

Twenty Million American Citizens Give Support to Anti-Hoarding Move

CHICAGO, Feb. 18 (Special) — Through their national organizations, twenty million American citizens have pledged their support of the national movement to end hoarding.

The national campaign will employ the use of all educational agencies to reach the American public; the public press, platform speeches, the radio, the pulpit, and where necessary, a house to house canvass will be made and personal contact used.

The local application of the campaign against hoarding is the direct objective of the movement, and has already been worked effectively in many communities, and to a large extent the associations participating will exercise their own initiative and formulate their own plans to meet particular local situations.

Many cases of hoarding of an extreme nature have been brought to light, one involving the sum of \$800,000 which was withdrawn from account and placed in a safety deposit vault on moment's notice.

The Commercial club entertained Coach Campbell and the members of the basketball and substitutes at the regular noon luncheon on Wednesday.

Leonard Billings and two daughters, of Tualuma, came to Union Tuesday of last week to attend the funeral of his uncle, J. P. Larsen.

Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Litterer returned Sunday from Portland after attending the funeral of her brother, Phil Martin.

The reading club met Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Will Vogel. Meetings have been rather irregular because of conflicting high school activities, but the club hopes to meet every other Tuesday from now on.

Carl Moulton, fifth grader, broke two fingers on his left hand while playing tag at school Tuesday.

John Olt, who was threatened with pneumonia, was taken to Hot Lake in the ambulance Monday.

Mrs. Edith Fry was given a very pleasant surprise Tuesday evening following choir practice.

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ler and Mrs. Ernest Paustain served the lunch.

Billions Allowed For Business But Hunger Continues

HARRISBURG, Pa., Feb. 18 (AP) — "Billions for big business but not one cent for bread for a starving child," was Governor Pinchot's comment upon the United States senate's defeat of the LaFollette-Costigan \$750,000,000 direct relief bill.

"If the American people were not in doubt as to who owns and operates the government in Washington," the governor said "this ought to settle it."

There are about 287 rivers classed as navigable in the United States.

BOY CRAZY by GRACE PERKINS

Locked in her room, Hope looked at her antagonist to her elopement with Dickey Dale. A successful girl of 17, she has not believed that her family's disapproval of Dickey's social standing actually could affect her marriage.

Chapter 17 WHOLESALE INSULT WHO wants their damned old food?" demanded Hope. "I wouldn't touch it, if I was dying of thirst! The birds can have it—and the worms!"

Whereupon with one energetic and somewhat muscular gesture, Hope picked up the tray of tempting, steaming food on dainty Wedgwood dishes, and dung the whole thing, into a clattering, smashing pile, out of her window!

Which greatly relieved her nerves—until she suddenly realized that it left her without a drop of cream or a crumb of food for the delectably mewing Sassy.

Late into the moonlit night, Hope paced up and down her room, her imagination working overtime. Packing her bags, and dressing so that she would be ready for travel.

For surely Dickey would come! What could be delaying him? Had he really hurt Papa Ross—and that was going to happen? She mustn't ask questions that couldn't be answered.

She must have faith. Dickey would come, and there must be some good reason why he hadn't arrived before this. Whatever the hour, she would go with him—if she had to leap out her window and into his arms to make it! Why on earth were her bedroom windows directly over the blubbery brook and the sunken garden? One couldn't very well tie a sheet and jump the rest of the way down there—only to land sopped and wet to the skin! No indeed! She'd run away if she had to, but that would be silly now, because ten to one she'd pass Dickey on the way, and besides, Papa would be watching the garage, and how could she get any distance without a car before being caught?

Better, anyhow, to wait until Dickey and his father arrived, and then leave, with perfect dignity, and haughty and proud. . . . They had said they'd stick together no matter what, hadn't they? Oh, but surely Dickey would come. . . . And Hickey would help them like he said. . . . And some day Dad would be sorry. . . . And see things in the right light. . . .

Why were the walls of the house built so soundly? Why such silence—such ghostly, gruesome silence everywhere, with only the faint tinkle of the phone in Papa's study ringing every few centuries? "What was the matter with everybody? Had they gone crazy?"

Was that the sound of a car on the driveway? Oh, why couldn't she see the front of the house? Who was coming—or who was leaving, and for what?

Down crept in the rose and apple-green bedroom, and found Hope Fairfield Ross sitting by her open window, dressed in a blue divelune suit, her hat fallen to the floor, her yellow head bent against the window ledge in the sleep of exhaustion. Asleep—but still dressed and ready for the slightest sign, the barest sound of love to call for her and carry her away to happiness. . . .

Long before Hope had succumbed to exhaustion, three men faced each other in the enormous billiard-room below the house.

It only the bride could have seen or heard Hickey, with Dobson at his feet, and Dickey by his side, pale and disheveled, John Howard Ross, before his huge cobblestone fireplace, one arm stiff in his sleeve, and the other raised with a vehement gesture that punctuated the snarl of his words.

"And the behavior of the boy," he repeated with a nasal sting that robbed his voice of any human quality, "has only proven my statements. Drunk at the Country Club an hour before he ran off with my child! Drunk, and in a fist fight that has put one boy in the hands of a surgeon today with a broken ear-drum! He should be sued! I ought to have him arrested! I wouldn't soil my family name by entering into a court brawl with him! My family will suffer enough as it is with the publicity of this whole disgraceful affair!"

"I shan't leave until I see Hope. Just the same!" growled Dickey with white and glowing obstinacy. "She doesn't want to see you! She doesn't want ever to see you!

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES

WANTED

WANTED—To borrow \$375, livestock as security. Write Box 12, Observer. 2-17-2 tp

WANTED—Anyone wanting a good business in their home town, that requires less than \$100 to start, write Robert H. Turner, 902 K Ave., La Grande, Oregon. 2-17-2 tp

LADY WILL share expense of party driving to Portland, Friday or Saturday. Farmers 188. 2-17-3 t

WANTED—Cash paid for old auto. Thompson Service Sta., 1914 Adams. 2-2-1 m

IF YOU WANT WHAT you want, WHEN you want it, have your shoes repaired at the Tap Shoe Shop. New low prices. 1-26-1 m

WILL BUY 30 old batteries. Will pay according to their condition. New batteries as low as \$6.95. Automotive Electric Co., 1425 Adams. Phone M 520. 1-20-1 m

MOUNTIES OF CANADA GET HUNTED MAN

one had been robbing their traps. The trail of the thief led to Johnson's place.

The officers knocked on the door. Bullet through the wood answered them. Constable A. W. King fell, severely wounded. His companion, R. W. McDowell, loaded the wounded officer on a dog sled and in the teeth of a cruel Arctic blizzard mushed back 80 miles to Aklavik in the remarkable time of 20 hours.

The mounties sought to starve him out; but one day the cabin was silent. Johnson had escaped through a tunnel.

They thought he couldn't get far. The Rat river country affords slow going. The cold is intense. Through the pines the wind sings a dirge to the hope of her who dares to flee.

As Hard As Ice But Albert Johnson was as hard as the ice that seals the Yukon lakes. With a pack of policemen behind and the grim northland winter ahead he marched on. Once the law caught up with him, he had thrown up a three-sided fort. That time they thought they had him. It was then a bullet from his rifle killed Constable Miller. All Miller saw was a fur-wrapped head protrude above the fort and the gleam of the midnight sun upon the barrel of a gun. Death was instantaneous. Persons who knew Johnson say he could hit a mark at half a mile.

The plane circled overhead. Bombs were seen to be dropped, but the posse by now was too heavy.

Volley Drops Johnson The full force of policemen, Indians and trappers came forward, their guns speaking in unison. A single volley dropped the mad trapper of Rat river in the snow.

Frozen with his body was the secret of his madness. Who he was and what prompted his eccentricities none in the Northwest Territory knew. He was under 40, powerfully built. A man who knew him in Saskatoon said: "He was a smart fellow. He was able to do 40 miles a day through snow with little more exertion than one might expect from a Sunday walk. He was a crack shot with rifle or revolver."

"He went into the wilderness 12 years ago. He never came back."

Perhaps it was a sob that escaped Papa Ross's lips as he dropped the billiard cue, and covered his face with his hands. Half seeing, he made his way out into the hall, leaning against the door and listening to the sounds that emerged from the room. . . .

"Get out!" roared Hickey. "Get out and away before I loose the dog on you!"

John Howard Ross stared over at the straining Great Dane tearing at Hickey's grasp.

"Get out of the room, I say!" shouted Hickey with something close to murder in his own eyes as he lanced the man opposite him with one glance.

What is going on in the next room? Mr. Ross learns, to his dismay, tomorrow.

FOR SALE—Wood, \$5 w 65 per cord. Prompt delivery. Phone 656-U. 1-16-2 f.

FOR SALE—Wood, any length, \$4 up. Ph. 326 W. 1-28-1 m.

FOR SALE—Only \$2500 down, 15 acres, improved, joining golf links. Balance long time. See J. R. Martin, 1104 Penn. Ave. Phone 494-M. 1-21-2 f.

FOR SALE—6-rm. house or will trade for acreage or smaller house. Call Observer. 1-25-1 m.

DRY COARSE WOOD from Union—\$4.25 and \$4.50 per load. Phone Ray McCarroll, M 1027 or M 284. 1-16-1 m.

FOR RENT—Modern furnished 5 room house. Inquire 1903 1/2 Adams. 1-18-2 t.

FOR RENT—Mod. furn. or unfurn. 5-rm. house, 1003 Wash. Ph. 486-J. C. D. Putman. 2-18-2 f.

FOR RENT—A nicely furnished room with private bath. One or two gentlemen preferred. Box B, Observer. 2-17-2 f.

MOD. FURN. APT., Frigidair, electric range, gar. Cor. 6th and L. 1-9-2 f.

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

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.

THE PAIR of leather, fur-lined driving gloves and knitted beret were doubtless picked up by mistake yesterday at the post office. Their return to the Observer office will be greatly appreciated. 2-18-1 tp

FOR SALE—Trailer and used auto parts. Thompson Service Sta., 1914 Adams. 2-2-1 m

FOR SALE—Twenty shares of stock in the United States National Bank of La Grande, Oregon. Alma Conley, Administratrix of the estate of J. J. Conley, deceased. 2-18-2 f.

RESIDENCE—Large, fully modern, 1506 Fourth; cash will buy, within reason; to rent, subject to sale on few months' notice. Ph. Main 61 or write Box 68, Dos Palos, Calif. 2-1-1 m

FOR SALE—Good DRY YELLOW PINE—Roy Walker. Ph. M. 934. 2-17-1 m.

FOR SALE—6-RM. HOUSE Ph. 316 R. 2-15-3 tp.

AGED NUN BURNED HAWTHORNE, N. Y., Feb. 18 (AP) — A 65-year-old nun, Sister Bernard was burned to death in a fire which early today destroyed St. Hyacinth's Catholic boarding school.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17 (AP) — The nomination of Joseph C. Grew, of New Hampshire, ambassador to Turkey, was reported favorably today by the senate foreign relations committee.

THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT ALL RIGHT? TAKE IT EASY!!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, DOC... I'M STARTIN' TO FEEL BETTER ALREADY!!

WHAT HAS HE TO SAY TO MRS. REDFIELD THAT TAKES HIM FROM A SICK BED? . . . AND WHO IS MRS. REDFIELD?

GEE... I'D LIKE TO GET HEAD OR TAIL OF THIS BUSINESS, WOULDN'T YOU, NOODLE?

I SAY

OH, CHICK! LOOK WHO'S COMING! MOM 'N POP !!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME OVER TO SEE US

GIVE ME YOUR THINGS, POP... YOU HAVEN'T BEEN HERE IN AGES!

WELL, WE DON'T WANT TO INTERFERE WITH THE BAKING AND COOKING OF YOUR MARRIED FOLKS

DON'T BE SILLY, POP... WE'RE PAST THE BILLING AND COOKING STAGE OF MARRIED LIFE

YEAH? YOU MIGHT BE PAST THE COOKING, BUT TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU'LL NEVER GET PAST THE BILLING

PLOP!

THE NEW FANGLES (Mom'n Pop) A Goal Uncrossed!

By Cowan

Give Your HAT Another Chance

Expert Cleaning and Blocking at ANGEL'S Across From Penney's



A Total LOSS?

It would be a complete loss to you if you were not fully protected by collision or property damage insurance. And no one can foretell when such an event may happen in your life.



EXTRA MONEY

YOU can use it can't you? Why not sell some of those things you no longer have use for. . . you can do it with a Want-Ad in the

OBSERVER

Want-Ad Columns PHONE MAIN 600

