

Sherman County Journal

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A BANK

Revived interest in the establishment of a bank in Sherman county is one manifestation of increasing cheerfulness and hope for the future. Business men who have gotten along without local banking connections for a year or more have determined to do all within their power to bring to the county or have started within the county another bank and the fact that they are working on the plan is in itself a sign that a better spirit is permeating the county. That business men in every community of the county are working cooperatively instead of in opposition to each other is a further hopeful indication and it strengthens the possibility of having a bank established for it is reasonable to suppose that an outside banking house would come to a county much quicker if they were assured of united support.

Sherman county is undoubtedly one of the logical places in the state for a bank. During the past ten years the county has often had a total income of above \$4,000,000 and in one or two years the total income of the county has been \$6,000,000. While this sum is total income and would not be deposited for any length of time in a bank it would nearly all pass through a bank at some time of the year. Our average production of wheat for the last ten years has been 2,440,000 bushels, which, at the parity figure of approximately 95 cents set by the government would make over \$2,300,000 for the next two years. Divided among the county's 3,000 persons this gives a per capita income of over \$750 or approximately \$3800 for a family of five. Surely, annual incomes of this size need banking facilities and it will not be long before some forward looking banking institution decides to come to the county.

This is the wheat income. Other means of revenue have been increased greatly within the past few years until they are of considerable consequence, not only for their own sake, but because they show possibilities of diversification and a consequent stabilization of incomes.

New national legislation makes it seem probable that branch banking will be the order for a period, at least, and it is very likely that instead of a local banking house the county will be served by a branch of some large financial institution. With the turn of the times it is time for a stable bank in this county. Let it not be delayed.

WE CHANGE COMPANY

Now that wheat has climbed to reasonable levels again the salesmen are out in force. From now on, through harvest and until bad weather puts a quietus on pleasant travel, the county will continually be host to gentlemen with persuasive voices and delightful manners who will have something to sell. We do not rise to criticize. It will be most agreeable to us to be told with positive assurance that we can buy something, that we are on the road to riches and that we owe it to ourselves to enjoy life while we may.

It has been a long time since we have been told any such a thing. For three years now our contact with strangers has been of a generally distasteful nature. They wanted a mortgage on the new colt, the old combine or they were certain that the old mortgage must be paid this very day or the fury of a resentful creditor would fall upon our heads. There may be some of these gentlemen, but their threats will be less dire and less dreadful, because they will not wish to endanger future business, for it begins to look as if there may be future business again.

No, as someone to meet, we prefer the smiling salesman to the dour and threatening collector. He is much better company. He talks in more pleasing tones. He increases our ego instead of causing that touchy part of our being to shrivel into nothingness. And all this because wheat is up, because the wheat farmer, for the time at least, is able to see daylight ahead. It is a most enjoyable vista and the company is so much easier to get along with.

Whether or not Mr. Close was kidnapped he told a most interesting and attractive story. Now we believe the old saw that the pen is mightier than the sword.

We are afraid that Mr. Post is not making a very complete study of the countries he visits. A week is a short time to tour the world and get much out of it.

A few years ago we couldn't bet, couldn't drink; now we can do both of them and haven't the money to do either.

Sister Aimee made the headlines again, but it is getting harder all the time.

Kidnappers should note that dead victims pay no ransom.

Grass Valley

Mrs. James Dennis and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Krusow were in Portland last week doing a little trading.

The two Fortner girls, Helen and Thelma are visiting their Grandma Lucas at Heppner this week.

J. W. Shepard was in Walla Walla last week to attend a convention of co-operative managers.

P. N. Lemon, former butcher, farmer and merchant of this city, arrived here Tuesday afternoon from his home at Albany. His son, Owen, a recent graduate from O. S. C. came up with him to work during the summer.

W. S. Schilling and Arch Fortner drove to Heppner Sunday to bring home a couple of horses for the Schilling ranch. One is a valuable saddle horse.

Fresh Vegetables at Low Prices. Earl Olds.

Amiel Garthafner was here this week looking for a job, he having lost his position with the railroad company.

Mrs. Wren Hogue was taken to the hospital Wednesday to undergo an operation.

Bob Poley is home from work in the McKinzie forest with a case of lumbago and the Poley home resembles a hospital with both of the children in bed.

R. C. Atwood and wife were here Tuesday afternoon interesting residents in a bank in the county.

Marion Dugger is here for harvest.

Joe Gregg took a daughter to the Dalles this week for treatment as a piece of metal in one of her eyes had caused an infection.

Vern McGowan was up from Corvallis last week end to see his son and heir.

The Conroy sheep are in the mountains near Clackamas lake and the Patjen band are farther south along Mt. Washington.

Frank Pike is driving the Davis tractor at the Emergency Conservation Work near Bear Springs. Bud Moore's tractor is also on the job there.

Mrs. R. H. Johnson and parents returned home from Newport Sunday night after a stay of several weeks.

George Witter was here this week from Kent looking after the wells and pumps.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, now of The Dalles, were Sherman county visitors last week.

Ted von Borstel and family spent a few days of last week in Portland where Mr. Borstel's parents live.

Matt Simon attended the annual convention of Oregon mail carriers in The Dalles last Friday and Saturday.

The Misses Tillie and TOLLIE Wassermiller and Mrs. Mollie Hillman, another Wassermiller girl, are visiting here with their parents for a few weeks.

Kent News

George Wilson made a trip to Stevenson, Washington, Friday evening, returning home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Harbin near Grass Valley. They were accompanied home by Nellie Wilson who had spent the week at that place.

Those who attended the meeting of the Wheat Growers Association which was held in Moro Thursday afternoon were: L. W. Amick, Alec McLennan, J. E. Norton, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Guyton, J. C. Wilson, A.

A Dunlap, W. G. Helyer, W. O. Smith, W. C. Helyer, Dick Abel, Wayne McCulloch, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Walton and Jesse and Bill Helyer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Barnett of The Dalles spent Thursday and Friday visiting with relatives at Kent.

Albert Pluenke, Arnold Dellinger, who are working at the C. C. C. spent the weekend at their respective homes in Kent.

Lurline Smith spent Friday and Saturday at the home of her uncle W. O. Smith.

The Home Economics Club of Kent grange held a meeting last Tuesday. The day was spent in quilting.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Davis and children, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Clark, Lillian Schassen, Mrs. Ida Davis and daughter Pauline, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Winnie Helyer and daughter Russ, Elinor Helyer, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Guyton, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Walton, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Guyton, Bill Helyer, Mrs. Wm Young, Wm. Mitchell and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McKay and daughter Edna, Pheobe Lyons, Jay McKay, Geo. Howell and son Dale, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Byers, Dick Abel, Arthur Justesen, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Matthes, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Barnett and Mrs. George Barnett were among those who attended the funeral of Miss Hilda Schassen in The Dalles Sunday.

Charles Garhammer who has been in The Dalles hospital recovering from injuries received in an auto accident returned to Kent Friday evening.

Della Helyer, Alta Norton and Mrs. Leroy Daniels were business visitors in The Dalles Wednesday. They were accompanied home by Miss Winifred Vogel who spent the remainder of the week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dellinger.

Henry Moers and Mrs. Gray Smith of Portland spent the first part of the week at the home of their sister, Mrs. Max Pluenke.

Wheat Exhibit At Fair Attracts Visitors

Universal is the appeal of ripening wheat in the field, framed in the magic background of a typical rural country side. The only demonstration of a farmers' cooperative to be seen at the Chicago Century of Progress is built around such a vista executed in pictured background and structural foreground, the new type of exhibitor's art called diorama.

Visitors from Saskatchewan have paused before this remarkable executed view of grain fields and countryside which constitutes the exhibit of Farmers National Grain Corporation, national grain cooperative, in Social Science Hall, to exclaim: "That looks like our country in harvest time;" farm folk from Oklahoma and Kansas, from Iowa, Minnesota and Illinois promptly declare that the scene portrays their home community too.

Of tens of thousands who pass this exhibit of co-operative grain marketing, the present day farmer, the thinker and the educator alike grasp its lesson of economic and social advancement; but every man, woman or child of rural origin or of rural understanding thrills to the appeal of the picture—ripe grain waving in the breeze—fertile slopes and valleys in the background, richly prophetic of the bounty of the land and never failing source of verile citizenship.

When Roy Baker and Jake Gervais went fishing not long ago, down on the Deschutes, Baker bet Gervais he would get the first fish. After a few minutes fishing Baker fell into a deep hole and Gervais yelled, "Say if you're going to dive for 'em the bet's off."

They have to EAT

Those men who pitch hay and work summerfallow from dawn to dusk

Let us provide the foods, Staple Groceries—Fresh Vegetables—all reasonably and fairly priced.

H. Zeigler's Quality Store Grass Valley :: Oregon



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"Jaime is Spanish for James, readily corrupted to Jimmy, and Higuenes is Spanish for Higgins. Don Jaime went over to Antrim's camp to order him and his sheep off the Higuenes range. Antrim, the skunk, figured on murdering the boy without risk to himself. Fortunately a third man was present at that conference just before the killing—a ranger named Kenneth Hobart—son of old Bill Hobart to whom I sold the Rancho Verdugo. Higuenes borrowed the ranger's rifle-unknown to Antrim—and through Antrim shot Higuenes three times, eventually Higuenes got out of range. Then he stalked Antrim and killed him. I have had a report on the matter from the coroner at Los Algodones."

"Very interesting, Mr. Latham." "Best news I've had in fifty years, Glenn. But what challenges my interest is this. Antrim is dead. Higuenes lives and is not seriously injured, yet Antrim's sheep, with the tacit consent of Higuenes, continue to trespass. Meanwhile Higuenes is doing all he can to protect Roberto, whom he has never met—and all at considerable loss and inconvenience to himself, because those sheep are ruining his range. Sheep foul a range up, and cattle will not graze where a sheep has grazed. Also, a sheep destroys the range. Eats the grass down to the roots and then some. Now, why is Higuenes doing this?" "Search me, sir."

"He has some ulterior motive, and Roberto will discover it, of course. Well, I want Roberto to go down there all het up with the mental picture she has painted of this romantic Higuenes. She'll find a brand of man she never met before. All I hope is that he makes love to her with Latin impetuosity, because if he does he'll be put in his place. Roberto will not be rushed by any man. All the men she'll meet there will be so different she'll be disillusioned. She'll begin to appreciate a man who bathes and shaves daily, who dresses in good taste, who knows something besides cattle and sheep and local politics, who lives in a regular house and moves in cultured society. She'll see the other side of the picture—and it will be good for her immortal soul."

"There may be a great deal in what you say, Mr. Latham, and perhaps your cute financial plans will work out exactly as you expect, but I'm here to tell you they will not, and for one very potent reason. I'm not so blinded certain that I want Roberto." Crooked Bill stared at the young man in undisguised horror and amazement.

"I'm afraid of her," Hackett resumed in his slow, methodical way. "She's too blamed modern and I'm too old-fashioned. I'll not change and she can't. I fear we would be mismatched and I'll not risk a brief happiness. I can stand to lose Roberto now, but I wouldn't care to have to stand to lose her after I'd won her; it'd break my heart to discover at some future time that she wasn't happy with me."

"Mares' nests," Crooked Bill protested. "I tell you I know women. They may hoot for years at a masterful man, but they'll end up by marrying him and adoring him until death do them part. However, why cross the bridge until you come to it? Go through with my little plan and then stand by to see how the cat jumps. Remember, we're out to humble this proud damsel, to make her see life without looking at it through amber glasses. She has some things to learn and some to unlearn. Nothing like worry and adversity to clear a proud head, I'm telling you."

"Well, it cannot hurt to try the thing out, Mr. Latham. If there's any back-fire later, you'll be the one to get scorched for deceiving folks who trust you." "Spoken like a man," said Crooked Bill.

CHAPTER V

Half an hour after Don Jaime's coup had resulted in the capture of Bill Dingle and his men, another dust-cloud to the south attracted Don Jaime's attention.

"Ken Hobart and his men returning," he explained to Mrs. Ganby presently.

His cheerfull grin welcomed Hobart as he entered.

"I didn't bother sending a messenger with the news that it was a false alarm, Ken. I figured you'd have one man drop out of your party to watch the road to Valle Verde, while you rode on, taking your leisure."

"I did exactly that," Hobart replied. "When he galloped after us and reported seven mounted men had come out of a canyon to the east and taken the road to Valle Verde at a fast trot, I concluded your suspicions were well-grounded and that I might risk returning. So Dingle arrived with blood in his eye, eh, Don Jaime?"

Don Jaime nodded. "And masked,

"But they aren't safe!" Ken Hobart protested. "What's to prevent Bill Dingle from driving to market the sheep still on the range?" "You forget that Bill Dingle is my guest. Better go to Los Algodones tomorrow, Ken, draw about a thousand dollars from the bank and pay off those sheepmen. They'll stick on the job and take good care of those range sheep, when they knew they're being watched."

"And do you intend keeping Bill Dingle and his men in your private housegoon indefinitely?"

"Oh, no, not indefinitely, Ken. I've only sentenced them to thirty days for trespass and assault with intent to do great bodily harm."

"But Dingle claims that part of his remuneration as manager for Tom Antrim was an interest in the lamb crop. He'll charge you with stealing his lambs and sue you for huge damages."

"But I'll give his foreman a receipt for all the sheep and wool I possess myself. I'll even give Dingle a duplicate receipt. Sign it myself, too."

"Don Jaime, you're hopelessly medieval. If Dingle charges you with kidnaping and swears that you held him a prisoner thirty days in an effort to make him sign over his interest in those lambs, it's going to cost you a lot of money to defend yourself. And if you're convicted the punishment is imprisonment for life."

"An Higuenes cannot be convicted in Las Cruces county, my friend. There would be an overwhelming preponderance of Latin blood in the jury, and a Latin doesn't care two hoots in a hollow for the law. All he wants is justice and he doesn't want any justice other than the brand that appeals to him. King John of Runnymede and Don Quixote could never agree on anything."

Ken Hobart surrendered but not without misgiving. "How are your wounds?" he queried.

"Nothing to worry about. I'll be on the job again in a month."

Crooked Bill's well-laid plan worked with the smoothness of a piston—thanks to Roberto. To her airy greeting Glenn Hackett returned one of the utmost gravity, so Roberto, jumping instantly to the conclusion that

Robbie laughed at the bare idea of conflict with his new-found friend. He stared hard at Don Jaime. "What's your name, mister?"

"My name is Jimmy."

"You got any boys?"

"No. That's why I sent Ken up after you. I've been lonesome a lot, here lately, so when your mother told me she had a boy, why, I thought I'd borrow you. Did Ken tell you about the pony we have here for you?"

Robbie's wistful eyes glistened. "I can ride a pony. I know I can."

"When I get well we'll go riding together. I think now, Robbie, your mother wants to visit with you, so you'd better run along. After dinner we'll have another visit and really get acquainted."

Robbie, changed from his store clothes to the accustomed freedom of chambray shirt and light, cool khaki "slacks," Ken Hobart dropped into the long chair beside his employer.

"Yes, we're counting the sheep," Don Jaime said. He had the gift, decidedly, of telepathy. Had it to a marked degree, in fact.

"Any trouble?"

"None. Bill Dingle's foreman made a bluff at starting some, but Carveo paid no attention to him. I instructed Carveo to ignore him and tell him nothing—if necessary, to treat him roughly. And I sent enough men to enforce my desires. First they moved the sheep south of the San Diegoito, where we had another gang building a corral, with a chute. We're washing the brutes, shearing them, running them through the chute one at a time, branding them, and plan to haul them up here in motor trucks, after giving the foreman a receipt for them."

Ken Hobart chuckled. "Why, you're quite a sheep man, aren't you?"

"Well, somebody had to do it for the girl. I'll place a guard on the wool, and as soon as you can buy some wool sacks I want you to sack that wool and haul it up to the ranch for safe-keeping."

"You'll be put to quite a bit of expense, Don Jaime. Have you authority to take possession in this high-handed manner?"

"Seguro! I always make my own authority. Don Prudenfo Alviso is Miss Antrim's local representative, and whatever I do will be Jake with Prudenfo."

"What are you going to do with the wool?"

"Hold it here, safely, until the market goes up, or I receive orders to sell it immediately."

"And the lambs and the old ewes?"

"The old ewes with broken teeth or no teeth at all were starved to death. Their carcasses were dotting the range. So I thought I'd put them on our tender, succulent alfalfa. A month or six weeks on alfalfa and ground barley will fit them for market. They ought to bring ten dollars each."

"Who's going to pay for all this? The Antrim estate?"

"If it can afford to. If it can't—"

Don Jaime shrugged the indifferent shrug of one who has not been reared to do things on the half-shell, as it were. "Don Prudenfo was out to see me yesterday. He has had a letter from Miss Antrim. It appears that her uncle, whose ward she is, is very seriously threatened with the loss of his fortune. She's anxious about the sheep, and has instructed Don Prudenfo to guard them and preserve them. I told him to wire her that the sheep were safe with me and to disabuse his placid mind of all worry concerning them."

"How are you going to save Uncle Bill?" Roberto demanded.

Hackett proceeded to outline to her, patiently and in words of one syllable, his plan for the salvation of Crooked Bill.

To be continued.

Dixie: "This is a nice quiet spot, I'd like to pause here and park."

Lizzie: "You mean you'd like to park here and paw, but you're not going to."