

**LaGrande Evening Observer**  
(Incorporated)  
An Independent Newspaper  
Phone Main 600

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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 3, 1879.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF UNION COUNTY AND THE CITY OF LA GRANDE

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**The Weather**

**WEATHER FORECAST**  
Oregon: Fair tonight and Tuesday; warmer tonight; northeast and east winds.

**LOCAL WEATHER**  
Sunday: Maximum 79, minimum 42 above. Clear  
Today: Minimum 39. 7 a. m. — 60 above. Clear.

**On Vacation**  
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Duke, of Seattle, are spending several days as guests at the E. O. Draper home. Mr. Duke is a nephew of Mr. Draper and is spending his vacation touring this part of the northwest.

Foods raised in regions where gopher is prevalent contain less iodine than that raised elsewhere.

**V. F. W. WORKING FOR CASH BONUS**

Members of Mt. Emily Post No. 2990, Veterans of Foreign Wars, are today entering into the drive which is being carried on by the national organization for the immediate cash payment of the adjusted service certificates—the so-called soldier bonus.

The members of the local post are contacting friends and others who may assist in the drive.

Commander Fred Roberts points out that there are approximately 1,000 war veterans in this section and on a basis of \$400 paid to each veteran, a total sum of about half a million dollars would come into La Grande were the bonus paid in cash.

**LOCAL PEOPLE WILL ATTEND COVE EVENT**

Several cars of La Grande people are driving to Cove tonight to attend an entertainment being given by the members of Mt. Fannie grange. Among other features on the program will be some tumbling acts by the group of senior girl tumblers at L. H. S. and some readings by Mrs. Roy L. Skeen.

**Baker Golfers Win 5-2-2 Tournament**

amateur, was second with a 72. Jack Murphy was low for La Grande with a 74.

Local golfers report an enjoyable day at Baker and a hospitable reception.

The local players' score and point score follows: J. M. Watson, 76-9; C. H. Reynolds, 77-2; Ken Siegler, 80-1; Jack Murphy, 74-0; L. D. McCoy, 81-1/2; M. L. Nelson, 88-1; W. C. Perkins, 83-1/2; Fred Lanzer, 83-1; Elton Barron, 90-2 1/2; Dr. Murphy, 79-3; Dr. P. L. Tribe, 93-1 1/2; H. E. Dixon, 88-0; John Thelen, 91-0; Fred Spaeth, 91-0; W. C. Reuter, 92-2 1/2; Dr. Woodell, 94-0; W. C. Williams, 86-0; Howard Young, 89-1; Clyde Bunting, 90-3; Bartholomew, 91-0; Robert Carey, 90-0; Dr. W. K. Ross, 99-0; Snap McManus, 101-0; John Ormand, 94-0; and June Stalcup, 94-1 1/2.

**High School Will Hold Open House**

The program is as follows:  
A. Manual art awards—Colon Eberhard.  
B. Fashion Revue. Presented by the home economics department, displaying dresses made in the domestic art classes.

**WILL ATTEND GRAND LODGE**

Mrs. Garnet Ruckman left yesterday for Tillamook where she will attend the sessions of the Bebechak grand lodge which convenes there this week. Following this meeting, Mrs. Ruckman expects to remain in Western Oregon and Washington to visit friends.

**TWO LICENSES TO WED ISSUED**

Marriage licenses were issued Saturday to William Henry Conner of La Grande and Beulah Sooter of Ontario, and to Walter K. Davis of Union and rooms 1, 10 and 11; domestic science.

**Coast Manager Visits M-W Co. Firm Here Today**

The regional manager of the Pacific coast for Montgomery Ward & Co., Mr. Etteson, was a La Grande visitor here visiting with Jack Faries, local store manager and checking on the La Grande Montgomery Ward store's progress. The executive continued on a trip around this section of the Inland Empire about noon. He expressed pleasure at the excellent condition of the local store.

**SPLINTERS**

Published by VAN PITTEN LUMBER CO. Hugh Leonard, Editor

You can't beat DUTCH BOY White Lead for a good paint job. Mixed with pure linseed oil, you know you have good paint.

Mr. Newlywed: "This blueberry pie tastes queer dear." Mrs. N. W.: "Perhaps I put too much bluing in it."

He: "How do you know he was drunk?" She: "He was looking in the cuckoo clock for eggs."

We have a nice stock of oak flooring on hand. It is nice bright stock, and you would be surprised at how little a floor costs.

Your grandfather seems to be a little hard of hearing. "A little! Why, once he conducted the family prayers kneeling on the cat."

We have some second hand windows and a few doors to sell cheap.

We are going to have our place all cleaned up early this week. The carpenters and painters have left and

now all we have left to do is to get our stock straightened out and the place cleaned up. We want everybody to come and see our new office and fixtures. The front of our building has had its face lifted. We have been making lots of changes around the yard and we want you to see it.

Cars are not all they are cracked up to be.

We Sell to Sell Again

**WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?**

A deplorable situation has been recently uncovered in relation to one phase of relief work in La Grande, and it is to be hoped that local citizens who can afford will rise to the emergency and bring about its immediate correction. It has to do with the handling of transients who have no destination, who are without home or work and who are "on the road." Most of them eager to work but unable to find employment and so naturally, going from place to place in search of a livelihood.

In La Grande, if transients come here and are able to show a destination — some place where they know they will get work, or have relatives or friends who will support them — the county relief committee may grant them meals and a ticket of transportation to the place they are headed for. In due time the federal government reimburses the local relief committee for this advancement of funds.

However, the transient — man, woman or family, oftentimes including small children as has occurred here several times within the past month — who cannot show a definite destination, finds nothing in La Grande except what help is provided at the Salvation Army hall. Here Captain Daniel Rody has a pot of "stew" on the stove, with ingredients furnished through some donations of local meat markets, groceries and bakeries or contributions from the captains own very meagre pocket. Twenty to 30 such transients, ranging from single men and women to husbands and wives with families of small children, are taken care of nightly after a fashion at the local Salvation Army hall. In other words, by the grace of Captain Rody, a hall with a few beds and a bit of carrots, potatoes, soup bone, etc., picked up from local stores — these unfortunates gain a place to sleep and what of badly needed nourishment can be provided until the next morning when they must somehow move on.

Captain Rody's funds for this feeding and care, because of the recent unusual and heavy demand, are found to be depleted and even the slight but welcome sustenance which he has provided cannot be continued much longer unless some general contributions come in to him from individuals who can give in this community.

If lack of co-operation with Capt. Rody forces him to close his "soup kitchen," then these transients coming into La Grande daily can become a real concern to this city and its residents. Laying aside the humane thing to do, let us consider when a man is hungry and has no place to sleep and can find no assistance whatsoever — then the temptation is very, very strong to go out into the night and get what he can. Particularly the fellow with wife and babies on his hands who are hungry or sick or both. Let anyone consider what they would do if circumstances placed them in the same condition.

Other cities, including those near by, are finding ways and means of handling this problem to at least some satisfaction, yet so far this particular phase of relief work has for some reason or other been passed by unnoticed and unattended in La Grande. The Salvation Army here and its Captain Rody are deserving of the highest praise for the brave way they have carried on in face of difficulties, but the community cannot sit back longer and expect them to continue this work upon words of praise and 'moral support.'

Capt. Rody has been doing the job alone, unaided except by what he has been able to secure in foodstuffs for his daily pot of stew. The demands are becoming too great however for him to carry on without more substantial community aid. The local public generally appears to have unthinkingly been to snug in an erroneous opinion that federal aid is caring for the fellow who is down and out. It is true that some help of federal nature has been secured in other communities for this type of relief but somehow not yet in La Grande. Interested parties are already at work on that matter, but success to their efforts cannot be immediate.

In the meantime however, the 20 to 30 transients are appearing at the local Salvation Army building daily and the average is growing. And without more substantial help this Salvation kitchen must close. Investigation, which is welcomed by Captain Rody, will prove to anyone that these transients are not the sometimes type of loafer or bum — they are deserving unfortunates, anxious and willing to work and be happy in work were they only able to find it. Their "destination" that federal aid requires is only where that work may be found. They will call that place "home" where work is offered. They have no definite place to go — they're on the road — they have to eat, to live to go on in hopes of somewhere finding the job and home they are hoping for.

There is no able person surely in La Grande who would knowingly drive these poor unfortunates on without at least some small relief in their behalf. Yet such will be the situation unless some community wide help comes to the aid of Capt. Rody and his kitchen. The Salvation Army hall is located at 211 Pitt street. The phone number is 568-W. What are YOU going to do about it?

**Judith Lane**  
by JEANNE BOWMAN

**SYNOPSIS:** Judith Dale has returned to Houston from the Rio Diablo dam. She is battling the dam with Tom Lampere, who left her for the purpose. And she is in Houston to fight the will contest brought by Morton Lampere for Mrs. Bevin and Mathie. Her husband, who she thought was dead, has turned up in the morning, and has seen something she thinks might be her husband. Norman, who, after falling against her and with the Bevin heirs, has disappeared.

Chapter 41  
SURPRIZE

JUDITH was delighted to see Cila, but wondered at her early call, since it was barely eight o'clock. Then she was surprised to see Judge Morgan being admitted.

Cila kept conversation clipping along at a lively rate until breakfast was over, then accompanied Cuna, Morgan and Judith into Cuna's study.

"We want to discuss the coming contest," explained the Judge. "I don't want you to go to the witness stand unprepared."

"Oh, by the way, when does the case open?"

"This morning, at ten o'clock."

"This morning," gasped Judith. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Didn't want you to develop any nerves waiting for the ordeal. And miss Judith, it's apt to be that Lampere isn't a pleasant person to have on the opposing side."

"But aren't there things I should know, should do? And why didn't yesterday's newspapers say anything about it, or am I no longer news?"

"You're news," Cila contributed, "but thanks to Candel's desire to murder his wife, the rest of the sheets overlooked the date. We are carrying a story this morning."

"As for you knowin' things and doin' things," said Judge Morgan, "all you need to do is act natural and you know all that is necessary for you to know."

"About all you'll need to do," offered Cuna, "is hang onto your temper with both hands. And now if you'll dress and tell Mrs. Cuna we're ready, she'll stay with you during the trial as Cila is one of our important witnesses and can't be present until after she's testified."

"And if you think that isn't being a martyr," interposed Cila, "you don't know nothin' no-how. Imagine me, Cila Sanford, sitting in an ante-room when Lampere's in action."

Judith laughed and with her friend went to her room. She asked Delphy to bring a smart street frock she had purchased before leaving town the previous spring.

"Don't you do it, Delphy, bring that outfit I picked out this morning, and bring in those hats I had sent out yesterday." Then to Judith, "Listen, girl, look at me, the veteran of a thousand court wars. You've got to look like the forgotten woman and not like a heeled ad."

Lampere will probably try to make them believe Mathie got that head of platinum hair for nothing — turned grey with the shock of her father's death. They'll be feeling sorry for her and they won't be able to feel sorry for you if you appear looking like the five million you've supposed to have."

Cila had been working as she talked and by the time she had finished, with Delphy's assistance, had Judith dressed to her satisfaction.

"Now take a look," she said and spun Judith around to a mirror.

"THE ensemble Cila had chosen was a dark blue sheer one. Cila had added a vest of white cambric, a turned-down collar, and turned back cuffs of the same material."

"I do look efficient," proclaimed Judith, not displeased, for business clothes had been her armor against the world before.

Cila wavered between two hats. One drooped, hiding her eyes and giving her a demure, childish look; the other sat trimly on her boyish bob, giving her a businesslike air.

"Efficiency wins," decided Cila, with a sigh, "and now to war."

Driving into town Judith, silent for the most part, asked her friend one question—"How did it happen that you didn't frighten Lampere out of handling the case at all?"

"Couldn't. Didn't dare interfere with the 'pursuance of justice' and he knew it. He also knew that I was the only one who had overheard his talk with Maritellan, and it would have taken real proof to convict either of anything; proof I wasn't ready to produce."

They reached the courtroom. Judith looked up at the grey stone building. Thought of how many times she had gone with Cila to "sit-in" on a case. It had been interesting, more fascinating than any theater.

Judith heard the whispers, they burned into her ears and she wondered if they weren't seared on her heart as well.

"There she goes... that's her, the millionaire stenographer."

A flock of news-photographers descended on them—"Cila, will she pose, Mrs. Dale, do you mind?"

"Of course she'll pose, and you, Mrs. Cuna?" asked Cila, "do you mind?"

"I do mind," answered Mrs. Cuna, with a tiny frown which vanished in a smile, "but under the circumstances I'll be proud to pose with 'her'."

"Don't make her smile," barked Cila at one enterprising young man, "two don't want folks to think she's enjoying this. Now that's enough. You've all had good shots... come on folks."

Judge Morgan and Justin Cuna, who had driven in behind them, came up and escorted them to the room in which the will contest was to be held. They needed an escort, the hall was crowded.

Judith looked upon the court room with new vision. It was no longer an amphitheater for comedy or tragedy. It was a room in which Judith Lane-Dale was to face twelve men and make them know that the Rio Diablo Dam was not a 'crazy man's dream, but a reality which provided labor for three hundred men and would provide a controlled water supply for rich lands where citrus groves would flourish.

She felt the responsibility keenly as she took her seat. Judge Morgan and Cuna were talking with some of the strange men who seemed to mill about by the dozen. Cila deserted her for a moment to stop at the press table, buzzing with voices.

THE buzzing changed its location as Cila started back for the crowd followed her to Judith's chair. "Interviews, gladly at the first recess," she said and sent them back satisfied.

"What you going to tell them?" questioned Cila, uneasily, "now go—"

"I'm going to tell them," interrupted Judith, "all about Rio Diablo Dam, about Tommy Seagins and Timothy Scofield, about the loveless raquero who keeps me awake at night trying to entertain Maria Consuelo Diago, with his love songs."

"You're not so dumb," was Cila's wry comment, then "sh, after a while turn around, not now, they've seen me looking at them... Mrs. Bevin and Mathie just came in bearing down on Lampere so hard it's a wonder he could support them. Ye gods and small stuff! Get, look at the weeds!"

Judith didn't look around. She wouldn't, she would not... involuntarily she turned, met the blazing hatred in the eyes of Mathie Bevin, ignored it and looked on past Mrs. Bevin's frigid poison, to Lampere. He was debonair, smart in a meticulously tailored suit, conscious of the power which had come flowing in through the walls in Scathborne's hold. He seemed to personally succeed.

He had been talking to Mrs. Bevin. Now he stood looking over the men who had been called on the jury panel.

A reporter came up and he leaned over to speak to him with just the right degree of affability and seriousness.

Judith looked at Judge Morgan, a bit fat, a bit careless about the press of his clothes, gold-rimmed spectacles balanced unsteadily on his long nose. What chance had he against Lampere?

"I do look efficient," proclaimed Cila Sanford, was motioned to another room and a moment later came a warning hush, the Judge came out of his chambers and ascended the bench. Not Maritellan, a visiting judge from another county.

The will contest was on. Drearly it dragged its way as the prospective jury men were called, questioned and excused, called, questioned and excused, called, questioned and accepted. Judith talked to the reporters during the first recess, went to lunch with her counsel at noon, and came back to the courtroom for further tedious work.

As Judith listened to the questions she was glad she was in the only one who had overheard his talk with Maritellan, and it would have taken real proof to convict either of anything; proof I wasn't ready to produce.

At four-thirty the twelve men tried and true were impanelled and the alternative chosen. Judith studied them intently.

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**PNEUMONIA FATAL TO GLADYS PAGE**

Gladys May Page, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Page, passed away early Sunday morning at a local hospital after a short illness. Death was caused by pneumonia. She is survived by her parents, six brothers and one sister, all of La Grande. The funeral will be held from the chapel of Walker's Funeral Home Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock with the Salvation Army in charge. Burial will be in the Family plot in Summerville cemetery.

The United States gets most of its gum from Java via the Netherlands Java being the source of about nine-tenths of the world's supply.

**UNION COUNTY BEEF CLUB IN DEMONSTRATION**

The Union County beef club held a beef fitting demonstration yesterday at the Andrew Buckland farm at Island City. Representative to the fitting of beef animals by the members of the club for the Livestock Show at Union.

The idea of the fitting demonstration was to show the members the different steps in fitting animals for show. The club members worked on four animals and those participating in the demonstration were Herbert, Gene and Wilbur Buckland, June Corral, Clayton Fox, Arden and Bena (Chick) and D. E. Richards. Twenty-one persons were present including some other members of the club, parents and interested spectators.

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