

Sherman County Journal

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER, Established Nov. 2, 1888
GRASS VALLEY JOURNAL, Established Oct. 14, 1897
CONSOLIDATED, MARCH 6, 1931
WASCO NEWS-ENTERPRISE, Established 1891
CONSOLIDATED MARCH 4, 1932.

Published Every Friday at Moro, Oregon, By
GILES L. FRENCH Managing Editor



Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice, at Moro, Oregon, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

One Year \$1.50
Six Months 1.00

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1933.

AIN'T THIS SOMETHING

Newspapers in a part of the central Oregon country have this last week heralded the birth of an organization to further use of the Dalles-California highway which is really Highway 97 from Klamath Falls to the junction point south of Shaniko.

No Sherman county men are on the board of directors of the new organization and as far as is known none was invited to the meeting. The surprising thing about this bit of news is that the citizens of the towns along the Federal Highway would be willing to bind themselves in an association without having all parts of the district represented.

It may be possible that, due to the original name of the central Oregon road, the residents of the counties south of us are not fully aware that the government has designated the Sherman highway as the official route for those traveling from California points to Washington and Canada.

SHORTER DAYS

This week we have passed the summer solstice and begin the discouraging necessity of watching the days grow slowly and gradually shorter a six month period before they begin to lengthen again.

But, here we are. The calendar cannot be denied and soon our observation will bring realization that the sun comes a little later each morning and the dusk falls a little earlier.

Economically we may be merely going through the downward half of a cycle as we yearly go through the period of shortening days. It seems discouraging, because, perhaps we did not prepare for winter while it was yet summer, yet it will end as it always has before we know it and spring will be on its way.

What has become of those soft money enthusiasts who prophesied that if the United States would but go off the gold standard and let the silver countries have a chance they would buy up our surplus in a few weeks. It looks like that big fraction of the world's people is still panting and suffering for our wheat, wool and manufactured products and the advocate of cheap money is panting for something else.

Several county clerks have reported that few marriage licenses are being issued since the new three day notice law went into effect. Apparently the admonition, "be sure your right then go ahead", spoils many a romance.

A southern Oregon sheriff is named Percy. Now if someone will appoint a U. S. marshal named Clarence wonders will be at an end.

The depression has hit Africa too according to reports the most buxom of wives—even to suit Mussolini—are down to sixteen dollars.

These bright, new yellow license plates make the old bus look more worn and shabby than it did before. Something that didn't seem possible.

This cool weather is keeping the heat of the July 21 election down to a minimum. Anyway something is and we may as well lay it to the weather.

Maybe we will learn to get along without banks and not be interested in having one established.

It does look as though folks in a lot of states want a little nip of something in these times.

That Hall of Fossils may be an especially appropriate place for the statesmen to meet.

People's Column

I wish to thank the voters of the New Non High School District in Sherman county for their expression of confidence, in electing me to serve as a director on that board.

I have four children whom I hope to educate in the Sherman county schools. Naturally, I am interested in our entire educational system, and any advantage which I might wish for mine, I wish for all other children as well.

It is my desire to aid in making the schools of this county as good as they can possibly be made with the funds that we are justified in spending on them; having due consideration for those who pay the bills as well as for those who are to receive the benefits.

Harry B. Pinkerton, Zone 2.

Grass Valley

Mrs. Earl Olds visited in Portland this week for a few days.

P. N. Lemon and wife were here for a day or two last week while looking after business interests in the county.

Matt Simon and wife were in The Dalles Saturday night.

Gus Engstrom and daughter, Mrs. Alley, drove to Redmond last week to bring Edgar Alley home to prepare for the family trip to Missouri. The party left Saturday morning.

Rachel Foley is home from Portland and is spending the summer in a wheel chair while in a cast that prevents very much movement.

John Buehler drove to Portland with a load of stock last week.

W. S. Holmes was in Portland for a few days last week and Wren Hogue was in charge of the ranch during his absence.

Art Bibby was here over the week end during a pause in his sales trip into this territory.

Harold and Grace Hughes are here now after having finished the year past at Corvallis where Harold was an instructor at O. S. C. He will be principal here next year.

Corliss Andrews and John Koopke took a truck load of lambs to Portland last week to show them what the big city looked like.

George Hamilton, one of the Hamilton brothers who run a store here back in the nineties, stopped for a short time last Saturday while on his way home from the Grange convention. For a time George Hamilton was a partner of Alexander Scott, early day store keeper, who is remembered by the homesteaders who originally settled the county. He now lives in Grants Pass. He was accompanied by his wife, formerly Jessie Washburn.

Mrs. Velma Cockerham and small son, of McMinnville, visited here this week as did Mrs. J. D. Dunlap of The Dalles. Mrs. Cockerham is a sister of Mrs. John Peters and Mrs. Dunlap is the mother of both. Mrs. Peters will leave with her sister for a visit to the valley.

The Perry family have been here a part of the time since school at Condon adjourned for the summer. Virgil remained at Condon.

An auto license examiner will be in Grass Valley July 5.

John Bressler is here from Salem this week to look over his property that was damaged by fire several weeks ago. John looks about as well as he did in former years when he was town carpenter.

Earl Olds has opened his meat market and started his ice machine. Next he will have a supply of GOOD meat to offer at GOOD prices.

Miss Marjorie MacInnes of Kent is spending the week as a guest of Neva Gervais.

Mrs. Ella Olds entertained the bridge club at her home here Wednesday afternoon, from a recent illness.

The meat had just been put on the table and it certainly did look pretty small for the number to be served, as several people had dropped in for dinner without warning. "This mutton roast has shrunk away terribly," said the hostess in her embarrassment.

"I think," remarked one of the men guests, "it must have been of the same sheep as a flannel shirt I have."



Jim the Conqueror

By Peter B. Kyne

Don Jaime removed saddle and blanket, saw that there were no wrinkles in the blanket, and adjusted it again to the horse's back. He was in the act of swinging the heavy stock saddle up onto the animal when something ripped across his breast. He felt a gentle plucking of his shirt, experienced a feeling that he had been burned. Then the crashing sound of a rifle echoed through the draw.



When He Reached "Dead" Ground, He Rested a Few Seconds.

again. When he reached "dead" ground, he rested a few seconds, then on his hands and knees crawled around the toe of the spur; presently he got to his feet and limped slowly and painfully up the hill fifty yards, and got down on his hands and knees, and with his body as close to the earth as possible crawled back through the low sage over the spur toward the draw. When he could look down into the draw again he stretched out and brought his rifle to the ready. He waited.

Presently, up the hillside across the draw he saw a bush move slightly. There was not a breath of wind, so Don Jaime concentrated his attention on that bush. It moved again, but Don Jaime could see nothing. So, deciding to feel for what was there while yet sufficient strength remained to him, he sighted carefully on the center of that bush and fired. Something threshed in the brush, so Don Jaime continued to shoot until the threshing ceased.

With the feeling that he had better be sure than sorry he had put twenty bullets into the heart of that bush.

Presently, from far up the draw toward the summit a volca floated faintly: "Don Jaime! It's Ken Hobart!" "Come down, but be careful," Don Jaime shouted back with all his lungs.

Ken Hobart came down that long draw at a mad gallop and when the thud of hoofs indicated his near presence, Don Jaime managed to stand erect and hail him. The ranger rode into the brush to Don Jaime, who leaned against his horse and clung to the saddle.

"Hurt, my friend?" "Shot all to hell—but not fatally," Don Jaime informed him with a wry smile. "Top of the left shoulder, left

biceps and calf of the right hind leg. Also a brand across my chest."

"Where's the other man?"

Don Jaime indicated the spot and then sat down to wait while the ranger rode up to investigate. The ranger's face was gravely humorous when he returned.

"There's a man up there lying on top of a rifle. An oldish man. Looks like Tom Antrim—that is, dressed like him, but you've shot his head practically away and he's unrecognizable. Features quite obliterated."

"While waiting for something or somebody to turn up I didn't have anything else to do, so I practiced shooting." Don Jaime protested virtuously. "My horse still there?"

"Yes, standing where you left him." "Good old Border horse. Shooting never flusters him. Well, Ken, you'd better address me and take an inventory; then get me on my horse and hold me there. It's ten miles back to the ranch but I can make it if I don't bleed to death."

Hobart carried him out to the clean grass in the draw, undressed him and examined his wounds with the skill of one to whom wounds are no mystery. "All flesh wounds; blood just welling slowly. It will probably congregate and quit in a little while," he announced casually.

He brought iodine, bandages and adhesive tape from his saddle-bags, for like all of his profession he had frequent need of such things and was not a half-bad backwoods surgeon. When he had the wounds dressed and the arm in a sling Don Jaime stood erect and gingerly rested his weight on his wounded leg. "Not any worse than a badly sprained ankle," he rejoiced, "and I've walked miles on one of 'em. . . . Well, let's have a look at the sassy old sheep-herder."

With Hobart's assistance he mounted his horse, and together they rode up the opposite slope and gazed down at the dead man. "I could see a small glint of something white," Don Jaime explained, "after I fired the first time. I figured it might be his face, so I pecked away at it."

"Well, your extravagance with ammunition is what brought me direct to the scene. I'd ridden about half a mile from where we parted when it occurred to me that Antrim and his camp cook could easily have heard him directing me to have one of the boys come into Los Algodones with the auto and the trailer to bring your horse home. Remember? You shouted, 'So he'd know you were traveling across country alone and unarmed—' for of course he could not know that as a mere matter of precaution you had borrowed my rifle. I just got a hunch it would be like the old scoundrel to follow and bushwhack you. He could be reasonably certain there would be no witnesses."

Don Jaime gazed down at the grisly thing in the bushes. "Looks like Antrim—all but the face," he agreed. "Frisk him, Ken, in your capacity as a peace officer, and see what luck we have."

So the ranger turned the dead man's pockets inside out and in the coat pocket he found a black seal-leather wallet bearing on the outside the words in gold letters: "Thomas Antrim, Christmas, 1925."

"Somebody, strange as it may seem, actually thought enough of this man to give him a Christmas present," the ranger murmured. "Here's a photo post-card addressed to Thomas Antrim, Jolon, Los Cruces County, Texas. Picture of a girl taken at Atlantic City. Now, where have I seen that face before?"

He handed the card up to Don Jaime, who studied it briefly and handed it back.

"Miss Roberta Antrim, of Hillcrest, Dodds Ferry, Westchester County, New York," he announced grimly. "So she was a relative of his, after all." He sighed. "What else, old-timer?"

"A letter in an envelop."

"As a peace officer you have a right

to read it." The ranger complied with Don Jaime's suggestion. "Brief letter from Roberta Antrim, addressed to 'Dear Uncle Tom' and thanking him for sending her a check for five dollars for the Babies' hospital."

"He gave up all of one lamb, didn't he? Generous man?"

"Here's a card that says: 'In case of death or accident please notify my next of kin, Miss Roberta Antrim,' etc. Well, it sort of looks like old Tom's made a mess of things. He was too old to have attempted to do this job himself. His eyes probably weren't as good as they used to be, and when a fellow takes to bushwhacking he ought to be reasonably fast and accurate with a rifle. When you borrowed my rifle you sort of spilled old Tom's beans, Don Jaime."

"His sheep we still have with us, also his foreman and sheep-herders." Don Jaime announced thoughtfully. "I suppose his sheep are now the property of his next of kin, and God forbid that I should wage war on a woman. Ken, my friend, I think we'll defer the war of the water-holes. The sensible thing to do now is to wire Miss Roberta Antrim to get down here on the job and look after the assets of her late Uncle Tom. She's a lady. She'll probably listen to reason and we'll get rid of these stinking sheep without additional bloodshed. They'll ruin a lot of the range in the interim, of course—oh, hell, let 'em drink! If we shoot them off now they'll die and that would be putting a crimp in the baby's bankroll."

"Whatever else we may be, let us, at least, try to be gentlemen," the ranger agreed humorously. "Well, now, the next business before the meeting is to find old Tom's horse, drape Thomas across the saddle, take him into Los Algodones and deliver

him to the local undertaker. My report of this affair will close the investigation. And you should get a doctor. It's ten miles to your ranch and ten miles to Los Algodones. I'm in command! All aboard for Los Algodones, amigos mio."

"They had proceeded but a short distance along the narrow, rutty road to Los Algodones when they were overtaken by a man driving an old automobile that had been converted into a truck. Hearing it rattling along behind them, the ranger rode his horse into the middle of the road and held up his hand. The vehicle stopped."

"The ranger looked the driver over. "I know you," he announced. "Aren't you Tom Antrim's camp cook? Seems to me I saw you at his camp this noon."

"The man glanced from the ranger to Antrim's horse, with Antrim's limp body hanging across the saddle; his dark face paled as he saw the dead man's head bundled up in his canvas coat.

"What's happened?" he cried. "That dead man's my boss, ain't he?"

"He used to be. He rode out of his camp in a devil of a hurry shortly after I was there, you may remember. Well, his mission was to circle around Senor Higuenes, waylay and murder him. He tried very hard to succeed, as you may judge by a casual inspection of Senor Higuenes, but somehow his proposition back-fired and now he's on his way to the undertaker. Suppose we dispose Antrim's body on your truck. He keeps shifting in the saddle and making as great a nuisance of himself in death as he did in life. I'm afraid he'll fall off. Don Jaime will ride on the seat beside you and I'll sit on back with the corpse and lead these two horses. You got a gun on you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give it to me. You might be tempted to use it on Don Jaime. Hop out now and pay the last sad tribute of love to your late boss."

"I don't think I'll go to Los Algodones after all, ranger. The boys ought to be notified of this killing."

"You'll go. I desire it, my friend. I don't feel like having your friends organize a reprisal raid on the Rancho Valle Verde until I'm there to receive them." Hobart flashed his ranger's shield on the man who, without further ado, assisted him to place Antrim's body in the box of the car. Hobart then lifted Don Jaime down from his horse and deposited him beside the driver, after which he seated himself in the rear of the car and with his long legs hanging out the tailgate held the leading ropes of the three horses. They proceeded to Los Algodones, where Hobart turned Antrim's body over to the coroner and made his report to the sheriff, having first seen Don Jaime in bed at the hotel with a doctor in charge of him.

About an hour later a coroner's jury trooped into Don Jaime's room and listened to his story of the killing. The ranger added his testimony, and the foreman of the jury looked humorously at his fellow jurors.

"Don't seem to be anything mysterious about this case, boys," he announced. "All those in favor of rendering a verdict of suicide hold up their right hands. All up? We, the jury, find that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes and that the said Higuenes acted in self-defense and cannot be charged with any crime worse than justifiable homicide."

"I thank you, senores," said Don Jaime. "Ken, take the jury down to the hotel bar and set up the drinks. Go 'way, you chaps. I'm not in sufficient pain to groan, but I'd like to cuss freely for a while."

The jury retired in an atmosphere of profound geniality, and when Ken Hobart had sufficiently upheld the traditions of Valle Verde he returned to his employer.

"Well, I've wired my resignation. It ought to reach the governor before

the office closes, and his wife of acceptance will come to me in your care. I am on my way to the ranch. I'll send the trailer in after our horses in the morning. They're at ranger headquarters. That cook of Antrim's is bound to have taken the news out to his people. . . . I'd better be at the ranch in the event of hostilities."

Don Jaime held out a telegram to him. "Please file that as you go on, Ken. The doctor has sent to El Paso for a trained nurse, and so soon as she arrives I'll go out to the ranch and recuperate. Adios, mi buen companero."

Although she had promised Crooked Bill she would start for Los Algodones immediately, such was her curiosity to meet the adorable Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes, Roberta Antrim awakened the following morning with a changed mind. Her first rush of enthusiasm, engendered by Don Jaime's telegram and the vivid mental picture she had painted of him, was fading; in its place was growing an apprehension that Crooked Bill was probably right as usual. The estimable Don Jaime might prove to be a Pancho Villa sort of person physically, despite his undoubted mental attainments, and Roberta felt she did not care to take such disillusionment until she had to.

Crooked Bill, knowing his niece far better than she knew herself, was quite prepared for this change of mind. So he said nothing beyond a mild inquiry as to what reply she had sent Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes his charming telegram.

"Oh, I just thanked him and told him I would be happy to have him look after my interests until I could find a man to relieve him, at which time he would be remunerated for his work. I also asked him to send me a detailed account of the manner in which Uncle Tom met his death and instructed him to have Uncle Tom buried in the local cemetery and send the bill to me."

"Hum-m!" Crooked Bill's grunt was very skeptical. "Did you ask him for any information regarding your Uncle Tom's estate?"

"No, Uncle Bill. I thought you'd prefer after those details for me."

"I will, honey, but I must remind you that I have a few details of my own that require looking after. I'm up to my eyebrows in stocks and if the market goes against me (and I don't like the looks of it) I'm liable to have to go down to Texas, take hold of your Uncle Tom's sheep business and try to eke out a respectable existence for both of us. I suppose you'd give me a job as your manager, wouldn't you, Bobby?"

Roberta's eyes widened. "Surely, Uncle Bill, you're jesting."

"I'm not. Neither am I lugubrious, my dear. It will be time enough for that when I invite my creditors in to gather up the pieces."

"You're a strange mixture of optimism and pessimism, Uncle Bill. Are you really deep in the market?"

"I have already told you I'm in up to my eyebrows. You see, Bobby, when one plays on margin and sells short, he makes a dollar a share every time the price drops a point; if he buys short he loses a dollar a share every time the price mounts a point. And the brokers keep calling for more margin. . . . Well, I bought five hundred shares at 110—"

"Five hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Roberta interrupted to prove she was following Crooked Bill's tale with interest.

"Well, the dog-gone stock has gone up to a hundred and ninety—"

"A loss of eighty points—four hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Uncle Bill!"

"Of course there's bound to be a break sometime. A miracle is bound to occur, provided I carry the load indefinitely. If the stock keeps advancing, the fellow who has sold five thousand shares short faces the daily job of digging up anywhere from five to twenty thousand dollars additional margin. There's such a thing as reaching the point where one has no more margin available, and when that point is reached one's broker just naturally plays safe and sells one out and one is busted."

To be continued.

Irate Business Man—You book agents make me so mad with your confounded nerve and impudence that I just can't find words to express my feelings.

Agent—Then I'm the very man you need. I'm selling dictionaries.

"So you have twins at your house Jimmie? What do you call them?" Jimmie replied: "Thunder and Lightning—that's what Pop said when they arrived."

GROCERIES
A complete stock of all staple groceries always on hand.
Clothing for all the family. Everything staple and guaranteed satisfactory.
Reliability is our watchword
H. Zeigler's Quality Store
Grass Valley : : Oregon

Highest Prices Paid For BUTTERFAT
Newberg Creamery Inc. Vancouver, Washington
Dr. J. A. BUTLER DENTIST
HOME OFFICE, WASCO
In Moro the First Week in Each Month