

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1933.

FRIENDS OR JUST CUSTOMERS

A well authenticated report that the road sign the business men of Sherman county had erected last summer at the junction of Highway 97 and The Dalles highway had been chopped down was received with considerable dismay in this county where respect for property is the rule.

This is the second sign that has been destroyed, probably by some in Wasco county who is interested in keeping as many travelers from taking the federal highway as possible. This one was on leased land and was erected by a reputable company. No one had either a moral or legal right to go near it, except the Sherman countians who had it erected.

It seems about time that fair minded people in Wasco county—there must be some—begin to be less selfish in road matters. Peace officers in Wasco county and prominent citizens should lead in the work of apprehending those who are responsible for tearing down this sign. It was the property of the business men of Sherman county and through them the entire county.

Many of the people who owned the sign are patrons of Wasco county businesses, and the destruction of the property will undoubtedly be reflected in that trade. It should.

Regardless of the identity of the individuals who did the actual chopping the entire citizenry of Wasco county must be held fault until they find and prosecute the guilty ones. This gives us a golden opportunity to see whether they are interested in their neighbors or merely as customers.

HERE WE STAND

A copy of the Oregon Voter for June 17 has been handed in to this office with a request that the article on the effect of the sales tax on Sherman and other counties be read. The article says in part, "Local newspapers and politicians in Marion, Polk, Umatilla and Sherman counties who are representing to the landowners that land taxes will not be affected in the substantial way indicated above are doing so at the risk of their reputations for careful figuring."

So, the article has been re-read. It made us justifiably hungry on first reading and more so on the second. In the first place we did not know we had a reputation for careful figuring. We do not try to do any careful figuring. We try to do accurate figuring.

This newspaper has not tried to mislead anyone about the sales tax and will not do so. Beginning April 21st it published a series of articles dealing with the effect the sales tax would have on the taxpayers of this county. May 19th it published an article based on assessor's figures showing that the sales tax would save \$33,000 in property taxes to this county. Based on 1933 figures that would be the saving in 1934. Our figures are derived from an authoritative source and are accurate and we believe readable. They are not mixed up with formulas having to do with A plus B minus Q times 7 D etc, as were those of the critical Oregon Voter.

Any objections this newspaper may have against the sales tax are not based on the effect it will have on the tax bill of Sherman county. We are convinced that if the sales tax is passed this county be required to pay less taxes than if it is defeated. Also we think that the passage of the sales tax will reduce to some extent the price Sherman county farmers will receive for their wheat.

This newspaper has stated that there is a lot of bunk about the arguments both for and against the sales tax and it still believes the statement to be true. We do not think the state will be ruined if the sales tax is defeated nor that the sales tax will necessarily be continued indefinitely just because it is passed for two years. We do think the sales tax is a poor tax because it is a tax on all business transactions. We also think that if all the legislators had gone to Salem with a definite plan for state economy and accurate information about the state's needs derived without the aid of lobbyists they would not have passed the sales tax.

We do not consider it our duty to work either for or against the bill. We have printed accurate information about the effect the tax would have on the taxpayers of this county and we are willing to leave to the judgment of the people the decision. We do not aspire to run the county, having faith in the voters. We merely wish to publish a readable and accurate newspaper and it does make us hot under the collar to be accused of misstatement by one who is certainly less acquainted with local conditions than we are, and less interested in the welfare of this county.

In a planned and balanced society we would feel sad indeed that our surplus of wheat was fading so fast. As it is we are all joyous. We do our best, apparently, when we are living from hand to mouth or when we have less than a year's surplus on hand.

Peter B. Kyne



Peter B. Kyne needs no introduction to any American reader. His stories are in demand by editors of every popular periodical and magazine in the nation, and he is a contributor to most of them. Aside from his work as a writer he has had an interesting career from which he gleaned many experiences, the incidents of which have been used in much of his writings. He was born in San Francisco in 1880, and married in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1910. In his youth he worked as a clerk in a general merchandise store, then held jobs in a wholesale lumber company and in a shipping concern. He quit mercantile lines to become a newspaper reporter, and followed that line for some years both before and after his enlistment in the regular army in 1898. As a member of Company L, Fourteenth United States Infantry, he served throughout the period of the war with Spain and was with his regiment when it was a part of the third expedition to the Philippine Islands. During the World War he was a captain in the One Hundred and Forty-Fourth field artillery. As a writer he has produced a long list of "best sellers," including such unusually popular works as "The Cappy Ricks" stories, "Webster—Man's Man," "The Valley of the Giants," "Green Pea Pirates," and "Jim the Conqueror," which is to appear serially in our columns.

"Do you know anything about that wonderful foreign cooking?" "No, it's all Greek to me."

Grass Valley

The Rebekah lodge of Bend visited the Grass Valley lodge last Wednesday night. Mrs. Chas. Garrett is noble grand in Bend.

L. R. Smith brought home a bunch of young cattle from Antelope this week to feed this fall.

Rachael Poley, although in a wheel chair, is able to get out on the street and see the sights through the assistance of friends.

The government horse brought to the county by W. C. Helyer is at the Dell Olds farm for the use of those who wish to use him.

Mrs. Pauline Wilcox is home from California again after several months in that state.

Misses Maude and Helene Homewood are leaving Friday for Chicago where they will attend the exposition.

Mrs. Verna Burns, accompanied by Maurice and Nelda Feely, were here last week from Ione.

Miss Norma Garrett visited in Condon for a few days last week.

The paint has been spread on the auditorium and it looks as bright and shiny as it did when it was first constructed back in the good old days.

Henry Tetz is in Ridgefield where he went to attend the funeral of his father who died there last week.

Maude Homewood and Della Helyer were at Government Camp near Mt. Hood over the week end.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Klaus Bardenhagen, Friday June 23rd, a seven pound daughter. Dr. Poley attending.

Howard Scheurer and wife were here last week for a short visit with friends in these parts.

L. D. Eakin and wife are visiting in Corvallis this week with relatives.

Mrs. Lillian Coon has gone to Colton, her former home, to see how the old town looks again.

Born: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Fritts have a new son, born on the 23rd, weight 6 and one-half pounds. Dr. Poley brought him.

V. B. Eakin, Wilbur Haggerty, Lew Olds and Glen King were all at the stock yards last week with animals for sale.

Millard Eakin and wife are now living in the house on the Jackson place.



Roberta came to the old man and put her fair arms around his leathery neck. "I'm Uncle Tom's heir. At least he wrote me to that effect once when he was very ill."

"The time he was shot by his fore-

Higuenes. Having perused it, Roberta handed it to Crooked Bill. "Rancho Valle Verde, Las Cruces Co., Texas. "June 28, 1925. "Dear Miss Antrim: "Supplementing my telegram of a week ago I regret to report that on the 21st inst. your uncle, Thomas Antrim, as the aftermath of a dispute that arose due to your uncle's alleged trespass with his sheep on lands not owned by him, engaged in a duel with rifles. His antagonist, one Jim Higgins, emerged the victor in this sanguinary affray. From testimony it appears, much as I regret to say so, that Mr. Antrim was very much the aggressor. In fact Higgins was wounded three times by your relative before he found himself in position to return the fire. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

"In accordance with your telegraphic instructions I have seen to it that your uncle received Christian burial in Odd Fellows cemetery. "Your uncle was well known to me. We had a community of interest in many things, so when at his untimely passing no one came forward to perform the last sad rites I took it upon myself to notify you. It has been a pleasure to me to have served you. "Being at this time confined to my home with a slight indisposition, I directed my general manager to call upon your uncle's foreman in charge of some 40,000 sheep on the range and inform him that it was your wish, as the probable heir to your uncle's estate, that he continue to carry on with the sheep until the arrival of your representative here. The foreman, a man named Bill Dingle, mentioned having a contract with your uncle in the latter's sheep business and stated that he was not taking orders from anybody. My manager thereupon showed him your telegram to me, conveying your request that I act as your representative temporarily. This written display of authority had little or no effect on Bill Dingle. While Jim Higgins is recovering from his wounds Bill Dingle continues to trespass on the former's lands.

"Suspecting that your uncle might have made a will, I suggested to the public administrator that he look into the matter. Three days ago I received a letter from this official informing me that the Federal Trust company, of El Paso, had forwarded a will to be filed for probate at Los Algodones. From this will it appears that you are the sole heir and co-executor with the Federal Trust company, whose executorship, however, may cease, at your option, but only after the trust company shall have been paid certain loans made your uncle in his lifetime. I have no information as to the amount of these loans, if any.

"You will, doubtless, have to employ a local attorney. If desired I shall be happy to recommend one who has served the Higuenes family ably and faithfully for forty years—Don Prudencio Alviso, of Los Algodones.

"I regret to state that I have very little confidence in the integrity of your foreman, Bill Dingle, and suggest that you take steps to count the sheep immediately. The count will have to be made by one backed by undoubted legal right to do so. Upon the request of the local attorney for the estate the court will appoint a man to do this for you. I advise very prompt action.

"If I can serve you further, please do not hesitate to command. "Your obedient servant. "JAIME MIGUEL HIGUENES."

"Well?" Roberta queried as Crooked Bill folded the letter and laid it on the library table.

"So your Uncle Tom tried to run a blazer on an Irishman, eh? One Jim Higgins. Must be Black Irish, so Tom foolishly mistook him for a Mexican."

He rubbed his ingenious head.

"But I do not know that I am heir to those sheep. Can't you wait until a will is unearthed or the absence of one definitely established? Glenn brought up that point yesterday. If there is no will I shall, of course, as Uncle Tom's next of kin, petition for letters of administration, but until I have a letter from Senior Higuenes it seems to me I can do nothing but mark time."

"Very well, then, mark time. That's what I'm doing and it's driving me crazy."

It was a week before the expected letter arrived from Jaime Miguel

"Don't like the idea of that El Paso bank being coexecutor with you, honey. We'd better ascertain how much money the estate owes the bank, pay them off and get rid of them. I imagine it isn't a great deal. No sane bank would loan Tom Antrim very much. If course this Dingle Bell—"

"Bill Dingle," Roberta corrected. "Senior Higuenes doesn't trust him."

"Senior Higuenes is evidently in the cattle business, if we may judge from his letterhead, so naturally he wouldn't trust any sheepman. I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to oust Dingle Bell—I mean Bill Dingle, if I were you, Bobby. The qualities that go to make up a good sheep foreman might not appeal to a cattleman. However, I think you should engage Senior Prudencio Alviso as your attorney. What we want now is action. We must have those sheep counted. We'll engage Prudencio by night letter tonight and tell him we're forwarding a thousand for his retainer; we will also suggest that he consult with Higuenes when selecting the man to count the sheep. The court will probably appoint the man nominated by your attorney. Meanwhile we will have to

arm you with proper credentials—birth certificate, affidavits and other proof that you are the identical Roberta Antrim mentioned in your uncle's will. Glenn Hackett will attend to that, of course. "Must I dash down to Los Algodones immediately?" Roberta queried complacently.

"Oh, take your time, take your time, honey. Dingle Bell, Prudencio Alviso, and Jaime Miguel Higuenes can handle the situation, I imagine."

CHAPTER IV

The assistant general manager of the Rancho Valle Verde walked, with a jingling of spurs, into the cool, vine-enclosed veranda where Don Jaime lay at ease in his chaise longue, while a nurse, almost old enough to be his mother, sat in an adjacent chair knitting.

"Well, how's our boss, Mrs. Ganby?" Ken Hobart queried.

"His wounds have all healed by first intention," the nurse answered. "I should say he'll be up and around again in a month. Probably lame for a month or two thereafter. At any rate he loses me next week."

"Why don't you remain here, do Don Jaime in the eve for another month's salary and take a nice, quiet vacation?" Hobart suggested.

"I'd like to, but it would be taking money under false pretenses. I like this ranch. It's so peaceful here," Mrs. Ganby said. "Every night I hear a coyote chorus from those buttes yonder. It's thrilling. I dare say, Don Jaime, you find it rather dull here—such a young man as yourself."

"I do not," Don Jaime replied, almost curtly. "It is the home of my ancestors and I love it."

"Don Jaime resembles the Chinese. He worships his ancestors," Ken Hobart informed her. "But he's never lonely here. Too much to do."

"Why doesn't he get married? Certainly he can afford a wife. Mr. Hobart," the good lady queried.

"I only look after his cows and his lands, Mrs. Ganby." After the fashion of the men of wide horizons Ken Hobart was averse to discussing personalities. "I've brought the mail, Don Jaime," he added.

"Thank you, Ken."

"Don't try to sort it," Hobart urged. "The letter you're looking for lies on top. I've slit all the envelopes for you."

Don Jaime read his mail. Presently he looked up and there was a glint of devilry in his black eyes.

"Don Prudencio Alviso writes me that he has been engaged by Miss Antrim as attorney for the estate; that Miss Antrim has given the Federal Trust company a check in payment of the notes it held against the estate and that the bank has resigned as coexecutor. Old Prudy tells me that with his appointment he received a retainer of a thousand dollars and instructions to secure a good man to count those sheep. Such generosity overwhelms him. As a sheep-counter he suggests you, old leather-face, and I second the nomination. An honest count of those sheep is most desirable, Ken."

"I could wish the job on some other honest man, Don Jaime."

"Fah! We compliment you, man."

"I'll have to have help."

"You will—a court order."

Don Jaime lifted some very expensive stationery to his aristocratic nose and smelled it hungrily. "Attar of roses," he murmured. "I dare say that's as close as I'll ever get to Miss Roberta Antrim. The lady says she's going to leave everything in her lawyer's hands, with instructions to consult with me, and whatever we two decide to do will meet with her approval. She says she dreads coming down here in summer and she has accepted so many engagements of a social nature, that she just cannot contemplate abandoning her plans."

"Who is Roberta Antrim?" the nurse inquired.

"The niece and sole heir of the man Antrim I killed after he'd busted me, Mrs. Ganby. She doesn't know I'm the bright boy that bumped old Tom off. I wrote her a chap named Jim Higgins had done it."

Ken Hobart chuckled.

"That's his gringo alias, Mrs. Ganby. The first Higuenes to be heard of in Spain was called James Michael Higgins. But the Spaniards gave it a Spanish twist. With the passage of time James Michael Higgins, the big Mick, developed into Jaime Miguel Higuenes. When did that happen, Don Jaime?"

"When the first J. M. married a red-headed Spanish woman who insisted on spelling the name as it was pronounced. My ancestor was a good-natured man; having taken on Spain and the Spaniards, he did not object. Anything for the sake of family peace. So the tribe of Higuenes was born. The family migrated to Mexico early in the Nineteenth century, and my great-grandfather married the daughter of an Irishman who owned this rancho. That brought the Celtic strain up a little. My grandfather added to it by marrying a girl who was half Irish, and when he looked at his offspring he was glad he'd done it. He noticed the cross had increased the height, breadth, general appearance, industry and temper of the Higuenes tribe. We looked much more like Black Irish than Mexicans now, and were probably, a little more than half Celt. But we had Spanish customs and a Spanish outlook on life and Spanish was our mother tongue. Also we had no reason to be other than proud of our Spanish blood, so we never mixed it with Indian. When we moved to Texas my grandfather fought under the Stars and Bars. He sent my father

to the Virginia Military Institute and father married a Carol of Virginia and begot me."

"You have never been married?" the nurse asked.

"Never."

"Aren't you going to be?"

"I fear not. The loneliness here—the coyote chorus on the buttes—all militate against it, Mrs. Ganby."

"The right girl," said Mrs. Ganby, "wouldn't mind it in the least. Go forth and search for her, Don Jaime."

"Impossible," the master of Valle Verde replied lazily. "I have sheep on my hands."

"If I can credit the gossip I heard in Los Algodones, you killed the owner of those sheep trying to get rid of them."

Don Jaime nodded.

"Well, why don't you get rid of them, then?"

"The foreman, Bill Dingle, is still living and in charge of those sheep. He's a bad man and a better shot than old Antrim. Besides, if I get those sheep off my range now, where will they go? Why, to somebody else's range, of course, and then there'd be trouble and we might lose Bill Dingle."

"So you're putting up with those sheep on your range merely because this Antrim girl is her uncle's heir."

"That's the proposition."

"Why, is she a friend of yours?"

"No, I've never met her. But then no Higuenes has ever quarreled with a lady."

"I fall to see how you are going to escape a quarrel with her, Don Jaime. You killed her uncle."

Don Jaime winced. "Perhaps she will believe that I had no alternative; that, not until after I had killed him, did I know he was her uncle. In fact, I didn't know I had killed anybody until Ken rode down the draw and informed me of my luck."

"Well, the fact that you are being so excessively nice to her since may mitigate the affair, although one can never predict the attitude a woman will take. A woman is usually guided by her heart, not her head, Don Jaime."

Don Jaime appraised the old nurse with kindly interest. "I take it, Mrs. Ganby, that you are old enough to be guided by your head. You told me you are a widow. Have you any children?"

"One—a boy of fifteen. He has been quite crippled since his twelfth birthday. Infantile paralysis."

To be continued.

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