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GOVERNOR'S TALK

Earl Snell, in his inauguration speech last week, was much more definite than many expected him to be. By and large he held to his election promises in making his recommendations.

He advocated no reduction in the income tax and as much continued reduction in the property tax as might be consistent with good business judgment. That should please the farmers of Sherman county, for all of them will remember how serious a problem was the payment of property tax a few years ago.

The state is in its best financial position in years, and unless some very definite plan for retention of funds until a depression is provided for it seems proper to cut all taxes as much as possible, at least enough to retain equity among all types of taxpayers.

The governor asked for a short session. That is a biennial wish on the part of everyone. The reason it is not realized is that while asking for a short session people insist on consideration of numerous bills. The two requests are exactly contrary.

As might have been expected of one who has spent the last eight years in an administrative capacity, Snell asked for several consolidations of boards of the state. Some of these are natural, others will be very controversial. As there are now but 16 state banks the consolidation of the banking department and the corporation department will cause little debate.

Consolidation of the World War Veterans' State Aid commission with the State Land board, and reduction of the number of men on the tax commission will be much more controversial, and it should be shown that economies and better administration will result before the action is taken.

The speech has been well received, it was delivered carefully and thoughtfully. Legislatures usually fail to do everything asked of them, but an incoming governor often obtains most of that which he asks.

Whether this will be true of this one or not is in the lap of the Gods.

RAILROAD CASE

As is now generally known the attorneys for the Union Pacific have asked the Interstate Commerce commission to grant them six weeks of additional time in which to break down traffic figures of the Shaniko branch into two parts, that derived from south of Grass Valley, and that derived from north of that station.

The request has been granted, which means that there will be no decision from the Interstate Commerce commission until the end of February at the earliest. In the meantime the road is apparently to remain. The longer it does so remain the better it is, for the drastic need for scrap material is being met by other means.

The Sherman counties now have a six-week period in which to prepare data on the use and necessity of the line, for there is no reason why the railroad should

be the only one to gather information. Traffic data on the Grass Valley-Kent sector should be prepared so that the best case possible for the retention of that part of the line could be presented.

If the I.C.C. is going to rule that each part of the line should be made to justify itself there should be a good chance for the Grass Valley-Kent part to be so justified. If the railroad favors retention of the line by pieces it is a game that both sides could be able to play, which means that the I.C.C. could hardly refuse a similar request from the protestants.

We are certain that such work has been started, and properly so. The railroad company has been a tough customer for Sherman county so far, although it has not won a decision. There is no reason why the railroad company should not find Sherman county a tough customer. This means continued resistance to the removal of the rails.

A MATTER OF DEFINITION

Former Governor Sprague has gone back to his desk and typewriter in the Salem Statesman office and begun to write his own editorials again. His name appears on the mast head now as editor and president, whereas it appeared only as president for the last four years.

Already he is in a well-mannered controversy over the old question of newspaper men in politics.

The way some people define politics it is something that no man should concern himself with. Another definition—that politics is the study and practice of self-government—makes politics an endeavor that all men might honorably follow.

Those who look upon the business of managing the state, county, city or national government as something akin to the machinations of Al Capone would readily agree that no man with proper 'rajin' should be in it.

Those who feel that those who give of their time and effort in an attempt to make our democratic government work successfully are doing a public service will not be inclined to make a rule against the entrance of men from any business into it. Despite criticisms of politicians, it is probable that a majority of citizens believe the latter view is correct. There may not be general respect for all office holders, but there is respect for office holders who do a good job. There is no honor in getting political preferment; honor only lies in doing the job well when it is obtained.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOUSE

There are bags and buckets of sand in the entrances of the statehouse, but there, no doubt, by civilian defense workers. It is an encouraging sign. There have been times when there was too little sand in the statehouse. The house lacks color. It seems the regular thing to have one or two members who shout and spout on inconsequential bills, who hold to vague and generally unreasonable theories of government, or who are peculiar for some other reason.

This house has no one to compare to the oratorical Wiley, to O. Henry Oleen who tried for years to reconcile low taxes with high pensions—unsuccessfully—or with nonstudying Student Allen? Before the session is over some one may be found who becomes intoxicated with the sound of his voice, some one who shouts his convictions. While such men are notably ineffective as legislators they do provide a comedy relief, and so, in their absence, the members may have to follow Lit Abner and Terry and the Pirates.

The only matter on which the house has shown signs of division so far, has been the matter of paying secretaries \$6 per day instead of \$5. The house organization is against it and so far the group favoring it has been too small to bring it to the floor. A majority of the members have some member of their own family as secretary and others have secretaries who are here to see the wheels go 'round, regardless of pay.

HIGH WIND

The story that the high wind that swept over eastern Oregon last week originated in Salem where senators were battling over the presidency has not been verified. The heat engendered by that fight may have caused a vacuum some place in the stratosphere and had something to do with it, however.

While this part of Oregon has a well earned reputation for winds there are few as strong and destructive as that of last Thursday night. The rather frail construction of many of our buildings shows that to be true.

INFORMATION ON CONSUMER PROBLEMS

New shopping habits are ahead for Mrs. America when point rationing of processed foods is introduced sometime in February with the use of War Ration Book Two. The new system of rationing will mean budgeting of points as well as money for American homemakers, and presumably it will result in less impulsive buying since a given amount of points must last over the ration period. Canned, bottled and frozen fruits and vegetables, fruit and vegetable juice, dried fruits and all canned soup will be included in the new rationing program. Through the new system of rationing, low point values will be given to foods which are relatively plentiful and high values will be given to those that are most scarce. Since the housewife will be able to get more for points by buying foods with low point values, it is expected that the demand will be relieved for the very scarce foods.

Although sewing machines have gone to war, there's a pretty good chance of keeping those on hand in good condition. There has been an extension of production of repair parts for domestic sewing machines by the WPB, and needles are included.

If any meal-planners are laboring under the impression that existing meat shortages in various parts of the country are due to the amounts being sent to our British and Russian allies, President Roosevelt's report to congress on lend-lease operations certainly should correct that mistaken idea. Rather it is the need of our own armed forces and increasing meat demands of harder-working, higher-paid private citizens that is responsible for cutting our meat supply thinner at home. The president's lend-lease report, revealed that more than 99 per cent of our year's supply of beef, veal, lamb and mutton has been kept right at home for civilians, or sent to our own armed forces here or abroad. Eighty-seven of the year's pork supply has gone for our own use with the remaining 13 per cent exported to our allies. But the increase in pork production was sufficient to take care of exports and still provide a normal supply. Incidentally, fighting men eat twice as much meat as civilians.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Jan. 25, 1924
The executive committee of the Sherman County Farm bureau met at Moro last Saturday and among other business transacted, unanimously endorsed the McNary-Haugen what export commission. Telegrams to this effect were sent to the Oregon congressional delegation at Washington, and to Geo. C. Jewett and Herbert Egbert, who are in Washington looking after legislation for farmers.

A unique combination that could easily be classed as queer, passed through Rufus over the Columbia river highway this week. It was an old couple, man and wife, traveling by ox team and wagon. They were paying their way advertising radio outfits, and had been three years on the road from Connecticut to Oregon. An unusual mixture of old and new was exemplified in the means of travel and entertainment used by the old couple.

From the Observer, Jan. 22, 1904
Last Friday many teams were turning up black soil in various portions of Sherman county.

Willows were in bloom last week clear across Sherman county, attracting admiration from passengers aboard trains from the frozen East and Middle Western states.

In spite of the oft-repeated encomiums on the beautiful spring weather we are having this winter, a good old fashioned snow storm like we used to have spread over the face of the earth Wednesday to the depth of half an inch.

From the Observer, Jan. 23, 1914
Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clay Belshie, at the home of O. L. Belshie in this city, Thursday, January 15, a ten pound boy.

While working at the bottom of a 35 foot well, last Tuesday on the farm, the sides caved in upon Jas. Kenny; he received a severe scalp wound and a fracture of the skull, but is able to attend to the regular routine of work.

A new set of hitching posts has replaced the old posts at the Methodist church.

Vagabond



The vagabond who accused this baby kangaroo of being kicked out of its mother's pouch for eating crackers in bed, might know by this picture that it is on its own, in spite of the fact that it is in the arms of a picnic time, and a generous officer like this one (commander of an Australian armored division) proceeds to make life easy for the baby vagabond.

Russia's Ace Sniper



In the foreground, setting out for the advanced line is Soviet sniper Vasily Faronov, who has already shot 136 German soldiers and men, taken seven prisoners and destroyed one Nazi tank. Faronov has been decorated with the Order of the Red Star and the Medal of Valour. Take note of the telescopic sight on his gun. Crack shots like Faronov, to say nothing of bravery, have helped to make the defense of Stalingrad one of the epics of the war.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

WILLIAMS' COLUMN

(Continued from page one)
things over for the lumber people. . . Giles French, the lawmaker from Moro, is floor leader for Speaker McAllister, and doing the usual good job; French is serving his fifth straight hitch as a legislator. . . Stan Pier of Portland is his able colleague, also an old-timer at the business. . . The Grange boys, headed by Mort Tompkins, look things over. . . And so does Allen Smith, the big time lawyer. . . Roy Meyers is on the job as usual; he has been around the lobby longer than anyone else. . . Phil Metschan drops in to say hello. . . Ex-Governor Sprague feels at home when he visits the press room. . . The weather stays beautiful, and so do prices for everything in this man's town.

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
Trausent and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.
Paul May, N. G.
Percy Thompson, Sec.

- Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tuesdays of each month.
Visiting members welcome.
Lucille May, N. G.
Florence Johnston, Sec.

SADDLE and RIDE
By ERNEST HAYCOX
WNU Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan is determined to play a lone hand against Ben Herendeen, a rancher who is out to run the cattle country his own way. As a rancher, Morgan knows he must protect his own rights, but he doesn't like Herendeen's methods. Of his former friends, only Hack Breathitt has not gone over to Herendeen's side. The rest—Charley Hillhouse, Gurd Grant and Lige White, for example, are supporting Herendeen, more or less in self defense. They don't like his methods, either, but they believe that if they don't follow him they will lose everything.

CHAPTER IV

At daybreak Clay Morgan rode as far as the Antelope Plains with the roundup crew and worked with it until mid-morning. Afterwards he set off to have a look at the grass and water on the western edge of the Moguls. Gurd Grant, having business at his own ranch, went along. Gurd was a big and completely friendly man of Morgan's age with light features and a consistently pleased expression in his eyes. There was no malice and no subterfuge of any kind in Gurd. But now, as he rode, he spoke in a rather troubled, uncertain way of Herendeen.

"You know, Clay, he ain't such a bad fellow. I hate to see you two start chewing the same piece of leather. Of course, you never did like each other. I can remember as far back as school when you and Ben got in some pretty tough jangles."

"Gurd," said Morgan, turning toward his partner, "I want to warn you. Ben's the kind of a fellow that gets worse the farther he goes. Maybe he'll start by chasing a few crooks out of the country. But he won't stop there. He'll get the idea that nobody has any rights unless they're riding close to him."

Riding on through the short hills, they came to Crowfoot's quarters seated in a small round valley backed against the Haycreek Hills. A creek, charging out of the pine timber, crossed the meadow in front of a low, long-galleried white house surrounded by poplar trees. The two dismounted in this pleasant shade and went back to the dining room for a late noon meal. They were still at the table when a single rider came out of the hill trail at a full gallop. A moment later Catherine Grant appeared.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you are both very solemn."

Gurd Grant held his seat with a brother's habitual indifference but Clay Morgan rose at once before this laughter-loving girl with the gay and gently blue eyes. This was Catherine Grant, who, with her brother Gurd, ran Crowfoot.

"Once," she reflected, "there was a man named Morgan. He lived on top of a mountain and never did come down. He grew a beard, so they say, and got the habit of talking to himself. I wonder whether he happened to him?"

"Crazy as always," said Gurd. "And quit running your horse down that trail, you hear?"

She didn't hear. She stood in front of Clay, stripping away her riding gloves—smiling and watching his answering smile break the solid healthy darkness of his face. Gurd Grant sat as an interested and forgotten spectator to this scene, quick to note his sister's instant gaily in front of Clay, and Clay's lightening expression. There always had been an odd closeness between these two people. Sometimes, as now, that closeness puzzled him and sometimes bothered him; he never could get at its meaning. All he knew was that whenever they met they seemed to share some old memory which excluded everybody else, as now. He rose and left the room.

The cook brought Catherine her meal. She sat opposite Clay, eating a little and talking a little. Clay lighted a smoke. He braced his elbow on the table, chin propped in his long, heavy hand. "Your hair," he said, "is getting darker."

"That's gray you see. Gray from worry."

"When you were eighteen it was almost a carrot red."



"Why don't we go into War Pass some night, Catherine, and paint the town?"

edge of the bed, closely thinking. All the talk of the men had come through the front room's open window to her—all of it, excepting the name of Herendeen's informer.

Leaving Grant's ranch, Clay Morgan rode north through a gentle up-and-down roll of hills carpeted with bunch grass and loosely studded by twisted, ancient junipers and jack pine. Later in the afternoon he passed the valley of Herendeen's ranch at some distance and entered the footholds of Mogul, through short ravines shaded by box elder and alder and cottonwood.

Thus he rode upward with the quartering trails of Mogul, toward its plateau in the late afternoon hours. The sun fell behind the western mountains in a formless red eruption. In another half hour twilight, cool and tremendously still, whirled about him. Beyond eight o'clock he sighted the glint of light from his ranch house, shining across the flats. Reaching home, he had supper and sat on the porch. Muscular weariness loosened his long frame and the ease of the darkening night got into him; fed and indolent, he swayed the rocker across the loose porch boards and breathed the fragrance of his cigar.

Quietly he smoked his cigar, until he heard the far rhythm of a horse coming out of the west, around the foot of the Mogul Hills. He took the cigar from his mouth, cupping its glowing tip in his palm, and sat quietly until the rider turned in at the porch. Catherine Grant called quietly, "Clay," and got down.

He brought over another rocker. She sat beside him, lying back. Her arm trailed over the rocker's arm, her face was a round soft-shining blur in the dark. But he didn't need to see it; he remembered how her lips would be long and gently pursed, how half-grave and half-amused her eyes would be. She said in a serious voice: "Maybe I'm doing something you won't like. I'm carrying tales. Ben and Lige White came over to see Gurd directly after you left. Ben's going to have men out in the hills, looking for rustlers. He's got somebody in the country pussyfooting for him. I don't know who it is—but somebody we're all acquainted with, I think. Gurd wanted to tell you all this. Ben said he didn't trust you."

Morgan said: "Sounds natural."

She let the silence go along quite an interval. Her voice was cool and near. "You hate him more than people realize, Clay. As he hates you. Nothing ever would bring you together. Is that why you took Ollie Jacks' part?"

"No," he answered.

She didn't press the point. This was the way they had always been, close and tolerant, sometimes angered and frank, but never demanding. She had a silent streak of her own, a depth she never let others see; and she gave him the same respect. She said now: "Do you know why I came?"

He said, cheerfully: "To sit on my porch again."

"Clay," she said, almost as a warning, "let's keep away from that."

"Why did you come?" he said obediently.

"To tell you I think Ben would do anything to lay a trap for you. Remember that—always remember that."

He said: "I'll tell you this," and turned slowly in the rocker, bearing other horses sweep around the base of the Mogul Hills. Catherine came to her feet. She murmured: "I don't want to be seen here," and stepped inside the house.

Morgan went to her horse and led it around to the dark side of the house. A single rider rushed at the porch, with other riders pounding more distantly behind him. Clay returned to the porch, watching the first rider's shape break the blackness and circle into the yard. His horse was hard-breathing, pushed by a long run; he said, as he stepped to the ground, "Me, Clay. Mc-Hack."

"What's the trouble?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Norma Balsiger, W. M.
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- Eureka Lodge No. 121 A-F & A-M
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