

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1933.

NO NEED TO CALL IT

The report that there is to be a special session of the legislature because the sales tax was defeated or because the truck bill does not work as expected seems to be one of those things that refuses to be downed.

Governor Meier has said that there will be no special session and after a few days it was in the air again just as if he hadn't spoken. The results, or lack of results, of the last special session would seem to make the possibility of another such affair within the year unthinkable. Of course, organization and getting acquainted, might take a shorter time at a session now, but it is doubtful if enough could be done to make the attempt worthwhile. Public sentiment has not become crystalized in favor of any tax measure and the legislators would be swamped with ideas in such number that agreement on any one could not be reached.

As for the truck bill, it is doubtful if the state can afford to call a special session to right the mistakes it made a mere six months ago. Presuming that it made any serious mistakes.

Counties and schools are not so badly off as is often reported. The state cannot and does not demand its share of the taxes that are paid for the schools and the cities of the state. The state receives the first money that is paid into the general fund. It gets no money from the schools at all. An opinion of the supreme court states, "the 'money's' referred to in this section does not mean the funds derived from a tax levied or collected for some special object such as the support of the common schools or the repair of the county roads".

The collection of the entire state tax may keep the county officers from getting a salary or may prevent payment of other bills paid from the general fund. It does not take any part of special school taxes and if the ruling of a Washington county circuit judge is upheld it need not take any part of the elementary school fund either.

Taxes are being paid as well or better than they were last year and it appears that we can struggle along without another legislative session.

ARE WE HAPPY?

Some weeks ago this paper spoke of harvests, commenting on the occasional unexpectedness of the yield, either for better or worse, as marriages are supposed to rate.

The first returns from the crop in this county has brought to mind the most cheerful phase of that unexpectedness. It appears that nearly every farmer who has so far this year driven into fields with sickle newly sharpened and separator growling has been more than pleased with the size of the stream from the grain spout and the count of the sacks at the end of the day.

Men thought, some weeks ago, that this year would be the worst of a long series of unsatisfactory ones. They said it was too short, it was too thin, the heads were too small and besides that it had no wheat in the top meshes. The wheat was burned or frosted. And through the cold days of May and June we wondered what would happen this fall.

It may be too early to cheer as comparatively few fields are being threshed but as those fields are fairly well distributed and as the yield is uniformly better than expected we may feel good about it for the time being and and prepare to cheer when our hopes are realized.

That new N. R. A. insignia will probably serve its purpose but it's a terrible looking thing. The eagle has certainly been blue lately though and maybe that is the reason for the color scheme.

We expect that the Bonneville dam is giving more enjoyment to residents of this district in anticipation than it will in realization. We will leave ourselves to believe that it will solve all our troubles.

A movie actor after a few days spent in portraying the part of a harvest hand knows why the farmer wants a dollar a bushel for wheat. Let's invite a lot of people in for harvest.

The president implores all businesses to raise wages and prices and Governor Martin starts suit against the gas companies for raising prices. Ain't it a funny world?

The list of what Aimee was giving Dave looks like a bid for a more easily satisfied husband.

The assembled governors agree that kidnapping must be stopped. Momentous decision.

Now we know what the expression, "Post-haste", means.

Grass Valley

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables at Grass Valley Meat Market. We take eggs in on trade. Earl Olds.

Miss Helen Bryant visited at the Poloy home over the week end from Moro.

Rev. S. L. Boyce and family attended the Baptist assembly at Camp Sherman this week.

E. C. Simmons, of The Dalles was in Grass Valley the first of the week looking after business affairs in which he was concerned.

Harold Hughes has rented the Scheurer house for the winter as he will teach here this year.

Mrs. Florin Coon was here for a short time last week, but returned to Colton again to continue her visit there.

Miss Lila Payne Boyce is in Prineville for a vacation with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brace were here Monday from their home near The Dalles.

A family reunion was held at the Dell Olds home Sunday when Mrs. Walkenshaw was here from McMinnville, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Hall from The Dalles and Mrs. Lucy Young and two children came up from their home in California.

Station agent MacNab is away for a few days on his vacation.

Mrs. Leslie Peterson and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Engle were baptised at the church last Sunday.

Miss Ellen Cox is home again from Hood River where she had been visiting for several days with relatives.

Druggist Wilcox, Doctor Poloy, Farmer Alley, Groceryman Fortner and Barber Coon drove to Portland Tuesday afternoon to see a black man maul a yellow one. They returned as the sun came over the hill the next morning.

Litt's Emmalene Gervais parted with her tonsils at a hospital in The Dalles this week.

Bill Schilling started cutting Tuesday on his ranch south of town, yield not known so far.

George Witter was in Portland the first of the week looking after a little work there.

A. V. Allen of the Columbia Barge line, was here this week from Portland working with L. R. French. They spent the latter part of the week in Gilliam county.

The Beardley family are home again after individual visits to the homes of friends.

Miss Barbara Walpole visited in Portland last week for a few days.

Mrs. Wren Hogue returned from the hospital Monday of this week. Marguerite Mitchell, who had been staying at the Hogue home during the absence of Mrs. Hogue, was scalded with hot water the same day Mrs. Hogue returned. She was brought to Dr. Poloy.

J. W. Shepard and wife spent Tuesday in Portland on business for the elevator company.

Mrs. Lewis Zogg, of Oxnard, Cal., accompanied by her children are visiting here this week. Thursday afternoon Mrs. George Wilcox entertained for Mrs. Zogg.

A runaway caused an afternoon's excitement on the Bill Brinkert ranch Monday. A header bed full of hay was well scattered and the bed itself was completely demolished. No horses or men were injured.

Matt Simon and wife were in Portland Sunday. B. F. Strange, step-father of Mrs. Simon, is considerably improved in health.

Lawrence Davis and brother Nick are here for harvest and are living in the French house.



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"I understand perfectly, Glenn," Roberta said when at last he finished. "You're a wonderful, wonderful friend."

"The plan is vetoed," Crooked Bill declared virtuously. "Friendship will bear up under anything except the indorsement of notes or the swift heavy touch."

"But, Uncle Bill—"

Uncle Bill raised his leonine head and his cold, steel-gray eyes flickered murderous lights at her. "There will be no further discussion of this unpleasant subject," he informed her coldly.

When Crooked Bill looked and spoke in that tone of voice, Roberta knew from experience that obedience was incumbent upon her. Her eyes filled with tears; in a tremulous voice she begged to be excused and withdrew.

Crooked Bill's wild eyebrows went up as the girl left the room. "She's as big a crook as I am," he declared proudly. "She isn't at all distressed. She's just pulling the old stuff—not on me this time, but on you, my boy. She expects you to follow her out and comfort her. Do not disappoint her. Forward!"

"Are you quite certain she wouldn't prefer to be left alone, Mr. Latham? She's all upset."

"Listen to me, son. I know my onions. The girl's play-acting. Vamoose!"

Glenn Hackett "vamoused." Within five minutes he returned with Roberta on his arm.

"Hum!" Crooked Bill reflected. "And she spent at least a minute making up her face! Four minutes to put over her loving plot against me. The little crook!" He beamed upon her. "I'm so sorry I spoke crossly to my little girl," he announced with hypocriticalunction.

Bobby kissed him fondly and gave him a little hug.

Crooked Bill was not one to gum up his own finely-laid plans, and presently, with a full realization of the truth of the old adage that three is a crowd, he withdrew to his room, leaving Glenn Hackett to make what progress he could with the rebellious Roberta.

But Crooked Bill did not retire. He smoked until ten o'clock, at which hour he knew Glenn Hackett, a creature of habit, would depart for the city. So Crooked Bill went down the back stairs, crossed the dawn and waited for Hackett at the entrance to Hillcrest. "Did it work?" he demanded.

"Overtime," Hackett responded. "Was she nice to you after I left?"

"Well—er—ah—Platonic."

"Aggh!" Crooked Bill growled deep in his throat, like an aged tiger. "Go home, you jellyfish. You'd be a bachelor in the South Sea Islands—and on an island where they practice polyandry!"

Thoroughly disgusted, he returned to the house. He had a presentiment that Fate was, in a manner of speaking, stacking the cards against him.

Next morning Crooked Bill caught an early train to the city, explaining that the sooner he swept up the fragments of his scattered fortunes the better for all concerned.

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nocent deception, Mr. Latham."

"You ungrateful pup! Why, I've placed Bobby under a tremendous obligation to you and made it possible for you two to share a delightful secret in common—all of which is equivalent to scattering six inches of tanbark on the hard, macadamized road of true love. By pretending to lose out of your competitors and show Bobby out of her set, in which she might find other competitors for you. As a promoter I think I'm just about the bee's knees myself."

"But you're giving Don Jaime a free field."

"And why not? He's short and fat, weighing about two hundred pounds. If he isn't, the scientists are all wrong about heredity."

"I have known tall, graceful and extremely charming Irishmen, Mr. Latham!"

"But the Spanish blood predominates in Higuenes. At least it did in his father. They were originally Asturians, and Asturians are all medium-sized and stocky. But to return to Don Jaime. In all probability he takes a bath after the fall roundup and has never seen a bathtub except in a hotel. He will have a luxuriant, Niagara falls type of black mustache and use perfume. He will talk with a strong Spanish accent and four-fifths of his life is undoubtedly spent in his shirt-sleeves. He's just a husky Border cowboy, I tell you. Do you see Bobby falling for a man like that?"

"No-o-o!"

"You're a suspicious Yankee, Glenn. Your motto is: 'Trust everybody but cut the cards.' Well, I must be toddling along. I think I'll take on a line of United Drugs. I've had a tip that they've been quietly absorbing about twenty-five hundred chain drug stores. Meanwhile you keep picking on Roberta to get her out of town; and in order to soothe your New England conscience I'm going to spread about a hundred thousand margining a line of United Drugs for you. If the deal shows a profit by the time you marry Roberta, it will be yours. If it shows a loss—send me a reasonable bill for professional services."

"As a pinch-hitter for Cupid I think you're a total ruin," Glenn Hackett declared.

"How come?"

"I'm satisfied that Roberta isn't in love with me."

"So am I. But I'm also satisfied that she thinks a thousand per cent more of you than of any man living, and if you remain indifferent to her—even let her see you out with another girl occasionally—you'll have to marry her in self-defense." He shook his stick at Hackett. "Remember, your battle-cry is 'On to Texas!'"

CHAPTER VI

Roberta shopped for two weeks, spent another two weeks on a houseboat party among the Thousand Islands, and departed for Los Algodones.

"Where shall I address you, Bobby?" Crooked Bill queried. "At the Mansion house, in Los Algodones."

"No, dear. Address me in care of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes."

"What?" Crooked Bill started as if he had been stung. "You going to put up at the Higuenes hacienda? Why—why, the man's a bachelor."

"How do you know?"

"I've been making inquiries about him."

"Well, his housekeeper, a Mrs. Ganby, has written me, inviting me to be his guest. Don Jaime was ill at the time and couldn't write me personally, but he did write, at the bottom of Mrs. Ganby's letter, 'Official: J. M. H.' Mrs. Ganby says they have a lovely place and that I'll be much more comfortable at the Rancho Valle Verde than at any hotel in that country."

Crooked Bill was assailed by the feeling that, in some inexplicable way, his well-laid plans were doomed to go awry. "You'll write me frequently and tell me all about it, won't you, honey?"

Roberta promised and kissed him good-by.

Five days later she and Mignon, her maid, with three huge trunks and five pieces of hand baggage, were deposited on a lonely, sun-warped platform at the little flag station of Valle Verde.

"So this," said Roberta, looking around her after the train had resumed its journey, "is Texas. Good gracious, Mignon, what is that noise?"

"It sounds like a zoo at feeding time," said Mignon apprehensively, and looked behind her. "Oh, it's cattle," she added, relieved.

A quarter of a mile out on the plain, in a compact mass, a huge herd of white-faced cattle were milling slowly and bellowing continuously.

"Why, there must be thousands of them!" Roberta gasped, and was grateful that the station platform, which was at least five feet off the ground, appeared to offer reasonable sanctuary from attack.

From around the corner of the station a man appeared, hat in hand. "Miss Antrim?" he queried.

"Yes, indeed," said Roberta gratefully, and waited for him to name himself.

"I'm Bill Dingle, your Uncle Tom's general manager. I got your letter telling me you'd arrive today and instruct me to meet you at the Higuenes rancho tomorrow."

"Yes," Roberta murmured, wondering if she ought to introduce Mignon to Mr. Dingle, who was eyeing the maid as a fresh cow in a pasture eyes a dog.

you there," Mr. Dingle went on, his embarrassment increasing at every word. "It's about twenty mile straight east from here to your Uncle Tom's rancho, which is your rancho now. I reckon, and I figured maybe it'd be better for all hands if you put up there instead of at the Higuenes rancho. I reckon you and this other lady'd be as safe and comfortable there as anywhere."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Dingle," Roberta hesitated, then, in her usual frank manner, plunged. "Why is it impossible for you to meet me at the Higuenes rancho, Mr. Dingle?"

Mr. Dingle scuffed a foot along the station platform and his embarrassment increased visibly. "Well, ma'am, in this country, when a feller's enemy warns him not to set foot on his ranch again until he's sent for, unless he wants to be made a colander out of it's reasonable to figger the warnin's meant."

"Who warned you?"

"Don Jaime Higuenes."

"Indeed, why, I had no idea Don Jaime Higuenes was such a blood-thirsty man! Is the trouble between you something that cannot be rectified? I should be happy to act as peacemaker, Mr. Dingle."

Bill Dingle, remembering his forefathers, was honest enough to declare that the trouble could not be rectified and added something about the easiest way out of trouble being to go around it. Then he was silent for quite a while, meanwhile scuffing his toe and gazing a bit helplessly around the horizon. Finally he said: "I reckon you didn't think as much of your Uncle Tom as he used to let on you did. Don't you feel no resentment agin the man that murdered him?"

"Not the slightest. From all that we can learn, officially, Uncle Tom was not murdered. The sheriff of this county wrote that Uncle Tom made the mistake of taking in too much territory, which is a fatal error and tantamount to suicide. It seems he ambushed Jim Higgins and shot him three times. Then Higgins got under cover and stalked Uncle Tom and killed him. I am informed that he didn't know the identity of his assailant until he saw the body."

"That's the story, but it ain't true. This killer ordered your Uncle Tom to quit grazin' his sheep on the free range or he'd kill him. A warnin's a warnin' in this country, an' if a feller don't choose to obey it he's justified in arguin' the matter in the smoke the first time him an' the warnin' person meet up. Your uncle didn't see no valid reason why he should have his liberty restricted by a private citizen. He considered his life in danger, so when they met up on the range it was a case of who could get into action quickest. It was a case of an old man agin a young man, an' the young man won as usual. But your Uncle Tom never tried to kill nobody. He just naturally defended his own life an' failed to do a good job. An', of course, a sheepman ain't in good standin' in a cattle country. Personally, I'm only a hired man, but I got my private opinions, an' I'm here to say it just naturally don't look right for you to be the guest of—"

Mr. Dingle raised his glance from the station platform and gazed across toward the approaching herd of cattle. He appeared alert, poised for flight; whatever had been in his mind to say remained unsaid, and he was profoundly interested in a horseman who was galloping around the flank of the herd, evidently with the intention of passing on in front of it.

"I reckon I'll be moseyin' along, ma'am," said Mr. Dingle. "We can discuss our business when you come to the Antrim ranch."

The horseman had cleared the herd and was coming on at an easy gallop; behind him a boy on a small platform labored to keep up.

"There's the man that killed your Uncle Tom," Mr. Dingle almost hissed.

"I reckon I don't care to meet that hombre until I can choose the time and place myself." And without standing upon the order of his going Mr. Dingle went—in a flying leap off the station platform. He lit running and continued on to a disreputable old automobile; in an incredibly short space of time he was on his way home.

The horseman, observing Mr. Dingle's departure, spurred his mount to a furious gallop; apparently it was his intention to intercept the latter as he fled down the dusty road that ran parallel with the tracks.

"He's going to shoot," Mignon screamed. "Oh, the brute!"

Six pistol shots rang out and Roberta saw little puffs of dust leap up beside Dingle's right rear tire. A pause of about two seconds—then six more shots and six more puffs of dust beside the same tire. Then the horseman pulled up, turned and jogged quietly up to the station. He dismounted a little stiffly, dropped the reins over his horse's head, and advanced limping to the station platform, upon which he climbed laboriously and disappeared into the station.

"This is exactly like the movies," Mignon quavered. "It's wonderful. So thrilling! Oh, I'm so glad you brought me with you, Miss Roberta!"

"When that man emerges you'll experience some more thrills," Roberta warned her maid. "I'm going to tell him some things about himself he has not, in all probability, been told before."

To be continued.

Lawyer—And are you ready to swear to the remarkable state of facts which you have outlined to me?

Client—Certainly, I'll swear to it—but I wouldn't advise you to bet any money on it.