

Sherman County Journal

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GILES L. FRENCH Managing Editor



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COUNTY MANAGER

One of the bills to be voted on at the July 21st election is the proposal to allow the counties of the state to adopt the county manager system of government if they choose.

The passage of this bill seems to us to be a forward step in county government. Not that the county manager system would be successful in all counties or in this one but because this measure, if passed, would permit counties in this state to adopt that form of government if they desired.

The county manager plan, according to the law the counties would come under, in case they later voted to adopt it, provides for an elected board of supervisors of five members. These men hire a county manager who has charge of all county officers except the county school superintendents.

The work of assessing taxes and collecting them, of law enforcement, of financial accounting, of recording etc., is all done under the direction of the county manager. The work of building roads and engineering is also a part of his work, to either supervise or actually perform. This last requirement narrows the field from which to draw county managers to some extent.

The point of the bill is not whether this county, or any other county, shall adopt the plan; it merely gives the counties the authority to do so if they desire at some future date. In case this county should wish to vote on the county manager system the objections to an argument for the bill can be debated for this particular instance. At present they are beside the point.

HARVEST

Our wheat fields stand fading in the sun, fading from the rich green of the foliage to the yellowish brown of the ripened stalk. It is ripening, quickly now as the sun comes to its summertime strength, but into what no one can tell.

It's peculiar about wheat and wheat harvests. Prophecy and guess as we will it is hard to accurately gauge the crop. We hear of three kernel head, or four; some reports that the wheat is shriveled; that it is this way or that in certain sections. Old and experienced farmers, themselves have been known to pull into a field with a harvester expecting eight sacks and receive ten or twelve from the generous spout of the machine. And the reverse is a often true.

There are so many factors to consider. The berries may be as plump and bright as the specks of butter left in the buttermilk after churning or they be as thin and light as sun dried paper. The heads are sometimes thick and long and plentiful and at other times are few and small. All this may be easily seen and properly appraised by the expert eye, but occasionally there comes a year when it is just good and few have guessed how good it was. Other years, and we have had our share of them lately, it just isn't there and the farmers grit their teeth to hang on another year when the gods might be more favorable.

As it is about our turn for at least a fair crop let's hope that this year the gods of the grain spout are in a generous mood.

The famed London economic conference has broken up. America says because of the efforts of European nations to stabilize currency. Europe says because America refused to forsake its inflation policy. Write your own history.

There will be few government market reports in the northwest unless the administration can be prevailed upon to change its order. Maybe it thinks the farmer doesn't need to know the price offered by anyone but the bidder.

Might we suggest that the highway commission expend some of that federal money on a federal road—the south end of the Sherman section of Highway 97.

The nations of the world in solemn conclave assembled resemble a small town city council in everything except formality of dress.

The president is reported as too heavy and will eat less. Lots of people are eating less whether too heavy or not.

Have you been mentioned for governor yet to-day?

The weather man certainly made it a glorious fourth.

Grass Valley

J. W. Shepard returned Sunday morning from Spokane where he had been on business for the grain growers of this district.

Harold Hughes is teaching at Corvallis this summer school session but that didn't keep him from celebrating in Sherman county as usual.

Little Bill Dickson had a lot of trouble with a firecracker a day or so before the Fourth. It went off without warning and burned his hand necessitating a trip to Dr. Foley.

Many persons from here were in attendance at the Alley funeral in Moro last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Sylvania Edmonds and her mother spent the fourth of July here.

J. A. Sharp is working in The Dalles with the cherry crop this week.

John Hays and wife and Arch Zehner and wife are at Government Springs for a few days vacation, a few medical treatments for John and maybe a few berries.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Vern B. McGowan in The Dalles, Wednesday June 28th, a five pound son.

Gus Roth, brother of Henry Roth, with his family, visited here last week while on his way to Lind, Wash. He comes from American Falls, Idaho.

A party of Portland folks made up of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Scheurer, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Scheurer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abel and Con Buckley of The Dalles spent the holiday here with the Simon family.

Ralph Bennet was here this week looking after his farm properties.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Dickson spent the Fourth at Arlington.

Kent News

Judge and Mrs. Carl Hendricks of Fossil were visitors in Kent last Monday.

Miss Lurline Smith of Mitchell is visiting with relatives and friends. She came Tuesday evening and expects to remain for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick Reckmann Jr. Mrs. Theo von Borstel and A. A. Dunlap attended the funeral of Herald Todd which was held at Grass Valley Wednesday afternoon.

Lloyd Young and Richard Sather who are working for the Conservation Camp came home Saturday afternoon and remained until after the fourth.

Mrs. Essie Wilson and son Charlie Bill and Mrs. J. C. Wilson left for Portland Friday morning where they spent a few days. Mrs. J. C. Wilson returned home Monday evening. Mrs. Essie Wilson and son went to Forest Grove where they will spend a few weeks visiting with relatives.

Darrow Kelly, Harold Howell, Ernest Smith and Volna Guyton who are working at Goldendale spent Sunday at their respective homes.

Kent Grange will hold its regular meeting Saturday evening, July 8.

Word was received here this week of the marriage of Miss Martha Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson of Kent and Mr. Chauncey Rambo of Davenport, Washington, last Sunday, June 25. They will make their home at Davenport.

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Leonard and grandson Leonard Jones, were visitors in Kent a few minutes Sunday afternoon while enroute to Moro.

Alta Norton, Arnold Dellinger, Winifred Vogel, Harley McKay, Della Helyer, Albert Pluemke, Kendrick Dunlap, Darrow Kelly, Richard Sather all attended the dance at Grass Valley Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Dunlap, accompanied by Mrs. Max Pluemke and Mrs. Paul Wilson were business visitors in The Dalles Saturday.

Bill Jensen and Orville Leonard of Hood River spent Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Guyton.

A group of young people enjoyed a party given at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Barnett Saturday evening.

DRIVER'S LICENSE

Continued from page one.
to submit to the examination.
Applicants desiring to renew their licenses before September 1 should first obtain an application blank, fill it out, sign it in the presence of a notary public or other person qualified to administer an oath, and finally either hand it to a traveling examiner or mail it directly to the Secretary of State with the \$1 fee.



Don Jaime considered this. "Suppose you had a comfortable home where you could be with your boy always—no necessity to hustle hither and yon nursing people? I should have a hostess here. For some time I have felt that Flavio's wife is too well, elemental, for the job. This hacienda should know a gentleman's management—at nurse's wages. There are always some puppies around here, and the boy could play with them. He could raise rabbits and pigeons, I dare say, and if he can sit a horse I'll stake him to a pretty little Sonora pony and a Mexican youth to look after him. I suppose you could carry on with his schooling—you know, it does get lonesome here sometimes."

"Oh, Don Jaime! You mean it!" He nodded. "I'd like to be able to invite nice people to visit me, Mrs. Ganby. I should like to have my friends from the surrounding country come to dinner oftener, but I'm never satisfied with the appearance of my board, the menu or the service. I have no time to train maids and housekeepers—and if I did I wouldn't know how."

"Yes, a maid is very helpless. I should be glad to come, Don Jaime."

"You are very kind. Ken, you run up to El Paso and get the boy, Mrs. Ganby will arrange that detail with you. Now clear out and let me sleep."

Mrs. Ganby, with tears of happiness in her middle-aged eyes, followed the assistant general manager into the ranch office.

"How long have you known Don Jaime?" she asked Hobart.

"A long time. Went to the state university with him. My father and I had a cow outfit down in the Big Bend country but we went broke during the post-war deflation period. Don Jaime and I enlisted for the World War—and spent two years guarding the border. At that we dodged more lead than some of those who went to France. After the bank closed in on the Hobarts I joined the rangers; now I've left them to work for Don Jaime."

"He is congenitally magnificent."

Ken Hobart laughed. "Always remember he's my caballero, Mrs. Ganby. He does things with a flourish. It isn't pose. His people have always done it. His father died when he was twenty. He's twenty-eight now. His mother died giving him birth, so you see he's man-raised."

"Why do you suppose he engaged me, Mr. Hobart? Do you think he suspected he was doing a very wonderful thing for my boy and me?"

"Yes, I think so. Jimmy can see through a ladder. But he engaged you, principally, I think, because he wants the Casa Higuenes to be running in civilized fashion in case his luck holds and he should have the honor of entertaining Miss Roberta Antrim and her duenna."

"She'll not have a duenna."

"Oh, yes, she will. You'll supply that lack. Don Jaime is very tactful and formal."

"Why is he so interested in the niece of this vicious old man he had to kill?"

"Because Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes is a romantic Mick, that's why. He saw a fall-page rotogravure picture of her in the Suburban Gentleman, and picked her for the mother of his children."

"Oh, dear, he's quite hopeless! She may photograph beautifully even with red hair, freckles and green eyes, but she may also be mean and selfish and irritating; she may be without manners."

"In that event," said Ken Hobart, "she just won't be the mother of his children. Don Jaime doesn't want the Higuenes tribe to vanish from the earth, but he would prefer to have them vanish rather than breed something ignoble. Where will I find this boy of yours?" he demanded, to change the conversation. "I'm starting for El Paso now."

Mrs. Ganby wrote a note to the people with whom she boarded her crippled son and returned to her patient.

"What a charming man your Mr. Hobart is, Don Jaime!" she began. "He'll do in a pinch"—laconically. "He is very devoted to your interests."

Don Jaime did not answer. His glance was out through the arched gateway, from which the road ran straight down the valley. A mile away a dust-cloud was gathering on that road.

"Somebody is coming in a hurry," he murmured. "When they hurry it's always bad news."

A solitary horseman galloped up to the gate, threw himself off and hurried up the steps.

"Well, my friend," Don Jaime queried in Spanish. "What will message do you bring and from whom?"

"Thirty riders crossed the Rio Grande at daylight, senior. They are founding up several hundred of the senior's cattle. It is a raid."

"My thanks are due you, my friend. They will not get far. Who sent you here?"

"The American customs agent at Los Algodones, Don Jaime. He bids you send your riders to head them off before they recross the river with your cattle."

"Return and tell him I have but forty men available. The others are attending a ball at the Rancho Verdugo. Forty men will be sufficient, I think. Return to the customs agent with my gratitude for his timely warning and tell him my men will start in ten minutes, perhaps less."

The man touched his hat, flung himself on his horse and galloped away. Don Jaime lit a cigar and smoked contentedly, while Mrs. Ganby watched him with alert curiosity.

Presently Ken Hobart, arrayed in his "town" clothes, came to announce his impending departure.

"Delay it until tomorrow, Ken," his employer ordered casually. "I have a job for you." And he recounted the tale brought by his recent visitor.

"Take forty men and ride for the river. If this man's tale is the truth you will have work there. I think, however, he lies. Have Caraveo arm the other men available and instruct him to have them remain in the barns with their horses until I send him word that he is not going to be needed."

"A plant, eh?"

"I've been expecting reprisal, Ken. I told this messenger I had but forty men available but would send them immediately. Go with them. Then we shall see that which we shall see. I smell sheep."

Hobart departed to fulfill his orders, and Don Jaime stretched himself for his siesta.

Suddenly he opened his eyes and turned to Mrs. Ganby. "Please tell Flavio to assist me to enter my house," he said. "There is more dust to the south. We shall have visitors—about ten, I think."

When the Indian came Don Jaime spoke to him in Spanish. The old peon picked Don Jaime up in his strong arms, carried him inside and laid him on a sofa. Then he departed casually.

"You will oblige me by locking and bolting that door, Mrs. Ganby," Don Jaime requested gently.

Presently came the sound of hurrying feet on the veranda, and through the iron-barred tiny window that gave on the veranda Mrs. Ganby saw men standing about. There came a smart rap on the door.

"Who's there?" Don Jaime challenged in a ringing voice. "Quien es?"

"Open the door," a rough voice commanded. "We want you and we're going to have you."

"Ah, so it is my friend Bill Dingle. I have been expecting you, William, ever since you so thoughtfully sent one of your men with a false cry of raiders from below the border. I sent forty men. Your lookout in the hills saw them ride out, and when they had passed you decided to come to my

hacienda, deserted save for the ranch and children, and kill me in some unpleasant manner. Is it not so?"

There was no answer to this and Don Jaime's mocking laugh floated through the window. "Now, Dingle, my poor fellow, consider the situation. A hundred armed men surround this poor house of mine. Go you, Friend Dingle, to the patio entrance and look."

A murmuring rose among the recent arrivals and one of them ran to the entrance of the patio. A volley of good old Anglo-Saxon curses echoed through the old-fashioned garden, then the man came running back to join his fellows.

"Is seeing believing, Senior Dingle?" Don Jaime called pleasantly. "You win, Higuenes."

"One by one you will go to the entrance and give up your arms to my riding boss. It would be madness to resist. You shall not be killed and presently you shall all return to your sheeps—I mean sheep. Forward! March!"

A moment's hesitation, more low-voiced colloquy, a curse or two, and the retreat to the entrance commenced. A few minutes later Enrico Caraveo, a little pockmarked Mexican, thrust a smiling, sardonic face up to the grilled window.

"I have the honor to inform Don Jaime that his visitors await his pleasure."

"Confining them in the barn under guard, I've told them."

"St, senior," murmured the riding boss, and departed chuckling.

Mrs. Ganby, white-faced, speechless with terror, watched Don Jaime blowing rings. Presently he looked across at her, his eyes filled with musing, his white teeth showing in a gentle little smile.

"It's a great world, isn't it, Mrs. Ganby?" he murmured. "Please call Flavio, I would return to the veranda."

"The nurse—stood by his chair long after Flavio had deposited him once more therein."

"Don Jaime Higuenes," she demanded, "after that exhibition of ingratitude on the part of those sheep men, are you still going to permit them to trespass on your range?"

Don Jaime raised a deprecating hand. "An Higuenes," he assured her, "does not quarrel with a woman."

Mrs. Ganby's eyes blazed. "Now, at least," she declared, "I know why Cervantes wrote Don Quixote. Only a Spaniard could have conceived such a character and only a Spaniard could—could—"

"Senora," Don Jaime protested, "my name is Jimmy Higuenes."

Roberta Antrim's limousine rolled up the gravelled driveway to the wide portals of Hillcrest, and Harms, the butler, came down the steps and opened the door.

"Mr. Latham came home an hour ago, miss," he confided. "Something must have happened in the city today, miss. He's worried—walking up and down the drawing room and talking to himself. I'm a bit worried about the master, miss."

"Thank you, Harms. You're very kind."

A foreboding of disaster brought Roberta flying into the living room. Crooked Bill sat huddled in a reading chair, his face in his hands, his attitude reminiscent of profound despair.

"Uncle Bill! What's happened?"

Crooked Bill's old hands merely clasped his features tighter. He wagged his head and moaned.

"I'm through. My brokers sold me out this afternoon. Oh, Bobby, Bobby, what a massacre! I stayed as long as I dared, but when the last jump came I realized that only a crazy man would continue in this crazy market. I declined to invest another dollar—for the reason that I didn't have it. I told my brokers I'd gone the limit and to sell me out. I'm all washed up."

"Must we leave Hillcrest?" Roberta queried in a strangled voice.

"We must," Crooked Bill replied heroically. "I have enough to pay off the servants and maintain us in respectability at some modest hotel until we can look around and see what the future holds for us, but after that—"

"After that I'll take care of you, dear Uncle Bill," Roberta's voice was tender, the touch of her lovely cheek to Crooked Bill's wrinkled jewels was very soothing to that wretched wreck of a financier. "Sheep are up and so is wool, Uncle Bill. Don Prudencio Alviso writes me that Uncle Tom's sheep are worth at least two hundred thousand as they stand, and he has over a hundred thousand pounds of wool in transit to a wool house in Boston. And good wool is quoted in today's paper at thirty cents a pound. Uncle Tom has a ranch of sorts also. Don Prudencio doesn't think much of it and says it is not of ready sale, but we can live there and carry on in the sheep business."

"You have no conception of what you are proposing to me," Crooked Bill groaned. "Sheep are terrible."

"Well, you've always taken care of me, haven't you, darling? What a poor sport I'd be to desert you when you're down and out. No, no, dear. We'll battle along together to the last sheep."

Uncle Bill Latham sighed and gazed drearily out the window. "If you'd only fixed it up to marry Glenn Hackett—"

"If we didn't have these sheep and the wool I'd marry him and risk learning to love him, just to keep you from worrying about me," Roberta assured him heroically. "But of course, thanks to that odious Jim Higgins, I find myself in rather an independent position. We will sell off all the sheep and wool and live comfortably and

economically on the income from that until—"

"Hackett is coming for dinner," he interrupted. "Be nice to him. He's my attorney, of course, and I'll have to tell him what's happened to me. Promise me, Bobby, that if he renews his suit you'll accord him kindly and respectful consideration."

In her great distress at the catastrophe which had overtaken her guardian Roberta was in a mood to promise anything—and did. Crooked Bill appeared to rally immediately.

Roberta was dressing when she heard Glenn Hackett's car rolling up the driveway. She looked out her window and called, "Hello, old Stick-in-the-mud! How are you?"

He favored her with a not very enthusiastic wave of his hand.

"Still holding his little grudge," Roberta thought. "Well, I don't blame him. Nevertheless I bathe my feet."

Crooked Bill received his guest at the door and at once conducted him to the library.

"I've got to talk fast, my boy," he began, "before Roberta comes down. I'm supposed to have gone bust in the market—Hillcrest has been gobbled up by my bankers to meet my notes. I'm down to a couple of thousand dollars. In a word, h—! pops generally."

Glenn Hackett stared at the old gentleman owlishly. Crooked Bill continued:

"I hope I do not have to assure you, Glenn, that in so far as Bobby is concerned I'm for you all the way."

"Thank you very much," Hackett replied. "I have suspected as much for quite a while."

"That girl is too dog-gone high and mighty to suit me," Crooked Bill continued, sipping his drink with meditative pleasure, "so I've cooked up a scheme to bring her fluttering to the ground." Roberta's the light of my eye and the apple of my heart, but nevertheless, as a reasoning human being, I've got to admit she has her drawbacks. She's got to be yanked out of the clouds of romance to earthly practicalities, and in my feeble way I'm attempting to do it. All of her life I've been busy spoiling Roberta by granting every wish she expressed and a heap she never thought of expressing. That's bad business. Now, then, here's my plan. I came staggering in, play-acting all over the place, and moaned aloud that I was out of the market, that my brokers had sold me out because I didn't dare stay with the game any longer. Well, as a matter of fact I am out of the market. My brokers did sell me out—but on the right side of the ledger, and as a result I've cleaned up about ten millions. I've arranged with a trusted friend to pretend he's bought Hillcrest from the bank to which I had given a deed. Well, I did give the bank a deed, as security for more money to play this crazy market, but I could afford to. I was miles ahead of the hounds—playing on margin. I've leased this place for July, August and September—and Roberta is so sorry for me she's going to sell out her Uncle Tom's sheep and wool and take care of me the remainder of my days."

"Very nice of Roberta, I should say, Mr. Latham. But then Roberta was always a good sport. Witness the sporty manner in which she took that beating I was insane enough to inflict on her in a moment of pique. I wish my tongue had cleaved to the roof of my mouth."

"Don't you wish anything of the



Roberta's Type of Woman Love Rough Stuff From Their Men.

sort. Women—Roberta's type of woman—love rough stuff from their men."

To be continued.

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