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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1943

TAXES AGAIN

Tax legislation remains the major job of the 42nd Oregon legislature. It is the thing generally accepted as necessary, and, together with the passage of ways and means bills, is about all that is needed at this time.

No great harm would be done by the state if there wasn't even a tax program written, for despite the ravings of some of the writers there is nothing so very wrong about any of it. Oregon charges its citizens less for government than does Washington, the ratio being 45 to 55 dollars per capita.

The test of state efficiency in the handling of government should not be how much money it could collect and spend, but how much it could give for the money expended. In this Oregon is ahead of its neighboring states, and that is something to boast about and certainly should not be the subject of editorial howling.

A Salem paper commented that there had not been one taxpayer before the house taxation committee asking for reduced taxes of any kind. That fact should make that committee inclined to keep the larger part of the present system which has made it possible to hold tax meetings without having tax reducers present.

It is entirely possible that there will be some reduction in the income tax rate, probably a percentage rebate, as asked in the Hall amendment. This method would leave the law as it now stands. All this depends somewhat on what may develop later for the taxation policy can hardly be worked out before the ways and means committees have arrived at some figure for spending that is fairly final.

There was a so called surplus of $688,000 in the budget but this has already been used by the committee which found it necessary to raise the budget estimates of state institutions because of increased costs. The figures are not final, of course, but it does indicate that the next two years are going to cost more than did the last two because everything is higher. This may have an effect on tax policy as well.

LEGISLATIVE HALL

The house chamber is almost deserted. There are a few women secretaries around conversing gigglingly about something or other, probably sacred to femininity.

One or two legislators are still about their desks, locking up the drawers, which may contain important bills, or looking over some last bit of information before leaving for the day.

The south windows that allow the sunshine to pour in during the day—if the sun shines—remain closed, the lights remain lighted, the desk force is gone, the house is in process of abandonment.

A late committee comes down from upstairs, the members still chatting over the last bill considered and amending it by intimate conversation or attempting to. They come chattering into the echoing hall and go to their desks to look up for the night and look over the remaining work.

There is slightly overheard discussion of what is going on tonight, the American Legion is going to meet, the insurance group is giving a dinner to certain members. These are private matters, to which the average legislator pays little attention.

Continued Next Week

WOMEN AT WAR

Bessie

"All right, Bessie," said the boss of the little factory which was making jackets for soldiers. "Did you want to see me about something?"

The thin middle-aged woman stood up from the chair in the outer office and looked earnestly at the boss with her huge, grave gray eyes.

"It's about this ten percent pledge," she began.

"Oh, that's all right, Bessie," the boss said. "I'd been meaning to speak to you about that. We don't expect you to pledge ten percent of your pay for War Bonds like the others are doing. We know you have a hard time making ends meet since Jake died. Eleven kids, isn't it? That's quite a lot of mouths to feed. Let's see, you make $25.50 a week including overtime, don't you?"

"Yes, sir, but . . ."

The boss smiled.

"Don't give it another thought, Bessie. You've got your hands full now. Uncle Sam knows you haven't got a penny to spare. Don't let it worry you. We understand."

The boss turned to go back into his private office.

"But what I wanted to say was . . ." Bessie raised her voice and the boss looked around. "I wanted to say, would a dollar a week be too little? You see, after we get the living expenses paid, there's just about a dollar a week left. Would they be willing to accept a dollar a week?"

"They'd be more than willing," the boss said quietly. "They'd be proud."

Bessie looked relieved.

"All we have to do is scrimp a little," she said. "I'd feel just terrible if we couldn't give something."

Back in the boss' office a representative of the Treasury Department was waiting. The boss shut the door and sat down.

"I've just seen the greatest single sacrifice I know of," the boss said. "Listen, if you want to hear what American women are made of . . ."

(Story from an actual report in the files of the Treasury Department.)

* * *

Are you making a sacrifice? Are you buying War Bonds, People's Bonds? Join a payroll savings plan at your office of factory.

U. S. Treasury Department

Ten per cent of your income in War Bonds will help to build the planes and tanks that will insure defeat of Hitler and his Axis partners.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Feb. 6, 1914

Harry Pinkerton entertained the members of the high school student body an evening last week at the home farm west of Moro.

Mrs. Daniel McLachlin returned this week to her home in Portland, after an extended visit with her children in Sherman county.

N. W. Thompson was in Portland last week attending the convention of hardware dealers in that city.

Sam Brisbine is building a commodious barn on his city property fronting Hood street.

From the Observer, Feb. 8, 1924

This last week end a number of friends and neighbors of W. L. Dillinger and family presented them with a total of 42 chickens to replace in part those accidentally poisoned the previous week. Mr. Dillinger now has a mixed flock of egg producers instead of an empty hen house. He desires through the Observer to sincerely thank all who contributed in any way to the numerous gifts received.

The Community Traders' sale to be held at Moro on Saturday, February 16, will undoubtedly be a big success. There is now listed to be sold at the sale 25 head of horses, including ponies, saddle horses, work horses, colts, and big teams; there is about 10 head of cows, and more could be sold if you bring them to the sale. There will be many hundreds of other articles also on sale that will save you money if you buy, and give you cash if you want to sell.

From the Observer, Feb. 5, 1904

C. L. Montgomery is on his Gorman ranch, where he has built a house, and raised a crop of whiskers, this winter.

Good old Chub, of The Observer buggy team, once the prettiest horse of his size in the Inland Empire, died of congestion in the bowels and was buried last week. The O. Man quit riding behind him three years ago, but feels sad to miss the familiar and gentle neigh on his visits to the Observer barn.

Leslie Coon and Miss Ida May Jones, and H. T. Barnett and Miss Amanda Andrews have recently entered upon voyages upon the holy sea of matrimony.

Kelly's Column

Continued from page one.

tion, representing practically every sheepman in Oreogn, is suspicious of WPB and has telegraphed Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard to ask to have wool transferred from WPB to the department of agriculture. The association also asks that the federal government buy the domestic wool. The government is now buying wool in Latin America to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Axis, and Great Britain is buying all the wool of Australia, New Zealand and South Africa and warehousing it in the United States. Negotiations are now under way for the United States to buy 35,000 bales of wool in Uruguay, having bought heavily from that country last year. If the government will not buy the domestic wool, the Pacific Wool Growers accosiation asks for a floor to be placed under the price ceiling.

* * *

Apparently, all but 20,000,000 people will be engaged in war, directly or indirectly, if calculations are correct. These will include all under 18 and those of advanced years. In the first place, the military forces—army, navy, marines, coast guard—are scheduled to be ten million strong. It requires, according to the procurement division, 10 persons (some say more) for every man in uniform, for the purpose of producing equipment, materials, and food for the man who carries a gun. Back of the ten million, therefore, will be 100,000,000—at least—attending to supplies. This makes 110,000,000, and as the population of the United States is 130,000,000, only 20,000,000 will be left not doing war work. The figures indicate that millions of women must take their places in war industries in the months to come.

WILLIAMS' COLUMN

Continued from Page One

week and have established their future residence in Eola, Polk county, just across the river from the state capital. An interesting story is behind Walter's new residential move far away from his old bailiwick of eastern Oregon. Congressman Jim Mott has his eagle eye on Rufus Holman's senate seat, come May 1944, and it's a foregone conclusion he will make it fine; but even if he doesn't he will be out as a congressman because he can't run for both offices. Walter has a wide acquaintance in and around Marion county. You know he was governor once. Mrs. Pierce likewise has a large following in this territory, where the largest percentage of votes is located, especially in this congressional district since it was cut up. All of the coast counties are strong in Democratic registration. As the story goes, Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, both able politicians, will look the field over carefully during the next year and if things look right Walter may seek the Democratic nomination for congress. With Mott out of the way, the old war horse might surprise everyone and romp home a winner.

* * *

Observations from the pressbox: A few more old-time lobbyists have arrived on the scene—Fish, truck, tax and pension bills have caused the clan to gather around the lobby again—The free power boys are here—they want their utility districts made tax exempt—but everyone else must pay—Walter Pierce spends a busy day shaking hands and talking politics—looks just as hale and hearty as ever—Mr. Paulson, the big shot of the Oregon Brewers association, here to see that no new tax is put on beer—and Ralph Staley, the big wine man, doesn't like Senator Burke's bill, which would make all wine sold through state liquor stores only—The lumber men are also gathering in larger groups than usual—something must be in the wind—The press room pool has started guessing the day of adjournment—lowest guess 48 days, highest guess 62 days—And most everyone agrees the lawmakers can easily finish their labors in 50 days—but you can never tell—Howard Latourette, the big shot Democrat, looks things over—Ex-Governor West very busy in behalf of truck legislation—and the railroad lobby says "It shall not pass."

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REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

(Continued from page one)

to 71,000. In Idaho there is an 84,000 pound bill, which is going to raise hob with the idea of equality again, if passed. Maybe the federal government will have to establish the limit instead of the states.

This is a most conservative legislature. There are few, if any, who are radicals, or even few who would agree to any sweeping change in anything. They prefer to patch and amend on minor matters instead of making corrective measures inclusive enough to entirely encompass any situation. Perhaps the people want little change in these war times and maybe that is best. However, it is refreshing to have some one around who believes that some major operations are desirable on major ills.

Best chance of having any big change in state matters comes from the school bill, which is still in the committee on taxation and revenue awaiting amendment that will make it acceptable. It has been rewritten by the teachers' committee until there were few lines remaining of the bill as passed by the people. The sense remained, however. Then it was rewritten again by a sub-committee of the house education committee and the teachers. This operation made it clearer and more definite. Now it is awaiting the action of the taxation committee which may do more work on it.

It has been suggested that if the state is going to adopt the general policy of putting state collected money into school districts it has the duty to see that that money is well spent, just the same as it has the duty to see that the money it apportions to the state institutions is well spent. Something may come from it. What form it may take cannot be prophesied—at least by this source—but it may result in some school changes that will be desirable from the point of organization and efficiency.

The small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Randall Martin is reported ill with the flu.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that Blanche Estella Everett has been appointed Administratrix of the Estate of Lulu B. Spencer, Deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against stid Estate are hereby notified and required to present the same duly verified to said Administratrix at Wasco, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. The first publication is February 5, 1943.

Blanche Estella Everett,
Administratrix.

J. Tracy Barton, The Dalles, Oregon, Attorney for Estate 16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

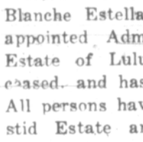
All persons having claims against the Estate of Wilford Belshe, Deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers and duly verified, to the undersigned, the duly appointed, qualified and acting administratrix, of the Estate of Wilford Belshe, Deceased, at the office of T. Lester Johnson, in Moro, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: February 5, 1943.

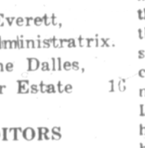
Hazel Belshe, Administratrix
Date of First Publication—February 5, 1943.
Date of Last Publication—February 26, 1943.

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.
Charles C. Wilson, N.G.
Percy Thompson, Sec.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tuesday of each month.
Visiting members welcome
Coila Belshee, N.G.
Clarence 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.





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

SADDLE and RIDE

By ERNEST HAYCOX

©

W-N-U Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Although he is also a rancher, Clay Morgan decides to play a lone hand against Ben Herendeen, another rancher, who is trying to run the cattle country his own way. Of his old friends, only Hack Breathitt is still on his side. The others like Gurd Grant, Lige White and Charley Hillhouse—are supporting Herendeen, more or less in self defense. Gurd Grant's sister, Catherine, is in love with Clay and is at his ranch when Hack Breathitt rides up followed by Herendeen, Lige White and Gurd. Catherine hides, but Gurd recognizes her horse. Herendeen continues his war on "nesters" and squatters by warning the Gales to get off the range.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER VI

Morgan entered War Pass in first darkness, putting up at Gentry's. There would be supper for him at Ann McGarrah's but for some reason that wasn't very clear to him, he went to the Long Grade saloon, found Hack Breathitt, and took him to the hotel for a meal.

When he got to Ann McGarrah's he found her kneeling before Janet, adjusting the pleats of Janet's dress.

Ann McGarrah said: "I'll get you a meal, Clay."

"No," he said, "I didn't want to bother. I ate at the hotel."

She showed him a quick, faintly hurt surprise, but covered it up at once. "We should be starting for the school in a little while."

"Am I taking you to the dance?"

She said: "You hadn't asked."

"So now I'll ask."

Morgan and Janet passed through the store and sat on the porch steps, watching the crowd roll along the street.

Ann McGarrah presently came out, dressed in a pearl-white gown; it made her eyes darker, it made her black hair shine by contrast. Standing before her, marveling at the change, he reflected that she was different from the women of this town.

The gentle flow of the crowd carried them up the hill to the school. At the door Janet left them and Morgan found two seats near the front of a newly made platform. Breathitt stood in the rear of the room, crowded between other townsmen. He caught Breathitt's eye but Hack only shook his head, unsmiling and clearly ruffled by something.

It went by grades, some singing, some dancing, some reciting. He was nervous, not realizing it. When Janet came forward to the edge of the stage a fine sweat broke across his forehead and he pushed his legs against the floor, trying to remember what the first line of her poem was. Afterwards she made a quick curtsy and her voice came over the room, precise as it always was, and quite sure. When she was through he sat still, not looking around at the other people. Ann said something to him, turning him. She was smiling with that brightness which comes so close to tears. He murmured "Yes," and was thinking of Lila who would have been happy to have seen this. This was about all he heard of the program, for it was soon over.

Hack Breathitt went directly into the Long Grade and saw a solid line at the bar. Nearest him were a group of Grant's Crowfoot riders, all of them his friends. Billy McQuire said, "Step in here, Hack," but Breathitt shook his head and balanced on his heels, his face cool and smooth and tough. Herendeen's men had gathered at the far end of the bar, and these he watched solemnly. Liard Connor and Bones McGeen were side-by-side at the bar, turned from him, but he knew they had him spotted in the back bar mirror. He pushed up his hat and walked on, making a turn behind these two. There wasn't any space between them, but he came against them and shoved them aside.

He stared straight ahead, into the mirror. Their faces came around to him, with the reserve he had seen many times before in moments of trouble. He knew what the expression meant. The barkeep came down his way, waiting for his choice; Breathitt said gently: "Not now, Sam. When I drink, it'll be in better company."

It was a sound that traveled around him. The talk in the saloon faded a little and he saw, still watching the mirror, men's hats and heads swing. Liard Connor pulled his arm aside. Bones McGeen suddenly grinned over his whisky glass.

In Hack's voice was the flat melody of a man on edge. "Maybe it was just an accident when you boys bumped into me down by the hotel. Maybe. If there's something in your craw, you don't have to go to that trouble. I can hear English, if you bullheads can talk it. I don't like my feet stepped on. I'll be out on that street all evenin'. Try it again."

He withdrew from the bar and stepped to the door with the solid silence of the crowd following him. He batted the doors aside with his shoulders. On the walk, he turned quickly toward his horse, which was near Gentry's. He seized his gunbelt from the saddle horn and buckled it around him and pulled the bottom of his coat over it. One hand resting on the horse, he watched the street, knowing that the town was no longer safe for him. None of the Herendeen bunch showed up at the Long Grade door, though he realized they would be moving his way soon enough. Sheriff Nickum came into the light of the hotel. People kept crossing to the Odd Fellows' Hall and the music and the scrape of feet made quite a racket, and—

Suddenly Jesse Rusey slid from the shadows and was before him.

He had the soft-footedness of a cat, this marshal, and eyes that could burn through a brick wall. It gave Hack Breathitt a moment's self-affront to think Rusey had come on him thus unawares, but he stood fast, not saying anything. The marshal's hand reached out and hit Hack Breathitt's flank, where the gun was. Afterwards Rusey, no man to ask questions, made a turning circle on his heels, looking the whole street through. He said then, "Be careful, Hack," and stepped back into the shadows.

Parr Gentry called for a schottische. Lige White came over to claim Ann McGarrah, leaving his wife with Clay. They went wheeling and dipping around the floor, Mrs. White very graceful in his arms, and very pretty; but her glance kept following her husband with that calm indrawn attention Morgan had noticed so often.

Herendeen had kept Catherine Grant to himself. After the schottische Morgan returned Mrs. White to Lige and stood awhile, idly talking. The stag line thickened. Gurd Grant was over there and Gurd's glance was directly on him, and stayed on him without recognition.

Parr Gentry said, "Pick your partners for a waltz," and the fiddles began tuning-up again. Clay remained in his tracks, head-down, puzzled by Gurd Grant's cut. Something was in the wind. He couldn't catch it with his mind, but he knew Herendeen had somehow gotten at Gurd. He debated it coolly, trying to make up his mind, until he heard Ann say, "What is it, Clay?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing at all." Herendeen and Catherine were only a few feet away. Catherine's glance touched him, brief and interested, and then he forgot Gurd and put his hand to Ann McGarrah's elbow and moved her toward Herendeen. It amused him to see Herendeen's ruddy face show instant intolerance. He said to Catherine, "Should be ours, I think," and moved away with her as the waltz began.

Catherine said: "I wondered if you would."

"One more week — one more dance. War Pass, the Burnt Ranch school, the old hall at Chickman Creek. This goes back a long way."

"Do you remember so many of those dances, Clay?"

"Yes," he said, "I guess I do when I'm dancing with you." These dance nights were like markers leading into the back years. He could visualize most of them; he could remember the fun of most of them. "It is an odd thing," he said, and was puzzled by his own sentiment in the matter, "but it seems to be a habit I'm afraid to stop. Like a man that has done one thing so long he can't quit without breaking something that holds him together."

She murmured: "This dance, Clay—with me?"

"Ten years of it," he said. "We were pretty young and all our friends were young, and we had a fine time. As long as we keep on we've still got something left, of those times. Of everything that used to be. It is a way of keeping yesterday alive, I guess."

"It will die sometime, Clay."

"I hate to think of it."

They were all around the hall before she spoke. "It isn't the good times you want to remember, Clay. It is one person you never want to forget. I know. I watched you tonight when Janet spoke. I knew what you were thinking. Not of Janet, not of anything or anybody in the hall. It was Lila, wasn't it?"

"Why, yes," he said, in some surprise. "How would you know that?" Slowly turning with the swing of the waltz, he saw Harry Jump come up the stairs and move through the loitering stags at the edge of the floor. Harry Jump was here when he should have been forty miles out in the Moguls. Morgan wheeled Catherine around, losing Harry Jump, and catching him again. Jump saw him and showed no expression of any kind. It was a signal.

Morgan said: "Maybe you'd like a drink of water."

Suddenly Jesse Rusey slid from the shadows and was before him.

She had been too long in the country not to know. She slipped her arm through his elbow and they left the floor, passing Harry Jump without giving him notice. They went down the stairs into the soft dark shadows. Harry Jump's boots scuffed the stairs, following. He passed them, saying from the side of his mouth, "Not here, Clay." They followed him as far as Gentry's and stopped before him.

"All right," said Morgan.

"You sure?" said Harry Jump, staring at Catherine.

"I'll go," she said.

"Never mind," answered Morgan. "You know better, Harry."

"Well, then. I rode through Government Valley before dark tonight. There's a notice posted on the building. The land office is selling the valley at auction tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock, in Sage City."

He waited for Morgan to speak and when Morgan kept silent, he added: "That notice should have been posted a month before the sale. Somebody's got at somebody to hold off until it was too late for you. It's nine o'clock now. Eighteen hours until four tomorrow. Hundred and ninety miles to go."

Morgan said: "I talked to Fred Rich at the post office a few days ago, and he knew nothing." He drove his hands in his pockets; he had his head up, he was watching the mouth of the Odd Fellows' doorway. But he wasn't seeing it, Catherine realized. He was a long, still shape in the shadows, quietly considering this little treachery. He had a way of absorbing trouble and punishment without showing emotion; he had a way of storing these things in his mind. He said: "All right, Harry."

He turned back with Catherine. She said: "Speculators, Clay. Or Ben." She knew how he felt about Government Valley.

The music had stopped. Coming up the stairs they saw Herendeen and Ann standing at the edge of the hall, neither one liking the other enough to keep up conversation. Herendeen never bothered to conceal his feelings. He displayed resentment now as they came forward. He ducked his head at Catherine. "My dance," he said, and led her away. Out on the floor he looked toward Morgan, a thoughtfulness on his cheeks.

Ann said: "Don't make me dance with him again."

He said: "I guess I've got to take you home. I'll have to ride."

She got her wrap at once and they went down the stairs. The sense of wasting time pushed Morgan along, making Ann McGarrah walk quite fast. On the store porch he thought to lift his hat. "Tell Janet I'll be back to take her home on Wednesday," he said, and swung away.

For Ann McGarrah the evening went flat as she watched him go; he had not thanked her, he had not even thought of her these last moments, he had not taken her into his confidence and mentioned the trouble that now made him disappear at the head of the street. Still and dark and hurt, she looked down at the smooth front of her dress, knowing that she was pretty and knowing she had, for a moment, warmed his heart. And then this had gone. She thought of Catherine, coolly and critically, and turned into the store. Janet was asleep. Standing over the bed in the dark room, Ann McGarrah watched Janet's small sweetly mature face, seeing there so much of her mother. This was the secure grip Lila held on Clay Morgan—this was Lila's power, this was her way of forever reminding Clay of the past, and this was her way of holding him to an unreal, unjust obligation. Thinking of all this, Ann McGarrah hated Lila with a secret, passionate fullness. She turned back the extra covers from the child and left the room.

Going up Stage Street, Clay Morgan reached Harley Stewart's house at the top of the hill. When Stewart came to the door, Morgan said: "Come down to the bank, Harley. I've got to have some money inside of fifteen minutes."

(TO BE CONTINUED)