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FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1933.

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?

Worry about the financial condition of the state is engaging the attention of political leaders. This weeks conference was held to discuss plans and policies. Unemployment, taxation, liquor, and truck bill were the subjects discussed.

Reporters of the conference were of the opinion that it will be necessary to hold a special session of the legislature to decide the course of the state on these matters. Taxation especially is considered serious and it was proposed that a sales tax of some sort be enacted to relieve the situation.

These are the simple facts of the case and the governor wants to know how people feel about it before he goes further. A memorandum of even minimum length should tell anyone what the people think about a sales tax. The one recently defeated was for property relief and it was decisively beaten. Without that feature it is probable that it would receive fewer votes. To our way of thinking the sales tax is out, for the time being at least.

How we are to take care of the unemployed during the coming winter is a problem and one that must be met and solved soon. It does not affect the rural counties so seriously, but it does seem that plans tried so far have been of a decidedly temporary nature when the occasion calls for longer range planning.

If we are to conclude that the conditions call for a readjustment of our economic life and that new means of livelihood must be found for a goodly percent of the population we had better be at it without more delay. It appears that it is time to talk about readjustment instead of mere relief. This may be considered a national function but there is nothing to prevent the state from making an attempt to settle the problem.

If ninety members of the state legislature are to be called together to debate these questions without having before it a well considered plan prepared by competent advisors be on hand it will likely result in an unsatisfactory session from the point of the legislators, the administration and the taxpayers. It is hard to get the agreement of a majority in a short special session unless opinions have been formed before it starts and accurate and complete information is at hand. Calling a special session will not solve anything in itself and it may bring up some things that are now considered settled.

If public sentiment cannot be crystallized around some program before the special session we do not believe it will be afterward when the mazes of partisan politics will muddle the scene. We might have another special election that would undo all the session had voted which would result in a further stalemate. Such things are wasteful for it costs money to make laws and it costs money to refer or initiate against them.

It may be that it is impossible to find a means of settling the difficulties that is workable and popular enough to pass the people. That is a constant trouble of democracies. It should be remembered, though, that in this state at this time, the people will eventually decide and they must be convinced that a program is sound before it can escape special election.

IT MUST BE DONE

Certainly some plan of moving the surplus wheat from the ports and warehouses of the northwest will be of as much aid to farmers of this region as the payments to be given the farmer under the domestic allotment plan. This may seem an exaggerated statement when it is considered that the administration plan is expected to give the farmers about 16 cents per bushel for their entire crop over the market price. (Twenty eight cents on 54 per cent of the wheat is approximately that.)

The present difference between Chicago and Portland in September wheat is more than 17 cents and as all plans proposed to handle the northwest surplus are designed to equalize those prices it is easy to see that exporting will have as beneficial a result as the allotment plan itself as far as the northwest is concerned.

It is only reasonable to suppose that if the domestic allotment scheme itself is to be entirely successful it must arrange for the shipment of wheat from congested areas. If wheat is allowed to pile up in one district until it cannot be sold at all the benefits of the plan will be overcome by the difficulties of it. Every raise in the domestic price makes it that much harder to export wheat unless some bonus is given to those who export.

It therefore appears that the government is moving in the right direction when it proposes to aid in shipping wheat to foreign countries.

There is no doubt about it; it is a heck of an economic system that gives people more for producing less.

Gandhi certainly leads a fast life.

Grass Valley

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Tweet, August 18, 1933, a daughter, Geraldine Ellen. Mrs. Tweet is at the home of her mother Mrs. N. B. Hayes. Mrs. Dr. Richelderfer attended.

Mrs. Leghorn, manager of the telephone station here, is visiting in Portland with her small daughter, leaving Mr. Leghorn to say, hello, to patrons.

Prof. Hill, a co-worker with Harold Hughes, visited here this week with the Hughes family while on his way back to Cornell for a year.

A fire was started in the junk yard last Saturday by some small boys and it was necessary to call out the fire department to stop it at the edge of the yard.

Letters received from Gus Engstrom and family in Los Angeles state that they might remain there for a time.

Mrs. Mat Simon and family are home from their visit to Hansen's resort all rested up for school.

Vern McGowan and his wife and son moved early this week to Pendleton where Mac will teach this year.

Dorothy Olds is at Rufus this week visiting at the Tetz home for a few days. The Tetz are getting located there.

Ernest Blalock has moved his machine down to the Munger ranch to cut that crop.

Phyllis Dickson will visit in Hood River a few days with relatives.

Herman Peters, at last able to wear a shoe, is going to Portland to bring Les Peterson back home for a month or so before time to remove the cast from his foot. Herman is almost ready to go back to work again after his injury when he and Peterson fell from the warehouse roof.

Mrs. Dell Olds and Mrs. R. J. Baker entertained at the Baker residence Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. George A. Simon who has been making a visit here from her home in Eugene.

J. M. Dellinger has returned from the hospital somewhat improved in health since his stay there.

Kent News

A shower was given at the home of Mrs. J. H. Wilson Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Wilson's daughter Mrs. Chauncy Rambo, who received a number of gifts. Mrs. Rambo left for her home at Davenport, Washington, Saturday.

Visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lyons Sunday included Mr. and Mrs. Carl Gregg and family; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson and Jay McKay. The occasion was Mrs. Lyons birthday.

Mrs. Emma Schadewitz was an all day visitor at the home of Mrs. Belle Hogue Tuesday.

Mrs. J. R. Dellinger and son Arnold went to The Dalles Sunday to see Mr. Dellinger who is a patient at The Dalles hospital.

Mrs. Belle Hogue and daughters Gertrude and Mrs. Jennie Similar and grand children Juanita, Delores and Norman, and son Lyle visited in The Dalles Sunday at the home of Mrs. Hogue's brother Frank Bennett.

J. B. Adams of Moro was here Wednesday looking after E. O. L. Company's interest in the wheat of this community.

Bob Phelan of Moro was here Tuesday writing insurance.

G. W. Howell and daughter Bernice, Mrs. George McKay and John Woods were business visitors in The Dalles Monday.

Warren and Walter Norton arrived in Kent Tuesday for a few days visit at the home of J. E. Norton.

Mrs. Alfred Lyons was a visitor at the Shelton Fritts home Sunday. Miss Bernice Howell and John Woods were married Saturday at Grass Valley.

Mrs. W. C. Helyer and Miss Della Helyer were business visitors at The Dalles Saturday.

Miss Helen Osborn who has been a guest for the past week at the Helyer home left Saturday for her home in Portland.



For the life of her Roberta couldn't help laughing. She had a habit of laughing at men when they were proposing to her or on the brink of it. She was at ease now, no longer inhibited by some quality in this man which she had never met in any other. If he was in love with her she had him foul—wherefore she laughed. To her chagrin he laughed with her, and instantly a horrible suspicion crossed her mind. Was this Texas longhorn merely indulging in a mild flirtation with her? A hot rage swelled in Roberta's heart and her laughter ceased abruptly. "This is very sudden, Jimmy." Her voice was cool. "That habit of being sudden is a trait that runs in the Higuenes' blood. My father was a very sudden man. When he made up his mind to marry my mother, he appeared at her father's house and said to the old man: 'I've come to marry your daughter. What have you got to say about it? Why, nothing at all! Here's the license and

HI-WAYS TO HEALTH by ADA R. MAYNE OREGON DAIRY COUNCIL

A Double Problem in Weight Control.

Summer affects people differently when it comes to the question of weight. Because some are less active in the summer months than during the cooler seasons they will put on weight, while others begin to lose as soon as warm weather comes. To most of those who are interested in their weight, the question of weight control becomes one of self-control, and exercising the intelligence will be the most effective way to lose the surplus pounds or to gain them as the case may be. Without altering the usual meals served to the family, it is possible to curtail or increase the calorie intake of the individual members. If a person lives a well regulated life and eats a diet adequate in every other essential except calories, weight reduction can be accomplished with no injury to health. The important point to remember in any diet, whether it be a reducing, a normal, or a building-up one, is that each day it contain the following essentials: Milk, a quart for children and at least a pint for adults; at least two servings of vegetables, one green or yellow; two servings of fruit, one citrus or tomato; or a serving of meat, fish, or cheese or eggs; one serving of whole grain cereal and enough other foods to satisfy the appetite. It is in this last class that a person wishing to reduce, limits his choice. Likewise

Baked Tomatoes: Six firm medium tomatoes, One-half cup well seasoned French Dressing, Two tablespoons cracker crumbs, Two tablespoons melted butter, One-half or more tablespoons grated cheese. Wash and cut a thin slice from the top of each tomato, then hollow them out slightly. Place one tablespoon French Dressing in the hollow of each tomato. Combine the cracker crumbs, cheese and melted butter, and use to fill in each tomato. Arrange in a baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven of 375 degrees for about 20 minutes or until tender. Two or three times during the baking, baste them with some of the dressing.

Baked Cucumbers: Three medium cucumbers, Three tsp fine bread crumbs, Three tsp grated American cheese, Two tsp minced parsley, Two egg yolks, One-third cup milk, One-half tsp salt, Few grains black pepper, Three tablespoons butter. Peel cucumbers and cut into cross wise slices. Parboil and place in one cup of water for three or four minutes. Drain, place in buttered baking dish. Combine beaten egg yolks, salt and pepper. Pour over the cucumbers. Cover with bread crumbs that have been mixed with cheese and parsley. Place butter cut into bits over top and bake in moderate oven (350 F.) until crumbs brown and butter melts. This requires about 25 minutes.

Veterans May Be Reclassified

A special board of review for ex-service men has been appointed for this state. Those claims will be reviewed in which the veteran was formerly granted service connection under presumption of soundness at time of enlistment and has since been denied by the new law, and those claims previously allowed on a showing of disability prior to January 1, 1925. Those veterans wishing to renew their claims may do so through the service department of the American Legion by sending written notices giving that department authority to represent the veteran.

EAT what you can, and can what you can't. We have fruits and vegetables for canning at the proper season — Economically priced. H. Zeigler's Quality Store Grass Valley, Oregon

church, and may I have a print? Just one, please. Then you may destroy the plate if you will." "I never give my photograph to gentlemen on such short acquaintance." "That isn't answering my question." "No." "Then I'll have to get along with the one I have. It isn't so good but it will do." "Where did you possess yourself of my photograph?" "It's a rotogravure and I got it out of a magazine." "I'll give you the photograph, Jimmy. I had some taken just before I left and I'll send for one." "Thank you, but I want you just as you are this morning. I want you standing in that doorway. Then after you go away, I can look at it and think how fine it would have been if you had stayed—there in your own doorway looking out at me. Perhaps I may be able to fool myself into fancying you standing there watching for me to come home." "Not that, Jimmy. Think of me standing there awaiting the arrival of one of your men with the information that the rest of the boys will be here with the body directly." "Have another egg and some more bacon," Don Jaime urged hospitably. "We're talking too much and there goes the first hell for mass."

CHAPTER IX

The bell in the cupola of Don Jaime's little adobe church was calling its last summons to the faithful when Roberta and her host left the house on foot. Don Jaime led her down the main aisle of the small church and crossed with her over to the organ which stood against the wall. The choir sat on benches in the rear of the organ and an upholstered chair stood beside the organ seat. "For company," Don Jaime murmured, and indicated that Roberta should occupy it. The padre, in his vestments, entered from the sacristy, and as he advanced to the altar Don Jaime's little organ crashed into a sonorous prelude; then his brown choir, taking the cue from a vigorous nod of the master's raven head, sang: Come, Holy Ghost, Creator blest, And in our hearts take up thy rest.

The girl watched Don Jaime, who knew not one note from another but who played amazingly well by ear because God had created him a troubadour. His dark face was alight with the delight he gleaned from his simple task; for all his huge body, there was in his attitude and in the luster of his eyes something that proclaimed to her again the odd, little-boy quality in him, touching her as she had never been touched before. "Strange, strange man," the girl reflected. "There he sits with a look of exaltation on his face, and yet I know he prides himself on being too stern and original a thinker to be an orthodox churchman, to accept the Scriptures as literal, to have even the most remote interest in the ultimate disposal of his immortal soul. He kills my Uncle Tom and is too honest to think of pretending to me that he regrets it. He's a strange mixture, yet there is nothing complex about him. He thinks straight, talks straight, and acts straight. He couldn't dissemble if he wanted to. Oh, dear, I'm afraid I wish I had never met him. He's one of those terrible men one must take seriously."

The service proceeded. Roberta dreamed on. . . . Don Jaime's low voice reached her. "Now, then, Bobby, do your stuff." She sang as she had never sung before. "See their eyes," Don Jaime whispered as she sat down. "The poor devils. They loved it. Handel's 'Where'er You Walk' isn't sung in our church, but who here knows the difference, and who cares? An encore, Bobby."

She sang it. Then she sat through a sermon in Spanish, at the conclusion of which the padre, addressing Don Jaime, begged him to convey his thanks and that of his proteges to the American senorita. Don Jaime translated his message, and a few minutes later she saw him stooping over the lap of a girl and lifting therefrom an infant. She watched him holding the stolid infant while the sacrament of baptism was administered; she marked the pride and pleasure in the young mother's face at this signal honor conferred upon her and hers, when, the ceremony over, Don Jaime kissed the infant and handed the mother the customary largess. To the godmother, too, he made a gift of money; then, with paternal pat on the shoulder of all concerned, including the

Wife—I see they are considering a tax on talking machines, Henf. Henry—Well, don't be upset about it. If they decide it applies to you I'll pay the tax.

Clifton—Do you think 13 is an unlucky number? Murphy—Yes. I tried once to lick a bunch of 13 men and they almost got the best of me.

Lady Boarder—I want to make a complaint. Last night two rats had a fight in my room. Landlady—Well, what are you growching about? Did you expect a bullfight for \$2 a week.

Reporter—I understand Senator, that you are a self made man. Senator—Oh, no; I couldn't honestly say that. I've had constant advice from my wife and mother-in-law.

padre, he rejoined Roberta and together they walked back through the pueblo to the hacienda.

At the head of the single street Don Jaime looked back. "A contented people," he declared. "Chilli peppers drying on every roof and ample corn for the tortillas; a tiny garden for onions and lettuce and beans, labor exchanged for bright calico and overalls and gingham at cost at the ranch commissary; no debts, no rents, no lawsuits,



She Marked the Pride and Pleasure in the Young Mother's Face.

freedom, from a puritanical code of morals. Sometimes I could wish I, too, were a peon. Bull-weevil and the price of beef bothers them not, nor taxes nor notes at the bank. "Nor sheep," Roberta supplemented. "Speaking of which," he continued, "we will ride-out and visit the woolies after luncheon, if you care for a ride."

Crooked Bill was wondering why his niece was such a poor correspondent, when Harms, the butler, entered with the mail.

Crooked Bill pounced upon it. Two envelopes, one slim and the other fat, bore the return address of the Rancho Valle Verde, so Crooked Bill opened the slim one and read: "My dear Mr. Latham:

"I wired you for permission to pay my court to your very lovely niece, Miss Roberta Antrim. In granting the desired permission, for which I am deeply grateful, you saw fit to give me some wholly unnecessary and rather silly advice on how to be successful in love.

"My dear Mr. Latham, you know nothing of your charming niece's disposition. The finest way in the world for me to kill my feeble prospects under her window and sing 'Sobre las Olas.' And anyhow, what's your interest in me that causes you to be so free with your foolish advice? I suspect you would like to get me in Dutch.

"I think she likes me, but she doesn't know whether I'm crazy about her or not, even when I swear I am. I figure that the best way to get her winging is to keep her guessing, but—quite sane! If you have any other suggestions for helping along the game of your old friend Patricio Jesus Higuenes' son, let them fly.

"Sincerely yours "J. M. HIGUENES." Crooked Bill read and reread this remarkable document and with a huge sigh laid it aside. "I've overplayed my hand," he murmured, and took up Roberta's letter, which ran as follows: "Dear Uncle Bill:

"I am ashamed of myself for having neglected you so, but the fact is I have been having such a wonderful time at Don Jaime's ranch (I call him Jimmy) that I haven't had time to write.

"Uncle Bill, he's marvelous. Everybody thinks so and says so—consequently it must be true. He is very bold, he sings and plays divinely, he is a sort of feudal baron and he works hard all day with his men. He has thousands of acres of cotton, thousands more of alfalfa, thousands more of cattle range, and all the cattle in the world.

"I haven't thought of Glenn Hackett more than twice since coming here and then only to compare him, to his disadvantage, to this amazing Jimmy. If he'd only make love to me like a reasonable man should I think I'd fall for him—hard.

"I enclose a number of photos. The one of Jimmy is excellent. Write soon. "Your loving "BOBBY."

With the calmness of despair Crooked Bill scrutinized the photographs. The one of Don Jaime showed him on a gray horse with a day-old calf draped across his lap.

"Caramba!" murmured Crooked Bill. "This fellow is no fat, oily, perfumed, lazy Mexican with a mustache. The boy has sized Roberta up right—not the width of a gnat's wing out of line—and he'll win in a walk, as sure as death and taxes, unless I do something and do it my pronto. I don't want Roberta to marry into a mixed breed like the Higueneses. To be continued.

Goofus—What became of that greyhound dog you had a while back? Rufus—He killed himself.

Goofus—Go 'way. How come? Rufus—He tried to catch a fly on the back of his back. He miscalculated and bit himself right in two.

Teacher—Do you know that George Washington never told a lie? Pupil—No; I only heard it.