

Hay Demand In Wallowa County On The Increase

By G. C. Meek
(Observer Correspondent)

WALLOWA, Ore. (Special)—An increasing demand for hay is heard from many parts of the community. Many who are short on feed state that they are finding it quite difficult to find anyone who has hay for sale. The steady sale of small lots during the past few weeks appears to have about cleaned up all offerings. Reports from the upper part of the valley last week stated that some hay was being shipped into Enterprise from outside points. Some investigation of the cost of outside hay has been made by some of the farmers of this community during the past week, and according to some of those interested, the cost of hay shipped in would be around \$15 or \$16 per ton. There also appears to be a better demand for all classes of feed grain here. Many who have been short on hay have done considerable feeding of grain in an effort to make their hay supplies last

through the winter season. Some of the recent sales of wheat and barley are said to have been made at \$20 per ton.

H. D. Bechtel, who recently sold his farm on the edge of the valley about four miles east of town to Herman Fisher, of Hot Lake, recently moved his family to the former Glass place in the west part of town. Mr. Bechtel also reports the sale of about 200 head of ewes to L. W. Minor last week. This flock will start lambing about March 1 and in addition to Mr. Minor's present band gives him better than 1000 head.

Miss Ila Couch, of Leap, has been visiting during the past week with friends at La Grande.

Many of the residents of this community are still suffering from severe colds and flu. Some of them have been confined to their homes for several days.

John Bales, of Leap, was in the Whiskey creek section the early part of the week hunting some of Bruce Fisher's horses which are still on outside range. Some of the other farmers of this section were busy recently getting in some of their horses that have been out all winter. Most of the stock gathered in during the past few weeks are said to have been in very poor shape.

Joseph Peagins and A. W. Harmon, of Leap, were Enterprise business visitors the early part of the week.

The continued cold weather of the past two weeks has again caused water to become short at some of the farms in the hills. The greater part of the wells and springs were flushed to some extent by the January thaw and many who are short at this time would greatly welcome another chinook.

The first shipment of fat hogs to be made from this end of the valley in several weeks went out the last of the week. A. W. Johnson, shipping manager for the Wallowa County Stock Marketing association, loaded out two cars, one going from here and the other from the Lostine community.

L. V. Lathrop, of Leap, was delivering hogs to Evans Friday for shipment with the association.

Bob Couch, who has been working for his Uncle John Couch, of Leap, spent Sunday at his home in town.

Poultry keepers of this community are pleased to note some improvement in egg prices. During the past week some of the stores here have been paying 23 cents per dozen for eggs. Reports from a number of the farms indicate that production is still quite low for this time in the season.

consideration playing activity as well as fan interest." And here's the result:

1. Basketball, 19 first choices, 185 points.
2. Football, 10 first choices, 91 points.
3. Baseball, 8 first choices, 87 points.
4. Golf, 7 first choices, 82 points.
5. Hunting and fishing, 2 first choices, 21 points.

This makes Kansas a marked dissenter to the verdict of the national poll, in which baseball, football and golf finished in that order.

The Way of Troubles

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "you gotta try and forget yob troubles. Jes' de same you gotta remember dat troubles is like weeds. De more you neglect 'em, de faster dey grows."—Washington Star.

FIND IT HERE

Copy for this column must be in by 9 a. m.

OLD TIME DANCE
Eagles hall, Saturday night. Admission 50c. 2-18-33

Union County General Fund Warrants Numbers 24 to 210 inclusive, Series 1932, are hereby called for payment. Persons holding same are notified to present them at the office of County Treasurer of Union County, Oregon. Interest ceases on said warrants after this date, Feb. 19, 1932. FLORENCE BACON, Treasurer of Union County, Oregon. 2-19-32

BOY SCOUT DINNER
Christian Church tonight—35c.

ATTENTION LADIES
If you have a clever piece of fancy work, or an old sampler, or any other lovely piece of work which you wish to preserve and keep, you will find it especially nice for your home when made into a tray for either the boudoir, or for serving. This can be most beautifully done for you by Richardson's Art and Gift Shop, where they will be glad to tell you all about it. 2-15-33

Painting, Papering, Kalsomining
A. C. Neumann, Phone 611-W. 2-3-1 m.

New Cotton and Mixed Work Trousers 98c, \$1.29, \$1.49 and \$1.98. New price on Bib and Waist Overalls—85c. C. J. BREIER CO. 2-19-2 t.

Angels hat cleaning and blocking. Best work in town. 1-22-1 m.

BRIDGE PRIZES
We have things new and useful, suitable for bridge prizes. At Melville's. 2-19-2 t.

Remstitching, peating, button holes, etc. Norton's Kiddy Shop. —Adv.

LA GRANDE GROWN
Flowers and Potted Plants at Clark's Florists. 2-19-1 t.

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned up to 11 o'clock a. m. Feb. 28, 1932, at the Commissioner's room, City Hall, La Grande, Oregon, upon the following stocks of goods formerly belonging to Conner's Inc. located at La Grande, Enterprise and Union, Oregon, inventoried as follows: La Grande Stock \$13,866.16; Fixtures \$8,769.09; Enterprise Stock \$7,197.23; Fixtures \$1,436; Union Stock \$9,813.44; Fixtures \$1,533.55. Inventories may be inspected on premises at La Grande and at the offices of the West Coast Textile Association, 738 Morgan Bldg., Portland. Stock may be inspected Feb. 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25th. Certified check or cash for 10% must accompany each bid which will be forfeited if bid accepted and deal not completed. Separate bids may be made upon each store or as a whole. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids and sub-

ject to approval of court. C. D. PUTMAN, Receiver in Bankruptcy, Conner's, Inc.

At the same time and place the undersigned will receive sealed bids upon a stock of Ladies ready-to-wear located in the same building at La Grande, Oregon, and owned by the undersigned personally, inventoried at \$1,908.16. Right is reserved to reject any and all bids, and certified check or cash for 10% must accompany each offer. C. D. PUTMAN. Feb. 18 35

SUMMONS
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR UNION COUNTY
LILLIAN BYER, Plaintiff,
vs.
LEONARD BYER, Defendant.

To Leonard Byer, the above named defendant:—
IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON—You are hereby required to appear and answer the Complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before the last day of the period of four weeks from the date of the first publication of this Summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said Complaint, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the Complaint, to-wit:—A decree of dissolution of the marriage contract existing between you and said plaintiff, and for the permanent care, cus-

tody and control of the minor children of plaintiff and defendant, namely—Genevieve, Letha, Juanita, Adeline and Alvin Byer, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable, including plaintiff's costs and disbursements.

This Summons is published once each week for a period of four consecutive weeks, by Order of the Honorable J. W. Knowles, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County, which said Order was duly made and entered in said Court and cause on the 21st day of January, 1932, and the date of the first publication hereof is Friday, the 22nd day of January, 1932.

GREEN & HESS, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Residing at La Grande, Oregon. Jan. 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12, 19.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT
Notice is hereby given to all concerned that Hiram E. Bull administrator, de bonis non, of the estate of William H. Bull deceased, has filed in the county court of Union County, State of Oregon, his final account as administrator, de bonis non of said estate and said court has set Saturday the 20th day of February A. D., 1932, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the county court room in La Grande, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of said account and any objections thereto.

HIRAM E. BULL, Administrator de bonis non.
Jan. 22, 29, Feb. 5, 12, 19.

Sport Slants

By Alan J. Gould
(Associated Press Sports Editor)

"This," said Gene Tunney across the luncheon table, "will surprise you: Carnera has the best left hand of any heavyweight of prominence in the ring today. I will go so far as to say it is a better left hand than Tommy Loughran ever had, because it is more damaging and jarring when it connects."

It did surprise us.

"Moreover," continued Mr. Tunney, "I think that left hand of Carnera's would be very disastrous to Mr. Dempsey, if, as you suggest, they are going to fight in Reno this year. I would be very fearful of what might happen if Carnera really went in and roughed out Mr. Dempsey."

We could not follow Mr. Tunney here, however, holding tenaciously and in the face of the former champion's logic to a firm, patriotic belief that our Mr. Dempsey would slug Carnera smack on Primo's fragile maxillary and deposit him upon the canvas.

"Yes," responded Mr. Tunney, "I will have to admit that there is a glassy texture to Carnera's jaw. Perhaps, after all, you are right."

Mile Record Near Bottom
"How long will it be before some super-runner lowers the mile record to about four minutes?" writes a track fan, disconcerted by Gene Venke's indoor record run of 4:11 1-5.

Not, we think, until our grandchildren gather about our poised knees and ask: "Who was Babe Ruth, granddaddy?"

It's possible but you can figure the chances on past performances. It took nearly 40 years to reduce the world outdoor amateur mile record from 4:15 3-5, Tomany Conneff's old mark, to the as-yet-unimproved figure of 4:09 1-5, registered by the loud, barrel-chested young Frenchman, Jules Ladoumègue.

Most of this margin has been chiseled off since 1913 when Cornell's John Paul Jones cut the record time to 4:15 2-5. But there was no menacing gesture from Pasvo Nurmi's 4:10 2-5 in 1923 until Ladoumègue broke loose in 1931. It's getting tougher, or is it?

You Win
Kansas has the last word, anyway.

Enterprising Paul Lawrence of the Newton Evening Kansas-Republican polled the state's sports editors with our query on the "three most popular sports, taking into

Enkay

BOY CRAZY

by GRACE PERKINS

SYNOPSIS: While Hope Ross Dale paces her room, where she is a prisoner, her newly acquired husband, Jack, her angry father downstairs, she and Dickey are when Dickey's father, Hickey, is willing to help them and has cause with Dickey, but Mr. Ross disapproves of Hickey. Furious, he knocks Dickey down.

Chapter 15
"CALL AN AMBULANCE"

An arm stole around Papa Ross's shoulder. A vivid, blinding arm, and a voice sharp with fear called into his ear.

"Dad—what's happened?"

He uncovered his face slowly and gazed down at Goody. Gradually his distorted features quieted.

"You'd better call an ambulance," he said tonelessly. "I've hurt him. I—thank God, I didn't have a gun."

"Dad—oh, Dad!"

They both stiffened as the sounds behind the closed door of the billiard room reached their ears. Instinctively they moved aside as the knob was grasped and a voice spoke a short, hardened command.

The door swung open, and Hickey stood purple to the collar around his neck. Dobson, obedient, but panting, was growling at their feet. Barely did Hickey glance at them. Turned, with a mountainous dignity

tasted her orange juice, and wondered why a single taste should drain the glass. Merely for curiosity's sake she lifted the cover from one dish and closed her eyes faintly at the sight of hot bran muffins, and two pats of fresh sweet butter. The tang of coffee teased her.

She and Sassy scraped the tray clean between them, and once more Hope lifted tray and dishes and flung them out her window into the rocky brook below, on the theory that nobody could really tell whether or not she had eaten!

Slowly and thoughtfully she dressed. Quite carefully she explained the dire necessity of peculiar proceedings to Sassy, begging the cat not to worry and to please put up with a few hardships just for an hour or so.

Then with infinite patience, she knitted together her sheets, and vigorously pushing her bed over to the window, fastened one end of her rope to the bedpost. The long end she tossed out the window.

Next Sassy was tenderly picked in a tiny overnight bag, padded with boudoir pillows to protect his pedicured bones.

Out the window, flung as far as possible, so that it might miss the brook, went her own full-sized valise. Next, with prayers and



Hickey marched with dignity and marched to a ladder-back chair where slumped a bridegroom of less than two rounds of the clock. Carefully Hickey picked up his son. And marched, silent and with supreme dignity, past the two in the corridor.

"Is he badly hurt?" called Papa Ross sharply.

At the foot of the staircase Hickey turned.

"Shall I—shall we call an ambulance?" put in Goody huskily.

Hickey's arms sagged from the sheer weight of his muscular burden. One fleeting glimpse of the boy's bleeding face, eyes closed in grateful unconsciousness, struck the vision of the two who stood half covering in the light of the billiard room.

"I will take care of my son," said Hickey with labored breath. "You take care of your daughter!"

Tightly he gathered his burden, and spoke to the dog at his heels.

Goody and Papa Ross watched the procession up the broad staircase. Heard the voices in the upper hall. Heard the slam of the front door. Heard the sound of Hickey's car. And then—heard no more.

The following day, Mr. Ross did not go to his office. He himself unlocked Hope's door in the morning, and once more marshalled the cook in and out with a breakfast tray of food. The room was empty save for the hungry kitten cuddled in the taffeta bedspread that had been tossed on the floor. From behind Hope's bathroom door came sounds of a running shower, gasps and gurgles of grateful shock in the bride's pliant trouble.

When Hope, wrapped in a hand crocheted bathrobe of orange, green, and lavender silken threads, swung open her bathroom door and gazed about, her bright blue eyes lighted on the breakfast tray set in the sunshine so that the painted cherries and peaches and grapes stood out on the gay yellow china like living fruit. Her nose crinkled, and her small bare foot tapped thoughtfully. A particularly rasping meow from Sassy made up her mind.

Kitten in her lap, Hope sat down and fed it cream and bits of parsley from her omelette. Disdainfully she

past the two in the corridor, mumbled pleas, the overnight bag containing Sassy.

Then with urgent speed, Hope climbed up on her bed and began to edge over to the window, grasping the sheet mightily, and testing its strength.

No doubt the servants had reported the various accumulations of cast outs from her window. At any rate, before Hope had one foot out on her perilous journey sheetwards, her bedroom door was suddenly unlocked and Papa Ross entered.

"Hope! Come in out of there, at once!"

Pale but sharp-eyed, Hope stared at him.

"Not unless you're going to act human!" she called back sharply.

"Come in here at once, I say."

"I'm going to Dickey!"

"There's no Dickey to go to! Come in here."

Hope jumped to the floor, gasping.

"What do you mean—there's no Dickey?"

"Come down here, and I'll tell you. I want to talk to you, Hope."

She glanced frantically toward the window.

"But my kitty—it will die—"

"The cook has your cat. Come here, I say, child. I have news for you. Bad news, I suppose, but I expect you to be thoroughbred enough—"

"Has anything happened to Dickey?"

Only the sternest sense of duty, only the deepest faith in his sense of right, prevented Papa Ross from melting at that wall.

"No. Nothing has happened," he said slowly. "Except that he's come to his senses. I suppose."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know anything about him," Papa Ross shrugged, and wondered why he could not meet the child's eyes. "He hasn't been near me since he brought you home yesterday, and lost his temper to such an extent that he threw me against the door and very nearly broke my arm."

(Copyright Grace Perkins)

When Hope refuses to believe him, Mr. Ross produces proof. Hope investigates on Monday.

Black Bear

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— LENTEN SEASON —
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