

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1933

HURRY! HURRY!

This week there has been no meetings in this county in behalf of the farm allotment plan. For the first time since the initial meeting the farmer has been thrown on his own resources with the duty of finding out just how much wheat he has raised and threshed during the last four years. In many cases it has proved to be something more of a job than was contemplated.

It seems that the most important thing right now is to make all haste in getting the individual allotments handed in to the community committees and approved by the county committee so that the checks from the government can be sent into the county. The money is given to the farmer for reduction of acreage. It is made unattachable so that all farmers will have available funds with which to plant a crop for next year. If it is to be used for that purpose it must be here soon for, if we are to seed this fall at all, we should be at it by the time the checks arrive if all arrangements were made immediately.

The organization is all complete. County and community committees are elected and ready to handle the allotments of farmers. There can be no excuse for delay. The farmer is selling fifteen percent of his 1934 crop and getting paid for it and it is just as important as collecting for any other part of the crop sale.

There are certain difficulties in figuring out this basis for allotment. These can only be overcome by fairness on the part of the farmers and the board and it is certain from the sentiments expressed at the general meetings that this will be the principle first observed. It is a matter of getting together and getting it done—the sooner the better.

BEER TAX

It seems certain that there will be a tax on beer when the special session of the legislature is called together. We have objected to such a tax and we will continue to object if the tax is made so high that the evils of prohibition are brought back again. There is no reason why the state should not levy a tax on beer or other intoxicating drinks. The federal government and the city governments do it and the state may do so as well.

In fact, the objection to any tax, that is legitimate at all, can only be an objection to the abuse of that tax. The property tax, if used for the benefit of property, is not criticised; the sales tax, if for some specific and popular object, is recognized as fair and equitable. It is the abuse of the taxing privilege that is deplored, not the use of it. Whenever any tax is so high that it ruins an industry or—in the case of liquor—drives it to evasion, that tax is then unfair.

A NEW TEACHER

Here are a few of the facts regarding the hiring of another teacher for the grade school in Moro. The enrollment has increased 22 per cent, unless another one is hired. The budget, now in process of completion may be reduced by \$600, or by ten per cent, and still allow for another teacher. If the teacher is not hired the budget may be reduced by 20 percent. These budget figures are all preliminary to the final hearing.

It has been the contention of this paper that taxes are very important, especially in times like we are now experiencing. It also is, and has been our contention, that nothing is as important as adequate education of the children. The board must determine whether satisfactory schooling can be given more children with less teachers or not.

The little story about Secretary Wallace appearing in his office barefooted is positively the best item of the summer. It is especially comforting to know that we have a secretary of agriculture who occasionally reverts to his boyhood habits, who has not forgotten the comforting feel of soft earth on bare feet. Had it been the more dignified secretary of state or treasury it would not have seemed so appropriate, but for the farmer's own delegate in the cabinet to doff shoes and socks is human and likeable indeed.

Relief is needed for schools for unemployed, for taxpayers, for this group and that. It would be better if every one gave attention to relieving their own condition without recourse to the general public.

It begins to look as if the subcommittee of the governor's committee needs a broader point of view. They may have been cooped up together too long.

So 250,000 marched in the NRA parade. That may be what they are going to do with that extra time.

The government engineers have agreed that Bonneville has a dam site, but not a dam—but why go on.

Grass Valley

A traveling company of show manipulators presented a picture show here Wednesday night to a fair audience.

Mrs. E. M. Alley and Mrs. Dell Olds entertained friends with a bridge luncheon at the home of Mrs. Olds last Wednesday afternoon.

Claud Eaton of Wasco is peddling Union oil this week while Arne Annulla is on his vacation.

The council has ordered the construction of a bridge across the creek near the jail and it is now being built.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilt and Mrs. Marjorie Blake spent a couple of days in Portland this week.

Miss Neva Gervais returned this week from The Dalles where she has been visiting for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Ball are moving into the house on the Strong place southeast of town. This is the place formerly owned by Dr. Taylor. Mrs. Ball is a daughter of Horace Strong, owner of the place.

Jack Chapman is here this week handling the business of the Standard Oil company while Bob Johnson is taking a little bit of vacation.

L. L. French reports that the repairs on the Celilo canal will be completed by the last of September. Traffic through the upper canal can begin immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. Moons of Antelope spent Monday evening here as guests of L. C. Dickson and family.

Kent News

G. L. Barnett and son Melvin and daughter Rosellen were shopping in The Dalles Wednesday. Also trading cars. George is driving a Chevrolet in these days.

Mrs. Ida Davis has moved into the Jacob Crocker house for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson are living at Rufus while Mr. Wilson is working on the highway.

Alfred Lyons and family have taken the Davis house for the school season.

Marjorie MacInnis is spending a few days with Alta Norton while her parents are in the mountains looking after the sheep.

Carl Gregg accompanied by Mrs. Lyons and daughter Edna were shopping in The Dalles Friday and having dental work done.

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Leonard of Redmond were visiting at the J. C. Wilson home a short time Friday.

Mrs. R. P. Barnett and Mrs. J. L. Mathews were in The Dalles Thursday getting their canning peaches.

Harold Howell and Wayne McCulloch are employed at Rufus during the road construction work.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schadewitz and son John made a business trip to Tygh Valley Sunday.



CHAPTER XI

An hour later Crooked Bill boarded the train for El Paso, but before doing so he sent the following telegram to Glenn Hackett:

"The ship is sunk without a trace so brace yourself for bad news stop. This Higgins boy gave me cards and spades four aces big and little casino and bet me to death on the sweeps stop I am mighty sorry you have lost but far from depressed that he appears to be going to win stop I belong in a home for the feeble-minded."

At almost the same time Don Jaime joined Ken Hobart in front of the Mansion house.

"Any luck?" Hobart queried anxiously.

"I'm in the sheep business and may God have mercy on my soul, Ken. Tomorrow morning we'll pay off that gang of murderers Dingle has herding those sheep and put our own men on the job. Dingle gets the rans, too."

"Well, you'll clear a nice profit, won't you, chief?"

"What," replied Don Jaime mournfully, "doth it profit a man if he gaineth the whole world and suffereth the loss of the lode-star of his existence?"

"None whatever," Ken admitted, without knowing in the least what he was talking about.

Five miles outside Los Algodones his sharp eyes observed something far ahead and off the side of the road. He called Don Jaime's attention to it. In the starlight a tiny red dot gleamed.

"Cigarette—Mexican—careless," Don Jaime murmured. "Ah, he's doused it. Getting ready for business." He reached down into the tonneau and brought up a carbine; simultaneously Ken Hobart, swung the car off the road and went crashing away through the low sage in a wide arc.

"There may be holes and dry watercourses on this road," he announced calmly, "but we'll have to take a chance."

He switched off the lights just as a volley of rifle fire broke the stillness of the night. The car was hit twice but most of the bullets dined overhead. Don Jaime pumped his carbine, firing at the flashes, and the car crashed on; when the magazine was

The members of the Kent grange held their regular meeting Saturday night, with about thirty five members present. Rua Helyer, Evelyn Davis and Marguerite Mitchell put on a program during the lecture hour. After grange a bridal shower was given in honor of Mrs. L. M. Schadewitz.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing. The next meeting will be held Saturday evening September 23.

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empty he set the rifle back in the tonneau.

"They'll be careful after that," he announced calmly. "They'll not close with us, because they know we're bad medicine at close quarters, Ken. Better swing back into the road."

They did, and reached the hacienda without further incident. Don Jaime alighted and entered the patio, while Ken Hobart drove the car to the garage. Roberta ran swiftly to meet Don Jaime.

"You're safe, Jimmy?" she cried in a choking voice.

"Reasonably so, Bobby," he replied.

"My information was correct. Dingle's crowd of imported killers laid for us. Well, that finishes Bill Dingle in Las Cruces county. Tomorrow he goes and on the run, or somebody will be carrying him to slow music that he won't hear. Have you been worried, Bobby?" he asked gently.

She nodded.

"It's been a long time since anybody worried over me, Bobby. What will I do when you're gone?"

"What did you do before I came, Jimmy? And I—think—Jimmy, I'd better go soon. There's really nothing more of a business nature for me to attend to. There never was, in fact—just a few papers to sign, some sheep to look at—and they're really your worry, not mine. This afternoon I received a letter from my uncle. It seems that after losing his money on a big rise, he plunged again on the same stock, anticipating it would drop sharply. Our friend—Glenn Hackett—backed him, and I secured Glenn with an assignment of the Antrim estate. There are no other heirs, you see. Well, the stock performed as expected, and Uncle Bill is on his feet again. Glenn is paid back, and Uncle Bill wants me to sell the sheep for whatever I can get for them and come home."

"Well, that's certainly very nice news for all hands with the exception of the Higuenes boy. I don't want you to go, Bobby. We're just getting acquainted with each other."

"And I don't want to go, either—so soon. It's been wonderful to visit Valle Verde. It's quiet here, so peaceful. At first I thought it such a forlorn country, but now I can see beauty in it. I can understand why you love it, Jimmy, and why you wouldn't give it up for anything in the world. It's yours. This land is part of you, these people are your responsibilities. It must be wonderful to have responsibilities. You mustn't fight with that Dingle man."

"Oh, there will be no fight. I'll just tell him to get out of Las Cruces county and he'll get out. By the way, is Glenn Hackett a pretty fine fellow?"

"As fine as a man can be, I think."

"Are you going to marry him, Bobby?"

"No," She fairly fired the word at him.

"Excuse me for being curious about your business, Roberta, but I just wanted to know if you had a reasonable excuse for going back to New York. You're very welcome here. Won't you please stay a little longer?"

"No, I think not, Jimmy."

He shrugged. "Well, suit yourself. But anyhow, we'll tie a can to Dingle and his men before you go." He stifled a little yawn. "I'm tired, Bobby. Breakfast at six tomorrow morning. Will you join me? Then we can get an early start for the old Antrim ranch and jolt Mr. Dingle out of his complacency."

She nodded and turned away to hide the tears of mortification that were welling to her eyes. Why couldn't he see that she did not want to leave Valle Verde at all? Why had he not urged her to stay? Of course he had urged her, but then he had not been persistent in it. If he had persisted she would have reconsidered. No, he did not love her. Absolutely not! Outwardly he was fiery; inwardly he was cold.

Roberta felt very miserable as she bade him good night with a little catch in her throat.

At breakfast Jimmy noted the faint circles under her eyes and rejoiced exceedingly thereat. "When they worry so about a fellow that they can't sleep, a deaf man with his ear to the ground may not infrequently catch the faint sound of distant wedding bells," he reflected.

They chatted in desultory fashion during the meal; then Roberta went to fetch her coat and hat. She was waiting for him at the patio gate when he emerged from the ranch office, a carbine in his hands, a belt of ammunition around his waist and the two pearl-handled pistols tied down to his legs. Julio brought the enclosed car up and when they climbed in, Roberta noticed that beside Julio sat Ken Hobart. He was armed similarly to his chief and carried a spare carbine—for the use, in an emergency, of the boy Julio, doubtless. An hour later they pulled up at the Antrim ranchhouse.

Ken Hobart got out, walked to the

front door and banged on it loudly. A Chinaman, in a greasy apron, opened it. "Where's Dingle?" the foreman demanded.

"He go ketchum sheep. No come back long time."

Hobart walked around the house and inspected the interior of an equally dilapidated barn.

"I imagine the Chinaman's telling the truth. Dingle's car is not in the barn," he reported.

"We've had our drive for nothing, Ken. Well, we'll go back to Valle Verde, put a couple of saddle horses in a truck and run down to the range where the sheep are. We'll go as far as we can with the truck, and this car, then unload and ride up into the hills. Game for the journey, Bobby?"

She nodded and they whirled across the dusty plain to Valle Verde. Here

four horses were saddled and led up a ramp into a large motor truck, and preceded by the motorcar, they headed down the road toward Los Algodones.

They left the road presently and broke trail across the sage to the foot hills, where the ramp was let down from the rear of the motor truck and the horses backed out.

"Ken, you and Julio ride in a north easterly direction," Don Jaime ordered. "Miss Antrim and I will ride in the general direction of that tuft of yonder to the southeast. Aurelio, you will remain here with the truck and motorcar. We will meet here not later than four o'clock this afternoon, Ken."

Roberta mounted the hunter, Don Jaime had given her. To her surprise she found a light carbine protruding from a holster swung under the sweat leather on her stock saddle, and a belt of cartridges hung over the pommel.

"Am I expected to do some shooting in the event of emergency, Jimmy?" she queried.

"Not at all. But you can shoot—at least that magazine article I read about you so stated. If we should get separated, even briefly, I'd feel better to know you were armed. I've been charged on this range by wild hogs."

"In that event I imagine I can take care of myself," she assured him.

They rode steadily into the south-east, gradually climbing the butte; when they reached its crest a wide valley lay outspread before and below them, and Don Jaime reined in his horse. With his binoculars he swept the country for miles in every direction, but there was no sign of the vast flock.

"It would seem we're in for a good hard ride if we are to find Mr. Dingle with those sheep," Roberta ventured, as he lowered the binoculars.

"They were in that valley yesterday and two miles south of it the day before. There's feed for a week yonder. I don't understand."

He searched with the glass again to the south, then handed it to her. "Do you see a slight film of white dust in the sky—rising beyond those low slate-colored hills yonder?" He pointed.

Roberta adjusted the glasses and looked. The cloud in question was very faint, but—it was a cloud.

"Sheep moving—south," Don Jaime informed her laconically. "Roberta, I have a hunch your Mr. Dingle is yonder with that dust cloud headed for Mexico with the said sheep."

"You mean—he's stealing them?"

"I do. There's fair range below the Rio Grande for sheep—and it isn't at all a difficult job for the Dingles of this world to get across the line without being detected. Well, we can't afford to lose our sheep, can we?"

"It would mean a severe loss," Roberta answered. "Is there no way to stop him?"

"Of course there is. He's ten miles from the border and he can't possibly get there with thirty thousand sheep under two days; when he gets to the river he'll find sixty of my men between him and the farther shore. However, it will entail some loss en route and far heavier losses getting the sheep back on the range again. Bobby, I've got to stop that procession at the first water-hole, scatter Dingle and his men and put my own brave boys in charge. Meanwhile, we'll ride down to that dust cloud and make a reconnaissance."

They did, keeping to the backbone of the western fringe of foothills. An hour of hard riding brought them to the crest of the slate-colored hills. Below them a plain sloped gently into the bluish haze; faintly to them came the continuous bleating of sheep; a dirty gray blur indicated the flock. At its rear and on the flanks, little black dots, that were herders and sheep dogs, urged the weary animals along. Don Jaime counted the largest dots.

"Twenty herders," Roberta heard him remark, half to himself. "Hum—"

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He pulled up his horse and glowered at her. "My dear girl," he cried sharply, "you're trying to make a quitter out of me. When a man permits a woman to rob him of his strength he might as well get killed and have his shame over with. Is that understood?"

Roberta nodded miserably. What argument of hers could prevail above this logic? And yet, beneath her cold fear there burned a wild pride that he had made his decision so, and deep down in her rebellious, belligerent heart she knew that, come what might, she would not have it otherwise now.

To be continued.

Man is like an egg—Keep him in hot water long enough and he becomes hard boiled—

Alta Norton, Arnold Dellinger, Harley McKay, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dellinger, Charles Dunlap, Slim Lamson and Kendrick Dunlap were among those who attended the dance at Grass Valley Saturday night.

Mrs. J. C. Wilson and Charlie spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Wilson of Rufus.

W. O. Smith and Edwin Marrow motored to Mitchell Friday taking John C. Smith home after having spent the past six weeks here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Norton left for the Willamette Valley Friday. They were accompanied as far as Tangent with Mrs. Norton's mother and sister.

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