

**NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS THE WORLD OVER**

FOR BUSY OUR READERS



Walter E. Edge

**PRESIDENT HOOVER'S** plan for a one year moratorium on reparations and war debts probably will go through unless France blocks it. Hailed with cheers by most of the world, the proposition was received rather coldly and suspiciously by the French. Ambassador Walter E. Edge got busy with the government leaders in Paris and worked hard to gain their acceptance of the plan, but the best he could obtain from the cabinet was a more carrying modified approval. This, forwarded through him to Washington, lauded Mr. Hoover's initiative but insisted that Germany must continue payment of the "unconditional" annuities as provided under the Young plan, though France would waive the conditional payments for a year inasmuch as America will waive war debt payments in honor of the birthday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Walsh, Mrs. A. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Weld, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Ormand Hilderbrand and Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Guy.

Mesdames Frank Scott, Stephen and Eaton spent last Monday and Tuesday in Hood River. Mrs. Earl Jones and son Stanley are visiting in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knox have returned from a weeks visit at the beach. Mrs. Wayland Weld and children are visiting in Grass Valley. Miss Janet McQuillan is visiting in Portland this week. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Esson Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Wilson and son visited in Wasco from The Dalles on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hennagin spent their vacation at Seaside, Oregon. William Clothier is playing the organ at the Granada in The Dalles on Saturday and Sunday. The Cub Scouts are planning a vacation at Camp Ringwah, July 26 to August 2. Those planning to go are: Douglas Tuel, Phillip, James Stephen O'Meara, and David Richelderfer.

Mrs. A. Sargent and daughter shopped in The Dalles Wednesday afternoon. Last Sunday, Mrs. Mary Richelderfer left for Fossil where she will visit at the Dutton home. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Watkins, Henry and Harry Richelderfer who spent the day at the Dutton home. The camp fire girls had a ceremonial at the home of their guardian Mrs. F. R. Fortner last Wednesday night. The following girls took the second rank: Mabel Thomas, Isabelle Fortner, Dana Jean McMillan, Catherine Johnson, and Cleone Walsh. Winifred Fortner took the third and last rank of Torch Bearer. A number of guests were present at the ceremonial.

The Eastern Star held their last meeting for the summer last Tuesday night. A social hour followed after the short business session. Mr. R. H. Lane and Mrs. Golda Leathers of Lexington, Oregon, spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Grady. Walter Layman, connected with the Farmer's National Warehouse Company of Pendleton, was a business visitor in Wasco Wednesday. Lewis Murdock of Corvallis is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tate. Mrs. Robert Wangeman of Portland is visiting at the home of Charles Everett. "Grandma" Wangeman is reported not so well. Mrs. Estrella Hailey spent the week end in Portland. We saw Glen Mauer driving a new Oldsmobile coupe this week. "Grandmother" Root is quite seriously ill. Her daughter, Mrs. H. Morrow of Kent is with her now. Mrs. Lafa Barnett was called to Hood River on account of her daughter's serious illness. The board of the Wasco public library held a special meeting Tuesday afternoon and transacted regular and special business. Plans are being laid for the 1931 library festival to be held just after the opening of school. Mrs. F. R. Fortner, president of the board, appointed her committees and they hope to have everything in readiness to put the festival over big.

Rev. and Mrs. John Seethoff of Lind, Washington, visited the home of Rev. Sherman Hawk last Tuesday. Wednesday, both Reverends Seethoff and Hawk left for Eugene to attend the Oregon Conference of the M. E. Churches. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foister are the parents of a daughter born last Sunday at The Dalles. Mrs. Joe Stiles and daughter of Forest Grove visited with friends here this week.

Last week Gordon Hilderbrand was suffering from an attack of tonsillitis. Last Sunday evening at the closing services of the Oregon Conference of the M. E. Churches, which was held at Eugene, Oregon, Rev. N. S. Hawk was reappointed to serve the Wasco charge. In connection with this work he will serve Moro and Grass Valley. Rev. Hayks has served as pastor of the Methodist church here for three years.

**Wasco**

Last Sunday the B. H. Grady family were dinner guests at the home of A. R. Sargent. Rev. and Mr. J. C. Pafey, and daughters Viola and Dorothy, Mrs. Needham and son Raymond, all of Bellingham, Washington, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Haven. Mrs. Andy Shearer has returned from a short visit in Portland. Paulen Kaseberg was reported on the sick list last week. Last Wednesday afternoon the Junior Bridge club held a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Ormand Hilderbrand. Mrs. F. R. Fortner entertained her Sunday school class at her home on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Earl Garrett left last Tuesday for Portland, where Mr. Garrett has employment. He formerly worked for the Independent Warehouse and Milling Company at Wasco. Last Monday evening a group of friends gave a surprise bridge party for Mrs. B. W. Guy. The party was in honor of her birthday. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. K. M. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Walsh, Mrs. A. McIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Weld, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Haven, Mr. and Mrs. Ormand Hilderbrand and Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Guy.

Mesdames Frank Scott, Stephen and Eaton spent last Monday and Tuesday in Hood River. Mrs. Earl Jones and son Stanley are visiting in Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Knox have returned from a weeks visit at the beach. Mrs. Wayland Weld and children are visiting in Grass Valley. Miss Janet McQuillan is visiting in Portland this week. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Esson Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Wilson and son visited in Wasco from The Dalles on Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Hennagin spent their vacation at Seaside, Oregon. William Clothier is playing the organ at the Granada in The Dalles on Saturday and Sunday. The Cub Scouts are planning a vacation at Camp Ringwah, July 26 to August 2. Those planning to go are: Douglas Tuel, Phillip, James Stephen O'Meara, and David Richelderfer.

Mrs. A. Sargent and daughter shopped in The Dalles Wednesday afternoon. Last Sunday, Mrs. Mary Richelderfer left for Fossil where she will visit at the Dutton home. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Watkins, Henry and Harry Richelderfer who spent the day at the Dutton home. The camp fire girls had a ceremonial at the home of their guardian Mrs. F. R. Fortner last Wednesday night. The following girls took the second rank: Mabel Thomas, Isabelle Fortner, Dana Jean McMillan, Catherine Johnson, and Cleone Walsh. Winifred Fortner took the third and last rank of Torch Bearer. A number of guests were present at the ceremonial.

The Eastern Star held their last meeting for the summer last Tuesday night. A social hour followed after the short business session. Mr. R. H. Lane and Mrs. Golda Leathers of Lexington, Oregon, spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Grady. Walter Layman, connected with the Farmer's National Warehouse Company of Pendleton, was a business visitor in Wasco Wednesday. Lewis Murdock of Corvallis is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Tate. Mrs. Robert Wangeman of Portland is visiting at the home of Charles Everett. "Grandma" Wangeman is reported not so well. Mrs. Estrella Hailey spent the week end in Portland. We saw Glen Mauer driving a new Oldsmobile coupe this week. "Grandmother" Root is quite seriously ill. Her daughter, Mrs. H. Morrow of Kent is with her now. Mrs. Lafa Barnett was called to Hood River on account of her daughter's serious illness. The board of the Wasco public library held a special meeting Tuesday afternoon and transacted regular and special business. Plans are being laid for the 1931 library festival to be held just after the opening of school. Mrs. F. R. Fortner, president of the board, appointed her committees and they hope to have everything in readiness to put the festival over big.

Rev. and Mrs. John Seethoff of Lind, Washington, visited the home of Rev. Sherman Hawk last Tuesday. Wednesday, both Reverends Seethoff and Hawk left for Eugene to attend the Oregon Conference of the M. E. Churches. Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Foister are the parents of a daughter born last Sunday at The Dalles. Mrs. Joe Stiles and daughter of Forest Grove visited with friends here this week.

Last week Gordon Hilderbrand was suffering from an attack of tonsillitis. Last Sunday evening at the closing services of the Oregon Conference of the M. E. Churches, which was held at Eugene, Oregon, Rev. N. S. Hawk was reappointed to serve the Wasco charge. In connection with this work he will serve Moro and Grass Valley. Rev. Hayks has served as pastor of the Methodist church here for three years.

distance from any of its neighbors; one with an unkept lawn on which were several pieces of broken furniture, and some garden tools. Disconnected patches of spaded ground around the house showed the usual spring time activities toward flower gardening, though the weeds and the untrimmed rose bushes gave the impression that former attempts had been sporadic and restricted to spring alone. He followed a walk, in which there were many broken boards to the back porch. Through an avenue lined with wash tubs, stove wood, children's toys and the thousand other things permitted on a back porch he approached the door. A woman of apparently thirty, with uncombed yellow hair opened the door to his knock and as she did so reached a hand to the collar of a boy of four who was attempting to come out. "Benny, you stay in now or I'll spank you," she threatened. Then turning to Baldy she inquired suspiciously, "What 'da ya want?" "Ma'am, I just come to town to find—," he stopped. "Now you didn't. You're just another darn hobo beggin' something to eat. Too lazy to work. Get out or I'll holler for the marshall that lives next door."

**THE RETURN**

Continued from page one. guarding the railroad from which they derived their excuse for existence. "You wasn't figurin' on makin' your residence here just because a 'shack' happened to kick you off?" asked Pittsburg. "What town is that?" inquired a blond, taciturn man who sat in the car door and sleepily stroked his thin hair. "How do I know? Get up on top, kid, and take a look," directed the man from the coal city. "Crowley Junction," reported the New Orleans kid from the top of the ladder. "By Gosh," ejaculated Baldy. "What is there about Crowley Junction to be so excitin'?" enquired Pittsburg. "By Gosh," reiterated Baldy, as if quoting some long forgotten bit of information. "Here's the con," warned the kid and not wishing to endanger the position of a brakeman who had let them ride part of his division, the five dodged behind an empty and retreated to the coal bunkers. Baldy sat apart from the rest. Someway they disgusted him this morning. Their conversation, rough and punctuated with innumerable profane remarks grated his sense of the appropriateness of things as he heard the larks singing their matins and watched the sky redden before the sun. Queer that he should be noticing the sunrise even in spring.

Crowley Junction! Beyond the scattered houses that encircled the railway station he could see the level country and knew that at this time of the year it was green and attractive. Wild flowers of many divergent colors were giving their short lived all to decorate the ordinarily grey acre of the prairie. A light haze of fog hung over the moist earth, making it all seem strange, unreal and in keeping with the weary appearing houses. "Crowley Junction" he mused. "Forty miles to Layton, and I ain't been home for seven years." "Come on Baldy, they're gettin' clearance," called the hobos as they started for the already moving train. Baldy sat still, his power of decision gone for the moment. The train pulled slowly out of the yards and he watched it go, apparently oblivious to its presence. When the last one of his companions had disappeared from his sight as they scattered themselves in the cars he turned again to his contemplation of the town and its surroundings. He had never been so near home before in all his wanderings. Forty miles up that branch road that appeared as two silver strands in the still dim light was the town he knew as home. He had always associated the color silver with home and here it was pointing the way.

The sun, still busy dissipating the mist, had not warmed the earth perceptible and Baldy, crouched by the station and glanced inside, but it looked dreary and uninviting compared to the out of doors just being reborn under the influence of the sunshine. The tracks and cars too seemed commonplace and tiresome and giving up thoughts of the next train he strolled down the street between the houses. They were not merely shacks of rough boards, but each one had an individuality of its own; each was a home. He was not used to looking at houses that way, but somehow it seemed proper on this morning. The town was awakening; women came out of doors with buckets to get water from the porch pumps. He stood and looked at one of them as she carried an armful of stove wood. "Good-morning," she called without noticing his hobo garb. Baldy started, became aware of his tattered clothing and disreputable hat for the first time in years and walked hurriedly away without answering. He strayed out into the green prairie with its grass still wet from the dew. He stopped to pick a wild flower, looked at it a few moments then glancing around to see that he was not observed put it in his buttonhole. Coming to the track of the branch line he sat down on a rail-track to allow his feet a chance to dry, the dew having soaked thru his worn shoes. It was pleasant here in the morning-sun. He felt more in the country, more away from the world than he had since—why, he couldn't remember when he had felt so free. No partner to please or convince, no town to wish to visit, no cop to elude, no wanderlust to make him restless; just contentment. Life had been like this back in youth before youth's luck had proven unstable. Before he and Mary had quarreled about the new grocers clerk. That was the reason, he would admit now, why he had grown dissatisfied with his home town. He wondered if things were changed much. Did Henry Parks still run the dray and carry

the mail from the post office to the depot? Did the City Fire Engine still stand in such happy disuse in its recess off the main street next Cowper's store? Did the church bells sound so mysteriously enchanting as of old when on Sunday mornings they called the starved and uncomfortable school boy to come and recite his verses? An engine puffed heavily as it moved a train of freight cars toward him. Yes, he was going home; here was invitation he decided though he dared not speak it for fear of breaking the charm. Layton lay in a valley that appeared to be scooped out of a flat country, just to provide a townsite, for the hills that surrounded it were little higher than the country back of them. Baldy climbed the highest of these hills before doing anything else, and looked away on every side at the expanse of farm land stretched before him. The town seemed a scattered bunch of houses when looked at from above—there wasn't as many as he had thought. It was disappointing he concluded; he liked the sight of the country better. The green fields mixed with the brown of fresh plowing reached endlessly in every direction. He was half afraid to re-enter the town—suppose some one should recognize him in his ragged clothes. There was no one there he cared about particularly; his mother was dead; his father, married again, had never given much love to his son and seven years without word had almost completely removed his parent from his thought. But, there was Mary. Time had heightened his feeling for her. His meetings with women had been as natural enemies, he told his story and was rewarded with edibles whereupon he considered them weak, or was refused and held them heartless. Mary, though, was different; something had always prevented him from classifying her with the others. He had asked her to marry him once and she had not refused, neither had she accepted, but had bid him wait. Testing herself she said; being a woman, or potentially a woman she was probably testing him. He had grown restless under the trial, lost confidence, wavered and she to prove herself still free had accepted the attentions of Ben Williams who was clerking in Cowpers store.

But it was growing late. The sun drew near the mountains that were on the western horizon. Baldy became aware that he had not eaten that day. Interest in his homecoming had held his attention and hunger had not affected him. Now his instincts warned him to search for food, and his hobo habits turned him toward the town. He walked along the rickety wooden sidewalks of a residence street. It looked natural enough; he remembered incidents that had happened under these same trees. In these same alleys, but he felt too near to it, too familiar. The town had not the romantic appearance he had pictured it to have around distant wayside camp fires. Coming to the main street he observed changes there, new buildings had taken the place of old, many automobiles were parked along the street giving additional strength to the prosperous appearance of the town. On the spot where old J. A. Sandon's livery stable had been a new concrete building stood bearing the sign: A. N. Sandon—GARAGE—VULCANIZING & REPAIRS. Art Sandon's adoption of his father's business was typical of the change from the old to the new, the horse to the automobile, muddy streets to the paving that the bustling city of Layton affected. A brick building labeled "The METROPOLITAN INN" had taken the place of the old wooden "Cottage Hotel" of seven years ago. Layton had lost the old fashioned quietness he had associated with it. So many cars, every one must have it, and with the paved streets and new buildings it couldn't be the provincial out of the way place he had known. An elderly man coming out of a store stopped to look at him for a moment before crossing the street. Baldy pulled his battered hat further over his eyes and walked away. "Somebody might know me," he thought. "I'll have to get some more clothes."

Away from the main thoroughfare he felt half ashamed of his actions. Was he afraid to be recognized? People would criticize him if he made himself known to them in his present dress and call him a fool for leaving the place where he was known to ramble in an unsympathetic world. Probably they thought he was dead or had forgotten him. He must find Mary; she would understand; she always did. He remembered when he had left her. It was after their quarrel and he, discouraged, had come to tell her he was going away. The afternoon sun shining through the curtained windows lent some of its gold to her hair, and its light gave shade color to her eyes making them shine a deeper, truer blue. "I'm going away for a while Mary," he had said. "But I'll come back some day."

He had mentally relived the scene till it was everfresh in his mind and he could almost hear her answer. "I'll be waiting, Ray, when you come." Yes, he must find her, clothes would make no difference with Mary. She would judge him for what he had been not what his clothes proclaimed. He was in the suburbs again; his hunger became insistent. He picked out a house, set a short

distance from any of its neighbors; one with an unkept lawn on which were several pieces of broken furniture, and some garden tools. Disconnected patches of spaded ground around the house showed the usual spring time activities toward flower gardening, though the weeds and the untrimmed rose bushes gave the impression that former attempts had been sporadic and restricted to spring alone. He followed a walk, in which there were many broken boards to the back porch. Through an avenue lined with wash tubs, stove wood, children's toys and the thousand other things permitted on a back porch he approached the door. A woman of apparently thirty, with uncombed yellow hair opened the door to his knock and as she did so reached a hand to the collar of a boy of four who was attempting to come out. "Benny, you stay in now or I'll spank you," she threatened. Then turning to Baldy she inquired suspiciously, "What 'da ya want?" "Ma'am, I just come to town to find—," he stopped. "Now you didn't. You're just another darn hobo beggin' something to eat. Too lazy to work. Get out or I'll holler for the marshall that lives next door."

He fled, not frightened by the threat, for many women in his experience lived next door to the town marshall, but seized with a single desire to get as far as possible from the scene of disenchantment. And that is why the night train to the main line carried a man on the blind who cursed himself in anything but uncertain terms for being a susceptible idiot. And is also why Baldy listens in disgust when some not yet disillusioned neophyte in the society of hobos tells of home and the girl who cared for him.

**Firecrackers Illegal In This State**

Salem, Oregon, June (Special) "The laws of our State regulating the sale and use of fireworks, upon our statutes for twenty years and but recently brought to light by this department, are very strict and should be rigidly enforced by the police powers of our state, county and city governments," said State Fire Marshal A.H. Averill, upon receipt of fireworks and firearms to minors. "When the Commercializing of the sentiment involved in the celebration of Independence Day amounts to the placing of the lives and limbs of our innocent children in jeopardy, there should be degrees of penalty provided which would make such violations not only unprofitable but extremely uncomfortable to the violator."

**WHY WHEAT WAS BOUGHT**

Continued from page one. fifty cents per bushel or lower, we believed then, as we do now, that it would have cost this country as a whole not millions of dollars but billions. These are some of the intangible things upon which the board based its conclusions. "To judge the whole stabilization operation of wheat fairly you should not only take these intangible factors into consideration, but you should take a balance sheet and put on the credit side of it the credits which belong there and on the debit side the possible loss in the handling and merchandising of the grain. By ascertaining the total number of bushels of cash wheat (and those figures are available) sold between the 15th of November and the first of March and multiplying that number by the number of cents per bushel it sold for above the world price level, you will find that you will place on the credit side of this balance sheet at least \$50,000,000.00 and by doing the same thing on the number of bushels of cash wheat sold between the first of March and the first of July you will find that you will put another \$50,000,000.00 on the credit side of your balance sheet. Then, on the debit side suppose we lose in the sale of wheat 25, 30, or even 50 million dollars. I have never seen the time when I would not swap 50 million dollars for 100 million."

**MILDRED GINN WRITES**

Continued from page one. front; but for me the real attraction was behind and beside me which caused the unusual strain on my neck. On one side of us were Anglo Indian children—for the most part they are not specially attractive, rather misfits. Back of us was a large family of high caste Hindus, quite fair and handsome and brightly attired in their pretty saris and jewels. Then on the other side of us were Parsee women and children. I think I wrote about the Parsees in my last letter, my I never saw a group of people more fascinating to look at; those women from their finely modeled English shoes to their beautiful black hair seem to me to be the personification of grace and beauty, such easy manners and soft voices. An American beauty contest or fashion show would be tame and colorless beside the display seated on the lawn that afternoon. Yes, I'm still a good American too—you should just hear me when I get cornered by a table of English or Scotch folk—but I'm becoming a pretty good Indian too, I guess. There were some little Mo-

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY**

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, to me directed and dated the 20th day of May, 1931, in an action pending wherein Milkewe Feed Mills, Inc., a Corporation is plaintiff and John F. Hood and Anna S. Hood are defendants, in which action a judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendants John F. Hood and Anna S. Hood for the sum of \$200.00 in U. S. Gold Coin, with interest thereon in like Gold Coin at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 30th day of June, 1930, and the further sum of \$50.00 Attorney's fees; and for the sum of \$580.54 with interest from August 13th, 1930 at 6% per annum and the sum of \$24.10 costs and disbursements, less the sum of \$230.84 received thereon; and which said execution commands me to make sale of all and singular the following described real property situated in Sherman County, Oregon, to-wit:

East One Half (E 1/2) of the East One Half (E 1/2) of Section 34 Township 2 North, Range 37 East of the Willamette Meridian. Now therefore, by judgment of said execution, and with compliance with the demands of said writ, and for the purpose of satisfying the judgment aforesaid, and accruing costs, I will on Saturday the 11th day of July, 1931 at the hour of 10:00 in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon sell at public auction subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate in or to the said real property, which said defendants or either of them had on the 23rd day of August, 1930, being the date on which said property was attached, or since had in or to the above mentioned, and described real property, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, with interest, costs and accruing costs. Dated this 5th day of June, 1931. HUGH CHRISMAN Sheriff of Sherman County, Oregon.

**OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST**

Ruth Hunt, 13, was injured seriously when a work-horse she was riding in the hills near Hermiston, bolted, throwing her into a barbed wire fence. The girl's left leg was almost severed under the knee. Construction of an amusement canal for water festivals is being considered by the department of agriculture as part of a plan to provide water storage for fire protection at the state fair grounds at Salem. A request that the Mount Hood Loop connection via Brooks Meadows in Wasco county be included in the state's fund of \$1,000,000 for emergency work this fall will be made to the state highway commission.

Summary of the annual statement of the ROCKY MOUNTAIN INSURANCE CO. of New York, for the year ending December 31st, 1930, under the supervision of the State of Oregon, pursuant to law:

Amount of capital stock paid up	\$1,000,000.00
INCOME	
Net premiums received during the year	401,765.30
Interest, dividends and rents received during the year	137,084.61
Income from other sources received during the year	5,103.39
Total income	\$543,953.30
Net losses paid during the year including adjustments	216,931.65
Dividends paid on capital stock during the year	106,000.00
Commissions and salaries paid during the year	73,647.90
Taxes, licenses and fees paid during the year	30,791.97
Amount of all other expenses	41,063.11
Total expenditures	468,434.63
Value of stocks and bonds owned (market value)	\$3,364,137.00
Cash in banks and on hand	1,699.52
Premiums in course of collection	44,221.48
Interest and rents due and accrued	32,155.00
Total admitted assets	\$3,082,121.01
Gross claims for losses unpaid	\$4,978.48
On all outstanding risks	438,213.20
Due for comissions	5,000.00
All other liabilities	\$1,500.00
Total liabilities	\$4,987,191.63
RESERVE IN OREGON FOR THE YEAR	
Net premiums received during the year	2,135.14
Losses paid during the year	1,195.50
Name of company	Rocky Mountain
Name of secretary	D. H. Axterman
Name of statutory resident adjuster for service	the insurance commissioner

**NEW PERKINS HOTEL**  
Washington at Fifth Street, PORTLAND, ORE-GON

Our usual pre-war transient rates still prevail. Special Rates to permanent Guests

UNDER THE PERSONAL MANAGEMENT OF Edward C. Holt

RATES  
Room with bath privileges, \$1. up  
Outside room with private bath, \$1.50 up  
Special rates where more than two persons occupy one room.  
Let us show you our Accommodations

**A REAL COUNTY PAPER**

A representatives of this paper is in every town of Sherman county every week.

Our news columns carry news of the entire county.

Advertisers are assured of better coverage of county readers than can be had in any other paper.

THE PAPER EVERYONE READS  
**SHERMAN COUNTY JOURNAL**