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I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid: I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.—Psalm 32:5.

AS IT USED TO BE

When Easter comes around again do you remember 'way back when your mother spent several days in dyeing eggs?—when Easter was almost as exciting as Christmas?—when you had to be good for several days in order to be sure of getting the Easter bunny?—when you awoke on Easter morning and eagerly searched for the nests of brightly colored eggs that were hidden in obscure corners, and your mother put all the blame on the Easter rabbit?

Just as exciting was the great day when you made the discovery that there really is no Easter bunny, and you were allowed to stay up later than usual on the night before Easter in order to find places to hide the eggs from your less worldly brothers and sisters.

Nowadays, in this era of sophistication, all the kids know that there isn't any such animal as an Easter rabbit, and the legendary bunny has lost his art, while a fluffy white cotton creature sits atop a basket of candy "eggs" and doesn't fool anybody—not even the babies.

But do you remember when Easter eggs were real eggs, when the prettiest ones were dyed with calico? They were wrapped around with the cloth, boiled hard, and when the cloths were removed they revealed the most startling multi-colored creations. And even if the color did penetrate the shell and leave a "fod and dyed" effect on the whites of the eggs, you ate them anyway.

Egg-eating races were staged at intervals during the day, and even the losers were able to eat as many as a dozen at a sitting. Of course the prettiest eggs were saved and cherished long after Easter—until they began to lose their appeal and you turned to your stiffs or rag dolls for amusement.

Do you remember more than fifteen years ago when neither Mr. Rabbit nor his obliging spouse belonged to the union, but would spend a couple of days before Easter hiding eggs in all the nooks and crannies on the hill below Rooster Peak? On the Saturday before the great day Pat Foley would stage an annual Easter egg hunt. All the kids in town would gather on the Foley property and search the place until every egg was found; and the winner was a hero for days afterward.

HIS LAST WEEK

The events of the last week in the life of our Lord, leading up to the climax of the Crucifixion, are so well known and so overlaid with homilies and theological interpretations, that few people realize the vivid and intense human drama of Holy Week. Religious convictions apart, the final struggle between the noblest and purest of men and the cupidity of vested interests, the bitterness of religious prejudice, and the stupidity of political time-serving, is fraught with deep significance.

The drama begins when the Son of Man, driven to take refuge in the wilderness by the intrigues of His enemies, learns of the death of His friend Lazarus, and determines to go to the capital. He realizes that the final issue cannot be postponed, and that He cannot be loyal to the great principles for which He stands and avoid the struggle. Without any illusions regarding the outcome, but with unflinching courage He sets His face to Jerusalem, and His disciples wondering say, "Let us go, that we may die with Him."

His unexpected appearance in the throng of Galilean pilgrims awakens their old enthusiasm and their dreams of the Messianic reign, and He enters the city amid the wild acclaim of the mob. He knows the fickleness of the crowd, and makes no effort to take advantage of His brief triumph. Yet it inspires Him to throw down the garrison square by the stilled and vernal temple authorities by driving the traders from its sacred precincts. By night He returns to the quiet village of Bethany, but by day He teaches only in the temple courts, where His shrewd tact baffles those who seek to entrap Him in His speech. Day by day the tension grows. He casts stones to the winds, and fishes His enemies with healing and unanswerable words.

Knowing that the Feast Day will bring the climax, He arranges with a friend for a quiet spot within the city where He may eat the Passover supper with His disciples. Even here passions flare up for a few moments, when He frankly charges His dearest friends with treachery. Remembered,

they ask: "Is it I?" But Judas knows his Master has divined his secrets, and steals out on his traitorous mission. As though the air has grown suddenly purer, Jesus seems to draw a long breath, and enters upon the affectionate intimacy of His last counsel to His followers. This supper ended, they make their way to the secluded olive garden over the Kedron, where He hopes for a quiet hour of prayer and meditation.

Here in the darkness He fights the supreme battle with His own soul, agonizing over the blindness and hardness of heart of His people. Yet even here He drains the cup, willing to trust God even yet somehow to bring triumph out of final disaster.

Then follows betrayal, cowardice and denial on the part of His most trusted; the pitiful farce of His trial before a venal court whose verdict is predetermined; the necessary appeal to Rome, whose time-serving representative tosses Him over to the petty king of the Galilean province, only to find Him thrown back again; Pilate's half-hearted attempt to see justice done, His final surrender to the clamor of the mob—how many times in the history of human governments have such scenes been enacted! The outcome was inevitable: The ignominy of a criminal's death, the triumph of greed and cruel self-interest.

Yet something happened in Joseph's garden which transformed a cowed and beaten handful of Galilean fishermen into a flaring band of heroes who turned the world upside down, and in less than three brief centuries lifted the gibbet of the Nazarene to be the proud standard of the world's empire.

Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim Unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own!
—Krook (la.) "Daily Gate City"

American Economists Form League For Independent Political Action

STOP REVOLVING FUND. Discontent, as early as practicable, of the revolving fund operations of the Federal Farm Loan.

ADJUST RURAL CREDIT. A per se policy toward present borrowers from agricultural credit agencies, with maintenance of the lowest possible interest rate; and adjustment of loans at inflated price levels.

CHEAP ELECTRICITY. Special attention to the farmer's need of cheap power by means of a publicly owned and operated electric power system.

TRAPSHOOTERS SEE CHANCE TO CLIMB HIGHER

With a record so far of those wins and close losses, the La Grande team is hopeful of turning in a score good enough tomorrow to boost its standing in the Oregonian telegraphic trapshoot.

At present La Grande is in the "blue" half of the second division, with three more "blues" of shooting, sees a possibility of improving its percentage considerably providing weather conditions which have been so far so favorable.

Four matches are scheduled for tomorrow with the shooting at the local trap range, competing with Portland No. 1, Multnomah, Talena and Eugene. Portland No. 1 has five wins and five losses. Multnomah is presently in the "red" half of the score with one win and one loss. Eugene's standing was not listed today, and Eugene is in seventh place with one win and one loss. Local shooters are hopeful of at least an even break tomorrow.

In addition to competition in the telegraphic shoot, the trap club members will be holding a "handicap" trap shoot on the trap range and into competition three weeks ago.

Two More File For Office In Wallowa County

George Chase, former stock man and farmer, Wallowa county, has filed himself a candidate for county commissioner on the Democratic ticket. E. E. Stevens has declined his candidacy for county assessor.

The Wesley Scott case has been judged the best in Oregon and will be the state's entry in the Lions club international contest. Secretary E. E. Stevens of the Lions club of Wallowa county has been selected to represent the club in the contest. Each local Lions club is invited to send a representative to participate in a new contest on the subject of "What is a good Lions club?" to be held in the city of Wallowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Whelan are the proud parents of a baby boy, Robert, born at the La Grande hospital of St. Elizabeth, and moved to Santa Rosa, Cal., about two years ago.

The First Methodist church of Wallowa will present the cantata "The Easter Story" Sunday night at the church. There are 15 in the chorus.

The Christian church of Wallowa will present the cantata "The Easter Story" Sunday night at the church. There are 15 in the chorus.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. N. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. O. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Q. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. U. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. V. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. X. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Lott.

Amateur Wrestlers Competing Today

WRESTLING. One, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. N. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. O. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. P. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Q. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. T. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. U. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. V. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. X. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Y. Lott, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Lott.

Other Papers Say:

THE DECLINE OF CIVILIZATION? Christians declare that the present civilization of the world has passed its peak and that a decline similar to that experienced by the cultures of other eras already has set in.

They point to the fall of the Roman empire as an example. Rome fell when the ruling class, made soft by luxury and idleness, no longer were capable of administering the wide domain that their war-like predecessors had conquered. The Roman nobility stayed orgies and at the same time fed the dissatisfied people from the public treasury in order to prevent uprisings.

Rome wasn't built in a day, and neither did it fall in a day. For several centuries after Roman civilization had reached its zenith its culture continued to rule the world. Then came decay.

A parallel on this continent is seen by some historians in the civilization of the Mayas and Incas, now believed to have been descendants of Asiatic peoples who arrived here by way of what is now Alaska, then connected with the old world by a narrow strip of land.

A civilization even superior in many ways to that of Rome was developed by these people, who have left great temples and giant pyramids in the jungle as monuments to their culture. These civilizations also faded, however, and were gone by the time Cortes arrived with his Spanish conquerors. As nearly as historians can piece together the picture, too much luxury among the ruling classes, leading to decadence, was responsible for collapse of this new world culture even as it was in the old. The story of the Mayas and Incas still is incomplete, however, and further research may throw more light on the subject.

KITTY FREW

by JANE ABBOTT

She went in, hadn't she got down before he'd started reading it. But his welcome seemed to hold only a moment.

"This is nice, Kitty—to have your company. Perhaps if I had your pretty face across from me every morning my digestion might be better."

And Pound smiled, too, and began devoting himself to her needs. "Mr. Frew—" And then the absurdity of that checked her, to have no more intimate name by which to catch his attention! But he had not heard it.

"Well, are you happy with us here, my dear?" Eventually he came to his usual question and Kitty pounced on it in relief.

"Oh, yes! But I've been thinking—I came down this morning to ask you—is that position in your office still open to me?" Her voice trembled in spite of her.

Mr. Frew looked a little vague. "What position, my dear? Of course we might make room for him somewhere. I've always played with the idea of his coming into the office some time. But his mother let me to believe he'd made other plans."

Kitty caught the table edge with tight fingers. "He hasn't any other plans, that is none that will get us anywhere! And he ought to begin working. We ought to be living in our own home, independently. If you'd make him think you needed him, maybe—"

Her earnestness brought Mr. Frew's full attention to her. There was a little abridging of satisfaction on his face. "You're right, Kitty. The boy ought to begin working. Tell him to come in at four o'clock this afternoon. We'll talk things over—there'll be some place I can get him into. I've just bought a new business block—he might take over the renting of the office."

"Oh, I know he could do it," Kitty cried and then laughed that she should be extolling her own ability to his own father.

Mr. Frew pulled her hand. "You didn't think the girls nowadays bothered their heads about grand old manners, do you? For a moment she flashed a quality of wildness in his eyes. "Well, make your, Kitty, and keep it a home. Don't let it get to be a mere shell of a thing—"

"Like this house," she finished silently for him, on a flash of understanding. But that understanding was lost at once in her joy that he'd promised to talk to her. And if for ever an instant Dalton Frew had felt any longing for a home that was not a mere shell, even a purports shell, that apparently was gone, too, in his concern at the business of the hour.

"You've made me forget that I have a very busy day ahead of me, little Kitty," he murmured. "You did not walk until nearly noon. By that time Kitty had completed in her heart the home that would have, to its smallest cubbyhole, their world by their familiarly, a few pictures, pictures they hung because they meant something to them. Books—they have books, everywhere, but just in shell-ware."

Oh, no, their home should never come to be a shell of a place; there would be love in it, laughter, merriment, a nest of one for the other. She'd have her father and mother, even Carl, come for dinner often. And Dalton, Dalton, would come to sit before their fire, to know that their walls were walls that put some around her—

When Carl walked the next time with shining eyes, a merry mood. "But, I've a wonderful surprise!" "But she would not tell him, she said, until after he'd had his breakfast, she teased him, chided him when he tried to kiss her, shook her head, laughing, when he made absurd guesses as to her surprise.

When she told him she put her arms about his neck. "Get your father has a splendid position for you, right away. It's something to do with a new building he's bought. Sending the office—" She wanted you to go in at four o'clock today to talk about it."

Old time dance Eagles hall Saturday night. Admission 50c. 3-24-32

QUILT AND RUG CONTENT By Episcopal Ladies at Home hall, Wednesday, March 30. Prizes given at 7:30 p. m. and evening. Call 141 W. 396 M. 3-25-32

DON'T FORGET To order some of those La Grande grown Easter Lilies at Clarks Florida. 3-25-32

NO. 13692 Office of Comptroller of the Currency, Washington, D. C., March 7, 1932. Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of La Grande" in the City of La Grande, in the County of Union and State of Oregon has complied with all the provisions of the statutes of the United States required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of banking:

Now therefore I, J. W. Pole, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of La Grande" in the City of La Grande in the County of Union and State of Oregon is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty-nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

In testimony whereof, my hand and seal of office this seventh day of March, 1932. J. W. POLE, Comptroller of the Currency. 3-24-32

NOW is the time to add some seed to your old lawn in order to have a fine turf next summer. Try LILLY'S BENT & FESCUE MIXTURE

FERTILIZERS Erickson & Lottes Phone Main 792

FIND IT HERE Copy for this Column must be in by 9 A. M. MANLEY M. ARANT Accountant and auditor, income tax advisor, C. R. Apt. 303, P. O. 208 W. 3-10-1 m.

FOR LADIES ONLY Now is the time to have your old hat retouched like new in any color or shade, and with lacquer which will not fade or stiffen the straw or braid. Take your last year's hat to Richardson's Art and Gift Shop and save the expense of a new one. 3-22-32

Hemstitching, pressing, button holes, etc. Norton's Kiddy Shop. -Adt.

SPECIAL! Saturday and Sunday, Easter Lilies \$1.00. Select plants. ROHAN'S FLOWER SHOP 3-25-32

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MERTON A. DAVIS OF UNION Candidate for Republican Nomination for COUNTY COMMISSIONER OF UNION COUNTY PRIMARY ELECTION, MAY 20, 1932 "Pledging Myself to a Progressive and Economical Administration"

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Garage in basement with direct elevator service to all guest room floors. In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered hot water, tub and shower. Western-exposure Tower rooms have ultra-violet-ray windows.

Dinner in Coffee Shop from 7:50 up—in Main Dining Room from \$1.50 up. Also a la carte service.

Hotel SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

Rooms—Newman Room Co. Powell Street at Sutter - San Francisco