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OLD HOME WEEK

To older members of the legislature—in point of service—the meeting the day before the session begins is like a day at a family picnic or even a county fair. There are hearty greetings, demands of news about health and spirits, and the usual railleury that goes on between men who have been long parted.

There is something about serving in a legislative session that causes friendships. Even those who have fought onto personal bitterness the session before find themselves shaking hands and wishing long life and happiness to "good old Joe". It is the fight that is the thing, not the continuation of it.

After a few times in the assembly men learn that there is seldom any lasting personal feeling in battles over bills. A man from one section may dislike the legislation of one from another part of the state and still know that each is doing the very thing that he should to really represent his constituents.

This time there are about 25 men in the house who have never served before. There are few in the senate, whose members are often recruited from the house, and still have legislative remembrances.

It is pleasurable to meet them, friend and foe alike.

SENATE FIGHT

The fight over who was to preside over the state senate this session will seem futile and foolish to most of the citizens of Oregon who, in the main, don't give a darn who stands up in front and pounds the gavel when bills are passed.

For it to go as far as it did was certainly evidence of the victory of personal ambition over duty to the state. Yet, what can be done about it?

Both sides had pledges from their supporters. Pledges work both ways. If the senators were pledged to support their candidate, the candidate was likewise pledged to stay with the fight so he or she might win and deliver favorable committee assignments to those who supported him.

People will not be very well pleased over their recent vote to increase the pay of the legislators if this sort of delay is continued. In fact, it probably will have little effect on the length of the session. A little speed can make up for the delay, and the senate can catch up on legislation if they will settle down to work now that that argument has been settled.

TAX PLANS

Nearly everyone met these days has a different idea about Oregon's tax situation. They want to reduce the income tax, or raise it in some brackets, or hold the state surplus for future use, or spend it for schools or for a new bunch of state buildings. There are many other ideas, many of which have some good sense at the bottom of them.

There is some chance that Oregon can manufacture some sort of pay-as-you-go plan for state income tax payers on a similar basis to that proposed for the nation. This, it is argued, would make it possible to collect more income tax from transient workers who are now enjoying the high wages of Oregon defense plants. On the yearly basis many of these are gone to parts unknown before income tax statements can be sent to them.

One important question in this regard is the possible added expense of collection, and some means would have to be devised of exempting those who receive their income by the year instead of the week from its provisions. Real property owners could perhaps use their property as sure-

ty for income tax payment and continue on a yearly basis. The school teachers have arranged a program which will permit amendment to the recently passed teacher's bill that would, if followed as now written, take all income taxes above \$7,750.000 for school purposes. There are other groups, also, that have a plan about a change in the new bill. Which ones will prevail can not be known at present, but some amendment seems sure.

LEGISLATIVE REPORT

Continued from page one. happen in the senate may make a serious difference. Earl Snell, all set for the big day of his political career, might well feel rather badly treated. He had a number of guests down from his home town and district, quite a few from the iron bottomed chairs in the house chamber all afternoon Monday until the inaugural was definitely called off until evening, then it was called off until morning, now until afternoon with the prospect that it may go on forever.

One doesn't get prepared to be made governor many times in his lifetime and it is too bad that it should have been delayed. Now it will be a sort of anti-climax to the ending of the lengthy debate for the senate president election. The fight will go down in history long after the other events of these days are forgotten. All in all it is a bad break for Earl Snell.

The house chamber has been cluttered up with chairs since the first morning. There is room for the senate and seats for hundreds along the sides of the house room. Microphones cover the desks and radio announcers and technicians test and talk in order to be ready when—and if—there is an inaugural.

The house had 15 bills Tuesday noon, and for the first time in the known history of the state printed a calendar without the senate having one also.

Not so many people want jobs around the house as usual, but there are enough. All jobs could be filled by two employees and still have a few left. There seems an attraction about it that lasts as long and as well as the desire to sit in the legislature.

KELLY'S COLUMN

Continued from page one. A government laboratory in Utah is experimenting with clays from Oregon to determine their alumina content, and reports thus far are pleasing. If the clays are of superior quality they will be used in northwestern aluminum plants, tending to help make these plants permanent and independent of the bauxite deposits of Dutch Guiana.

Little publicity is being given efforts of the new deal to provide jobs for the lame duck congressmen who were defeated last November. But the lame ducks are being slipped into the war department, department of justice, office of war information, and other agencies—anywhere there is a place vacant or a job that can be created. There is still nothing in sight, however, for the defeated congressmen from the Pacific northwest, and their prospects are very poor.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Jan. 15, 1904 Mrs. Garlick has bought 23x100 feet of the City Market property, where she will establish her bakery.

This weather is n.g. for many reasons, one of which being that it cheats us out of our annual sleighing.

The torrent of rainfall Saturday night renders the Harris grade impossible to travel by wagons. Several washouts occurred.

From the Observer, Jan. 16, 1914 Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Armstrong, Friday, Jan. 9th, an eight pound baby girl. Dr. Poley reports both doing nicely.

John B. Yarbrough died in Moro Jan. 5th from pneumonia, while visiting at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Emma Elcock.

A pelican with an eight foot wingspread was captured last week at Biggs in a chicken yard.

From the Observer, Jan. 18, 1924 Ruth Bryant, Moro high school student body president and editor of the school paper, and Linnie Belshie, student body secretary, attended the annual high school conference held last week end at Eugene.

William I. Westerfield, editor of the Grass Valley Journal for 26 years, died suddenly at his home in that city at about 6:30 o'clock Sunday evening, January 14th, from acute dilation of the heart.

The water pipes in the Conlee store thawed out this week with the result that a leak was soon noticed to be flooding the Williams garage work room.

Egypt Celebrates



Fourth birthday of Egyptian princess, Ferial, was a happy one. Ferial is shown with her mother, Queen Farida, in their girl guide outfits on the palace balcony, where they reviewed a birthday parade by that organization, which is similar to our Girl Scouts.

Moderation, Morale Progressed in 1942

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The role of beer as a force for moderation and as a morale-building asset for both civilian population and the armed forces was described today by Alvin Griesedieck, Chairman of the Brewing Industry Foundation, as outranking all other considerations by brewers in 1942.

In a year end statement for the industry, the Foundation chairman declared: "No single factor brightened the outlook for the brewer more than that military officials in all branches of service and public officials reaffirmed their faith in beer as a force for moderation and temperance."

Commenting on the favorable expression about beer since the self-initiated, self-regulation program of the industry was launched in 1938, Mr. Griesedieck added: "Today, the brewing industry is cooperating with state and local governments, and with commanding officers of Army posts and Navy stations, to maintain wholesome conditions in all retail beer outlets in a total of 37 states, in which large concentrations of our armed forces are now located."

The Foundation chairman compared beer sales, now at an average of 64 million barrels per annum, with increased national income, pointing out that beer sales increased only 12 per cent over 1941 while national income was up 23.8 per cent.

Mr. Griesedieck described the "common man" as one who drinks moderately and whose beverage is beer. "With national income soaring (estimated at \$117 billion for 1942) millions of men are earning and working beyond average levels; and beer is in demand." "The economic hazards of 1943 not only encompass gasoline and rubber rationing, as with all businesses," Mr. Griesedieck said, "but also include physical problems of packaging the product after manufacture has been completed. Another factor confronting the brewer is increased consumption with decreased facility for distribution."

The brewers' contributions to the war effort were various, Mr. Griesedieck declared, "but taxes, war bond purchases, and morale-building were their major contributions. In the first year since war bonds were made available, the industry has purchased more than 20 million dollars' worth."

BUY WAR BONDS

Moro Lodge No. 113, I. O. O. F. Moro, Oregon Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in the I. O. O. F. hall. Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

Paul May, N. G. Percy Thompson, Sec.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 118 Moro, Oregon Meets 2d & 4th Tues day of each month. Visiting members welcome.

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.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A-F & A-M 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. Belnap, Secretary

CHRONOLOGY

Continued from Page One effect of fall. American Legion and Auxiliary install officers. November 6—Election results in republican sweep in nation; democrats win two out of three county contests. Rain makes seeding possible. Sereno Hall dies suddenly following operation.

November 13—War bond meeting held. Moro council votes to refund city bonds. Zella Quinn and Lawrence Kenny married at The Dalles. Woman's club has guest day. Committees named for Wheat League meeting.

November 20—County still short of normal rain for crop year. High winds and ice cause current interruptions. Wilford Belshe dies suddenly from a heart attack.

November 27—Sherman county group launches William T. Sherman, Liberty ship. Program announced for EOWL meeting at La Grande. New data on railroad serious.

December 4—November wettest month in station record. Local men attend wheat league meeting at La Grande. County collects over 100 per cent of 1942 tax roll.

December 11—Wright goes to Washington to oppose abandonment. Millard Eakin made president of EOW league. Wasco and Moro schools among three winners in the state in per capita gathering of scrap metal.

December 18—Moro refunds city bonds at rate of 2 1/2%. Rules of point rationing given by OPA. December 25—Local students help launch ship, Sacajawea. County Agent Wright returns from Washington and reports on abandonment proceedings. Agriculture's goals given out by war board.

THE STORY SO FAR: As a rancher, Clay Morgan knows he must fight rustlers. But he doesn't like the methods used against them by big ranchers like Ben Herendeen. Determined to play a lone hand rather than a crooked one, he defends the rustler, Ollie Jacks, when he is freed after his trial for stealing Herendeen's cattle. Herendeen promises to leave Jacks alone as long as he doesn't try to leave town. Morgan and his nine-year-old daughter, Janet, go to the cemetery where his wife is buried. Although two women, Catherine Grant and Ann McGarrath, are in love with him, Morgan cannot forget his wife, who died hating him and believing she should have married Herendeen. On their way back to town they see Ollie Jacks ride away. So it is no surprise when Morgan learns a little later that Jacks has been killed. Herendeen had kept his word and no more.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER III

Clay Morgan ate breakfast by lamplight and was in the saddle before day crossed the eastern hills. Harry Jump and Cap Vermilye were at roundup in the Haycreek Hills, leaving only Mose, too old for such riding, and the Mexican cook, Pancho, on the ranch. Morgan said to Mose: "I'll probably be back after dark. Put some new crosspieces on the front gate—it's coming apart," and set forth southward across his range. At this elevation the night air was sharp enough to bite through his vest and cotton shirt. The big bay horse shot away on a run. Morgan let him have his run.

Mogul's rim lay two miles north, behind him. The ranch house and its corrals and barns sat at the foot of the rising Mogul Hills, which ran straight south; along the base of these hills, following the ruts of a casual road, Clay Morgan took his way. To his left, a half mile, another string of hills lifted up, so creating the long and narrow valley he followed. This was his range, emerging slowly from the ink-gray twilight. When first sunlight burst across the eastern peaks Morgan was six miles down the valley and at the end of his own range. A small ridge lay in front of him; at the summit he reined in to have his look at the round bowl of Government Valley.

Ducking in and out of the small ravines of the land he came upon cattle and young stuff occasionally grazing, herding these before him and throwing them back toward the roundup crew. Three men were working this section—Charley Hillhouse and two other Three Pines hands. He drove his small collection of beef into the held bunch and started on another circle, Hillhouse accompanying him. Around ten o'clock, having dragged the north end of the range, all of them started the held bunch back for the main roundup.

The sun was a copper-red flare in the middle sky and the dust began to thicken behind the herd. Morgan dropped back to the drag, throwing his neckpiece over his nose. Charley Hillhouse motioned one of the other men to take his place and joined Morgan and made his first speech in two hours.

"I been thinkin' over last night, Clay. Hard to figure." "Let it slide, Charley."

Charley Hillhouse retorted, "It won't slide," and stared before him. He was a compact, capable man, not given to much talk; the type to worry a lot of things around in his head, to reach his own answers and hold his own conclusions.

Herendeen and his men cleared the Haycreek Hills of the last straggling stock; Gurd Grant cleaned up the edge of the Potholes and came in. Running W had scoured Fanoilango Pass, and at twilight this day the job was done, the brands segregated and held in separate herds. After supper Morgan started Harry Jump back to the Mogul range with the Long Seven beef, and the Crowfoot and Running W cuts went away, lumbering shadows in the moonlight, the scrape of feet and the click of those long horns and the plaintive "Baw" of the last calf riding back through the night-still air.

Dust and heat were gone and the campfire's flame, so still was this air, tapered upward to blue-yellow, almost stationary point. Charley Hillhouse, who was wagon boss, said: "We'll move over and work the Antelope Plains tomorrow."

The cook swore around the shadows, harnessing his team. Afterwards the mess wagon went bumping away on its four-hour ride, to be ready on the Antelope Plains by daybreak. Lying on his blanket, head athwart the seat of his saddle, Clay Morgan listened to the dry groaning of the wagon wheels faded into this enormous night. He rolled a cigarette and savored its keen smell. Stars crowded the sky; they washed that limitless sweep of black with a diamond-glitter, all down to the black horizon's edge, until they seemed to fall below the rim of a flat world. Here and there in the pine summits coyotes began to hark up their mourning plaint. Hillhouse and Clay Morgan and Lige White sat by the fire, their cheeks sharply, taciturnly grave by light and shadows; and men lay-blanketed in the background, weary and relaxed and cradled by their inward thinking. Herendeen walked forward from the shadows to stand high above this sprawled group. He tossed a sage stem into the fire and watched the pale and heatless flame rise. He was across from Clay Morgan; his eyes searched the crowd. The edges of his vest fell away from the rounds of his shoulders and the deep stretch of his chest; his bigness was all in proportion, legs and arms and torso; it was a muscular



SADDLE and RIDE By ERNEST HAYCOX

bigness, a bigness of thick bones. "Lige," he said, "I hear there's a new homesteader come to the spring Jim Spackman used to squat on."

"I heard so," said Lige White. "We'll warn him out of there tomorrow," said Herendeen. But when he stopped talking Clay Morgan knew he wasn't finished. Herendeen's thoughts were on his face, for everybody to see. "Or maybe we've got some great big soul in this crowd whose heart bleeds for people like that. Seems to be a hell of a lot of charity around here lately."

Morgan swayed forward to lift a burning sage stem from the fire; its oil-bright glow flickered against his cheeks, against his eyes. This silence held its waiting and its reserve. Morgan tossed the sage stem back into the fire, drawing a sharp glance from Charley Hillhouse. Lige White uncomfortably crossed his feet. Gurd Grant crouched by the blaze and revealed nothing on his scrupulously neutral face. Morgan relaxed gently on his shoulder blades and pillowed his head against the saddle. He said nothing but he saw the changing expression on Herendeen's cheeks. Herendeen had braced himself for trouble, he had maneuvered this talk around to make a break; but nothing happened, and he stood a moment, uncertain and displeased, and afterwards walked away.

Instead of turning west to his own ranch, Herendeen traveled due south toward a low range of hills which separated Running W from Three Pines. An hour's ride brought him within sight of a far-shining light, which was the mark of a homesteader's cabin against the hills; but when he came upon the homesteader's cabin, drifting into the heavy shadows at the base of these hills, a dog began to bark and suddenly the light died. He reined in before the cabin, feeling his contempt for the evident fear which had caused the homesteader to kill the light. They were all alike, these homesteaders, little men crawling as near the range as they dared, sticking their plows into the unplowed soil and slowly starving while the sun burnt up their crops and ruined the land ever afterward for grass. He could not tolerate this breed, or their sun-blackened wives, or their low-headed children.

He sent his deep, blunt call at the shack. "Hey—come out here."

They were talking, inside. A boy's voice said, "Pa, don't go." A woman was talking, quickly and with suppressed excitement. The door squealed open and somebody stood in its black square, speechless.

"What you doing here?" demanded Herendeen. "This place is on Lige White's range. We drove Jim Spackman away from it last year."

"You Lige White?" said a man in a dim, drawn tone.

"What the hell is that to you? My name's Herendeen and I asked you a question."

"Oh," said the man. "I'm Jack Gale. I bought Jim Spackman's rights to this place."

"He never had any rights to sell." "He built the house, Mr. Herendeen." Then the man added, quietly, "It's free land, ain't it? I understood it was. I also understood Mr. White wouldn't mind."

Herendeen was nettled by the argument. "You damned nesters are all alike, trying to stand on this free land business. You stick your plow into it and ruin it, and starve to death, and steal cattle to keep your kids alive, and move away. We're not in the game of providin' meat to nesters."

Gale's wife called from the interior of the house. "Jack, come in here. Come in." Herendeen heard her run over the floor. She caught hold of her husband and these two were gently wrestling around the doorway with Gale saying, "Now, Allie, stop it—stop it." But she pulled him inside and slammed the door. A child, very young, began to cry in a thin, startled rhythm. Herendeen pushed his horse over the yard, bound away for his ranch.

As he followed the net of trails

leading upward to the Mogul. Hac Breathitt had no cares and no serious thoughts. This was a fine, warm day. Ahead of him on the pine-shadowed trail occasional golden shafts of sunlight slanted through the tree tops. Here and there a swirl of dust showed where an antelope had been a moment before. The silence was thick and held its rank scent of resin; and at intervals, Hack sang incomplete bits of such songs as he knew, the sound of that going out around him in widening waves. Dusk caught him in this rough land, still without any thought of direction; at full dark he turned a bend of the trail and saw frelight pulse against the side of a near-by ravine.

The fire, he found, was at the base of a bare rock wall running up the side of Mogul. There wasn't anybody within the range of frelight, but Hack reined in and held his seat, knowing that somebody had stepped into the shadows and was watching him. A moment later Pete Borders came forward.

"You make enough racket to raise the dead, Hack. Pull off your saddle if you ain't goin' any place."

Hack said, indolently amused: "Now where would I be goin'?" He stepped to the ground and relieved the horse of its gear. He watered it, put it out on picket; he had his own frying pan and coffeepot and presently was crouched at the fire with Borders.

Borders said: "Nothin' new?" "A man," reflected Breathitt, "that never goes any place never hears anything."

He tossed a fresh stick into the fire, the flare of it heightening the rusty shine of his hair. He had a dry, smart face; double wrinkles crossed his forehead. His eyes, on the edge of being green, were narrow-bright. He had been watching the livid heart of the flame, but his head rose and his eyes stared into the surrounding darkness. He was a light, close-listening shape; and presently he rose and stepped into the shadows.

Somebody rode along the near-by trail slowly, and stopped. Hack Breathitt held his position, too clear of conscience to move. He poised the cigarette between his fingers, hearing the rider poke up the ravine. The rider said, "Just me—just old Parr Gentry lookin' for horses."

He came to the fire, this owner of the livery stable in War Pass. He rolled in the saddle, staring down at Hack Breathitt a long moment before recognizing him. "Why, hello, Hack. Didn't know I'd find you on this side of the Mogul. Thought you liked the other side best."

"Any side's all right," drawled Breathitt. Parr Gentry shifted his weight again, a little heavy to find comfort in his saddle. His face, by frelight, was round and solid-fleshed and darkly dull. His eyes rummaged this little clearing and saw Pete Borders' saddle and blanket on the far edge of the fire—and the two horses picketed near the spring. Breathitt realized Gentry knew Borders' horse. He held his silence, he took a long drag on the cigarette. "Late for you, ain't it, Parr?"

"Been draggin' this section all day lookin' for horses. You seen a band around here?"

"Wild ones? They'd be clear to the top of Mogul in this weather."

"Lookin' for tracks," murmured Gentry. "Thought they might come down for water. Well, I'll be goin'. Long way to War Pass." He wheeled about, groaning softly as he went away.

Pete Borders stepped into the light. His face showed its smart disbelieve. "He's ben chasin' horses long enough to know they ain't down here. And he wasn't pointed for War Pass when he left, either." Afterwards he added: "Didn't want to show myself. Won't do you any good to be seen campin' with me, old boy."

"He saw your horse." Borders shook his head. He settled in his blanket, just beyond the light; the fire died away and a small breeze rolled down the face of Mogul.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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



WAR BONDS

WINES ARE THE FAMILY LEVERAGE!



BUYING WINE WITH MEALS IS SERVING PROPERLY

SEE YOUR OWN DEALER FOR FINE CALIFORNIA AND OREGON WINES