

Clearing Slide From Road Near Lostine River

By Mrs. Mm. Wiggins (Observer Correspondent)
LOSTINE (Special)—Some time during the winter, a gigantic earth and snow slide occurred on the Lostine river above the Pole bridge. It is about half a mile in length and took huge trees and boulders down the mountain, completely filling the river at Box canyon. R. B. Bowman and several other men have been working there for days trying to clear the road for traffic. Another slide is reported up near the Lapover cabin.

Lostine sportsmen are very indignant over the fact that a screen has been placed across the mouth of the Lostine river to prevent the salmon from running up the stream. This also keeps other fish out. Lostine river is a natural spawning place for salmon.

James Downs, who spent the winter in Freewater, returned home last week.

Mrs. Frank Pearce entertained a few friends Saturday evening in honor of her husband's birthday anniversary. The evening was spent visiting. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served to these guests: Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hain, Mrs. Ella McKenzie, Mrs. O. J. Foley and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pearce.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Morris, and daughter, Gwendolyn, of Imbler, spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Wiggins.

Wesley Leonard was a recent visitor with his sister, Miss Ruth Leonard, in La Grande.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Foley and daughter, Margaret, Miss Hattie Mitchell and Robert Mitchell, of Eugene, enjoyed a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Franklin near Enterprise.

Calvin Plants has received news of the death of his mother, Mrs. Grace McCullough, who died in a sanatorium near Huntington Park, Cal. The funeral was at Pasadena. Calvin has spent the past two years here with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. George Dodge, and is a junior in the Lostine High school.

Mrs. Roy Cook and two children have returned from Union where they visited her mother, Mrs. George Dodge, and Mrs. Wayne Chandler, of Baker, visited Mrs. Wm. Wiggins Tuesday. Mr. Chandler is Mrs. Wiggins' nephew.

Mrs. Anna Nolan had her children as guests on Mother's day and all enjoyed a lovely dinner together. Mrs. Elizabeth Meredith and baby son arrived Monday from Klamath Falls for a visit with her mother, Mrs. Martha Swart, and also to witness the graduation of her sister, Miss Ruth Swart.

The foundation for the new Christian church has been completed and work on the building has started. Marion Hammack has been engaged to clean up the Roesch lots where the buildings were destroyed by fire recently. It is building a fence around the site.

The freshmen and sophomores, chaperoned by J. H. Leonard, enjoyed a party in the grange hall Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Brandt entertained the Young Married Peoples Bridge club Friday evening.

Mrs. Frank Bradley entertained a number of friends at a quaking party recently. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ray Fatten and daughter, Mildred, Mrs. Seward, of La Grande, Mr. and Mrs. George Evans and Mrs. L. Wolf, of Walla Walla, Mrs. Bert Caudle, Mrs. C. E. Thomas and Mrs. Wm. Hunter, of Lostine.

Forty sacks of the Red Cross flour were unloaded at the office of city recorder, Fred Edwards, where it is to be handled.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Ward, of Weston, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Reed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Daniels, of Caldwell, Idaho, have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Leonard.

Mrs. Casey Williamson and infant son have returned to their home here from Joseph.

The Lostine baseball team played its first game in the new league on the Lostine diamond Sunday and met defeat by the Enterprise team, 11 to 6.

The Lostine Union Sunday school held a very appropriate Mothers' day program Sunday. Two solos were sung by Marion Pearce and Maynard Holland; the boys' quartet sang; the

children gave an appropriate number; the program written by Mrs. Wiggins was beautifully acted by Mrs. Sadie Hall, Mrs. Ella McKenzie, Mrs. Millie Wamock was presented with a beaded locket as she was the oldest mother present.

School Notes
 The students and teachers of the High school have been busy giving and taking the final exams of the year. There were several exemptions made in all classes.

The student body elections were held Friday, May 6, the following officers were chosen: Carmen Reed, president; Florence Reed, vice president; Verda Childers, secretary; Ike Cole, treasurer; Bob Bright, Librarian; Opal Garrett, assistant Librarian and "Trell" Williamson, athletic manager.

The High school play was a great success as all the characters were excellently portrayed. The profits were more than anticipated.

The tennis tournament that has been held at Lostine since the tennis season opened has been completed except for the meeting of Freda Hall, Velva Hammack, Bernice Wining and Louise Crow, Hugh Magill and Bobby Bright. If the tournament could be closed off before the school season closes it will be resumed at the opening of the school in the fall.

Prof. J. H. Williams and his wife left Friday, May 13 for California where they will attend the University of California during the summer. They will return in the fall to teach at the Lostine school.

You Can't Marry

by Julia Cleft-Addams

SYNOPSIS: Will marry you to-morrow if you like, George! Well, she's a little bit nervous. She has heard that she will marry him if she will. George is a very nice fellow, but she is not sure she can love him. She has heard that she will marry him if she will. George is a very nice fellow, but she is not sure she can love him.

Chapter 7
MISS LOYALTY
 WITHOUT pause, Gratton Match seized a fountain pen, signed the statement which he had just declared inaccurate from first word to last, and rang one of his many bells.

A door in a shadowed corner opened and a man-servant came in. He had a broad, slightly bent back, next to no neck and dark hair growing gray. George, who didn't like him, always thought of him as a mole.

"Take this to Townsend, the pilot." The Old Man's gray claws were surprisingly deft with an envelope, wax and seal. "Tell him to get straight away with it. He has his instructions—any speed that doesn't break his neck."

George, rubbing the finger that had been slapped, watched the valet take the packet and go. He walked with a curious, soft glide that was not a shuffle. It looked slow but actually it got him along with an usual speed. . . . She turned to find Gratton Match's stony eyes upon her.

"Have you anything else for me tonight, sir?"
 "No. Hurt your finger? Here, have some sweets."
 She took the mossy little bag he rooted out, thanked him and dropped it into her overall pocket. It lay against one he had given her a week ago when he had thrown a paper weight at her. . . . He pulled himself higher against his pillows and stared her up and down. He pointed at the gleam of apricot velvet under the overall hem.

"Where were you when I sent for you? How many times have I told you, you're to be where I can get at you when I need you? What about the salary you're getting? Keeping me waiting? Gadding about town with—who were you with?"
 "Mr. Ryder Vale and a Mr. Aveney and my cousin."
 "Male? Female?"
 "The girl who shares my apartment. Georgina Revell—the same name as mine. But she shortens it to Jenny."

"I don't want to hear about her or her ridiculous name. I'm not concerned with your private affairs." (George's lips grew tighter in their effort to suppress a smile.) "But I won't be kept waiting. I won't—be kept—waiting! Is that clear, Revell? Is that clear?"
 "Quite, sir. Good-night."
 She turned away.
 A familiar sound followed her—the muffled hum of the model dynamo. Gratton Match had switched them on and, twisted grotesquely, his wig crooked, hung over them. He was talking to them but not in his dreadful falsetto.
 "Pretty—oh, very pretty indeed." It was a thin monotone that merged into the humming of the wheels "Reserve of power there. And economical. And smooth. Smooth as velvet. Beautiful!"
 George closed the door.
 She took a deep breath. Thank heavens, those estimates were settled and on their way. The Old Man would be more bearable tomorrow. She hoped that Eddie wasn't breaking any records, getting down to the air field. He was a fine flier, an iron-nerved "bird-man," whose fame had spread, whose "luck" was a by-product. But George thought him—she put it bluntly—a rotten motorist. Whatever carried him, motor cycle or car, he took insane risks with it.

Cove High Team Wins In Tenth From Savages

By Mrs. A. G. Conkitt (Observer Correspondent)
COVE, May 14 (Special)—Enterprise High school came to Cove for a baseball game Thursday, losing to Cove 10 to 9. A tenth inning was required to determine the victor.

The school from Indian creek held a picnic and swimming party at the swimming pool here early this week.

The eighth grade of Cove school held its class party at the gymnasium a few evenings ago when the mothers of all the class members were guests. Games were played and refreshments served. Rev. and Mrs. Jackson, who are here conducting the Advent services, were guests. The eighth grade this year includes 19 boys and girls, as follows: Velma Richardson, Merrill Richardson, Velma Richards, Chester Williams, Phyllis Hancock, Lona Fields Price, Mildred Hagley, Pearl Lindsay, Vernon Goodell, Rena Bristol, Helen Van Vlack, Mildred Hill, Leonard Houx, Van Robinson, Mertie Loree, Billy Duncan and Jack Parks.

The eighth grade examinations were held May 12 and 13. As both the seventh and eighth grades are in the same room, the seventh graders had a two-day holiday.

The Eastern Star held another quilting party at the home of Mrs. B. W. Peterson Wednesday. They are making a gift quilt with the names of the officers of the different Eastern Star lodges in Oregon embroidered in it. The officers of the various lodges each pay a small sum for the privilege of having their names in the quilt. It has been by this means that the lodges over Oregon have been able to help the Cove lodge recuperate after the fire loss sustained a little more than a year ago.

At the completion of the quilt it will be given to a Masonic home. J. E. Rundell and sons are building a cabin in the Ascension school grounds. The cabin is to be for the use of the faculty at the annual summer school and is the sixth one to be erected. There is one for the use of Bishop and Mrs. W. P. Remington, and four for the use of the girl students. Summer school will be here before the middle of June and there always is considerable work to get the grounds and everything in readiness for the event.

Miss Fredericks, Van Kirk, of Forest Grove, and Mrs. Peterson, of Salem, were overnight visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Gardner. They are relatives of the Gardners and were on their way to Walla Walla to attend the graduation of a sister of Mrs. Peterson.

Of all the men she'd met, Aveney was the only one of the type that funny kid, Jenny, called "worthwhile." . . . But George was not a flirt and she got no great pleasure out of the infatuation of a man who meant nothing to her. She wished she could tell him straight out that by this time tomorrow she would be Eddie Townsend's wife.

That reminder of tomorrow swept everybody but Eddie from her mind. She went into her working-room and found the promised acrawl upon the desk. "Oily hair sweeps sharp. Will get lone of par from someone."

Poor old Ed, spelling was not his strongest point! But what did that matter? He didn't need to spell, he hurried along in the air or on the earth, a big, simple, grinning, greedy boy! She thrilled to that. She understood it. She was—outside the ruthless discipline of her job—like that herself.

Jenny knelt at the open window and watched the opposite roof-tops grow black and blacker as the young moon slipped down the sky. In a distant square a clock chimed. Eleven? No, not yet, a quarter to.

Her birthday was nearly over. She put her forehead down on her cold, clasped hands and at once pictures were painted against the darkness. A clearing in a forest full of moonlight, a straight green tree with straight silver candles on it.

She unclasped her hands and moved them until they gripped her shoulders, half expecting to feel them buried in fur. White fur. But her shoulders were bare. And she was a fool to kneel here spoiling the wonderful gown.

There was nothing—was there?—to agonize about, just because a tall, slim, hazel-eyed man had tumbled headlong into love with George and didn't trouble to conceal it. Even if his love was hopeless—and it would be, for George really did care most for Eddie—the elusive laughter would not be banished forever from the hazel eyes. He would forget—this mysterious, incalculable Garth Aveney would forget George in time; as completely as he had no doubt by now forgotten George's little cousin Jenny.

Eleven o'clock. With the last chime came the sound of George's key in the front door and the sound of her voice; and the sound of a man's voice answering her.

Jenny's face scorched suddenly in the darkness of the bedroom and she stumbled to her feet. When she had made a bad headache an excuse not to go on to the Crescendo with Ryder Vale, she had thought that she needn't see Garth Aveney again tonight. She had stupidly forgotten that George might bring him here, and she had forgotten, too, that if George didn't go on to the Crescendo either, she wouldn't know that Jenny had come home.

The simplest thing, considered Jenny, would be to undress very quietly in the darkness and go to bed. She groped for the intricate fastenings of her new frock and at last stepped out of it and carried it to the wardrobe. The wardrobe stood across from the unused double doors which separated the bedroom from the living room and as she cautiously opened it she heard, as though she herself were in the living room, the click of the telephone receiver dropped back into its bracket and then Garth Aveney's voice.

"Well, now you've done your duty. You've phoned him at once, you've made your attitude absolutely clear. Now I want you to let me tell you something else."
 "There's really nothing you can say, I told you I'd have to phone him about you and I did. That finishes the whole affair." George sounded very curt.

"No, now I'm going to justify myself. I told him I would, once you'd refused."
 Jenny stepped back from the wardrobe and swung its door shut so heavily that it slammed; she feared that George would hear the noise and investigate it. But George, still in the living room, was loudly exclaiming over something—her voice ringing out of its usual crisp warmth into a shriller tone that came to her when she was indignant. . . . Jenny assumed that she was indignant because Garth Aveney was trying to take her away from Eddie. Presently—just as Jenny slid into the little camp bed that had been put up for her alongside of George's—George's voice sounded in the hall and then Aveney's.

"Goodnight, Miss Loyalty," Aveney was saying, "I'm forgiven, then?"

Matching learns the result of his train set for George, tomorrow, while George plans for her secret wedding.

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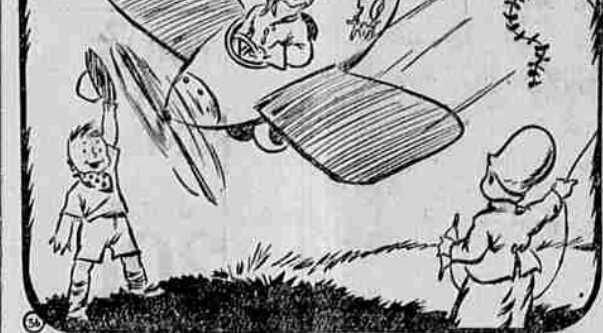
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THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING



(READ THE STORY THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

AS Windy started in his plane, he cried, "Soms attitude I'll gain and then I'll chase wee Duncy, who's still hanging to his kite."
 "I'm sure that I can save the lad and, my oh, my, won't he be glad? Don't worry if I have to sail this ship right out of sight."
 "How does it pedal?" Copy cried. "And does it tip from side to side?" "Of course not," answered Windy. "It's as level as can be."
 "It could be tipped, I do not doubt, but that would promptly throw me out. I'll keep away from that, though. It is merely up to me."

AND then he turned the wee ship's nose toward the sky and cried, "Here goes!" The Tinies saw him rise real fast. "He's doing fine," said Copy.
 "I hope that Duncy's still all right and hanging to his little kite. When Windy finally rescues him, 'twill be a lot of fun."
 By now wee Windy felt at ease. Far-far below he saw small trees that looked just like a blanket.

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LOST
 STRAYED—Bay mare and white faced sorrel mare, blind in left eye. Notify E. G. Lovely. 5-14-3 tp

players were so eager to do their best at any given moments. This fighting spirit in real earnest and sincerity gave us a big lesson.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS Oh, Lookee!



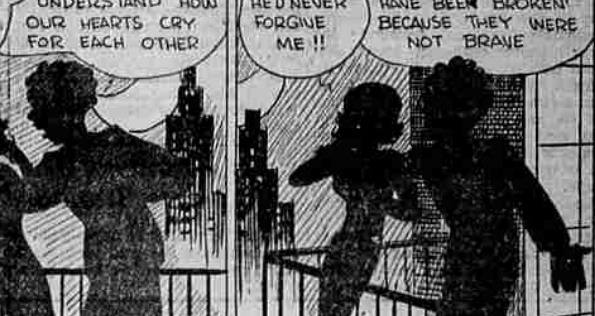
SEE! AREN'T ALL THE WILD FLOWERS JUST BEAUTIFUL, OSSIE? BOY! SWEET WILLIAMS, VIOLETS, DAISIES, LUPIN, JOHNNY JUMP-UPS. JUST LOOK AT 'EM!!

OH SURE! DON'T YOU KNOW THE NAMES OF WILD FLOWERS? CAN'T YOU TELL THE NAME OF THAT FLOWER THERE?

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W HILE AGUSTA'S DAD FEELS SAFE IN THE THOUGHT THAT HOMER DITTY IS BUT A MEMORY TO AGUSTA, HOMER IS WORKING FAST.

ELOPE, NOW? TONIGHT? BUT, DAD...WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

I'M THINKING OF HIM. HE'D NEVER UNDERSTAND HOW OUR HEARTS CRY FOR EACH OTHER.

OH, BUT HE'D NEVER FORGIVE ME!!

THEY ALWAYS FORGIVE. SINCE TIME WAS HEARTS HAVE BEEN BROKEN BECAUSE THEY WERE NOT BRAVE.

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