

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1933.

BACK TO REALITY

A famous teacher in Portland the other day said that since the beginning of the depression people had gone back to the classics for their literature and philosophy; the newer ideas were being discarded for the old.

That this movement is going on in the world of thought is not strange for normally when men are puzzled they are inclined to return to the things about which they feel sure. It has not been so in the world of politics. Since troubles descended upon the state the leaders have exerted themselves to find and try new ideas that would not be given a second thought in normal times. Whether they are to prove successful or not remains to be seen.

Even in the farming practices of our own county a return to the customs that have been tested by years is going on. Farmers are less inclined to gamble on a crop than formerly; they grow the crops they can grow. Livestock as a supplement to wheat farming is coming in again because a little variety gives more security of income.

People are concerned with the necessities of life. We work to provide for ourselves to-day instead of for a trip to California next winter. We have turned to the basic ideals of life in a way. We live for to-day. Families that one time could find no enjoyment within their neighborhood are now content with the society they find in their own community. It is almost like the ideal state of affairs the pioneers of the county tell about.

BONNEVILLE

The government's decision to build the Bonneville dam has been acclaimed with great joy in the section of the northwest where it will make the greatest change. As we understand it the principal purpose of the dam will be to generate power at a cheaper rate than any other plant so far constructed. This may be of great help to Portland and to other cities able to provide the other necessities for a factory center.

Transportation of goods on the river will not be aided by the dam unless better locks are built than was first planned. They will be locks designed for barges and not for large vessels. The goods of the Columbia basin will not be moved to seaboard cheaper because of the Bonneville dam. Our advantage from it will come from the increased population the cheap power may attract. Up river communities that expect a boon after the dam is completed will, we think, be disappointed for with Portland only 40 miles away from the power house it is only reasonable to suppose that the factories that come to the northwest on account of cheap power will be built near tide water and near the largest available supply of labor and the largest market for their products.

Let no official of the borrowing state or county governments utter a word of criticism of the wheat farmers who borrowed themselves rich a few years ago.

Something should be said in praise of the weather man's actions in the past week. It couldn't have been better unless it had rained.

A distinct step has been taken in the development of the dam on the lower Columbia: they are discussing names for it.

There must have been a lot of baseball experts with a grouch after the second world series of game.

What should begin to move now that the plan for exporting it is approved and maybe there will be a price that farmers will take.

Let Portland have a road to the coast built from federal funds. Goodness knows why two roads are demanded, most communities are glad to have one.

"Cooking is not a messy job", says a cooking expert. She should take a look at the kitchen sometime when the wife is away.

The legion asked Hoover for beer and then at Portland asked for the bonus. Roosevelt gave them beer and they refused to ask for the bonus.

It is reported that 34 cents in American money can be exchanged for \$3000 in Chinese currency. As tough as it may seem it is better than if it were reversed.

Grass Valley

For Sale: A set of hack harness. See L. E. French.

Charles French left for Seattle Monday. His daughter Mrs. Irene Monroe, came for him Sunday leaving the next morning for home. Charley has not been well for several weeks and has lately developed a condition that may be serious.

Jess Beardley is here this week from his railroad run on the Condon branch.

Mrs. Taylor, mother of Mrs. L. C. Dickson, is visiting here with her daughter this week.

Don Smith and Vern Baker were here Saturday night from Forest Grove where they are attending school.

Adughter was born September 29 to Dorothy Stradley Morris of Spokane. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Stradley.

John Engstrom has finished painting his house outside and in, and Bill dwelling with paint brush and scaffolding has started on his farm fold. Both ranches belong to R. J. Baker.

A party of friends gathered at the George Wilcox home Saturday night to help George celebrate his birthday.

Herman Peters is leaving for Portland soon to have another examination by insurance doctors.

Aaron Noyes has bought the old Bressler property in the north end of town and will move to the buildings there this week.

Leslie Peterson has had the cast taken from his leg and is now able to get around on crutches.

J. W. Shepard and wife were in Portland the first of the week on a business and pleasure trip.

Kent News

The Kent volleyball team motored to Moro Friday evening to play their first game of the season. The girls put up a good fight, but were unable to get ahead of the Moro team. The score was 30-14 in Moro's favor.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Kaser of Portland spent Sunday visiting in Kent.

George Craig of Camas, Wash. was a business visitor in Kent Saturday.

The Kent high school duly initiated the freshmen Saturday evening at a party which was held at the Legion hall. The teachers of the school and the alumni attended also.

Alta Norton and Lester Wilson of Kent, Mrs. W. R. Adams of Antelope and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Kaser of Portland were dinner guests at the J. C. Wilson home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Matthes spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Barnett of Grass Valley.

The young folks of Kent met Sunday night at the church and organized Christian Endeavor under the leadership of Miss Johnson who acted as chairman. Pauline Davis was elected president.

GRASS VALLEY SCHOOL NOTES

The Freshman initiation was held last Friday night and the sixteen freshmen were duly spanked and ushered into high school.

The director of dramatics, Mr. Rowe, has decided upon a three act play to be given by the high school students. The title of the play is "The Dutch Detective." It will be given sometime before December.

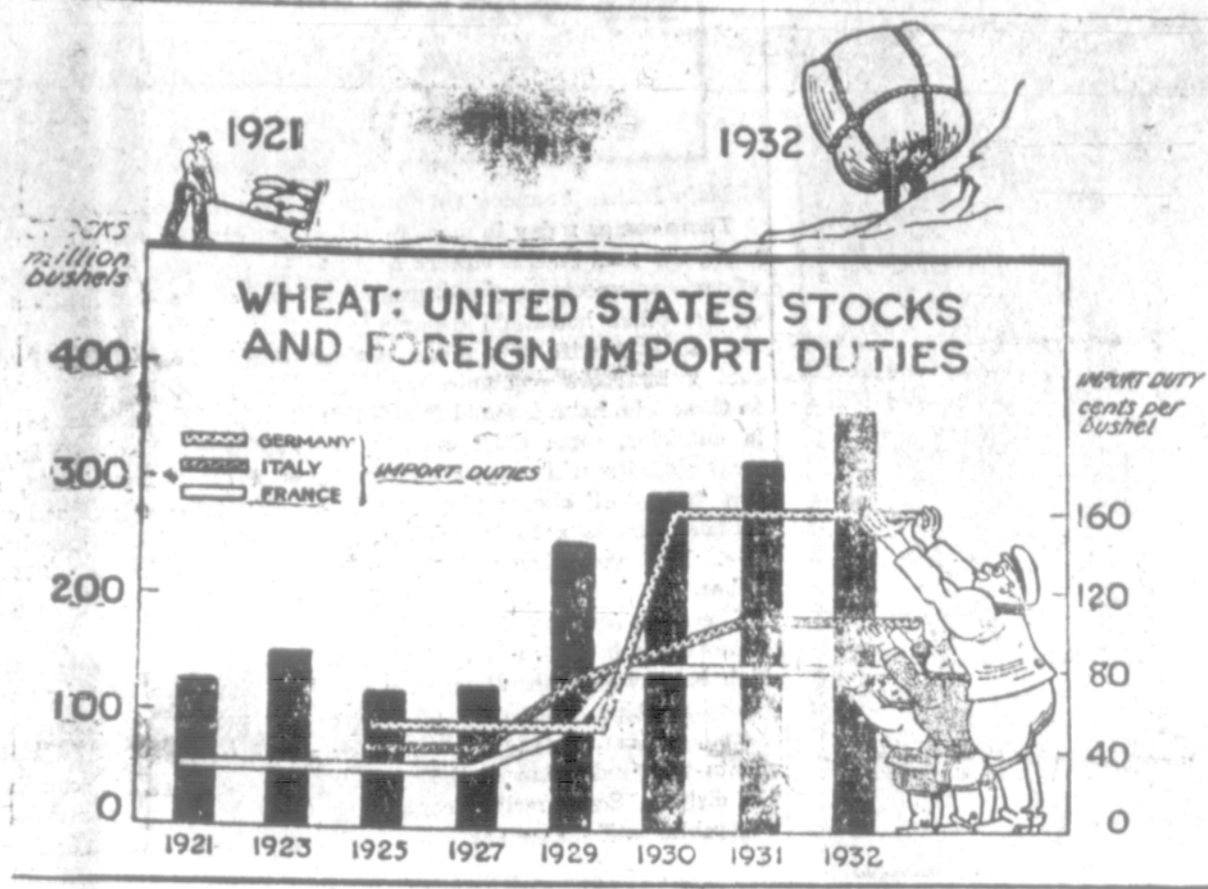
The Senior class met Friday and decided upon the graduation announcements.

The Junior class selected their class rings and pins this Monday.

We have Stacks of Clothes and Shelves full of Shoes. They can be bought cheaper now—Don't Delay—Get ready for winter. It is ECONOMY to buy while prices are low.

Our large stock of Dry Goods and Clothing is an opportunity for our customers.

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



As foreign restrictions on our wheat mount higher, more of it flows up in this country. That is the reason of this chart of United States wheat stocks and the rate of import duty imposed by representative European consuming countries. In 1925 these duties first became general and since that time our wheat

supplies have climbed. The German duty of \$1.62 is highest of all. As the picture shows, next comes Italy with a duty of \$1.07 a bushel and Russia France is lowest with a duty of 29.85. The black bars, representing the wheat stocks in the United States, show that while these restrictions have been in force, the stocks have climbed to more than 360 million

bushels. Even with the short crop in the United States this year, the black bar representing the stocks for this country a year from now probably will be near the 200 million bushel mark. The following year, if nothing is done to prevent it, the carryover is again likely to be around 350 million bushels.

The library of the high school has undergone a thorough cleaning during the past week. The Senior class was selected to do the work and therefore escape some of the daily routine of studying.

The volleyball game Friday night, between Rufus and Grass Valley was very successful indeed, for Grass Valley. Both teams played a very good game and wonderful team work was displayed.

Fire Prevention Week

Governor Meier has issued the following proclamation asking people to observe fire week:

In accordance with the proclamation issued by the President of the United States, I invite the people of this state to observe Fire Prevention Week from October 8th to 14th. I hope they will make this a conscientiousness of the dangers from fire which will remain with them and be effective throughout the entire year.

Julius L. Meier, Governor.

Meier, Governor of the State of Oregon, by authority in me vested do designate and proclaim the period from October 8th to 14th as Fire Prevention Week.

In support of this observance, I urge that local officials and organizations in every community promptly unite upon specific programs of cooperation, in order to discover and correct existent fire hazards, promote measures of public and private fire protection, extend instruction in fire prevention among adults as well as school children and arouse the people generally to the need for habits of greater carelessness.

If this be undertaken without delay and earnestly carried on throughout the year, the result cannot fail to be a large contribution to public welfare. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the State of Oregon to be hereto affixed on this, the 22nd day of September, A. D. 1933.

Seal for the N. R. A. Co-Operators



Every business firm or individual who agrees to co-operate with the government in its national recovery program is entitled to use this seal, which is endorsed by the President. The rather futuristic eagle holds with the talons of one foot a cog symbolizing labor's place in the machine age, and with the other claw the zig-zag lines representing electricity.

Milton—Henry, your wife never seems to grasp anything you are saying to her.

Henry—No; she's the kind of woman who, instead of listening to what you are saying, is already thinking of what she is going to say.

Employer—James I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work.

James—I wasn't working; I was just whistling.

Lawyer—Then you admit that you struck the plaintiff with malice aforethought?

Defendant, indignantly—You can't fix me up like that. I've told you twice I hit him with a brick, and done it on purpose. There wasn't no mallets nor nothin' of the kind about it—just a plain brick like any gentleman would use.

to the El Paso office of the United Press. So it was in the El Paso paper this morning, and your Uncle Bill read it there.

"Uncle Bill? Why, what was he doing in El Paso?"

"En route to Valle Verde, my dear. I'd wired the old gentleman a hearty invitation to come down and visit us, and he has accepted and was on his way." Thus Jaime Miguel Higuera—the liar! However, he comforted himself with the thought that it was only a white lie and was to be preferred to violating his word of honor to Crooked Bill not to reveal to his niece the news that only two days previous he had been in Los Algodones, plotting against their peace and happiness.

"You're such a dear, Jimmy. So thoughtful. Dear Uncle Bill. I know he's missed me. Does he know I'm hurt?"

"Yes, the papers carried the story. I've wired him on the train to save his tears until our wedding day."

"Are we engaged, Jimmy? I can't



"Are We Engaged, Jimmy?"

remember that you've ever asked me to marry you."

"Oh, didn't I, sweetheart?"

"Never."

He rubbed his tanned chin and his lazy eyes roved over her whimsically. "I suppose I was afraid I might speak out of my turn, but of course when you came stampeding into that corral yesterday and broke the glad news, pre-ment I couldn't, as a man of honor, pretend I didn't understand you. So I rather took it for granted."

He bent low over her and swept her cheeks with his eager lips. "Still interested in those bumper lambs, boll-weevil and irrigation, brown babies and cholo men and women, heat, dust and purple lights on the butes at dawn and sunset, darling?"

She nodded. "I can be a good partner, Jimmy. I never had any responsibilities—and now I want so badly to share yours—always. How are your wounded men?"

"Taking an interest in life. I sent them over a quart of thirty-year-old Bourbon whisky a friend gave me recently. Mrs. Ganby is still weeping with joy over our engagement, and Robbie is jealous as a collie dog. He has an idea that when we're married he'll have to leave the ranch."

"I wouldn't even have a ground squirrel leave that ranch, Jimmy."

"Then we'll keep Robbie and his ma on the payroll."

"Does Uncle Bill know of our engagement?"

Don Jaime produced the telegram and read:

"I never figured on you taking over my principal responsibility but now that you insist on being reckless take a tip from one who knows stop. Do not spoil her stop. I did that long ago stop. You are as welcome in our family as the silence that follows a congressional oration."

"Sheepishly yours

"UNCLE BILL"

"Why does he sign himself 'sheepishly yours' Jimmy dear?"

"Some far-fetched allusion to the sheep that brought you here, Bobby. Just some of his gringo humor, I imagine."

"I see." She was silent, turning his brown, strong, useful hands, counting the calluses on them. Hands that had known toil and would always know it, the hands that build empires, hands that, when folded at last in the peace that would mean their parting, would be kissed by lowly people and sprinkled with their tears.

"It will be forever and ever, Jimmy," she whispered, "and I'm so happy—and grateful."

"The Higuera men keep their women," he assured her gravely.

She thought of Glenn Hackett. "Poor dear," she murmured absently.

"He never had a chance," Don Jaime assured her, with a flash of that prescience, that clairvoyance, that would always make him, for Roberto, a new, puzzling, yet wholly understandable human being and a joy forever. Yes, he would be the same always, yet always new, always challenging her interest, always holding it. Of him (the girl thought) it might be said that age could not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

"I'll get my guitar and sing you a little Spanish love song my grandmother taught me," he suggested. "It's very old. It came into Peru with Pizarro and worked north. Oh, by the way, I forgot something! Let's get this on record officially. Miss Anita, will you do me the great honor to marry me?"

"You outrageous Celt," she laughed. "You're the last of the troubadours. Of course I will."

[THE END]