday evening to have some dental work done. She returned on Saturday evening, and has been nursing a cold since then.

Mrs. C. Hudson went to Durkee on Friday to visit her mother and other relatives there. She returned to Kamela on Sunday night.

Mrs. G. Finas spent Thursday shopping in La Grande. Mrs. and Mrs. Tom Button and little son, Karles, spent Friday visiting friends in La Grande.

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