

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1933.

OF ALL THE NERVE!

Reports are current that an effort is being made by our self-seeking neighbors across the Deschutes to have the highway in Wasco to city designated as Highway 97 instead of the Sherman Section of that road.

This is supposedly being done to make it easier for the bridge proponents of The Dalles to get federal aid for the construction of a span across the Columbia near that city. The fact that persons traveling through from Canada to California or the reverse would have to travel twenty miles farther seems to be of little moment to them. Tourists would have the special privilege of going through The Dalles which is apparently considered adequate compensation for a considerable distance travelled.

Neighborhood actions of this sort certainly bring to attention the need of watchfulness. The county court must be convinced of the necessity of attending meetings of the highway commission and presenting here claims to that body.

As Federal Highway 97 is now designated the tourist going from central Oregon to central Washington points may choose the most direct route and remain on the highway. From the Criterian junction, where The Dalles road intersects the federal highway, to the Columbia highway is a distance of a little less than seventy miles either by the Sherman highway or the Wasco county highway. But when the traveler is at the north end of the Sherman highway he is almost exactly opposite the Washington end of the federal highway. By coming through Sherman county the tourist has saved climbing several crooked grades as well.

It seems the height of something or other that any group of persons would ask the state highway commission and the federal road engineers to redesignate a road for so purely selfish a purpose. We hope that some day our neighbors will be wise enough to try to grow with the surrounding territory instead of at the expense of it. Indications of that attitude have been absent a long time.

SEPTEMBER

It is at this time of year that the old resident settles himself to enjoy a few weeks of pleasant weather. He knows, as does the one who has lived in this climate for a number of years, that after the first little rain along about the first of September, the days will be balmy, warm and yet not hot as in the hectic days of mid-summer.

The nights will be cool causing the late traveller to shiver if he carelessly left his coat at home. The sleeping will be fine. And within the space of three or four weeks each morning the ground will be covered with a skim of white frost, just enough to make the early riser move swiftly about the milking and horse tending.

The wind, that usually plays so prominent a part in the weather in this region, will be all but absent for September is generally one of the quiet months of the year. We are fortunate in this month we may enjoy the fire, the sun is still warm and for a couple of the days the shade is pleasant, all in the same day. We might say that our Indian summer, for it is that season, gives us a smell of almost perfect weather.

Consider this. Is it possible that the farm relief movement if successful in raising the price of wheat above the general level of prices will tend to reduce the consumption of wheat products sufficiently to permanently damage the wheat producer?

The guaranteed price for crude oil promises no relief to the general public.

It might be well for the tax planners to figure on how much less relief would be needed if taxes were reduced.

"Somebody is always taking the joy out of life", contemplates the small boy as he thinks of next Monday.

It seems about time that renewed efforts were made about a bank or banks for Sherman county. With the wheat selling period nearly upon us the county will be seriously handicapped unless some banking facilities are arranged.

The world will look some brighter in Oregon, at least, if the Beavers will win six or seven more ball games shortly.

One could be president of Cuba on a two weeks vacation and have time to rest in addition.

This buy, buy, buy campaign would assume a faster speed if credit was as easy as in '29.

This old world has so many trying problems it might be well if it took a vacation and developed a new viewpoint.

Grass Valley

T. M. Garrett and family accompanied by Mrs. George Wilcox and two boys drove to Portland this week for a few days trip. Tom and family drove on up the valley for a visit.

Four young evangelists are here from Los Angeles holding meetings in the Baptist church.

Dorothy Olds had her tonsils removed this week at the hands of Dr. Poley.

R. A. Stow has moved his shoe repair shop into the red tin building across the street from Hartley's garage. He has purchased this building and will make it his permanent shop.

Gaylord Davies and wife are here again getting ready for the beginning of school which will be the 18th.

Mrs. Annula's sister from Hood River is visiting here for a few days with her.

Nick Davis has moved from the French house into the Methodist parsonage.

Rev. and Mrs. S. L. Boyce entertained for the young people of the church last Tuesday evening.

A new teacher is to be hired by the board this winter to teach English in the high school.

The Dell Olds and Roy Baker families picniced on Mt. Hood one day last week and incidentally brought home a few huckleberries.

Miss Bessie Smith, who has been spending the summer here with her uncle, Gus, returned to school in Oregon City this week.

P. N. Lemon, well known to residents of this end of the county, was here last week for several days attending to business affairs. His home is in Albany.

Miss Maud Homewood left Friday to resume her school teaching at Adel east of Lakeview.

T. M. Rolfe and son-in-law Wells drove to Portland Tuesday.

S. S. Hays, owner of the ranch farmed by Jim Blagg, came up on the stage Tuesday night to look over his property here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Scheurer and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abel of Portland spent Labor day here as guests of the Simpson family.

Bert Cox went to The Dalles one day last week on business and found when he arrived that the streets were full of people and the frolics parade was in progress. Not being particularly interested in parades Bert was standing on the street talking and facing away from the parade. One of the features of this exhibition was a kicking mule and its rider had it perform its antics when close to where Bert was standing. The crowd opened up for the mule's barrage—Bert was still talking. Evidently the mule thought Bert's broad back a good target for it landed several direct hits before Bert was kicked too far out of range. Is Bert sore about it? He's black and blue.

Kent News

Superintendent Knighten of Moro was a business visitor here Thursday morning.

Mr. A. A. Dunlap went to The Dalles to stay a few days for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dellinger spent Thursday at Shaniko at the home of their daughter Mrs. Paul Stout.

A number of Kent people attended the dance at Willowdale Saturday night.

Mrs. Ross and daughter Crystal of Tangent are visiting at the home of Mrs. Ross' daughter, Mrs. J. E. Norton.

L. M. Schadewitz and wife, Mrs.



Up in Number 89 Don Jaime mixed the Julep, shaving the ice with a bow-knife sorted out from under his coat-tail. Crooked Bill watched him, fascinated. "What part of our glorious Lone Star state do you hail from, Mr. Blodgett?" Don Jaime inquired presently.

"I come from El Paso," Jim said. "It's true, Crooked Bill had changed trains there."

"Thinking of settling in this part of the state?"

"Oh no! Fact is, I came down here to buy those sheep from Tom Antrim's estate."

"This is most unfortunate, Mr. Blodgett. I am a cowman and I had no idea I was fraternizing with a sheepman. Were it not for your antiquated liquor it would be incumbent upon me to retire instantly."

Crooked Bill laughed pleasantly. He liked this young man's cynicism and humor although it disturbed him. Here (he reflected) was exactly the sort of male biped to appeal to his niece.

"I hear Antrim's niece, who is his heir, is a guest at your ranch, Mr. Higuenez," he said cautiously. "Is she anything like her uncle?"

"Tom Antrim was her misfortune, not her fault. Miss Antrim is, without doubt, the most delightful, fascinating, provoking, adroit, belligerent, sportsman-like and honest young lady it has ever been my fortune to meet."

"You're in love with her," Crooked Bill charged. It was his habit to attack without warning, for he knew the value of surprise and grasping the initiative.

Don Jaime shrugged. "What else would one expect?"

"Well, do you stand a Chinaman's chance?"

"Alas, no! I killed her uncle."

"Yet she's your guest?"

"Oh, she realized I had no other alternative. However, under the circumstances I have thought it the part of wisdom to remain the good friend. I am afraid of that young woman. I fear she would not be an ideal wife for a Higuenez."

"You're an ass, young man," Crooked Bill cried sharply, all of his love and loyalty to his niece instantly forgotten. "If she's all that you have just told me she is, she's a prize and you're a lobster not to go in and win her."

"I have some pride," Don Jaime murmured sadly. "I could not risk a refusal. It would kill me. Moreover, there is another man—some fellow in New York." He sat down to permit the juleps to chill.

"Oh!" Crooked Bill was relieved. He was discovering things, and discoveries were not unpleasant.

"So you're going to buy the Antrim sheep?" Don Jaime resumed.

"I've bought them—subject to the approval of the heir and the probate court."

"I'm very much afraid neither one will approve, Mr. Blodgett. Unfortunately, I want those sheep. They've been feeding for two months on grass that's rightfully mine and they've done so much damage to my range I might as well keep them there and make a profit out of them—for Miss Antrim. She tells me her uncle, who was very rich, has gone broke in the market and she's hocked the sheep and the ranch to help him out."

"By George, she is a sport. Isn't she?"

"If I permit you to buy those sheep where do you intend to graze them?"

"Don't intend to graze them. I'm going to sell them immediately."

"Locally?"

"Perhaps."

"That makes it a little binding. I wouldn't like to see you sell those sheep locally. While I can stand them on my range, for Miss Antrim's sake, my forbearance would cease if they belonged to anybody else and continued to trespass on my range."

"Is it your range?"

"No, it's state land, but I control the water. So I fear I'll have to outbid you on those sheep, Mr. Blodgett."

"I've got my heart set on them, son, and when that happens I usually get what I go after."

Don Jaime concluded it was time to strike. "You went after my dad once—and you didn't get him. He got you—in the heel—you cunning old four-flusher. And I'm here to tell you that the old greaser spirit isn't frozen in the veins of Patrieto's son, Mr. William R. Latham."

photograph of the antediluvian uncle that can throw a cold chisel into my cogs and get away with it."

Crooked Bill thought swiftly of all the things he would have to explain if Roberta ever learned what he had been up to, and his thoughts saddened him. "Can you fix it with the judge to disapprove the sale?"

"Certainly. I'll offer ten cents a head more for those sheep than you have. I can't spare that amount of ready cash to put into sheep just now, so you'll loan me the money, secured by a chattel mortgage on the sheep."

But Crooked Bill had been crowded far enough. "I'll see you in h—l first."

"Where do you expect to land yourself if Bobby hears what you've been up to? Uncle Bill, Jim Higgins is talking to you now."

"Don't you call me Uncle Bill. Don't you, you're impertinent."

"How do you violate the rules of hospitality! Well, please answer my question."

"You've got me foul. Don Prudencio Alvizo evidently didn't receive any instructions from you regarding those sheep, so the deal's gone through."

Don Jaime sighed. "I wanted it to go through—until I discovered the identity of the buyer. But I wasn't certain about you until I suggested a drink. I wanted to see you walk. If you didn't limp I was going to let you have the sheep. But if you limped—"

"You've been slow on the trigger, Jim Higgins. Just a few hours, though."

"Evidently. Why did you want those sheep?"

"So my niece would have no further excuse to remain at Valle Verde. I'm not playing you as the favorite in this race, Mr. Higgins. I don't want my



"You Confounded Latins Are Too Mercurial."

niece to marry you. You confounded latins are too mercurial. Besides, I don't want Roberta to live in Texas. She's like a daughter to me. I'd miss her. I'm an old man—"

Don Jaime slipped his julep thoughtfully. "I wouldn't bet more than a five-cent bag of tobacco that you're going to have your peace of mind disturbed, but—I'll disturb it if I can. You don't figure very largely in my plans, either, and I don't believe you ever went bust. Judging by the careless way you buy sheep, you must have money to burn. Who did you sell the sheep to?"

"Bill Dingle. That is, I haven't sold them to him yet, but the deal is ready to be closed."

"Ah, on jawbone, eh? You're going to take a chattel mortgage and sell at a loss, for Dingle is too good a sheepman to give you a profit on your deal."

Don Jaime commenced to chuckle. "You're doomed to pay a high price for your fancies, Uncle William. Dingle will sell those sheep as soon as he can and beat it for parts unknown with the money, leaving you to charge that chattel mortgage off on your next income tax statement."

"Crooked Bill's face registered alarm. "You think so?"

"Well after you've closed the deal I'll bet you a hundred thousand dollars he'll try to. And he'll succeed unless he's stopped. Let me know the minute the deal with Dingle is closed, because immediately thereafter I'm going to guard every water-hole, and those sheep of yours will die of thirst before Dingle can move them off that range."

"I think I'll sell you those sheep," Crooked Bill faltered.

"You're regaining your senses. I'll buy them from you—at two dollars a head less than you paid for them. I'll teach you to take a joke, mister. You horned in on my private affairs and now you've got to see the fiddler. And I'll not pay cash, either. Five per cent interest on a chattel mortgage. However, you'll be safe with a chattel mortgage of mine."

"If I sell to you will you give me your word of honor never to tell Roberta a word about this?"

"I'm willing to make that stipulation a part of the contract. Let's shake hands on it."

They shook hands. "You're a smart devil," said Crooked Bill admiringly. "I'm sort of sorry I conspired against you, but I had my reasons. I wanted Glenn Hackett, my attorney, to be my nephew-in-law. He's a gentleman."

"So am I."

"You're a wild Irish bandit. You just get by, and one of these days you'll not. Somebody will tunnel you yet."

They had dinner, after which they strolled over to Don Prudencio Alvizo's office and closed the sale of the sheep. "And now," Crooked Bill demanded, when the deal was consummated, "I'll forgive you a whole lot, Jim Higgins, if you'll tell me how come you got on to me."

So Don Jaime told him. "Serves me

right," the old gentleman declared. "I played my hand poorly. Well, I'm out of the sheep business, it seems, so about all that's left for me to do now is to go back to New York."

"Oh, say not so, Uncle Bill. Just go back to the hotel, climb into your regular clothes and come along out to the ranch with me. You'll surprise Roberta. She'll think I sent for you, just to give her a pleasant surprise, and she'll be very grateful. Thus I shall boom my stock a bit with her. Besides, I want you to see Valle Verde."

"I saw it twenty-five years ago."

"You'd never know the old home stead now. I want to show you the room you'll occupy six months of the year. Then, when I visit you at Dobbs Ferry you can reciprocate and show me the room I'll occupy there six months of the year—provided I marry Roberta."

"You're going to ask her?"

"At the proper time."

"Thanks for the proffer of your hospitality, son, but I'll not accept it. You see, I'm going to put the s—ds under you and it just wouldn't be right to harbor such intentions while under your roof."

"So you're going to make Roberta come home, are you?"

"That's the program."

"Get a good excuse."

"The best in the world. I've made another killing in the market, the sheep have been sold to advantage, and she hasn't an excuse in the world for hanging around Valle Verde waiting for you to screw your courage up to the point of proposing."

Don Jaime sighed. "Well, I'm not exactly shacked to those sheep. I have good men to care for them. I suppose there's a hotel of sorts in Dobbs Ferry where I can put up while waiting court to Roberta," he announced plaintively. "She'll invite me to the house, of course, and you'll have to stand for it, because you can never give a good and sufficient reason for objecting to me. You know, deep in your wicked old heart, Uncle Bill, that I'm quite a fellow. Before I ask Roberta to marry me I mean to be certain she's going to like Texas well enough to live in it. I want to know that life will not be dull for her on Valle Verde. I want her to know the job I'm doing and why I'm doing it. I want her to realize that if she marries me she's got to be an asset, not a liability. Consequently, I want her to stay another month, at least, and learn things."

"She'd never be happy with you. You're too fierce and tough, in your friendly, humorous way, which is just your camouflage. You're a dangerous man."

"Look here, Uncle Bill, has it occurred to you that an Higuenez is stepping out of his class to mate with an Antrim?" All the fierce, hot pride of his Spanish ancestors was flaring in Don Jaime's black orbs. "You know my father. You know the tribe of Higuenezes. We have no family skeletons, and if Tom Antrim sored one my murder he sored half a dozen. My Spanish ancestors were not peasants. I'll have you understand."

"Oh, I know that! It's your Irish ancestors that I object to."

"Ireland was Ireland when England was a pup. My Irish ancestors were twanging harps in Tara's halls when your Anglo-Saxon progenitors were blubbering because somebody had stolen their bearskins and left them naked."

"Oh, well, let's not talk about it. You've had your way with me and now I'll have my way with you if I can. I wouldn't fool you, boy."

To be continued.

ROUND-UP

Continued from page one.

"The Pendleton Round-Up will be as big and colorful and dramatic as ever in its history. We want to spike the rumors to the contrary that have been floating around this summer probably originating as a natural by-product of the late but not lamented depression. Our Pendleton show still remains the one competitive spectacle where the world's championships in riding, roping and bulldogging are settled."

Without Foundation

A Scotchman had been advised by his physician that he had a floating kidney. He was very much disturbed by the diagnosis and went to the minister of the kirk with a request for the prayers of the congregation. "I don't know," said the minister dubiously. "I'm afraid that at the mention of a floating kidney the congregation would laugh." "I don't see why they should," replied the suffering one. "It was only last Sabbath you prayed for loose livers."

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