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LEGISLATURE

Next Monday Oregon's legislative assembly convenes for its forty-second session. It will be the first such assembly during war for many years.

One-time states and counties had to raise troops, supplies and money to carry on wars. Now those duties are taken over by the national government as wars are fought by larger units of people than formerly.

Certainly there will be problems arising from the war. But the main troubles that take up the time of the legislators will spring from Oregon itself. These will be important enough.

In first place must be placed the taxation troubles of the state, not the usual trouble, either. This time the state has plenty of money, a surplus of it, with more coming in a flood next March. The question now is how to care for this surplus so that it will do the most good for the people of Oregon.

There is no lack of hands reaching out for a part of it, or all. The schools want it, the aged want it, state employees have a claim on some of it, counties would like a larger share, state wards cry for more buildings, and, last but not least, the ordinary taxpayer feels that in some way a part of this year's prosperity should be retained to soften the harder taxing days that may be ahead.

Oregon has an unemployment compensation fund out of all proportion to any such fund ever before imagined. It is growing at the rate of nearly a million dollars per month. We will need much of it to care for labor when the boom days are over. Yet a balance must be made between reducing the cost of production now by lowering the tax and this preparation for unemployment to come.

There is a demand for changes in workmen's compensation. It is not sufficiently inclusive to be an adequate insurance and there are loop holes in it that many have found. Shall we keep on trying to solve the forestry problem and the method of handling cut-over lands, or utilization of wood waste which takes a surprising part of cut timber? There will always be a fish problem.

Oregon wants more industry, and looks to the legislature to pass laws that will obtain it. There are minor items: increases for state employees, changes in management of state boards and institutions, of county government, of game, roads, banks, insurance companies—in fact, nearly everything that concerns modern life comes at some time before a legislative body.

The legislature will handle them as best it can. If it be—as appears—composed of industrious men with ability to gather and use information and strong enough to be guided by that information only, it has a chance to do something for the state in the way of aiding its progress. That is the way legislatures must be judged.

JUDGE POTTER
When county court met this week it was without the presence, in an official capacity, of Judge George Potter. He is ex-judge Potter now. This is not written to comment on the political change, but to compliment the former public servant on faithful attendance to public duty during his twelve years as judge.

As near as can be remembered he did not miss a meeting of the

court during his two terms. He was most attentive to the job of being a county judge. He made regular trips to the county seat on minor matters, attended to probate duties religiously and made many trips over the state to attend meetings at which he thought the county should be represented.

NEW CONGRESS

When the 78th congress met Wednesday it marked the end of the new deal, or at least, a cessation of new deal public policy for a short period.

There is to be a change in national philosophy if the words of congressional leaders can be followed.

Since 1933 the new deal administration has tried out many kinds of social change—often called reform. It has given labor nearly everything it wanted: it has spread public money over the land in a wide, deep and continuous stream; it has subsidized farmers and rendered their demands for a proportionate share of the national income ineffective and their name anathema in the minds of city people; it has built many projects of value only to those employed on them. Its prosecution of the war is accused of being dilatory: it caused the nation's most disastrous military surprise attack; it has withheld information from the people.

Leaders of both parties, although not those in administration favor in congress, say this is to change.

There is to be vigorous prosecution of the war with general agreement with military men in charge of the war. There is to be a curtailment of bureaucracy and of federal spending not related to the war. There will be enough of that.

To this newspaper such a program is all to the good. It comes from an interpretation of the voters' voice at the last election.

There is no doubt that many of the things started by the new deal will continue. Every administration starts some thing that is held good by the nation. The movement toward governmental control of everything has been halted. Part of this is because of the rise in the respect of industry, which, from being the national whipping boy, has become the savior of the nation in time of war.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Jan. 11, 1924
Milton O. Howell, 55 years old, a farmer living east of Wasco, was accidentally shot and killed Monday morning, the accident occurring in a woodshed in the rear of the family home.

Our little flurry of icy winter zephyrs was broken up Wednesday by a gentle and persistent old-fashioned Chinook wind.

Large pieces of ice are floating down the Columbia river. About a week ago the river was pretty nearly full of it. The shore ice was about nine inches thick at some places and extended about 20 or 30 feet out into the river. The river is now quite low.

Medler's Cash store at Wasco was completely gutted by fire Tuesday morning of this week. The complete line of dry goods and groceries, fixtures and shelving was entirely destroyed by a fire thought to have been started when an airtight heater blew up.

From the Observer Jan. 8, 1901
N. P. Hansen has just bought another of the best farms in Sherman county. The Buckeye, or Robert Newton farm, now occupied by G. E. Moore. Consideration \$25 per acre.

The directors of Erskineville school district want a teacher for a four months' term, beginning Feb. 29th. They want a good teacher, one who understand music preferred.

Oregon will hold three elections this year. Every other day seemingly. Get your papers and register early.

Our worthy friend Ladru Barnum has succeeded to the management of the Wasco Warehouse Milling Co.'s banking business in Moro. This is a very deserving honor to a Moro boy.

From the Observer Jan. 9, 1914
At the regular meeting of the city council last Monday M. A. Bull was elected marshal and F. E. Fagan recorder for the city for the year 1914.

Lumber for the sidewalks recently provided for by ordinance has been distributed to the various properties to be so improved. Those interested are hoping for a continuance of good weather so the work can proceed.

Sheriff J. C. McKeon has made a record as tax collector that is hard to beat with the year just ended. From a tax roll of \$106,560 he reports but \$485 delinquent. A record never before established in Oregon.

Keily's Column

Continued from page one. (cows three times a day).

And while you are tightening your belt a few notches congress will be working on a new tax bill, to take effect in 1944 on 1943 income. This bill will make the present tax measure look like milk and water—it will hit so deep into every purse. And one new tax may be a sales tax for federal purposes. There has always been opposition to this, but war makes more money necessary and the sales tax is a reservoir of small change.

There will be no synthetic rubber tires for civilians in 1943. The present capacity of the various plants will not be sufficient to turn out enough of the synthetic product to more than take care of the motorized army and the United Nations. There is no prospect of new tires for civilians before 1944, and in 1943 millions of private automobiles will disappear from the highways. This will reduce state revenue from the gasoline tax and will require new sources of taxation by Oregon and other states, a search that may start with the coming legislature at Salem. Two years from now—the 1945 session—it will be too late.

Will Run Articles On Federal Income Tax

In order to familiarize our readers with federal income tax regulations for this year, the Journal will run a series of articles dealing with various things each citizen should know before filing his or her returns in March. The first article of the series follows, and others will be printed as space permits.

The federal income tax is, as the name implies, a tax levied upon incomes, and it is payable in relation to the amount of income. Income, for federal income tax purposes, means in general any compensation for one's services, whether the compensation be in money or in goods or other services. It includes also the net proceeds received for the product of one's labor, as farm produce in the case of a farmer; income from investments; profit from business operations; and other gains from sales and exchanges of goods and property. Certain limited categories of income are, however, tax exempt, and to the extent of such exemption are excluded in computing the tax.

Because of exemptions from the tax given to persons having less than certain stated amounts of income, as well as because of various deductions and credits allowable, only a small proportion of the number of persons receiving income have until recently been subject to the tax. Thus, of the estimated 55 million persons in this country who received income in one form or another during the calendar year 1941, only some 26 million persons were required to file federal income tax returns for that year, while of these same 26 million, more than nine million were not taxable due to credits and deductions allowable.

As a result of the lowering of exemptions, many more persons are now subject to the federal income tax than before, and for the calendar year 1942 it is estimated that more than 35 million persons will file returns. To the large number of persons now subject to the federal income tax, who have never reported income before for federal tax purposes, an understandable regulation is of prime importance.

An income tax return is a declaration on the part of the taxpayer of his total taxable income for the year, together with the various deductions, exemptions, and credits to which he is entitled. Any person who willfully makes a return which he does not believe to be true and correct in every material matter is subject to the penalties provided by law.

The first requirement is the filing of the return. For individuals generally, this must be done by March 15 following the end of the calendar year for which the return is being made. The return must be filed with the Collector of Internal Revenue for the district in which is located the legal residence or principal place of business of the person making the return.

Under the present law every single person, and every married person not living with husband or wife, having a total income (earnings, together with other income) of \$500 or more, and married persons living with husband or wife throughout the taxable year, who have an aggregate income (total earnings of both husband and wife, together with other income) of \$1200 or more, regardless of the amount of net income, must file a return.

CHRONOLOGY

Continued from Page One

donment. Defense council makes new plans. Grass varieties shown to visiting farmers.

June 19—Warehouses are being prepared to receive big crop. Scrap rubber being gathered. Boys 18 to 20 ordered to register. Rubber drive may avert gas rationing.

Loan rates set on wheat. Rural information scheme explained. Farmers getting truck tires for harvest. C. C. Wilson made Legion commander.

Mrs. America told Life May Not Be Soft

Life may not be as soft for Mrs. America's family during the coming year, for upholstered furniture over wooden springs will be a new home furnishings note. But seriously, shoppers may be sure that they will get their money's worth from the new product, for the Office of Price Administration is checking to see that all substitutes for metal springs measure up to certain standards. Furniture manufacturers must have wooden springs tested at a designated government station before they can submit the articles for price approval. This new ruling affects manufacturers of upholstered wood chairs, sofas, sofa beds, studio couches and box springs. A recent War Production Board order prohibited the use of metal springs in wood upholstered furniture, and so chalk wooden springs up to the ingenuity of manufacturers.

It takes 15 pairs of discarded silk stockings for Uncle Sam's experts to reclaim enough silk to make one average size powder bag for military use. And Uncle Sam's nieces turned in enough old silk stockings during one month of the War Production Board's hosiery salvage collection to make over 100,000 powder bags. The 2,800,000 pairs of old silk and nylon stockings turned in would stretch across the country from New York to San Francisco if they were stretched end to end. If you want to contribute discarded silk or nylon stockings for the manufacture of war materials, simply wash them and then drop them in the collection box in the hosiery department of retail stores throughout the country.

Remember to have your tires inspected before January 31, the deadline for the first compulsory tire inspection for every passenger car in the United States. Following the first check-up of your precious tires, it will be necessary to have them inspected every four months if you have an "A" mileage ration. Holders of "B" and "C" supplemental rations are to have tires inspected every two months. Tires must be checked by an authorized OPA inspector, who may charge up to 25 cents for inspecting all the five tires on your car if he doesn't have to remove any.

If your electric iron sticks as you work, rub it on a little salt sprinkled on paper, or smooth with paraffin or beeswax. This is one of the tips contained in a new pamphlet, "Making Ironing Equipment Last Longer," which has just been issued by the OPA and the Department of Agriculture Bureau of Home Economics. Putting a pinch of salt in the starch helps to keep starched clothes from sticking to the iron, it is pointed out. And once a month wax the ironing surface while still warm with a small amount of paraffin or beeswax, being sure to wipe off any excess wax. Keep the iron dusted and the surface clean and smooth.

Married Women Should Change Security Cards

Every woman who has married since she last worked and now is contemplating re-entering employment should have her social security account corrected to show her legal name, according to Vernon A. Welo, manager of the La Grande social security board office.

"You can do this," said Mr. Welo, "by going to the nearest field office of the social security board and filling out an application for a duplicate account number card. The completed application is then sent to Baltimore, Md., where social security wage records are kept, and a duplicate account number card, bearing the same number as the original but showing your married name, will be sent to you."

Mr. Welo placed emphasis upon the fact that a woman should keep the same account number through her working life, although her change of name should always be reported.



CHAPTER I

From the high edge of Mogul to the floor of Powder Desert was a sheer drop of fourteen hundred and sixty feet; and even on the quietest day a stream of warm air from the desert boiled up the face of the rim, so that if a man stood at the break-off and tossed his hat outward it invariably sailed back to him. Clay Morgan had shown this to his daughter Janet long ago. It was a part of their ritual on the trip to town, and as soon as they reached the rim this afternoon, she reminded him of it again; whereupon he sailed his hat across the rim, caught it on the rebound, and witnessed her delighted smile. Afterwards they turned downgrade on a road steeply and narrowly cut against the face of the mountain.

As they descended she began to recite lines of "Hiawatha," in preparation for a school play. Riding slightly back of her, Clay Morgan watched her small arms gesture and her naturally sober face lighten and glow faintly dramatic. To him it was a matter of never-ending astonishment that one nine-year-old girl's head could hold so much.

The silence and the slow way she had of judging people came from him. The vivid imagination and the growing beauty came from her mother. It was something Clay Morgan had watched for, through the years—and yet, much as he had expected it, it still was strange to see in this girl the image of a woman nine years dead, to know that his wife now reached out of the grave to remind him of the one brief and violent and miserable and beautiful year of their marriage. In the beginning she had said she loved him; she had died hating him.

Powder Desert began at the bottom of the grade. Sand and sagebrush hummocks, built by the east wind, lay before them; around these lumpy barriers, high as a man's shoulders, meandered the deep twin ruts of the road. This September day's sun was half-down in the west and heat lay heavy on the flat; and in the near distance, on the benchland at the head of the desert, the houses of War Pass made an irregular outline. Toward this cattle town they traveled, Janet dreaming her nine-year-old dreams in sober stillness, Clay Morgan holding his clear intimations of trouble ahead.

Turning at the corner of Gentry's corral, Clay Morgan faced the length of Main Street, with its double row of angular wooden buildings and its deep golden dust. Under the courthouse locusts at the corner of Main and Stage, a large group of men idly waited; and he knew then that the trial of the rustler, Ollie Jacks, was still unfinished.

He dismounted by the stable and permitted both horses to nose into the water trough before tying them to the rack. Janet said: "I am going to Ann McGarrath's, Daddy." She always had a quick smile for him when she mentioned Ann McGarrath's name, as though there might be some secret involved. "I think," she added, "we will eat supper there"—and watched him a moment with her observant eyes.

"You seem pretty sure of that." Morgan remained near the stable's hitching-rack to roll up a quick smoke. But he was never a man to let his eyes be idle; thus now, while his fingers tapered off the cigarette his glance ran down the street, past the courthouse and post office and the Long Grade saloon, past the Mountain House hotel and beyond that to the little cluster of brick and dove buildings of Old Town. Two cross-streets dropped from a higher level of the hillside. Up there sat the high, square, iron-ornamented houses owned by the wealthier merchants and the big cattlemen who liked to winter their families in town. This was four o'clock and already the street was in shadow, though the far desert burned up its brown-gray glitter.

Jesse Rusey, the town's marshal, cruised the walk—short, broad body swinging a little. He had the shoulders of a wrestler; above the sweep of his mustaches was a glance as cool as flint. This man had a kind of rocky solidity, a kind of formidable courtesy. He said, "How are you, Clay?" and passed by.

Charley Hillhouse and Hack Breathitt broke from the courthouse group and walked toward him, their boots puffing up the street's dust; but for a moment he remained slackly by the hitching-rack, his mind picking away at the mystery of Jesse Rusey. This town marshal had been in War Pass for twenty years, yet nobody knew him, or knew what he thought, or knew where his sympathies actually lay.

Hillhouse and Breathitt came cheerfully forward and for a moment these three fast friends stood by the hitching-rack and swapped gossip, pleased to be together again. All of them had grown up in the country, they had gone to school together and had worked and hunted and had their fun together, and

I'm thinkin' that this, is probably the last time us three will sit at the same table."

"Don't talk like that," said Charley Hillhouse. But both of them were watching Clay Morgan, who sat silent all the while, buried in his own thinking. He had always been the silent one, the last one to speak. He said, very quiet with his words, "I want you to know this, Hack. If you ever get in trouble, come to me. I'll stand behind you."

Charley Hillhouse shook his head, bothered by Morgan's words. "I knew you'd say that, Clay, but I wish you hadn't. Makes it tough on me. Long as I work for Three Pines, I'll let nothing get between me and the ranch. Nothing at all." He met Hack Breathitt's glance and quietly added: "Don't come to me, Hack."

That was all. These three rose and crossed the room, pushing through the doors. Ben Herendeen remained under the locust trees, with Lige White and Gurd Grant and a group of Three Pines riders. Sheriff Nickum was also there, coat hung loosely to his gaunt frame. Jesse Rusey, farther down the street, watched this crowd; and on him Clay Morgan put his glance for a moment. Charley Hillhouse went across the dust to join Herendeen. Janet turned out of McGarrath's store, advancing toward Morgan. Her little shoulders showed straight in the sunless light, her small feet made a quick tapping on the sidewalk boards. She said: "We are having supper with Ann McGarrath, Daddy." Her soft smile held its secret again, her eyes showed it. "Didn't I tell you?"

Hack Breathitt removed his hat with a flourish. "How, honey?" "How, Hack?" "Come along with a gentleman."

Janet put her hand in Hack Breathitt's fist and walked away with him. Morgan laid his shoulders against the wall of the saloon and freshened his cigar with a match. The group remained beneath the locust trees, Herendeen and Lige White now talking together while the rest remained silent. A good many people had come to the street, scattered under the board awnings. All of them, he noticed, were watching the courthouse. Tension crawled up the street, strong enough to touch Morgan's nerves. Jesse Rusey never moved from his position as he, too, watched the courthouse door. A stage stood by the Mountain House hotel, ready to go. At the stable, Parr Gentry sat on a capsize barrel, lumped over and apparently disinterested, but Morgan saw the way the man's eyes traveled around, Hack Breathitt and Janet were crossing the dust to Tanner's drugstore and at this moment Ollie Jacks, freed by the jury's verdict, stepped from the courthouse, looked to either end of the street, and halted.

He was a wiry man with the drawn, blank face of a gambler; he was a man who had been caught stealing beef and now, by the act of the jury, was free to ride out. His horse was in Gentry's stable, fifty feet from where he stood, yet this was as far as he got, this rooted position before the courthouse with Jesse Rusey on one side of him, and Herendeen's group watching him from the other, and with all the town looking on. At that moment he knew what Clay Morgan and every soul in town knew: he knew he was a dead man.

Charley Hillhouse, who was a quiet workhorse of a man, slowly nodded. Breathitt started to speak but was stopped by quick-rising talk on the street. A man struck the swinging doors of the saloon with both fists and rushed in. He said, in a half shout, "They let Ollie Jacks free," and ran out. The conversation in the saloon rose at once to a noisy pitch.

Hack Breathitt grinned. "I'd like to see Ben Herendeen's face right now." Charley Hillhouse answered irritably. "If it was your beef, Hack, you wouldn't make a joke of it." Hack Breathitt had his moments of wisdom; he had his far thoughts. "There's two kinds of people in this world, Charley. Those that have got beef—and those that have got none. People that stick and people that drift. The Lord made you and me different. It ain't my fault and it ain't your fault. But I like my way—and no man can make me change."

"Ben's got nothing against you," said Charley Hillhouse. Hack Breathitt showed Hillhouse a smart, dark expression. "When folks get heated up, Charley, there ain't no halfway. It's one thing or the other. The sheep or the goats." He poured himself a second drink. "You know what I'm thinkin', boys?"

Continued on Page Three
Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tues
day of each month.
Visiting members wel
come.
Lucille May, N. G.
Florence Johnston, Sec.

Bethlehem Chapter, No. 78.O.E.S.
Moro, Oregon
Meets Every Second and
Fourth Thursdays in each
Month. Visiting members
Invited
Norma Balsiger W. M.
Marie Hoskinson, Sec.

Moro Lodge No. 113, I. O. O. F.
Moro, Oregon
Meets 1st and 3rd
Tuesdays in the
I. O. O. F. hall Trai
sient and visiting
brothers are cordi
ally invited to meet
with us.
Paul May, N. G.
Percy Thompson, Sec.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A-F & A-M
Moro, Oregon
Meets on the 1st and
3rd Thursday
evenings of each month.
Visiting members are
cordially invited to
meet with us.
Darwin Van Gilder, W. M.
C. V. Belknap, Secretary

BUY WAR BONDS

DEPENDABILITY
In these times more than usual it is important to have a dependable grocer-- In wartime prices and quality and even quantities are subject to change.
Quality here will be good, prices will be fair and quantities what is allowed.
Zeigler's Quality Store Grass Valley