

LaGrande Evening Observer

(Incorporated) An Independent Newspaper Phone Main 600 H. W. FREDERICKS Publisher and General Manager HAROLD M. FINLAY Business Manager

Published evenings, exception Sunday, at 1710 Sixth street, La Grande, Oregon.

Entered at the Postoffice of La Grande, Oregon, as Second Class Mail Matter under act of March 2, 1879.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY AND THE CITY OF LA GRANDE

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The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Philippians 4: 7.

OUR MONEY POLICY The strangest thing about the long argument over the government's monetary policy is that so many of the arguers seem to be trying to conduct the debate in a vacuum.

Most of the time the surging waves of public unrest which make up the background of all this argument get ignored entirely. We get plenty of scholarly expositions on the way inflation starts and the things it does before it stops.

A monetary policy doesn't come into being in a void. It is the product of innumerable forces. The economic laws in the text-books may be important; but, too, are farmers sunk in debt, home-owners burdened with

mortgages they cannot carry, cities that stand on the edge of bankruptcy. All these things produce dissatisfaction with an inflexible currency system. This dissatisfaction may be illogical, mistaken and highly unwise; nevertheless, it is the prime factor in the situation, and any attempt to stifle the soundness and unsoundness of our monetary policy is worse than useless if it fails to take it into account.

Senator Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma announced the other day that three different congressional money groups would combine to put through a mandatory inflation law this winter, if the dollar should be stabilized at a devaluation of less than 50 per cent. That statement is the tip-off on the real issue of the day.

If the administration should adopt the course urged by the "sound money" group, it simply would be asking for an explosion. All the inflationary sentiment in Congress—and there is a lot of it, reflecting the sentiment of the people back home—would get up steam to blow the lid off. The chances are very good that it would do so.

Callister was one of the original members of the education board which was created by the state legislature in 1929. He has accepted a position in the loan department of the federal intermediate credit bank of Spokane, which would automatically disqualify him as a member of the board here.

Callister was manager of the Albany branch of the First National bank of Portland for the past six months.

RE-OPENING AKIN CASE PORTLAND, May 8 (AP) — The supposition was strong here today that important new evidence had been uncovered in the investigation of a shooting last Nov. 20 of W. Frank Akin who, at the time of his fatal shooting, was conducting an investigation of the affairs of the Port of Portland.

A county grand jury investigation of the old murder case swung into its second day today, but the district attorney was close-lipped.

RAIN AT PENDELTON PENDELTON, May 8 (AP) — Precipitation to the extent of 14 of an inch fell here last night, following a trace of rain Sunday evening. If other sections of the Umatilla wheat belt likewise experienced rain, the chances for a normal wheat crop this season will be somewhat increased.

NEW STRIKE CALLED PORTLAND, May 8 (AP) — About 12,000 workers on the Pacific coast, including 1,100 in Portland, will be affected by the general strike ordered by the International Longshoremen's association for 8 a. m. tomorrow.

For the second time within six weeks Portland and other Pacific coast ports faces labor troubles and disorder on the water front.

Medford Editor Wins Pulitzer Service Medal (Continued From Page One)

newspaper during 1933 went to the Medford (Ore.) Mail Tribune for its campaign against unscrupulous politicians in Jackson county, Ore. The prize is a \$500 gold medal.

The advisory board of the Columbia School of Journalism named "The People's Choice," by Herbert Agar for the history prize; "Lamb in His Bosom," by Caroline Miller of Baxley, Ga., for the novel prize; and "Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley as the best American play.

At the same time it was officially announced that the drama and history jurors had recommended other works to the advisory board.

Other awards included: For distinguished service as a foreign or Washington correspondent — Frederick T. Birchall of the New York Times for his correspondence from Europe. Prize, \$500.

For distinguished editorial writing, limited to the editorial page — E. P. Chase, Atlantic City News Telegraph, for his editorial "Where is Our Money?" published December 2, 1933. Prize, \$500.

For a distinguished example of a reporter's work—Royce Brier of the San Francisco Chronicle for his report of the lynching of John M. Holmes and Thomas H. Thurmond, accused kidnaper-slayers, published November 27, 1933. Prize, \$1,000.

For a distinguished example of a cartoonist's work—Edmund Duffy of the Baltimore Sun for his cartoon "California Points With Pride," published November 28, 1933. Prize, \$500.

Prizes in letters: Best American biography teaching patriotic and unselfish services to the people—"John Hay," by Tyler Dennett, a professor at Princeton university, \$1,000.

Best volume of verse by an American author—Robert Hillier, a professor at Radcliffe college, \$1,000.

HOT POINT RANGE GIFT AT COOKING SCHOOL MODERN

Women readers will undoubtedly be interested in the appointments and features of the "Hotpoint" all-electric range to be given away absolutely free as the feature gift of the Safeway Stores "Kitchening" classes opening at the Sacajawea ballroom tomorrow afternoon at 2 p. m.

The "Hotpoint" range will be on display at the Sacajawea Inn and may be seen and inspected by all who visit the school this week. It is of modern finish, two-tone white and black porcelain enamel. Oven top and cooking top is finished in porcelain enamel.

Dimensions of the range are as follows: floor space, 38 1/2 inches by 24 1/2 inches; height, over all, 39 1/2 inches; cooking top, 20 1/2 x 21 1/2 inches; height from floor, 32 1/2 inches; oven, 14 inches high, 14 inches wide and 18 inches deep. Unit equipment as follows: two Hi Speed cabinet surface units and one fast heating open unit.

100 ATTEND FIRST MUSIC WEEK CONCERT (Continued From Page One)

presented the opening numbers, "The First Primrose" by Grieg and "Senorita" a Spanish melody, Darcy McCool, Cove baritone, sang "Out of the Dusk to You" by Dorothy Lee. Mae Elizabeth Cooper, La Grande violinist, played "Negro Dance" by Clarence Cameron White and "Elegie" by Massenet, and Clark Wheeler and Loren Blanchard, both of Freewater, presented "In Those Dear Old College Days," Eileen Cochran, Baker soprano, sang "When Song is Sweet" by Saus-Souci and "Melisande in the Wood" by Goeta. A clarinet solo "Valse Caprice" by Meyer was presented by Grace Scully, of La Grande.

The senior sextet — Barbara and Beverly Guye, Miss Cochran, Dorothy Hill, Donna Cook and Ruth Murphree sang "In the Luxembourg Gardens" by Manning-Baldwin and "I Passed by Your Window" by Brahms. Ruth Geibel, La Grande soprano, sang "The Almond Tree" by Schumann, and Glenn Fox, La Grande pianist, played "Prelude in G-sharp Minor" by Rachmaninoff and "To Spring" by Grieg. The closing numbers were "Dream Ship" by Strickland and "Nightfall in Granada" by Buono, by the mixed chorus.

Anxious interest of the Robles family centered at Cananea, copper mining town directly south of the border from Blaine, where two corporals of the Arizona highway patrol were directing a hunt by Mexican soldiers, immigration and customs men, rurales and vaqueros.

Mrs. Kletzer Honor Guest at Meeting

ties of officers and programs. Miss Thelma Winkley spoke on "The Place of Art in the School" using examples of work done by grade children at the J. H. Ackerman Training school. Mrs. O. B. Maxam presented a round-table discussion followed. At noon a joint luncheon with the Lions club was held with Dr. C. L. Gilstrap presiding. Alfred Meyers sang two numbers "That Lonesome Road" and "Wagon Wheels." Mrs. Fries, retiring president of the La Grande City Council, introduced Mrs. Kletzer who spoke on "The Little Red School House—Do We Want It Back?"

At 1:15 a joint installation of city and county officers was held with Mrs. Kletzer as inducting officer. Those installed followed: County council: Mrs. O. B. Maxam, president; Mrs. Richards, of Union, first vice president; Mrs. Sayre, second vice president; Mrs. H. J. Leonard, secretary-treasurer.

City officers: Mrs. Faye Miller, president; Mrs. Lewis Wetzel, vice president; and Mrs. L. A. Kennedy, secretary-treasurer. This was followed by a short business session with Mrs. Shaffer presiding. Local and county reports were given by Mrs. Faye Miller, Ackerman president; Mrs. H. J. Leonard, Central president; Mrs. Charles McCrary, Greenwood president; Mrs. Fred B. Read, Riviera president; Pete Troutman, Willow president; Mrs. Fries, City Council president; Mrs. Richardson, Imbler president; Mrs. Walter McGrath, North Powder president; Mrs. L. Z. Terrill, Union president; and Mrs. T. E. Beeson, La Grande City president.

The next county council meeting will be held next fall at Union.

PRESENT PLAY AT ASSEMBLY

The play production class at the Eastern Oregon Normal school presented one of James Barrie's one-act plays at an assembly Tuesday morning. The play was introduced by Guy Tucker and the cast of characters were: Thelma Anderson, John Dunn, Jean Cronin, and Ted Thomson.

AGREE AS TO TENNIS DUES

The La Grande Tennis club, at a recent meeting, reached an agreement as to membership dues for the coming year. Adults are to pay two dollars, high school or normal school students \$1.50 and grade school students \$1.25. Dues may be paid to Mary Fries, Bill Cooper or Shrimp Reynolds.

FIND IT HERE

Copy for this column must be in by 9 a. m. MOTHER "God gave us flowers and sunshine. The grass: the glistening dew. And countless other blessings. But his greatest gift was You."

Many new things will be found in the wide line of Gifts and Cards for Mother on Mother's Day, at Richardson's Art and Gift Shop. 5-7-2 t.

SCHOOL CHILDREN You can get scratch paper for school at the Observer. Nov 2 pgs 5c. 9-14-1 t.

SILVER CHAIN Is the name of a new fine Dinnerware Pattern which is carried in Open Stock at Richardson's Art and Gift Shop. A pattern which will do credit to the finest table, which will match your silverware, which will give you service, and which you can all afford, now shown at Richardson's Art and Gift Shop. 5-7-2 t.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT Notice is by this given that the undersigned executor of the estate of George Miller, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Union County his final account, and said court has set Wednesday, June 6, 1934, at 10 a. m. to hear objections to and for the settlement of said final account, at the County Court Room in La Grande, Union County, Oregon. This 7th day of May, 1934. JOHN C. MILLER, Executor, Cove, Oregon. May 8, 15, 22, 29.

Regular meeting E. O. Commandery to tonight

May 10th last day to pay water rent without a penalty. 5-7-3 t.

Union County Warrants are called as follows: General Fund, Series 1933, Nos. 2341 to 2620 inclusive; Road Fund, Series 1933 Nos. 1134 to 1411 inclusive. Interest on above warrants ceases on and after date of May 7, 1934. FLORENCE BACON, Treasurer of Union County, Ore. 5-7-2 t.

Pot grown tomato plants, 5c each. Robian's Greenhouse. 5-5-6t.

May 10th last day to pay water rent without a penalty. 5-7-3 t.

SALARY INCREASES SUSPENDED PORTLAND, Ore., May 8 (AP) — Oregon's unpaid liquor control commission has suspended salary increases for nine liquor administration officials until it has a conference with the state board of control which emphatically vetoed the wage adjustments. Governor Julius L. Meier, who gave the commission 30 days to place its affairs in an economical, efficient and businesslike basis, was asked by the commission for any suggestions how its administration could be improved.

Judith Lane by JEANNE BOWMAN

SYNOPSIS: The discovery that Morton Lampere, attorney for the Bevin heirs, has begun mysterious activities on the upper Rio Diablo has complicated Judith Lane's effort to build the Rio Diablo dam with the money left her for the purpose by the late Bevin. Lampere is suing to break the will. Norman Dale, Judith's husband and Lampere's law partner, has left the firm and disappeared. Judith's friend Olla writes her.

Chapter 34 BLACK GOLD IN THE days which followed, Judith sometimes would mingle with the crowds in the streets of Big Tom town, or dine with a crowd of engineers at Hamburger Joe's. Seated on a stool, swinging her booted legs which wouldn't quite reach the foot-rail, she would join in the conversation of Goodwin and Larson, but her ears would be attuned to the voices of the other men in the place.

Contentment was apparent in the calm, cheerful tones of the men who filed into Hamburger Joe's, or the Elite Cafe, or the Gulf Sea Food Restaurant.

The first change in the voices came not in a note of discord, but one of suppressed excitement. With the wives of two engineers she was having dinner at the restaurant. Talk at the table was spirited and Judith was dividing her attention between a tenderloin steak and the conversation, when she caught one word spoken in the room beyond.

"Oil." For one distracted moment she thought of Justin Cunard's words as they made their air survey of the basin: "This looks like oil land but I hope it isn't."

Motioning the others to go on talking she slipped closer to the next booth. "They're bringing the derrick and machinery in on tonight's train. . . got mule teams to drag it on up to their layout. . . sure thing. . . don't let on you know; we'll slip up and see if there's any claims we can file on, or buy up, eh?"

Judith returned to the table, eyes wide with anxiety. If oil was found on Seathorne's property, she feared for the Rio Diablo dam.

"Max, I've got to get word to Cunard." Oil was the one thing that could stampede the dam workers; the one thing Judith feared. Had Seathorne actually found definite traces of oil, or was this just another of Lampere's ideas to destroy the harmony in Big Tom Town?

Still at the table, she confided to Max what had happened and he, sensitive to her foresight, agreed that Cunard should be notified at once so that he, as an oil man, might investigate.

"We might go down to the train and see if they're telling the truth," suggested Larson, and hurrying through their meal, they proceeded to the camp depot. This night the engine pulled flats behind her freight cars and on the flats were engines, pipes, lumber, and drums of fuel oil. Shadowy figures jumped from the cars, communicated with shadowy figures on the road side of the depot. Mule teams backed up, their drays even with the flats, then the machinery, oil and lumber were transferred.

People began running up from the little town to stand in groups and discuss it, a thread of excitement in their manner, their voices pitched higher than usual.

Some who knew something of the enterprise became the talkative center of a group, assuring the wide eyed ignorant ones that no oil could come in "Till they git them derricks up an' drill down a piece."

"How far?" "Sometimes 1500, sometimes 5000, sometimes they've gone way down beyond that."

Max and his wife and Judith sauntered with apparent unconcern from one group to another, then joined their party and moved uphill to Judith's shack.

"It looks like the real thing, doesn't it, boys?" observed Judith in a defeated voice.

"Sure does," agreed Max Larson. "Even Lampere wouldn't buy expensive machinery like that just to frighten us with. He must have pretty good evidence of a strike."

"How will it effect the dam?" Mrs. Larson questioned. "It needn't," began Judith, a quiver of apprehension belying her words. "It really needn't, but. . . I would just as soon have the dam completed before the rush begins. Workmen aren't as efficient when prospect of 'big money' lies just around the corner."

"No need crossing bridges 'till we build them," offered Goodwin and Judith nodded.

"NO NEED," she repeated, looking down on the town from her porch after the others had left. The quietness of harmony by there. A single figure was plodding uphill with a peculiarly determined gait. Judith watched, expected him to turn in at one of the camp tents, but he plodded on towards her.

Not until he was even with her porch did she recognize him and when she did, she felt a rush of fear.

"Mr. Scoggins," she cried, and seeing the expression of his face, "what's wrong?" "I'd like to talk to you, Miss Judith," he said, his voice worried; "like to talk over some business with you."

"Come in. . . take that other chair; you'll find it more comfortable."

"I ain't lookin' for comfort," he answered, slowly, "not for myself. For my wife and Mr. Tommy, that's different."

"Of course," Judith answered quickly, "your thought has always been for your wife and Tommy. I remember that nice room you built for Tommy on the house the river washed away. You can build again now and not have to worry, can't you, Mr. Scoggins?"

"That's what I've come about," he said, then sat silent.

Judith waited impatiently. "You said you'd come to see me about something?" she asked.

"Miss Judy," he began, "have you ever been hungry? I mean really hungry, day after day, goin' without so the ones you're a carin' about get something, pretendin' food gives you satisfaction so they'll eat it?"

"Not like that, Mr. Scoggins."

"And then there's other hunger, the hunger women folk git for purty things. I mind when we was comin' down here, Mamie and me stopped off in Shreveport. We walked around the square that night, and we saw a big hotel.

Copyright, 1934, by Jeanne Bowman / Mr. Scoggins innocently throws a bomb, tomorrow.

The clean Center Leaves are the mildest leaves

They Taste Better! Luckies are all-ways kind to your throat

As you can see from this picture—Luckies' fine, smooth quality doesn't just happen—for we use only the clean center leaves! Only the clean center leaves—for which farmers are paid higher prices—for the center leaves are the mildest leaves—they taste better. Then—"It's toasted"—for throat protection. And every Luckey is fully packed with these choice tobaccos—made round and firm—free from loose ends—that's why Luckies "keep in condition"—do not dry out. Luckies are always in all-ways kind to your throat.

"It's toasted" Luckies are all-ways kind to your throat



Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves They Taste Better

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