

### Woman's Club Having Open Meeting Today

An open meeting of the Moro Woman's club will be held this afternoon at 2:30 at the club house at which time Ernest C. Davis of the state OPA will speak on price control. Mrs. Martin Meizer has charge of the program. Everyone interested is urged to attend.

Ralph Bolen, having joined the navy, left for the naval recruiting office in Portland Tuesday. Cleo Barnum of Bend visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barnum, Friday, after attending the New Year's dance at Kent.

Mrs. Davidson left for her home at Terrebonne Monday evening on the stage after spending Christmas and New Year's with her daughter, Mrs. Russell Hollinshead. Mr. Davidson drove home several days earlier.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. DeMoss returned from Washougal Saturday after spending New Year's day with Mrs. DeMoss's mother, who is 86 and still active. They report that Roy Dugger, who is confined to his bed, says he hopes to be home here by spring, and asked them to tell all his friends "hello."

Moro teams will journey to Waco tonight to play basketball. Mrs. Theresa Timmerman returned Saturday from Portland after spending some time there with her mother, who is ill. She resumed her duties at the school Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barnum and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ginn entertained friends at dinner Sunday evening at the Barnum home. Work of tearing down a part of the red warehouse that suffered collapse last summer when full of bulk wheat was started this week. The damaged side will be torn out and rebuilt with new cribbing and new siding so it will be strong enough to hold another crop of wheat.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Woods were here from Centerville, Wash., to attend the funeral of Omer Sayrs Tuesday.

The Woman's Missionary society will meet for an all day meeting Wednesday, Jan. 13, at the home of Mrs. Dewey Thompson. There will be a pot-luck dinner and the day will be spent in sewing for the children of Haines House, Alaska.

Mrs. Walter Ruggles announces that she will continue to take magazine subscriptions and subscriptions for the Oregonian, which will be sent by mail. She will also continue to order flowers.

It has been learned here that the marriage of Charles L. Powell, well known Sherman county farmer, and Marjory Fletcher, of Portland, was an event of New Year's day in the city.

J. K. McKean came down Monday from the air base at Pendleton to attend the funeral of Omer G. Sayrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Jodie Morrison of Arlington were in town Monday.

### CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend our sincerest, most heartfelt thanks to all the friends who helped us so much by their many acts of thoughtfulness and offers of assistance. We are deeply appreciative also of the part taken by the American Legion in the service and by the Legion Auxiliary in caring for the lovely flowers.

Edith Sayrs  
Lamer and Josephine Sayrs  
Lavon and Ross Hart  
Mary Lou Sayrs

### Want Ads

FOR SALE: New Hampshire Red breeding roosters, \$1.00. Mrs. Chas. Bullard, Moro, Ore., across from Shell Oil Co.

305 acres in Centerville section, Klickitat county, practically all tillable and of the best land-lots of water-buildings-hog wire fence. Price \$40 per acre.

595 acre farm Klickitat county 255 acres tillable, fenced-new modern house-4 other buildings-good pasture-47 acres alfalfa-springs-gravel road.

send for our land list. C. E. Crooks Goldendale, Wash.

FOR SALE: 3 yr. old reg. Hereford bull, Prince Domino breeding. David Reid, Rufus Stp

LOST: 8 white feeder pigs between 80 and 100 lbs. Reward \$25. W. D. Barnett, Grass Valley, Ore. Phone 922. 9-10-11-pd

### C. A. Ruggles INSURANCE

Moro Ore.

Will Cauthers left December 22 for Pittsburgh after receipt of a telegram saying that his son Ralph had been seriously burned, but he arrived after the death of the son. The funeral was December 28. Mr. Cauthers is now in Washington D.C. for a short visit with his daughter, Mrs. Clarence Knudson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kenny have moved to Moro and are living at the hotel. He is working for the grain growers.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Peetz Sunday were Judge and Mrs. Geo. Updegraff and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Ornduff.

The W. W. Knighten family were New Year's dinner guests at the Dewey Thompson home.

Mrs. Roscoe Moore is leaving Friday for Portland for a visit with her sister there.

New Year's dinner guests at the Carl Meizer home included Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Platt, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Conlee, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Meizer and Priscilla.

### Jack Sather Recently Wed At Corvallis

Leona and Glenn Sather went to Corvallis Tuesday of last week where they were present at the wedding of their brother Jack Sather to Sherry Nusom. They returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sather and daughter Leona and son Glenn were business visitors in Moro Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cicero Miller and Mr. and Mrs. Merle Miller and son Allen were dinner guests of the Sathers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Wilson and son Richard were dinner guests at the Carl Schadewitz home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chet Marrs and family of Wamic were visitors at the home of Mrs. Marrs' parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. MacInnes on New Year's day.

### SHIPBUILDING BECOMES STATE'S NO. 1 INDUSTRY

Starting from next to nothing less than two years ago, shipbuilding has replaced lumbering as Oregon's No. 1 industry.

Wage reports for the third quarter of 1942, just made public by the state unemployment compensation commission, show \$42,923,449 paid to shipyard employees as compared to \$30,464,182 for the workers in timber and lumber basic products.

Pay rolls subject to unemployment taxes have more than doubled in the past year and a half, increasing from \$68,873,493 for the first quarter of 1941 to \$160,391,394 for the third quarter of this year. The advance has been steady except for a five-million-dollar recession the first quarter of 1942, mainly due to drop in wholesale and retail trade employment following last year's Christmas buying.

The construction industry also has been spectacular with pay rolls for each of the past two quarters running over \$17,000,000.

Although the increases have not been uniform, every principal industry showed higher pay rolls for the past quarter as compared with the first quarter of 1941. Here are comparisons: agriculture, forestry and fishing \$170,774 to \$547,785; mining, \$681,362 to \$704,913; food products, \$3,353,169 to \$7,523,679; lumbering \$17,157,235 to \$30,464,182; printing and publishing, \$1,389,755 to \$1,468,314; transportation equipment (ships), \$517,833 to \$42,923,448; manufacturing, \$9,454,041 to \$14,521,077; utilities, \$1,883,774 to \$2,173,417; communications, \$5,108,381 to \$7,168,274; wholesale and retail \$17,924,523 to \$24,133,659; financial \$2,824,288 to \$3,300,867; service and other, \$4,362,993 to \$7,308,938.

### CHURCHES

Wasco Christian Church Sunday School at 10:00 a.m. Morning services at 11:00 a.m. Theme: "High points in the early teachings of Jesus." Christian Endeavor at 7:00 p.m. at the parsonage.

Wasco Methodist Church Sunday School 10:00 a.m. Morning worship 11:00 a.m. Epworth League 6:30 p.m.

Moro Community Church James D. Moberg, pastor. Bible school at 10:00 a.m. Morning worship at 11:00 a.m. Sermon "Prayer and action," Luke 11:1. Special music by choir. C.E. at 7:30 p.m. Wednesday at 7:30, choir practice. Thursday at 7:30, prayer meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Smith and son Larry were visitors in The Dalles Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Eslinger

### Tough Going for Planes on Captured Field



The airport at Safi, French Morocco, offered hard going for navy planes which landed as the field was captured from the French. In picture at top, men are laying a metal strip for takeoff of the torpedo bomber before which they are working. These metal strips have since played an important part in Allied air operations in Tunisia. Below: A navy dive bomber lies nose-down in a ditch near the Safi airport. Another takes off, using the roadway for a runway.

### Grass Valley Bridge Club Has Meeting

Mrs. C. R. Anderson entertained members of the Grass Valley bridge club and additional guests at her home Wednesday afternoon. Contract was in play at four tables with high scoring honors held by Mrs. Roy Schilling and the guest prize going to Mrs. Herman Peters. Refreshments were served at the close of the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Harold Christenson of Kelso. The ladies are sisters.

Among those from Grass Valley who attended the funeral of Omer Sayrs at Moro Tuesday afternoon were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Alley, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilcox, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barnett and daughter Ethel, Mr. and Mrs. John Reckman, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Ruggles, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Eakin, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Barnett.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Karnes had as their guests New Year's day Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Smith and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mattison of Portland.

Estel Hartley came home from Portland Saturday to spend several days visiting his family.

J. B. Eslinger returned to Portland Wednesday after spending a week here visiting his family. Glen Karnes accompanied him to Portland on business, returning home Thursday.

Among the shoppers and visitors in The Dalles Monday were Mr. and Mrs. Wallace May, Mrs. Glen Karnes and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Mollroy, Jean Zevely, Mr. and Mrs. John Reckman, Mrs. Kenneth Crews and daughter, Mrs. A. A. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. Arzell Lemley, and Mrs. Ted von Borstel.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover Young and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Clark motored to The Dalles Tuesday when Mr. and Mrs. Clark returned to Portland. Mrs. Clark spent the holidays here with her parents and Mr. Clark arrived here several days ago from an army camp in the east, on a furlough.

Mrs. C. R. Anderson's mother, Mrs. C. Wilke, left Saturday for White Salmon, Wash., to visit her son and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Alley and Mr. and Mrs. Gus Engstrom motored to The Dalles Wednesday, when Engstrom entered the hospital for medical care. Mr. and Mrs. Alley and children and Mr. Engstrom visited her at the hospital Saturday. Miss Mildred Alley accompanied them to The Dalles to leave for Rochester, Wn. to resume her duties as teacher in the high school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lemley were Sunday dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Amidon at Moro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Newcomb had as dinner guests New Year's day Mrs. Wayland Weld and children of Corvallis, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Helyer of Kent and Mrs. Etha Schilling and son Robert.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Zehner of The Dalles were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Smith Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Smith and son Larry were visitors in The Dalles Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Eslinger

THE STORY SO FAR: There's going to be war in the cattle country, war between the big ranchers like Ben Herenden and the little fellows. Clay Morgan is an important rancher, but he doesn't like Herenden's methods and doesn't hesitate to say so. A solitary figure who cannot forget the wife who died hating him, Morgan is devoted to his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. He has brought her into town with him, where Ollie Jacks, a rustler, is on trial for stealing Herenden's cattle. Jacks is freed by the jury, but as he steps out onto the courthouse steps everyone knows he is a dead man.

### CHAPTER II

The long silence held on, as though everybody waited for something to come. Ollie Jacks reached at his shirt pocket and produced his tobacco.

"Clay," he said, "I never did you no wrong, did I?"

"Not that I know of."

Sweat ran its oil-shine across Ollie Jacks' face; his lips were small and sharp, and his eyes—not eyes that any man could trust—clung to Morgan. "All I want is a chance to ride out of this town," he said.

Herenden said in his bluntly unanswerable manner: "Everybody's been talking about things being legal. So we made this legal and see what happened. We won't make that mistake again. You're on the wrong foot, Clay. Better get right."

"Never mind," said Morgan. They saw him now as he seldom was, the quick angles of his face showing up. The change was instant; he had no smoothness, no reasonableness. What he said was a challenge—he meant it that way and wanted them to know it. He swung around, speaking to Ollie Jacks. "You're all right in town, Ollie. But when you leave, that's your grief."

"Whoa!" said Herenden. "I'll make what damned trouble I please."

Morgan came about fast enough to make Lige White jerk his head aside. Morgan said: "All right, Ben. If you want it, you can have it now."

It shocked everybody still, this challenge so unexpected and so deadly in a quick-tempered country. It caught Herenden with his guard down. Herenden stepped away from the locust tree, the bright flame of anger in his eyes.

"I've got some business to finish during the week, Morgan. When that's done I'll see you. That is all I care to say."

"Fine," answered Morgan, and walked away. Behind him, the astonished silence still held.

He passed the courthouse and went into the post office, rapping at the wicket until Fred Rich came out of the back room.

"No notice yet on Government Valley?"

"No," said the postmaster. "I'll post it on one of the buildings in the valley. That's regulation."

The sun was gone from desert and sky, leaving a soft blue-running light behind. The supper triangle began to beat up its iron clanging from the porch of the Mountain House hotel. The Red Canyon stage rolled out of the hills, made a howling swing into Main Street and stopped before the hotel in smoky eddies of dust. Morgan left the post office doorway, still interested in the way the Three Pines riders—Herenden's outfit—scattered themselves along the street. Janet had appeared at McGarrah's doorway and was calling his name.

She took his hand. They went on through the store, into the back quarters. Yellow lamplight poured on the red-checked tablecloth, splintering brilliantly against the glass curtains. Ann McGarrah was in the kitchen, dishing the meal; he passed on to the rear porch, took off his coat and scrubbed away the riding dust. When he returned to the dining room they were waiting for him—Janet and Ann.

They ate, idly talking, idly arguing. The druggist's boy, Fred Tanner, came to the back yard and called Janet's name. Janet moved restlessly in her seat until Morgan nodded. As soon as she had gone, Ann McGarrah said: "You'll be riding a lot this week. Let Janet stay here."

Morgan smiled. "What is it this time, Ann? There's always something."

She said candidly: "A new dress, Clay. And her hair."

He said: "I guess there are some things I can't do for her."

"I can do those things for her. I like to. I want to." But when she said this her manner changed and her eyes were cool and her voice pushed him away. "I don't mean that the way it sounds. For her, Clay. Not for you."

His head was lifted and he was listening to the thinned report of a man's loud voice on the street.

He was straight in his chair, his mind and temper changing back to the world out there. She knew what he was thinking, for she had been on the porch when he had challenged Herenden. She said in a subdued voice:

"I'm not surprised you were willing to quarrel with him. It goes back a long way. You never forget anything."

He said, "Thanks for the supper, Ann," and walked on through the store to the front porch. She followed him; she was beside him when he paused on the street. Janet ran forward from the store's back alley, out of breath and laughing. At this moment Morgan's interest was wholly on the street. Ann McGarrah saw how closely he studied the roundabout shadows. It was a care-



He was listening to the thinned report of a man's loud voice.

fulness that he had always had, as though the need of it had been burned in him since the beginning. Darkness rolled tidally down the hills, filling War Pass. Lights glinted through window and doorway and made yellow fanwise pools on the walks and the night breeze bore in sage scent and pine scent from the upper country. The Burnt Ranch stage stood before the hotel, ready to go. Morgan's attention clung to the dark area around Gentry's corral a long while. Afterwards he said, to Janet: "You're staying here for a few days. Let's take a little walk before I start home."

Ann McGarrah knew where they were going. Paused by the store's doorway, she watched these two, the tall shape of the man and the slender figure of the girl side by side, go down into Old Town, Janet's small hand gripping her father's. One light illumined them a moment, then they were lost beyond Old Town as they walked toward the cemetery.

Beyond Old Town a creek came out of the hills and crossed under the road with a liquid lapping. Past the creek the round-topped wooden headboards of the cemetery glowed vaguely white under the moonlight. Following the irregular row, Morgan stopped before his wife's grave. Janet's hand gripped his fingers more tightly and she stood quite close to him.

He heard her soft, long sigh. "It would be so nice to have a mother."

This was the thing that hit him so hard, his daughter's loneliness for a mother. He stood at the foot of the grave, with his hat removed, thinking back to that long-gone night when Lila Durrie, so full of life and laughter and recklessness, had smiled to him across the dance hall's width, putting everything into her round black eyes. At eighteen a man was like the blowing wind; he had gone over, knowing there would be a fight. Ben Herenden had brought her to the dance and Ben Herenden stood by, quietly raging. When the music started Lila Durrie looked up at the sullen Herenden, laughed at him and took Clay Morgan's arm, dancing away. At the doorway they had stepped out, down by the row of buggies, in the bland black night, they had stood a moment, no longer cool and no longer laughing. Even now Morgan remembered the sharpness, the wild intensity of his feelings as he kissed her and heard her whisper in his ears. "Clay—Clay, do you love me?" They had gone immediately to his rig. At daylight they were married.

There hadn't been time for a picture or for much of anything else. At that time he owned a small ranch in the Lost Hills and ran a few cows on it. This was where they set up housekeeping, a long way from town, a long way from dances or from her friends. She had been used to better things and couldn't help remembering it. She was a stormy girl, so rash in anger, so quick to seek laughter, by turns so terribly forlorn and so tempestuously happy. Four months after their marriage Herenden rode up to the place and stepped from the saddle. From the far corner of the meadow, Clay had seen this. When he reached, the house Herenden was laughing and she was laughing but that laughter stopped soon enough, for Herenden said: "Why stick so close to the house, Clay? Don't you trust your wife?"

Morgan drew the cigar from his mouth, feeling some of the fury of that night. He had rushed against Herenden, hearing his wife's scream of protest. Herenden started laughing again, but when they were finished, both exhausted and drained dry and badly beaten, there was no amusement in Herenden. That hurt still came back to plague Morgan, even now; he remembered how he walked to the corral and hung his elbows against it to keep from falling, and how blindly Herenden staggered toward his horse. He had whipped Herenden in that fight and yet he had lost; for, five months later, shortly after Janet's birth, Lila had looked up from her

bed, white and strengthless, all her love gone, and whispered: "I should tell you something, Clay. I made a mistake. It was Ben I wanted to marry. You and I are not at all alike." And so she had died.

He had turned away. But he turned back, holding the warm small hand of his daughter within his own big fingers, knowing that in his daughter's head was a wistful and wonderful image of her mother—an image made out of a child's longing. Like a fairy tale, he thought, that had to be bright and always fair.

He was thinking of this, pleased by her pleasure, when he saw a low-bent and shadowy shape run from the alley adjoining the Mountain House hotel and whip across the street toward Mike Boylan's blacksmith shop. This was in the corner building of Old Town, and Mike Boylan, late-working, had hung a lantern above the shop's wide double-door. A saddle horse stood loose before Boylan's rack, toward which the running man aimed. Farther up the street somebody shouted a warning and a Three Pines rider rushed forward from McGarrah's store. Slowly pacing forward toward Mike Boylan's shop, Morgan identified the runner as soon as the latter entered the yellow arc of the lantern's light. It was Ollie Jacks.

Ollie Jacks' breath was a lunging, painful sound in the night as he rushed against the horse, threw himself into the saddle and clawed at the reins. For a brief moment his face came around and Morgan saw the constricted desperation on it; then Ollie Jacks slashed the horse away from the blacksmith shop, turned into the gap between Old Town and McGarrah's store, and raced down-slope into the desert.

Janet's hand gripped Clay Morgan's fingers. "What's the matter, Daddy?"

"Nothing," he said, "nothing but Ollie Jacks having some fun." He quickened his step, coming into the gap and halting there as a pair of Three Pines men reached it. Herenden arrived, saying: "Get your horses," and then these men were facing Clay Morgan. One of them had drawn his gun to take a shot at the retreating Ollie Jacks. He held the gun half out of the holster, staring at Morgan, but Ollie Jacks was gone and it was too late and he let the gun drop back, shrugging his shoulders. Three Pines men were riding up behind Herenden and Herenden's face was red and round.

The echo of Ollie Jacks' horse made a dying tattoo in the blackness, out in the desert. Other Three Pines riders were rushing from town by the stage road. Morgan said, courteous and quiet: "Maybe Janet and I are in your way. We'll step aside."

"No," said Herenden, rage running behind his false-cool tone. "There is nothing to hurry about. There's a time for everything, Clay. Good evening, Janet."

Janet said in her precise, little-woman's voice: "Good evening," Morgan pulled her gently on to McGarrah's porch. Ann McGarrah waited there. Part of the Three Pines crew galloped toward the desert, after Ollie Jacks. Herenden walked up the street, his boots lifting dust.

Morgan said, "I'll ride along, honey. Be back in a few days. You have a good time." He reached down and kissed her, feeling the warmth of her hands as she held them at the back of his neck. He was smiling as he straightened, smiling at Janet, and then at Ann McGarrah's attentive eyes. Out in the desert—far out—a gunshot sounded, quick and faint, and was echoed by two other shots. That was all. Ann McGarrah saw the smile die in his eyes. They both knew Ollie Jacks was dead. Herenden had respected Morgan's challenge; that and nothing more. Morgan lifted his hat, noting how Ann McGarrah's arm rested on Janet's shoulder. He said, "Good night," and turned into the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### SADDLE and RIDE by Ernest Haycox

CLAY MORGAN was a quiet man. He didn't want trouble with Ben Herenden or anyone else. But there were some things he wouldn't stand for, and Ben's attitude was one of them. This is not only a story of the West. It is also a story of the men who helped to make it great, men who were hard fighters but good losers.

### SERIALLY