

Cove Personals

By Mrs. A. G. Conklin (Observer's Correspondent) COVE, Ore. (Special)—Mrs. Charles Fisher, who has been seriously ill at Hot Lake, was brought home last week very much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Corpe, Mrs. S. L. Corpe and Thornton Corpe who have spent a week in Cove left Saturday for their homes in El Monte, Cal.

The rain in the valley Sunday did not reach Cove, though there were two distinct wind storms that were regular whirlwinds, carrying everything before them and twisting shrubbery and flowers and tearing limbs from trees and otherwise distorting the landscape.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Towle and their three children, Inez, Verna and Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. O. Lund and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Lund and two children, made an excursion to Wallowa Lake last week, staying all night and returning the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Phillips entertained his twin sister, Miss Phillips, of Enterprise, last week. They also entertained a niece, Miss Amos, both young women returning home Saturday.

The Epworth League had a delightful party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hancock Friday evening. About 25 were present. They played games on the lawn and also in the house. The games were arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Hancock. A lunch of salad, cake and punch was served.

E. F. Roberts and his daughter, Miss Clara, will leave Tuesday morning for Walla Walla, Wash., to visit for a couple of days with Mr. Roberts' brother, W. O. Roberts and family.

who play well will work well. There is probably no safer index to the soundness of a child's mental health and his later capacity for work than his ability to play with passionate intensity.

The energy which he thus uses in his early years later on will be available for what we dignify with the name of work, provided, of course, the right guidance is at hand to lead his interest by natural steps into the proper channels.

But the child who never has been able thoroughly to lose himself in play of one sort or another has a long hard pull ahead.

Somehow his energies are blocked, used up in inner conflicts, in hates and fears perhaps or feelings of inferiority which prevent him from living out his impulses in any wholesome fashion.

A child who cannot play well needs help. He needs to be understood.

stood. We should try to find out where the pinch is. Is he being over dominated, over disciplined, or is he being spoiled, fed upon an over demonstrative affection that saps his energy, satisfies him and leaves no drive for exploration of new horizons?

Such questions are complicated. Every such child needs to be studied carefully and sympathetically and to be given as early as possible every help in finding a path to the wholesome, outgoing activity of healthy play.

JACK AHEARN WINS TITLE WALLA WALLA, Wash., Aug. 7 (AP)—Jack Ahearn, of Walla Walla and also Milton, Ore., defeated Marion Marquis, of Walla Walla, 7-5, 2-0, 6-0, to win the men's singles tennis championship of Southeastern Washington here today.

Miss Eunice Marquis, Walla Walla, defeated Miss Mildren Ryan of Colfax, 6-0, 6-0, to take the women's singles title.

BODY OF AVIATOR FOUND TUCSON, Ariz., Aug. 8 (AP)—James Norris, Tucson aviator, who crashed in the Santa Catalina mountains yesterday, was found dead today at the bottom of a deep, rock-ribbed basin into which a winddrift apparatus shot his plane, and his passenger, Archie Grout, of Tucson and Bozworth, Mo., was believed to be dying.

HISTORIC GOLF COURSE OPENS GREENS TO PUBLIC COLUMBUS, Ohio (AP)—The Arlington Country Club, probably the oldest golf course in Ohio and certainly once the most exclusive, has

opened its fairways to the public. The Arlington was organized in 1891 as a hunt and country club, but in 1894 a golf course was laid out. Only 20 golfers, all novices, played the first year. All the holes were short, about equal to a pitch and a putt nowadays. But in the old days, with the old ball, the holes were long enough.

Alex Smith was the first pro. He came in 1897. About the only original part of the old course left is at the fourteenth green. Its sod was once that of the old course, transplanted when the course was expanded to 18 holes.

TRACK ACE HAS BIG JOB CHASING INTO STADIUM PALO ALTO, Cal. (AP)—Eddie Tolau, winner of the 100-meter dash in the Olympics, was forced to walk half a mile here to get his chance to make the American team.

The former University of Michigan negro speedster, with John Waybright, Navy duster, arrived at the Stanford stadium here for the final American trials in running togs, but both had left their tickets in the dressing room.

They were challenged by a gate official who refused them admission, declaring, "Admission by ticket only." While hundreds of spectators, waiting to get in, knew who the men were, the gatekeeper was adamant and the pair had to walk a half mile around the stadium to find admission.

Beaver Giant of Tribe The beaver is the largest North American rodent.

ahead through the water then, all restraint gone, plunged forward and began to swim with a powerful crawl stroke. Somewhere in that drifting black ship was Nancy. He had told her Lucel should not have her. Once he put his two hands on that guy nothing in the world could break his hold. A dozen more feet and he'd be able to clamber aboard. They had machine-guns and automatics, but he did not care.

A vivid sheet of flame from the amphibian's bow split the darkness over his head. It was instant, reflected in a stabbing fire from the shore. The air seemed filled with twanging bullets and the sound of crackling wood. The reverberations from the machine-gun fire died away into all silence, utter and absolute.

Jerry's groping hand found a wet strut. He jerked himself out of the water and scrambled up the slippery side of the drifting plane. He swung a drip of foot over the cockpit wall. There was only one dark crevice there. He reached for it with clutching hands.

"I give up!" the man screamed. It was not Lucel's voice. His fingers met at the man's throat. His thumbs clamped down, pressing deep into yielding flesh. The man staggered back. Jerry stopped after him, stumbled on something soft and lost his grip. There was a heavy splash. The other man had jumped overboard. Jerry could hear the sound of his strokes as he swam toward shore. Frenziedly Jerry looked for Lucel. He heard Stevens' voice.

"Where's Lucel?" "The swimming man answered. "On the floor of the cockpit, him and Sam. You got 'em both."

"Another \$150,000 shot to hell," mourned Stevens. "Money goes awful quick around here."

Jerry clattered down the two steps into the darkness of the commodious compartment within the fuselage.

"Is that you, Jerry?" Nancy's voice was brave.

"Yes," he said briefly, choking back the rush of words that came to his lips. What use to try to keep his thoughts away from her, to try to ignore her very existence? He had loved her ever since, he had first looked into her eyes, candid and level as a boy's, back there on the Merrick road. He clenched his teeth to prevent himself from telling her while she waited so silently for him to find her there in the inky darkness. His wife! That spoiled it all, for had he not promised to have it annulled? How could he tell her that he loved her now, when her heart would be warm with gratitude toward him? And when they were back in New York she would be Nancy Wentworth, not the helpless, frightened little girl of the tropics, but the self-reliant, light-hearted musical comedy star.

His groping hands touched hers. They were icy cold and clutched his own convulsively.

"Nancy," he whispered, "are you all right?" "There was a moment of silence "Yes, Jerry," she replied calmly. "Except that my ankles are bound and I am tied to this seat."

His skillful hands untied the knots and unsnapped the safety buckle. He could feel her breath on his cheek as he bent over her to help her to her feet. She would never know the struggle he was making to keep himself from seizing her in his arms and smothering that glorious red mouth with his kisses. His wife! What a joke!

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded. "I'm not laughing," he snapped shortly. "Let's get ashore."

Emory fingered his trigger impatiently as he watched men scuttle from the shelter of one palm to that of the next, always working closer and closer to the house. Dr Titterington, looking absurdly undignified, crept across the littered floor of the living room and placed a tall glass beside the elbow of each of the defenders.

"Happy landings, Ashle," Emory nodded, catching the cripple's eye. Ashwood's face was transformed. No longer mocking and cynical, it was wiped clear of its hard lines and seemed twenty years younger.

"Cheerio, old top, here's to the next war!" Ashwood drank deep. Emory stared over the barricade. The attackers were making their way forward with infinite caution, taking advantage of every tree trunk, every clump of palmetto and sawgrass.

"Of course," in the meantime, down below the other Tinjies didn't know that Duncy had been whisked away. Bill S-couty gave a cry. "Where's Duncy? Look! He is not here! We'll have to search for him, I fear." "He's always causing trouble," Coppy added, with a sigh. "I'll have a plan. We all will do the best we can to

CLASSIFIED ADS THE MARKET PLACE OF UNION & WALLOWA COUNTIES (Count five average words to the line.) 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 50c per line per month.

FOR SALE — 7 work horses, 2 milk cows, J. M. Jones, Luther Campbell farm near Mt. Glen. 8-9-2 tp

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PIANO EXCHANGE—We will sell your piano for you, placing it on display in our store. You set the price. For complete details phone Main 805. Radio and Music Supply Co. 7-9-1 m.

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FOR TRADE WILL TRADE—Small property near Heppner, Ore. Ideal for chickens, for small house and lot in La Grande. Ph. 219 M. 8-8-3 tp.

LOST LOST—Green, beaded handbag, Sunday. Return to Observer for reward. 8-9-1 f.

Health The treatment of sprains of the ankles depends upon the severity of the sprain and the direction of the stress suffered by the joint.

THE NEW FANGLES (Mon'n Pop) A Run on the Treasury!



Care must be taken in strapping and bandaging not to interfere with the circulation of the foot. Interference with circulation is indicated by a change in the color of the flesh and by a puffiness under the skin.

Gentle massage and radiant heat applied over the strapping is desirable. Massage, exercise and heat should be kept up until the foot can be moved painlessly and in all directions. Ordinarily, in the case of a mild sprain, it is not necessary to keep the bandage on for longer than three or four days.

Subsequently it is desirable to exercise the foot to strengthen the arches. The exercise, however, should be gentle and should not cause pain.

If pain, swelling and discomfort on walking do not disappear within a reasonable period, say, a week or so, one should secure medical attention.

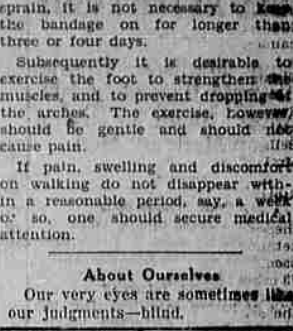
About Ourselves Our very eyes are sometimes like our judgments—blind.

Professional Directory Hospitals DR. LEE H. BOUVE Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital, 3rd Floor Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 611

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS The Cover-Up! By Blossom



JUST WHEN OSCAR WAS READY TO BRING FORTH HIS INVENTION, HE DISCOVERED THAT IT WOULDN'T GO THROUGH THE DOOR OF HIS WORK SHOP....



Gambler's Throw by Eustace L. Adams

SYNOPSIS: Jerry Calhoun and Stevens are trying to end an airship chase by attacking the hydroplane in which gangsters are carrying off Jerry's wife, Nancy. The rest of the story is related in chapters against his better, Ashwood, and to attacking him and the persons he is holding for ransom.

Chapter 35 "HAPPY LANDINGS" THE amphibian appeared to float up to meet them.

Jerry, leaning forward in his seat, watched the gangster ship with half-closed eyes. He must miss that uper wing by inches only. The tracer bullets from below were sweeping the monoplane from wing tip to wing tip as Lucel's gunner kept his finger clamped tight on his trigger.

Down, down. Funny, how long such a short dive could take! The tracer bullets annoyed him. They seemed to stretch like taut string between his own eyes and the other fellow's gun. He wondered vaguely why he hadn't been riddled with lead. The luminous dial of the altimeter suddenly disappeared from the instrument board. Something else, too, had disintegrated as the gangster's bullets crashed through the panel. He couldn't stop to see what it was. No time for anything but to dive as close to that upper wing as he could. Must give good old Steve a fair target. Then he became aware of a new sound, a continued tac-tac-tac as of a steel riveter at work. It was Steve. Atta-boy, Steve.

The long, upper wing of the amphibian seemed to leap up at the bow of the plunging monoplane. Jerry pulled back desperately, wondering if he had waited too long. As the nose lifted he listened for the crash that would mean the end of everything. Steve was straightening up, pulling his gun barrel out of the panel. Jerry's breath whistled between his light shut-teeth. They were clear! Missed a collision by fractions of an inch.

"Get it?" he demanded. "I dunno. Usually do." It was all of a night's work to be detective. The monoplane was flying level again. Jerry banked hard over to return to the attack. The dark bulk of the other ship became visible. The pilot slapped his companion on the back.

"Look!" he shouted, "they're gliding!" The amphibian, her exhausts streaming flame, was gliding in a long, thin quarter-turn, her pilot obviously trying to reach the sandy beach of the island. Jerry measured the distance with his eye. Yes, they might make it. He must beat them to it. With his own engine full on, he, too, swung toward shore in a terrific power-dive, hoping against hope that he would find the beach suitable for a landing.

Jerry dived past the slowly-gliding ship. With his own mighty engine whirring, the monoplane was covering two feet to the amphibian's one. Down, down, with the wind whistling through the struts, the entire fabric vibrating to the banshee shriek of the motor. There was no time to drag the beach to find out whether the sand was hard or soft. It didn't matter. He closed the throttle and pivoted the plane around on her wing tip. As the fat balloon tires struck the sand the heavy ship lurched and faltered. Jerry braced himself, thinking that she was about to dig in and turn over. Then she rolled heavily to a stop.

Jerry leaped to the sand before Stevens had opened the door on the other side. The amphibian had just landed on the water, forty or fifty feet from shore and was now drifting in toward the beach, under the forward momentum of its glide. With engine dead and its crew silent it looked like a black ghost ship in the night.

Jerry, in a cold sweat of impatience could not wait for her to reach the beach. He waded out into the dark water, his hands itching to wrap themselves around Lucel's throat.

"One shot out of that gun," came Stevens' calm voice from the beach, "and I'll give you the works."

There was no reply. The plane, its forward ray almost lost, was lurching steadily toward the shore. The water was now up to Jerry's waist.

"Throw your machine-gun overboard." The detective's voice carried far across the still water. "I want to hear it splash."

Still that eerie silence hung over everything. Jerry felt a tingle run through every nerve end. The air seemed full of static electricity, like the breathless moment between a sharp flash of lightning and the resultant clap of thunder. He pushed

Daily Cross-Word Puzzle

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down words. Includes solutions for yesterday's puzzle.

THE TINYMITES STORY BY HAL COCHRAN PICTURES BY JOE KING. A comic strip about a monkey and a man.

THE TINYMITES (continued) WHEN Duncy realized that he was being carried up a tree, he tried to wiggle loose. The monkey, however, hung on tight.

Chats With Parents

THE IMPORTANCE OF GOOD PLAY By Alice Judson Peale When we observe a group of children at play together we will see that some are completely absorbed in the game, that they are aware of nothing else.

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