

Sherman County Pioneer Dies At Colton

Word was received this past week that an old pioneer of Sherman county, E. D. Woodworth, 83, died at the home of his sons in Colton where he has been making his home for two years. He was born in Nova Scotia, December 25, 1853. He passed away January 31. Burial services were held at Hood River, February 2.

Mrs. Helen Small McClure, 84, died January 30, 1937, in The Dalles at the home of her daughter Mrs. L. R. Robinson. Other survivors are two sons, J. E. and Andrew of Wasco; a brother, John Small of Kansas and two grand children.

Ten members of the Tuesday Afternoon Study Club met at the home of Mrs. Ida Andrews for their regular meeting. Those taking part in the program were M. S. Maude Akers, reading; paper by Marcella Hilderbrand on "Brice Canyon, Utah"; Myrtle Clothier, "Zion Utah"; reading, Mrs. Willis Douglas; reading by Alma Friddley.

Snow has made it inconvenient for people in the country, especially when the snow broke down several times last week. Cutters have been used for travel. It was necessary for Julius Medler and Ove Hansen to ride into town on horseback Monday.

School attendance has been much abbreviated the last two weeks for the absentees have averaged 35. This is the result of illness and cold weather.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Morrow spent several days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morrow before returning home to Monte Vista, Colorado.

Patricia Hilderbrand visited with Mrs. Augusta Huckin last week, going home on Saturday.

Margaret McDermid was a house guest at the Ed Moon home last week remaining in Wasco to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hilderbrand and Olive and John Robinson were in The Dalles Tuesday afternoon, attending funeral services for Mrs. Helen McClure. While there they also visited Chester Medler at the hospital.

Mrs. Helen Dingle left town several days ago. She is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Ralph Hixon in The Dalles.

D. E. Karnes returned from a business trip, Saturday, that included Grants Pass and Bend.

Following a two months visit with her sister, Mrs. Anna Lee, Mrs. Minnie McMillin returned to Centralia, Washington.

Members of the Choral club met for their regular meeting Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Maude Akers.

Among those visiting in The Dalles last week were Belle Clothier, Augusta Huckin, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Mrs. Lydia Darby, Cecil Fields, Frank Morrow, and Mr. and Mrs. Art Smith. Carl Anderson attended the President's ball.

Wasco basketball teams plan to play Grass Valley tonight. St. Mary's of The Dalles is scheduled for a meeting here Saturday night.

Mrs. Rose Woodworth is visiting her son Roy, at Hood River.

Mrs. Robert McDonald was honored at a birthday dinner Sunday at the home of Mrs. C. W. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Morehouse are parents of a son born at The Dalles hospital, February 2.

Camp Moro CCC basketballers defeated the Wasco Bombers 39 to 32 in the local floor February 2.

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OLD QUAKER
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Wasco Bombers Defeat Arlington

Wasco Bohemian Bombers threw a bombshell amidst the Arlington high eagers, Saturday night, defeating them 35 to 28 on the Arlington floor.

The Bombers have three consecutive victories out of four games played. Their only defeat coming at the hands of the townies.

Individual loop honors went to Wasco forward, Leonard, 10 points; Hastings, another forward, eight points. Chet Watkins and McQuillen, guards; and Shaw, center showed up well. K. Wilde, a substitute, scored seven points during the fifteen minutes he played. Tatone, Arlington forward, was high man for the opponents with nine points.

A return game at Wasco is planned for the near future, according to Henry M. Richelderfer, Bomber manager.

CARD OF THANKS
 We desire to thank our many friends for their kindness, words of sympathy, and beautiful floral offerings, during the illness and bereavement of our mother and wife.
 H. E. Everett and family.

CARD OF THANKS
 We wish to express our sincere thanks to our friends for the kindness and sympathy extended us, in our recent sorrow and for the lovely flowers.
 Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Robinson, McClure Family.

HE'D FEED ENGLAND

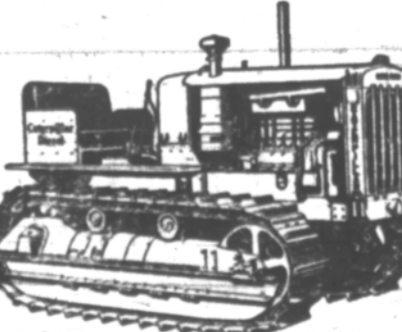


H. L. French of London, director of the newly-created food defense plans department of the British government, currently one of the most important posts. With war clouds hovering over Europe, England plans to stock its larder to withstand, if necessary, a prolonged blockade. A huge reserve of food is to be established "somewhere in mid-England," probably in warehouses built in worked-out coal mines.

"Saved" \$400 buying but lost it back in use

"I knew about 'Caterpillar' quality," says the owner of an off-brand, "but the \$400.00 difference in price was too tempting. I traded for the off-brand and have been paying for the error every since. The tracks didn't stand up like the tracks on my neighbor's 'Caterpillar.' The machine had ineffective dust seals which caused frequent replacement of parts. Worse, every time I bought repair parts I paid almost twice what I would have paid for the same parts in a 'Caterpillar'."

The foregoing is the experience of many a farmer who bought his tractor without considering quality. There is no substitute (at any price) for the materials, design and workmanship offered in a "Caterpillar."



O'MEARA SUPPLY CO.

Claude Coats Seriously Ill At The Dalles

The cold weather is blamed for the critical conditions of two of our friends in the community. Claude Coats was taken to The Dalles to a hospital last Sunday, said to be in a serious condition with pneumonia—a case contributed to the fact that it is a complication of a slight attack of flu.

Calvin Brown, a resident of Rufus for a long time, was stricken suddenly a week ago last Thursday with a stroke, and is in too serious a condition to warrant his removal to The Dalles.

Last Friday a man was seen prowling around in the immediate vicinity of Rufus. It was not determined whether the man was merely a friendly window peeper or someone intent upon deeds of greater magnitude—at any rate he was seen to run when his presence became known as if he was attempting to shield his identity.

February 2, universally known as "Ground-Hog Day," "put the damper" on the spirits of the people, plainly speaking, for the ground-gog (if he didn't stay in his hole) surely saw his shadow. Perhaps it doesn't make a great deal of difference, however, because by the time spring arrives it's generally too hot to really appreciate it.

Even though the temperature dove downward to reach the lowest mark of the winter last Sunday—six degrees below in Rufus—there has been fewer colds and less sickness in the community

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

Regardless of the season, the food needs of the family remain the same. Most essential always are the protective foods—milk, fruits and vegetables, and eggs.

Time was when the season of the year very largely determined the diet. However, very early we learn of far-sighted individuals preserving by salting or drying, many of the foods so plentiful during the spring and summer for consumption during the long hard months of winter.

Today we find many vegetables fresh and crisp on the market the year around. Carrots or cabbage, for instance, may be purchased fresh and crisp on the market the year around. Carrots or cabbage, for instance, may be purchased fresh and crisp on the market the year around. Carrots or cabbage, for instance, may be purchased fresh and crisp on the market the year around.

Carrots in Parsley Butter
 8 or 10 medium sized carrots
 1-2 tsp salt
 1-4 cup butter
 2 tbsp lemon juice
 1 tbs finely chopped parsley
 Wash and scrape the carrots and cut them in slices, or dice them. Cook in a small quantity of boiling salted water 10 to 15 minutes, or until tender. Drain add butter, lemon juice and parsley, and serve at once.

Baked Spinach
 2 cups freshly cooked spinach
 2 cups rich white sauce
 Speck nutmeg
 1-3 cup grated cheese
 Drain spinach and chop fine. Add to white sauce. Add nutmeg. Place in baking dish and sprinkle with cheese. Bake 10 minutes at 375 degrees. Serves 6.

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 All kinds of Insurance
Sherman Cooperative Grain Growers :: : Wasco, Oregon
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than at any time since the first snow. Absentees from school have not been due to sickness—rather, to inability to plow their way through snow drifts for the week ending January 31 was sprinkled with occasional snows, and a continuous snowfall all day Sunday.

The highway crews—at least the one from Rufus—hasn't found a great deal of time to toast their shins beside the old heater in the last few days for as soon as they succeeded in removing one fall of snow from the roads, another promptly took the place of its precedent.

The basketball teams of Rufus—both boys and girls, mounted another step of the ladder to success a week ago last Wednesday when they succeeded in defeating the Grass Valley teams in the Rufus gymnasium.

Another unusual incident happened last Sunday when the wind shield of Mr. Langford's auto cracked for no particular reason, while he drove placidly along to Sunday school. This incident, can be attributed to the cold weather.

Drop In Price For Wheat As Month Ends

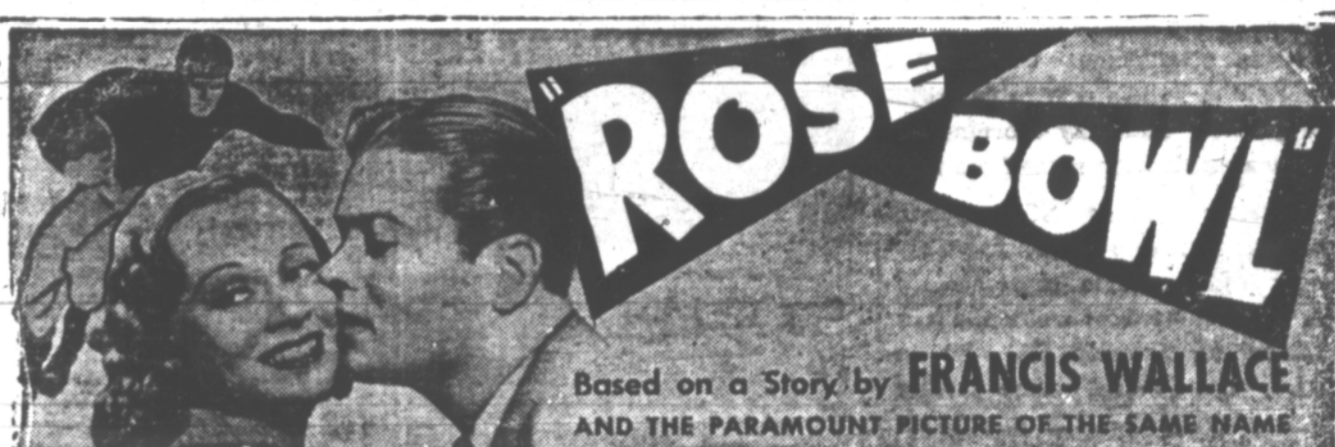
Domestic grain markets were weak with prices mostly lower during the week ending January 29, according to the Weekly Grain Market Review of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Wheat declined influenced largely by lower prices abroad resulting from unusually heavy shipments of Southern Hemisphere grain. A slow milling inquiry however, contributed to the weakness. Feed grain lost further

ground with the relationship between grain and livestock prices unfavorable for heavy feeding. Feeder demand was slow despite continued winter weather in Western feeding sections and current offerings, particularly of corn, were taken principally by industrial buyers. Shipments of oats to feeding areas continued heavy but new purchases were smaller. Feed barley declined with corn and oats but malting types were firm. Rye was steady to firm, with a good inquiry for the light offerings. Flax held practically unchanged but the relatively light receipts, mostly of Argentine seed, were adequate for trade needs.

Heavy offerings of Southern Hemisphere wheat were the dominant influence in the wheat situa-

tion, with shipments of 7,477,000 bushels from Argentina, and 3,535,000 from Australia reported during the week. With wheat on ocean passage totaling nearly 60,000,000 bushels, importers were less concerned about supplies and demand slackened. Prices at Liverpool declined 4c to 7c per bushel, with the greatest drop in Argentine wheat. Argentine Rosas was quoted at Liverpool at the close of the week at \$1.11 3-8, Australian wheat at \$1.25 1-2 and No. 1 Canadian Manitoba at \$1.42 3-8 per bushel. With plentiful offerings from the Southern Hemisphere, demand for Canadian wheat fell off materially and Winnipeg prices declined nearly 2c per bushel, with No. 1 Manitoba Northern quoted in that market January 29, at \$1.19 3-4 and No. 3 Northern at \$1.15

3-8 per bushel. Prospects for the new winter wheat crop continued generally favorable although some damage was done by floods in the soft winter wheat sections of the Ohio Valley. Snow and ice covered most of the hard winter wheat belt and some damage was feared from the ice layer in the upper Mississippi Valley, although trade reports indicated little injury to date. A total winter wheat acreage somewhat larger than a year ago is now in prospect but conditions are only fair. Increases in seedings in North America, Russia and the lower Danubian countries are only partially offset by reductions in India and the Orient. The condition of the crop as a whole appears somewhat less favorable than a year ago.



CHAPTER I
 The annual high school football classic of the Ohio valley was drawing to a close at Bellport. There had been no scores during the hard fought game and the crowd was begging and praying for just one touchdown.
 Pennants waved madly, quick shrieks were torn from youthful throats as the teams hacked and tore at each other without gaining a yard. Youngsters pumped heartily, if not too harmoniously, at band instruments. The home side of the 3-4-3 took up the song and chanted with all the earnestness of a great faith:
 "Bellport will shine tonight! Bellport will shine!"
 "Cheers!" Reynolds, the Bellport cheerleader, exhorted the crowd during this performance. She used every muscle of her slim body and her dark eyes flashed as she encouraged and threatened with small arms and tiny fists. Clad in white

The farewell party for Ossie, who was moving with his parents to Los Angeles, was a great success. Most of the Bellport High seniors gathered at the little confectionery which Cheers and her elder sister Susie operated with the help of Faddy O'Riley. There they held high revel on ice cream sodas and pop until Susie chased them home at the unearthly hour of 11 P. M.
 "It's been a swell party, Cheers," said Ossie after the other youngsters had departed. "Thanks."
 "Sure," cracked Paddy from behind the counter as he removed his apron. "Saying goodbye to Ossie's been a pleasure."
 "I was going to out-wait that gang if it took all night," the football hero ignored the interruption.
 "And it almost did, didn't it?" Paddy inquired innocently.
 "Let's get out of this crowd," Ossie extended his arm to Cheers.
 "Back to help in a minute, family," the girl called over her shoulder.
 "Hear that?" Paddy glared after

"I know," his answer was casual. "Want to make something of it?"
 "Do you?"
 "Why not?" Ossie was very much the man of the world.
 "Then you put it on my finger I'll wear it all my life."
 Paddy was polishing the last of the glasses when Cheers returned and climbed disconsolately upon a stool before the counter.
 "Paddy—do you think the influence of Hollywood will change Ossie much?" demanded the girl in her best Camille manner.
 "No such luck." The answer was violent. "Nothing will ever change that swell head!"
 "Why, Paddy?" Cheers was jarred out of her preoccupation. She looked at him, startled, then assumed an attitude of womanly pity.
 "Paddy," she continued softly. "I know how you feel about me. Oh I'm not blind. But—I've got to tell you. She became very noble. Or account of Ossie, nothing can ever come of it." She looked down at



av. eater and slacks, she swayed to the music and shook her blue-black hair which hung in a long bob under a precariously balanced toboggan cap.
 At that moment Ossie Merrill, Bellport's star fullback, broke through the surging line and started a long sprint down the field which ended in a touchdown just before the final gong cracked.
 Cheers did a back flip, threw her hands joyously to the skies, then ran out on the field to shout personal congratulations to Ossie. The latter, a rangy, handsome blond, took her adulation and that of the crowd with a superior calm, as if it were something he must endure. Then he dodged into the shower room, leaving the girl staring, foolishly after him.
 "Take it easy, Cheers," teased Paddy O'Riley, one of the second stringers on the team. "Some day you may sprain your tonsils or," he winked in the direction Ossie had taken, "or break your heart."
 "It's a cinch you'll never break anything—sitting on the bench all season." She wrinkled her small nose at him. "Since you're not even tired you'd better come along to the Sweetery with me as soon as you change your clothes. I'm giving a going-away party for Ossie at the store tonight and Sis and I will need you to help fix the place up."
 "Yes, boss," he grinned impishly. "And I hope you won't mind if I put a little arsenic in the drinks I mix for that big, conceited. . . I mean for Bellport's greatest fullback Austin Merrill."
 "Not if you put a double dose in yours," she flipped back at him as she picked up her megaphone and headed toward the exit to the field.

"But if you feel that way about me," Cheers said, "I'll let you kiss me—just once."
 "Family! The way Cheers treats me I might as well be her brother or something!" He slammed a glass down so hard on the bar that it shattered.
 "Sure, I got it all figured out," soothed Susie in her best motherly tone. "You like Cheers and Cheers likes Ossie and Ossie's just as crazy about—Ossie. It's tough."
 Under the street lamp which swung in the crisp autumn breeze outside the store, Cheers and Ossie were having difficulty with their leave-taking.
 "You know, Cheers," the boy began expansively, "I'm going to miss Bellport. . . part of Bellport anyway."
 "What part?" his companion strove to be casual.
 "I mean you, Cheers." As he spoke the street lamp winked out above them.
 "Gosh!" Cheers laughed shakily. "This certainly is a nine o'clock town. I suppose in Hollywood the lights are on all night. . . and I suppose you'll stay up to see 'em."
 "No, I won't. If I play football at Sierra next year I'll have to get a lot of sleep." He broke off abruptly. There seemed no more to say on that subject. They looked at each other, completely stymied.
 "Well," said Cheers at last. "I guess this could go on all night. . ."
 "Oh, no it couldn't." Ossie suddenly found courage to kiss her. They clung together for a moment, then parted bashfully.
 "Golly," whispered Cheers, her eyes starry.
 "Want to wear this?" Spurred to further heights by her flattering reception of his attentions, Ossie slipped off his class ring and held it toward her.
 "But Ossie! Cheers was incredulous. "It's your class ring!"

the ring and sighed deeply. Paddy also looked at it and a great light dawned.
 "Hey!" he exploded, ready to die rather than let her know how he really felt. "Aren't you kind of jumping the gun?"
 "But, if you feel that way," Cheers continued with great pitying generosity, "I'll let you kiss me—just once."
 "What makes you think I want to kiss you?" he snorted.
 "Well, don't you?" Her eyes opened wide.
 "Not much!" His dark, pug-nosed face was flushed. "And what's more—Why don't you wait until you're asked? And what's more—where do you get this slush stuff anyway?"
 "Very well, Mr. O'Riley," Cheers slipped off the stool and drew herself up with great dignity as she turned toward the door. "I was merely trying to be—well kind of kind. Goodnight! Lock up, will you? You've been doing it for a year, so I guess you know how."
 Paddy looked after her, his jaw thrust out pug-nosedly. Then he jerked off his apron and switched over the soda fountain, which hung above a football mounted between two miniature goal posts. This souvenir bore the inscription "To Cheers from Ossie."
 He squandered too much for him. It squared off and swung his fist at the football. It shot between the goal posts, crashed into a pile of glasses on the fountain, shattering them.
 "What's all that racket?" called Susie from the back of the shop.
 "That was Paddy O'Riley making his first touchdown," the boy answered loudly as he slammed out the front door.
 (To be continued)