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H. W. FREDERICKS Publisher and General Manager

HAROLD M. FINLAY Business Manager

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MOST BUSINESS MEN GOOD CITIZENS

In all the talk now current about need for development of a new spirit in American business, it is important that we do not make the mistake of judging all American business men by the spectacle which a very few have made of themselves. One of the great purposes of the NRA program is to make possible some sort of effective, broad-gauge co-operation among business and industrial units. It is perfectly true that our pre-NRA system let greed go unchecked, and that the unrestrained working of that greed was in no small measure responsible for the depression. But we could not make a greater mistake than to assume that the rank and file of business men should be included in the indictment which properly has been leveled at a comparatively small number.

For example, such men as Wiggin and Mitchell admit to a Senate committee that their prime interest all along was to feather their own nests at no matter what cost to others; and Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace announces that "we need a new type of business man" who is willing to subordinate a part of his own interests for the general good. True enough. Yet the Mitchells and Wiggins were, after all, the exception. The average business man is as good an American citizen as anyone else. He is not on the job for his health, of course—who is?—but he does have a very definite and strong desire to be something more than just a buyer and seller of merchandise, and his goal is not simply the building of a fat bank balance.

He wants, in fact, what all really public-spirited men want—to be a part of a healthy, co-operative community in which it is possible for men to render a genuine service in return for the money they get. And let it be said to the honor of American business men that the overwhelming majority have kept this desire in mind through the hard years of the depression.

The Senate disclosures about blind greed in high places in the business world have been extremely ugly, indubitably. Somehow we have to rearrange things so that the style of the Mitchells and the Wiggins is cramped after this. But the man who tries to argue that all business men are cut to the Mitchell-Wiggin pattern, the man who says that the business class as a whole stands condemned because of the faults of a few—that man simply does not know what he is talking about.

The Weather

WEATHER FORECAST
Oregon: Fair tonight and Thursday but overcast with fog on the coast; local light frosts in east portion tonight; moderate northwest wind offshore.

LOCAL WEATHER
Tuesday: Maximum 60, minimum 35 above. Clear.
Today: Minimum 35, 7 a. m.—40 above. Clear.

Clark Wood Says

The Japanese dilemma is that their otherwise notable chest expansion isn't shared by their treasure chest.

"Young students of Babylon struggled over advanced trigonometry at least 4000 years ago," we read. It's too late, now, for us to be sorry.

"Easter is that season when women dress up so that they can start undressing for the summer," says the Jacksonville Miner, whose editor has evidently been impressed by the bare facts.

Army fliers have often crashed before, but only since carrying the mails have they thereby made an impression.

The two sides of an argument are one's own and the wrong side.

Prospects of the maid whose face is her fortune are looking up, now that the men are.

Spinsters are said to excel as car drivers, perhaps for the reason that they have a single objective.

An optimist is a chap who would buy now if he could borrow from a pessimist.

In the country the most popular streamline is still the line with which you whip the trout stream.

Officer is Facing Charge of Murder

(Continued From Page One)

Wilcox died late Saturday night after being shot by the special deputy when he sought to escape from the officer as he was being taken to the county jail. There was a warrant out for his arrest on charges of setting up and operating a still.

Following the verdict of the coroner's jury last night, it developed the jury was under the impression the indictment against Wilcox was two years old and that he was charged with setting up, but not operating, a still. It also developed the wording of the new Knox act, in making a first offense a misdemeanor rather than a felony, may mean the difference between freedom and life imprisonment for Klepper in the event of his conviction.

Held in Bribe



Two former Los Angeles city councilmen, James S. McKnight, upper, and Roy C. Donley, charged by a grand jury with agreeing to accept a \$10,000 bribe to influence their votes in a city garbage contract.

In Washington

By Herbert Plummer
WASHINGTON — A few days ago President Roosevelt received the Washington newspaper correspondents in what is believed to be the shortest press conference since he established that now famous bi-weekly event at the White House.

The conference lasted about five minutes. Usually these occasions are considerably longer—at times 20 minutes or more.

Although there was a dearth of news of national importance developed at this particular conference, one very interesting and revealing sidelight on Mr. Roosevelt, himself, cropped up.

It was contained in his more or less casual statement that he had completed a book on his program which will be published soon.

As an afterthought the president stated that he had stayed up until midnight of the night before to complete the job.

This incident serves once more to

TODAY IN BRIEF, IN AND AROUND OREGON

AS CHRONICLED BY THE DAILY LEASED WIRE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Illustrate the tremendous capacity for work and sustained effort of the present occupant of the White House. It never fails to amaze those with whom he comes in contact.

Mr. Roosevelt's first year in the presidency was an ordeal such as few men are called upon to undergo.

Yet he has found time during one of the most cruel and exciting years ever experienced by a president to write a book.

It is true, of course, as he says, that the book is composed principally of compilations, presumably of his public addresses and of data affirming his statements. The fact remains, however, that he found the time to compile.

Other Presidents Waited
Usually, presidents wait until they leave the White House to attempt things like book-writing. Mr. Coolidge did.

Those who ought to know say that Mr. Roosevelt's book will be more than a compilation. Much new material, describing more in detail his basic ideas of the "new deal," is expected to be found in it.

Where he finds the time, the energy and the will for such extraneous endeavors is much of a mystery to everyone but F.D.R. himself.

MRS. PHILLIPS' FATHER DIES

Word has been received here of the death of Ross King Wiles, Pocomo, a farmer, Monday of heart disease. The body is at the Baker funeral home. He was the father of Mrs. Dan Phillips of La Grande, also leaving two other daughters, four sons and 22 grandchildren.

Tiger Team To Play At Cove Friday at 3

(Continued From Page One)

P. Leonard, rightfield. Others on the pitching staff who are likely to see service in the game are R. Koyie, C. Young and T. Blackman. T. Zivkovitch may get into action on first, H. Beck at shortstop and H. Voruz and J. Voels in the field.

The Tigers have been working out for several weeks and are hopeful of opening the season with a win. Imbler will be host to Elgin Friday afternoon in the other league game.

Expect 200 Here For Fellowship Meeting

(Continued From Page One)

The national organization that La Grande people are not only invited but are urged to avail themselves of the privilege of the gathering, were made to pawn it.

INDIANS OPPOSE BILL

KLAMATH FALLS, Apr. 4 (AP)—By a vote of 221 to 34, Indians on the Klamath reservation have opposed enactment of the proposed Wheeler-Howard bill which would provide a new system of self-government for the tribesmen. It was announced at reservation headquarters.

PUT 75 MEN TO WORK

ALBANY, Apr. 4 (AP)—About 75 men will be put to work on Santiam highway projects next week when Kern & Kibbe, contractors, start on a new contract. During the spring and summer between 300 and 500 men, residents of Linn county, will get work on the 5.3 mile South Santiam highway project, and the 3.8 mile North Santiam stretch.

AERIAL SURVEY PLANNED

PORTLAND, Apr. 4 (AP)—As a reference for flood control study the Willamette Valley Flood Control association has authorized an aerial survey of the Willamette river from Portland to Eugene. C. E. Stricklin, state engineer; R. O. Russell, CWA engineer for Lane county, and Hilda Sward, Marion county engineer, will prepare a report of the survey.

TAX RETURNS HEAVY

SALEM, Apr. 4 (AP)—Returns from personal income, corporate excise and intangible taxes for 1934, based on incomes for 1933, aggregated \$1,294,000 at noon Tuesday, members of the state tax commission reported.

More than 3,000 letters containing remittances remained unopened when the tax commission office closed Tuesday night.

DRUGGIST LICENSE RULING

PORTLAND, Apr. 4 (AP)—Whether or not a druggist intends to qualify for the sale of alcoholic liquors, he must have a license if he uses alcohol or alcoholic liquors in carrying on his business and for the compounding of prescriptions, according to the latest ruling of the Oregon liquor control board.

REHEARING ON LOCKS PROMISED

PORTLAND, Apr. 4 (AP)—Word has been received here from Washington, D. C., that a new hearing by a board of army engineers will be arranged on the question of sea-locks at Bonnaville dam. The reports said Congressman Martin was told by General Markham, chief of engineers, that if desired, he would "send the entire board to Portland when members on the coast are holding hearings for Crescent City, Humboldt bay and other projects."

George B. Schneider of Los Angeles was given back a valuable stick

pin by a bandit who held him up when the owner told the highwayman the pin could be traced if efforts were made to pawn it.

Jury Holds Negro Slaying Justified

BRADENTON, Fla., April 4 (AP)—A coroner's jury today declared the act of Joe Kopman, prominent citrus grower, in slaying a negro charged with assaulting Kopman's young daughter was "justifiable homicide."

SOAP AND WATER PERFORM UNUSUAL CLEANING TASKS

There's nothing novel about soap and water, but housewives and many unusual tasks it will perform more satisfactorily than ready-made cleaners.

Cleaning brushes, for example, may be washed frequently in soap and water. Dainty-looking velvet powder puffs, after a thorough washing, make excellent polishing cloths for knives. Hot water and plenty of soap-suds will clean the breadbox, but it must be completely dry before the bread is replaced.

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: Judith Lane is asking Tom Bevins' physician about his health, for the doctor believes she is in danger of carrying on in case he dies. Bevins is becoming a big dam project at Hillendale and has found that Morton Lampere, member of the firm trying to demolish him. To complicate matters, Judith is engaged to Norman Dale, a lawyer, but she still loves Tom. Tom's daughter, hopes to win Norman in spite of Judith.

Chapter 12 HONEYMOON

"THE physician laughed. 'Bevins is a bull headed old rascal,' he admitted; then, with concern, 'Are you ill too?'"

"No, but I am worried, and what I'd like to ask you shouldn't be discussed over the telephone, only I'm afraid I won't sleep until I receive the answer."

"Better ask then; he said he'd worked you pretty hard."

"Doctor Kelly, I'm engaged to be married, and if Big Tom is in a serious condition I feel I should wait. He told me he was liable to die any minute."

"Well, aren't we all? Walk against a traffic light, work overtime in the hot sun, do any one of a number of foolish things and see what happens."

"You mean?"

"With proper caution, no more all night vigils and particularly with common sense where his emotions are concerned your friend may live to be a hundred. There is nothing in his present condition to warrant your putting off your wedding. Now go to sleep."

"And so they lived happily ever after," quoted Judith Lane Dale, as she lay on the sand, staring at the blue of a late September sky. "Norm... member how fairy tales always used to stop with the marriage of the mysterious prince to Cinderella? Cila says they stopped there because fairy tales had to have happy endings, and if they'd gone on any further there wouldn't have been..."

Judith found her mouth gagged with a rubber cap. "Don't start preaching Chivalism on your honeymoon," admonished Norman. "Aside from being poor taste it disturbs my reading these..."

He had been going through a handful of mail brought to the beach by Lige from the honeymoon cottage where Delphinium presided and persisted in her efforts to "fatten that skinny chile."

"Here's a note from the contractor, Judy, he says we can move into Hillendale by October 15th, that's three weeks away... and 'Will Mrs. Dale be contented with white picket fences? The stones won't be available for two months and Farmer January's cows came in and ate the evergreens Jimson planted and now January wants us to pay the damages.'"

"To our evergreens?" demanded Judith.

"No, his cows."

"Drat January, Norm, our living room drapes are exactly the color of the Gulf out there at the horizon line, aren't they?"

"And here's a note from Mathile, says Big Tom is feeling fine, they're going on up the coast."

Judith sat up—"So Tilly writes my man does she? Look here," she showed Norman an envelope across which her name was scrawled in heavy masculine writing. "Your woman gets written to by Slim Sanford."

"Nice chap, I like him," observed Norman, then with a quick laugh, "he needs to return the compliment, come on Judy, I'll beat you to the third breaker with a two minute handicap."

JUDITH came up through the third breaker even with Norman and together they swam beyond the surf to float lazily.

"Norman," Judith rolled over and began to tread water, "how's your mother enjoying the cruise?"

"Well," observed that young man, "she said they put on a Havana to Miami tournament of contract and she won seventy-five dollars. Need I say more?"

Judith laughed. They swam on to another question came to her mind. "Norm, it certainly was generous of her to give us Lige and Delphy. I feel like I'd always known them."

"Generous, my eye," he retorted. "Mother's suite isn't big enough for our full blossomed Delphinium to turn around without knocking over card tables."

Judith giggled as she went under, then came up salt water stinging her eyelashes.

"Cila says Jane Allen told her that if you had married Mathile,

DEMOCRATS TO TAKE PART IN APR. 14 DINNER

Young Democrats of Union county will take a prominent part in the third annual Jefferson day banquet and state convention of the Young Democratic League of Oregon to be held in the Multnomah hotel, Portland Saturday, April 14.

George Walker and Mrs. Hec Hess, both of La Grande, are members of the state council which will choose the new state officers for the league at the convention.

Several Young Democrats from Union county are planning to make a trip to the assembly in Portland, which will be one of the most important political meetings scheduled in a month which will see the political campaign get actively underway.

Judith Lane

by JEANNE BOWMAN

your mother would have come to live with you."

Norman started to tread water under a wave and coming up looked as dignified as a young man might look under the circumstances. "Judy listen, I've never had any idea of marrying Mathile. As for mother's coming to live with us—I had... well Tilda's the only person she's never been able to whip a bridge and life would have been a long tournament, and I don't like tournaments."

Judith wasn't jealous of Mathile. Bevins. She assured herself of this the day they moved into "Hillendale Cottage." However, she didn't understand why, with thirty-one days to October, Mathile had to choose that particular day for the Xmas dock at the turning basin.

Someone had to drive down for Mrs. Dale, senior, and someone had to stay at the house to attend to the last moment affairs. Judith preferred being at the house.

"This sho' is a pretty house, Mrs. Judy," wheezed Delphy, sinking into a deep chair in the living room, the easy familiarity of one "bo's" the family."

"And you like your quarters Delphy? How about Lige, is it going to be too far from town to him?"

"Laws no, that boy he kin get up a one man crap game, an' it's a sight easier on me when he loses to his self."

She looked out on the long roof with its quaint fixtures, pale yellow walls and sea-green drapes.

"Seems right nice livin' here with furnichur I been polishin' thirty years. Member how Ma's Anthony brought it long from 'ginia. Mis Dale tho' she don't need no furnichur 'ceptin' a card table. Many's a time I said 's a shame she weren't born man so's she could put that mind o' hers to business. Some women ought to have a dozen children or a boardin' house to keep their busy, and she's one."

Judith smiled a small secret smile as she thought of Cila—"Mrs. J. Anthony Dale," Cila had said, "is a fine example of a good business woman finding an outlet for her talent in social piracy."

A FEW nights later, in the throes of giving her first formal dinner, she thought again of what Cila and Delphy had said. Trembling with fatigue and excitement she sat before her dressing room table trying to fasten the strap of her beige velvet gown.

Twenty guests... suppose one or two were late, didn't come... Lige must remember Big Tom was to have only water, no wine, no coffee... and afterwards, the orchestra was to begin with the Venetian Suite... Dolores looked so lovely behind her huge hair... she mentioned this to Norman, who was struggling with his tie.

"Reminds me," he said, "I'll put up a card table in the den, that's big enough away so the few who have to have their bridge won't be annoyed."

Judith looked into the mirror. Would the time come when she would be like this mother of his? Would marriage and motherhood leave her life so empty she'd want to return to the business world as of sheer boredom?

Norman and Judith spent the first Thanksgiving with the Bevins, and as fond as was Judith of Big Tom she began to look upon the family as flies in the amber of his honeymoon.

But Thanksgiving was not as so notorious as Judith had anticipated. Big Tom's delight at having her there made up for Mathile's indifference upon monopolizing Norman and when the engineer, so clearly showing the mark of illness, led her into the library to show her miniature dam he had constructed she became completely absorbed in the project.

And then time passed and somehow it seemed to her she had always lived there; had always been married to Norman. There was nothing in watching the mantel clock for hands to point to the hour his car would purr up the driveway and he would meet him at the door, to remind her of the lonely nights in his apartment.

The unity of their life and love was so perfect she made no attempt to analyze it, or fear it too perfect to last.

And then, like the shattering of a fragile prism came a telephone call in the midst of their Valentine party.

Tom Bevins had dropped dead.

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Monday, Judith shouldered her

responsibilities.

—what it means



—to keep on hand 350,000 bales of Turkish tobacco to add something to the taste

So important is Turkish tobacco in the Chesterfield blend that we maintain a modern up-to-date tobacco factory in the far-off city of Smyrna.

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It means something that Chesterfield always has in storage upwards of 350,000 bales

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the cigarette that's Milder
the cigarette that TASTES BETTER