

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Wallowa Counties

WANTED

WANTED—Would like to make arrangements with party going to Cove each afternoon about 4:00 to carry small bundle. Please call at Observer office. 12-16-1 f.

WANTED—People renting houses to know that while I have them to rent, yet have a few homes with ideal location to sell like rent, priced 60 per cent. of 1929 value. Shaps like these are your inducement. H. W. Smith, Fox farm. 12-23-3 tp

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Wood, any kind, any length. Call Frank Seward, 649-J. 12-23-3 tp

FOR SALE—Fat, dressed hens, for Xmas dinner, Ph. Farm. 45. 12-23-1 tp

DRESSED, FAT RABBITS—Main 208. 12-23-3 tp

FOR SALE—Geese, Ph. Farm. 18. 12-21-3 tp

FOR SALE—Dry tamarack wood, \$6.50 cord, 16 inch. Ph. 464-J. 12-21-3 tp

FOR SALE—Horses or will buy. Mouth McKannon, Farm, 25X or Oliver Kerr, Farm. 112. 12-10-1 f

LIMITED SUPPLY of box wood while planer runs, \$4.00 per load. Also dry chain wood, \$4.50 per load. Frank Cleavinger, Main 151. 12-10-1 f

FOR SALE—Wood, price reasonable. Main 934, 1306 O Ave. 12-15-1 m

FOR SALE—1928 Studebaker Commander sedan. In perfect condition, 1932 license, \$285. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 12-12-1 f

DRY WOOD—Black pine, any length, \$7.00. Ph. Observer or write M. Loree, Cove. 12-8-1 mp

FOR SALE—Chain wood from Union sawmill, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Local agent Ray McCarroll, Main 284 or Main 1027. 11-24-1 mp

FOR SALE—Willard Batteries—\$6.95. A first choice battery at chain store prices, 75c on old battery. AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRIC CO. 1225 Adams Phone M 320 9-1-1 m

FOR RENT

5-RM. MOD. HOUSE. Completely furnished. With garage, 2112-2nd. 12-22-1 f

Professional Directory

Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUVY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
3rd Floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 10.

Osteopathic Physicians
DR. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE
General Practice and Obstetrics
Sommer Bldg.
Office, Main 106 Res., Main 633

DR. E. L. FAUS
General Practice
New Foley Bldg., 3rd floor.
Phone Main 590 Res. 990-R.

Miscellaneous

ASTROLOGER
MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
203 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.

Observer Want Ad Rates

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion \$1.00
Per line, each added columnative insertion 70c
Minimum charge on one order 25c

RATES BY MONTH
2 lines, per month \$2.50
3 lines, per month \$3.25
4 lines, per month \$4.00
5 lines, per month \$4.75
Each additional line over five charged at 40c per line per month.
CASH IN ADVANCE is required on all Classified orders to earn these rates. Higher rates charged on all credit insertions.
Copy for all Classified orders must be in this office by 10 A. M. DAY OF INSERTION. Stop orders on ad inserted until further notice must be received by the same hour or extra insertion will be charged.
Telephone orders solicited. Cash rates may be earned on phone orders by payment on or before date of last insertion.

PHONE MAIN 500
"An Observer Want Ad Will Do It."

FOR RENT—Mod. 5-rm. house with heat. Garage. Call 1208. Spring or see Mrs. Zuber. 12-21-2 tp

CLEAN, Steam-heated rooms. Plenty of hot water, \$1.50-\$2.00 per week. Dandard hotel, 10 Depot St. 12-21-0 tp

FOR RENT—5-rm. turn house. Phone 483-W. 12-18-1 f

FURN. HOUSES AND APTS.—With baths, clean, quiet, lowest rent. Adults, 1910 Greenwood. 12-11-1 m

1 2-RM. AND 1 3-RM. turn. or unfurn. Apts. Grande Ronde Apts. 12-10-1 f

FURN. APARTMENT—1809 Adams, Main 682. 12-1-1 f

FOR RENT—Modern steamheated rooms, 1408 Washington, 12-3-1 m

MISCELLANEOUS

CECO WEATHERSTRIPS installed. F. B. Anderson, 2102 Cove Ave. 10-24-1 m

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits. T. O. O. P. temple, 447-J. 9-6-1 m



WISDOM demands that you secure the services of expert mechanics who know the science and ethics of their profession and who have demonstrated their capacity and ability.

We Understand
SPRINGS
& ZIMMERMAN
Main 62

MONEY TO LOAN—We are representatives for the Prudential Ins. Co. and can make farm or city loans at attractive rates of interest. Chas. H. Reynolds, insurance, loans and bonds. 9-1-1 m.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards, Prop. 12-1-1 m.

LOST

LOST—Crank for Graham-Dodge truck. Call Tom Stanley. 12-23-2 tp

LOST—Between Cove and La G. lady's coat and blue sweater. Call 300-J or 1511 Adams Ave. Reward. 12-23-2 t

LOST—Boston bull dog, dark brown with diamond on forehead. Phone Main 1020. 12-23-1 t.

Over The Valley Personals

(Continued from Page Six)

good to attend school activities, it is said. Santa is also always good to come to their Christmas trees and the children are expecting him again this evening.

Valeria School—
On the program of the annual Christmas program to be given to the children of the Valeria school, is to be a play which promises to be quite entertaining for the pupils and for the visitors. Mrs. Zilpha Howell, the teacher, with her pupils invariably puts on splendid programs.

Better—
We are very glad to note that Mrs. William Banton, of Ladd Canyon is recovering satisfactorily from her recent severe illness.

Bulletin Released—
Three different storage ideas are suggested in an illustrated mimeographed sheet released recently from the Oregon State college extension service. How to dress up an ordinary shoe box, or transform a scrap of unbleached muslin into something useful is explained on this free release. This service material was arranged by Mrs. Zelta Rodenwald, extension economist in home management.

Move—
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gilliam, who have been living on one of W. Z. Esch's places above Elgin for four or five years have rented the Nordgard place just east of Wallowa and are moving there now. Harry Gilliam Jr. will farm the Esch place and Mr. and Mrs. Bill Webb will live with him this winter. Mrs. Webb was formerly Mary Gilliam.

At Parents—
Mr. and Mrs. Robert DeVore, of Union, are visiting this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Haefler, in High Valley.

Build New Fence—
One of the best improvements on the highway of which we have remarked in a long time is the several \$5.00 and your old battery buys a new 13 plate battery, installed.

Burgess Battery & Electric Service
Opposite La Grande Grocery

OUT OUR WAY



TO U. S. PAT. OFF. 12-23 © 1931 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

AFTER THOROUGH INVESTIGATION EXPERT REPORTS

(Continued from Page Six)

state, and it is a crop which can be produced here in quantity. Barley is a particularly desirable crop in this section not only because it is a good feed here, but because good yields of it can be obtained.

Both fall and spring planted varieties grow here satisfactorily. The fall variety has the further advantage of being one of the most desirable nurse crops for red clover. It is superior to wheat for this purpose and is much superior to oats. Fall planted barley is very productive here, although it probably will not out yield fall planted wheat in most instances.

The spring planted barley, however, on well drained upland or bottom soils is one of the most productive small grain crops. Barley will produce more pounds of grain per acre than either wheat or oats on soils to which it is adapted, that is, fertile, well drained upland soil.

On the heavy upland soils, oats will usually out yield barley, but both of these crops will normally out yield wheat.

Malting barley markets offer some possibility for disposal of a certain quantity of barley. Great Britain normally imports from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 bushels of barley, about half of which is used for malting. Practically all the malting barley from the United States is supplied by California. Great Britain produces about 50 per cent of the barley used for malting purposes there. This is practically all two-row barley and most of it is stained. It has the mellow appearance so desired by the malter and is a very thin-hulled variety and very plump.

In order to produce superior malt, the malter imports a six-row barley with a slightly heavier hull to mix with this in quantities varying from 15 to 50 per cent. The British importer insists that the premium malting barley, therefore, be six-row barley and he also insists that it be bright. He is not interested in importing stained or two row barley. The prices being paid for good malting barley

Have Anniversary

Our congratulations go to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Gibson of Cove, who celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary last Saturday, Dec. 19. To almost half a century, 47 years to be exact, they have resided in Cove, coming west from Missouri, where they were married. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson have seven children, 10 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

The Union Grange—
The attendance at the special meeting of the Union grange held Friday afternoon in Union, brought in several new members for the membership roll, but as the officer who was to help with the organization was not present, some of the business was deferred to a later meeting. The corps of officers has not as yet been completed, it is stated. Another meeting is scheduled for Dec. 31.

Chooses O. S. C.—
Clifford Conrad, of near Imbler, prominent 4-H club member who was recently awarded one of the \$500 scholarships offered by the McCormick people, has decided to take his collegiate work at our state agricultural college at Corvallis. According to his present plans Clifford will not enter the college until the beginning of the school year next fall, though he had contemplated for a time going at the beginning of the next quarter. Clifford, who is a graduate of the Imbler High school, is working on the Conrad farm this year.

Dastardly Deeds—
From all corners of the county has come word recently that the

Christmas Cactus

Last evening we saw a very lovely Christmas cactus just coming into wonderful bloom at the home of Mrs. A. V. Fisher on lower Cove. The blossoms are so large and of such a brilliant color. We inquired as to the probable cause of the falling of the buds before coming into full bloom, and Mrs. Fisher was of the opinion that the cactus had too much water. We have a regular reader who has this difficulty with her cactus and we would be glad to find out, for her, if others have found that too much water is the cause for the falling buds.

Has Accident—
Wallace Simmons, a high school lad at Cove, was the victim of an exceedingly painful accident, a day or two ago. He was helping his father on the buzz saw cutting wood, when in some false move his hand got in the way of the blade.

The first three fingers on his left hand were cut, the first finger being all but covered, the middle finger cut but not so badly and the ring finger still less. A number of stitches were taken on the three fingers and it is believed now that they will heal over all right.

By J. R. Williams

are often two or three times higher than the prices paid for feed barley. Because of the higher prices paid for malting barley it seems there is an opportunity for the Oregon barley growers to get into this market. The relative prices for malting and feed barley are such that there is small likelihood of sending any feed barley abroad that can be obtained much more cheaply from other countries.

Records now for 25 and 30 years ago show that Oregon formerly exported considerable malting barley to Great Britain. Experimental work done at that time indicates that this barley was fairly good in both quality and quantity of malt, ranking very close to California barley at that time. Just how satisfactory our present varieties of barley would be for such a purpose is indefinite, but beyond doubt there are places in the state, both in Eastern and Western Oregon, where good malting barley can be produced, says Professor H. H. Wright. It is necessary to grow new varieties other than those now grown here or

even to develop new ones. The British importer emphatically does not want Trebi, which is one of our high yielding varieties in certain parts of Eastern Oregon. There probably is little possibility in exporting any Hawaiian barley from Western Oregon, as they grow plenty of two-row barleys of their own and are interested mainly in six-row type for import purposes.

Oregon, no doubt, can produce some of this barley and if barley of the right quality can be produced there is no reason why Oregon cannot profit by some of the high prices received from this product.

There are, therefore, these significant facts in connection with barley: (1) Barley production is increasing in Western Oregon and decreasing in Eastern Oregon; (2) barley is an excellent feed for practically all classes of livestock; (3) barley is a productive crop in both Eastern and Western Oregon and (4) Oregon formerly produced malting barley and probably can do so again.

SUNSET PASS by Zane Grey

SYNOPSIS: Trueman Rock is up to a level, and soon found the great pine under which he had talked with Thiry the night before. The far side of the Pass was blanch in moonlight; this side was dark in shadow. Rock was unable to see the rustic seat until he could almost touch the tree.

To his mingled relief and disappointment Thiry was not there. He sat down to wait and think. A light shone through the curtained window of her cabin. Trueman could not rally any connected thought. He must wait until she came—until he could see and hear her. He had waited at a rendezvous for many a girl—a situation always attended with pleasant and sometimes perplexing sensations—but this was not the same. How tremendous the issue of this meeting!

Chapter 22
A NOVEL RENDEZVOUS
ROCK cautiously stretched himself on the ground, and putting his head over the brink of the well he sniffed like a tracking hound. He caught a faint scent of something that was not earth or brush and certainly not rotting hides. And it was rotting cattle hides which he expected to smell.

Resting a moment, he tried again. This time he caught the scent strongly enough to recognize it. Quicklime!

Rock sat up, suddenly sweating, though he felt a cold chill. He felt no doubt that down this well, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cattle hides had been dropped—not one of which bore the Preston brand.

The knowledge staggered him. Suspicion, after all, was not fact. And logic told him that until he had actually seen hidden hides with other brands than Preston's, he had no actual proof. Yet he would have staked his life that his suspicions were correct. He would bide his time, and at favorable opportunity he would come down here with a book of some kind, and plenty of rope, and he would fish one of those hides up out of the well.

Rock crawled on hand and knees back along the edge of the path, making certain not to leave the slightest mark. He found another piece of quicklime, and several smaller pieces. No doubt they had spilled out of a sack. When he got to the boot tracks he scrutinized them with the photographing eyes of a trailer of long experience. He cut twigs from the under side of a bush, and with minute care measured the length and breadth of the most clearly defined print. These twigs he stored in his pocket.

He retraced his steps back to the open, and saddling the horse the boys had brought up before they left, he mounted, and rode quickly away to get out of the stretch.

"More than one kind of a stink there, I reckon," he muttered. "The daily phenomenon that gave this Pass its name was in full and glorious sweep when Rock reached his cabin. Weary and worried as he was, he had to sit down and watch the beautiful end of day.

Rock shivered and changed his clothes, thinking of everything he could to keep away the tantalizing and heart-depressing thought of the interview with Thiry so soon to come. Yet behind every vague and swift idea that he called up hovered the shadow of this girl and the unfortunate circumstances in which she must be involved, and the fate that had lured him into her life.

He made sure, this evening, to be on hand before the first supper bell rang. All the younger members of the family, except Thiry, came at the call. The children raved from one side and the boys raved from the other. Alice, who had rung the bell and called, gayly, "Come and get it," took her seat beside Rock. "We're livelier when Ash and Pa are away," she said, smiling.

"So I notice," said Thiry, who they were looking the wrong way when her voice, almost at his elbow, gave him a pang that was both pain and joy in one. She and Mrs. Preston were bringing in the supper.

Mrs. Preston was the last to take a seat at the table, and she occupied her husband's place. Thiry, as before, sat opposite Rock, and when he could summon courage to look straight at her he suffered another twinge at the enhanced sadness of her face.

He heard the cabin door open. A broad light flared out into the gloom. Then Thiry appeared in the doorway, clearly defined. She wore white. She had changed her dress since supper. Trueman's heart gave a leap and then seemed to stand still while she stood peering out into the night. She closed the door behind her—vanished. But Rock heard quick light footfalls. She was coming.

Presently her pale form grew more distinct. She groped slowly toward the seat. Evidently her eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness. Rock saw her put out her hands, feeling for the tree or the bench.

But before she touched either Rock reached up to take them. "Oh!" she cried, evidently startled. "It's you—Mr. Rock."

"Yes," he did not let go of her hands. "You're late. I—I've been here twice," she said, with a nervous little laugh. No doubt she could not escape from the romance of this unusual situation.

"I'm sorry, but it took courage to come at all," returned Rock. "Didn't it, though? . . . Mr. Rock, you—you are holding my hands. Please let go so I may sit down."

He released her and leaned back against the pine, conscious that her presence had ended his uncertainty. She sat down, quite close to him, and bent her head forward a little, as if trying to pierce the gloom.

"Miss Thiry, such eyes as yours ought to see through walls," said Trueman, sentimentally.

"Quight they? Well, they can't. . . . And, Mr. Rock, this is no occasion for holding hands or paying compliments."

There had been some slight change in her. Rock sensed less aloofness. The long hours, probably, had magnified; and constant thought had made him no longer a stranger. He would let her start the conversation. Then he would prolong it as far as fairness and consideration would permit. Suddenly the moon slipped up over the black rim, and maxically the darkness lightened. A silver radiance touched the girl's hair and face. Rock, his own features in shadow, watched her and waited.

"Ash stole your horse?" she began, tentatively.

"Reckon I wouldn't say stole. But he sure borrowed Egypt," returned Rock, with a laugh.

"Egypt? . . . I knew you named him that."

"Yes, much obliged to you." "Who told you?" "Lucy. I've sure a stand-in with her."

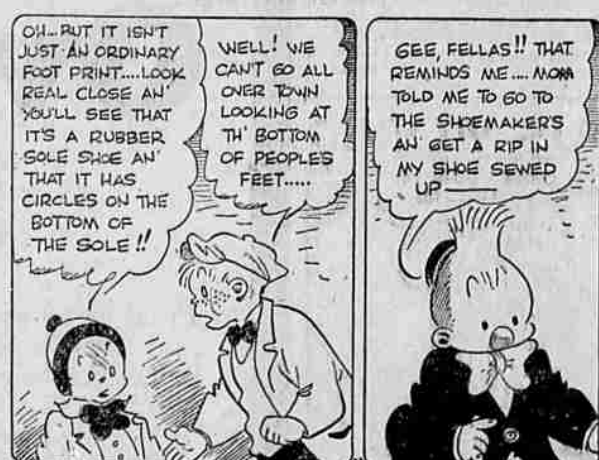
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



THE NEWFANGLES



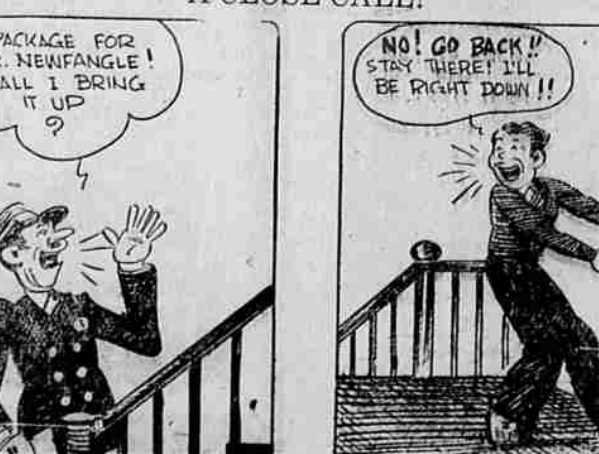
STALLING?



By Blosser



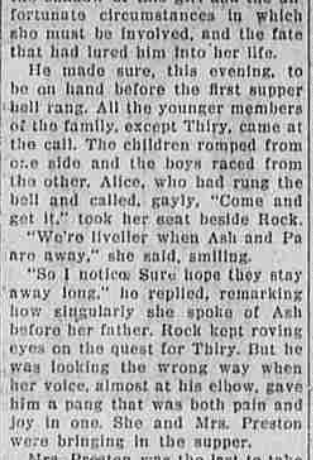
A CLOSE CALL!



By Cowan



By Blosser



By Cowan

