

Sherman County Journal
Sherman County Observer
Established Nov. 2, 1888
Grass Valley Journal
Established Oct. 14, 1897
CONSOLIDATED March 6, 1931
Wasco News-Enterprise
Established Nov. 1891
CONSOLIDATED March 4, 1932
Published Every Friday at
Moro, Oregon

Gus L. Freuch Editor
Entered as second class matter at
the Postoffice at Moro, Oregon
under Act of Congress of March
8, 1879.

Member
OREGON NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Payable in Advance
ONE YEAR \$1.50

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1943

FROZEN FOODS

The government's food freezing
program is considerably different
from that of the individual food
preserver. Maybe both will re-
sult in the preservation of food,

however.
If the rationing of foods can be
made to operate so that each of
us here in America will have plenty
to eat, and none will be allowed
to hoard large supplies, it will re-
sult in public good. If it is ad-
ministered as are many things in
the hands of the bureau it will
be very bad.

As far as residents of cities are
concerned food rationing can be
conducted with equity. They shop
for food nearly every day, at least
every week, and have food stores
available to them on every hand.
Complaints should not come from
the majority who live in cities and
towns if there is any sense in the
rationing bureau at all.

Rural people may have a great-
er cause for complaint, especially
those who live at some distance
from a trading center. Some ar-
rangement might appropriately be
made so that buyers of food who
live far from town could buy in
larger quantities than others.
This does not mean that they
should receive larger portions of
the nation's supply, but that they
should be permitted to obtain more
at a time.

In many instances the limits set
are very small, two or three cans
of fruit and vegetables, and a few
pounds of dried foods. For peo-
ple who have become accustomed
to buying by the case this is a
nuisance and a waste of time and
money. It is also a waste of
gasoline and rubber if the people
live far from their store.

The cause of it all, of course,
is that America is feeding the
world. In Europe and Asia the
best of the farming lands are be-
ing used for battle fields or have
been over run by the enemy. Food
production in the world is down
below the danger level. The great
fields of the Ukraine cannot be
producing at normal rates even
for the Germans. The Balkan
countries are short of workers,
fuel oil, and farm animals, besides
being bothered by occasional bomb-
ings. The same is true of most
of Europe.

We are fortunate that we are
so near the world's best source of
food, fortunate that we can obtain
sufficient good food for our-
selves. There are going to be
some nuisances in getting it, but
we will get it and be the only peo-
ple in the world who do.

SCHOOL BILL

The so-called basic school bill
amendments have passed the
house and are now in the senate
where they will probably pass,
although there may be some fur-
ther changes.

Only major change in the bill
was the imposition of a limit on
the amount to be used each year
for the purpose of aiding the
schools of the state. There was
no limit in the bill as passed by
the people. There was a limit
of \$5,000,000 in the bill written
by the taxation committee. To
this the heads of the teachers'
lobby made no protest to the leg-
islature, although there is some
evidence that it made some ob-
jection to groups of teachers.

The reduced amount will make
it possible to continue to give the
schools money for a longer pe-
riod, thus making a form of steady
aid instead of giving an immedi-
ate grant.

The method of distributing the
money under the law as passed

last November is very inequitable
in that it deprives some districts
from receiving money, although
citizens of those districts will have
to pay income and excise taxes
just the same as others. That is
the weakness of the law.

To correct this two more bills
are to be written that will pro-
vide for continued state participa-
tion in elementary and high school
finances. The committee is ac-
tion on the presumption that the
vote in November indicated that
the people wanted the state to
send money back to the schools.
It does not presume that the meth-
od of distributing it in the school
bill was approved.

The new measures, which will
have to be approved by the voters,
would give as much as \$35 per
school census child to the counties
to be used for school purposes.
It will be raised from income, excise
and property taxes.

There will be a county school
board with authority to supervise
all school budgets and equalize
taxes over each county. Local
school boards will have complete
authority over school management
but not over the financial affairs
of the district. The state board
will have power to supervise the
county boards, thus giving the
state authority to see that the
money is well spent. The present
bill has few safeguards to in-
sure that there will be no waste
in the expenditure of public mon-
ey.

The heads of the school depart-
ment have aided in writing these
bills and they will establish a
better system of state aid to the
schools than is now made through
the school bill. If there is to be
such a system, it should be the
best possible.

FORTIFIED WINE

The senate bill that, if passed,
will put all fortified wine in the
state liquor stores has passed that
body and is now in the house al-
coholic committee where it is be-
ing studied. It is expected that
it will be on the floor this week.

Mere putting of fortified wine
in liquor stores is an easy but not
entirely satisfactory way of
handling a deplorable situation.
There should be some one with
ability to write a definition of
fortified wine that would differ-
entiate between the good wines
and the poor wines that make
men crazy. Then the cheaper
wines, those made in a week or
a month, and fortified with adulter-
ants, should be kept out of the
state entirely.

Until that is done the added
authority of the state to sell such
wine in its own stores can be of
help. With such authority the li-
quor commission can refuse to
sell the more dangerous wines.

Food rationing may prove to be
a blessing in disguise to Sherman
county farmers. When a person
is hungry after the ration stamps
are all gone, he can still eat bread.

Even the devil can quote Scrip-
ture to his own advantage.

Some people do not know it,
but liberty and security are an-
tonyms—not synonyms.

The printer's devil has a hunch
that the "duration" will last a
lot longer than the war.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
eyed social workers and that the
evacuees are being pampered and
better cared for than the people
of the surrounding country. In
Wyoming, for example, the super-
visors are installing a modern
plant for the manufacture of chin-
aware. The Japanese could al-
ways undersell American manu-
facturers, and now fear is ex-
pressed that if the Japs are shown
how to operate modern machin-
ery they can, after the war, take
this skill home to Japan and fur-
ther cut under American prices.

Undersecretary of War Robert
Patterson has been advocating the
curtailment of long hauls for mo-
tor trucks, although a few months
ago an army officer announced
that the army is in favor of long
hauls because the trucks are trans-
porting such quantities of material
for the army, such as supplies
for cantonments, air bases and
other installations. If Patterson's
proposal is adopted it will practi-
cally paralyze the interior points
in Oregon, which receive their
supplies by truck. Office of de-
fense transportation and Rubber
Director Jeffers are both opposing
Patterson's idea.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Feb. 26, 1934

Born, to the wife of W. E. Al-
lison, Feb. 20th; a son. Grandpa
and Grandma G. W. Coy are step-
ping high.

The little baby boy of Hon. R.
J. Ginn has been very near death's
door from la grip and pneumonia.
The dear little fellow is much bet-
ter today.

Director of exploitation Henry
E. Reed invites Sherman county
to make a special exhibit at the
Lewis and Clark fair.

From the Observer, Feb. 27, 1934

The High school commencement
exercises will be held this year in
the Methodist church on the eve-
ning of May 28. This will be the
first formal graduating exercises
from the full high school course.
The class this year consists of
Adella Mortensen and Harry
Pinkerton. The class address will
be delivered Sunday morning, May
24th by Rev. A. J. Adams in the
Presbyterian church.

Intuition is the fault by virtue
of which a woman can understand
her husband without listening to
what he says.

Mrs. Richard Dingle left this
week for San Francisco where she
will meet Dick on his return from
a visit to his old home in England.

From the Observer, Feb. 29, 1934

A large number of the parents
and friends of the pupils of the
Moro school attended the exer-
cises in the school auditorium last
Friday, held in honor of George
Washington's birthday. The pu-
pils presented a varied, instructive
and entertaining program com-
memorative of the day.

Frank A. Sayers, one of the most
widely known pioneer retired far-
mers of Sherman county, died at
the family home in this city at
5:30 p.m. Thursday evening. Fu-
neral services will be held at the
Methodist church at 11 a.m. Sat-
urday, interment following at the
Moro cemetery in charge of the
I.O.O.F. lodge.

WILLIAMS' COLUMN

(Continued from Page One)
the speakership. The boys are
now busy attempting to obtain
pledges for their favorites.

Observations from the press
box: The "third house" show was
a honey—all lawmakers came in
for some good ribbing; some got
more than others—and the big
dance after the show, attended by
many of the state house stenog-
rappers—and many soldiers too—Many
Portland folks came down for the
show, including flocks of exlaw-
makers—Some talk of night ses-
sions to assure adjournment not
later than March 6—Who will
Governor Snell appoint to this,
that the other thing, after—the
legislators have gone home, is the
burning question—Lots of talk on
the subject—and the governor
mum—which is smart.

REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

(Continued from Page One)
light plants. The cities having
such plants do not care for it.
The joker is that some of them
now pay a considerable part of
city expenses in lieu of taxes and
some do not. Some furnish street
lights, some pay all profits into
the general fund. The base from
which to start is very uneven,
which may cause some confusion.
Eugene, which has caused it all,
does not pay any taxes, gets paid
for city street lights, and builds
up a huge reserve fund. It looks
as if it will have to furnish some-
thing else, but then it cannot be
foretold until the votes are in.

COUNTY TO RECEIVE
SALVAGE PENNANT

Sherman county is among the
17 counties of the state receiving
war production pennants from the
state salvage committee for scrap
collections. Each of these counties
collected more than 100 pounds
of scrap per capita during the
scrap metal drive in September
and October.

Morrow county placed first in
the drive, with Gilliam second.
Those two counties have previous-
ly received pennants for their
scrap collections.

C. A. Ruggles
INSURANCE
Moro Oregon

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that C.
A. Tom has been appointed Ad-
ministratrix of the Estate of
George W. Ramey, Deceased, and
has qualified as such. All persons
having claims against said Estate
are hereby notified and required to
present the same duly verified to
said Administratrix at Rufus, Ore-
gon, within six months from the
date of the first publication of this
notice. The first publication is
February 26, 1943.

C. A. Tom, Administratrix.
J. Tracy Barton,
The Dalles, Oregon. 16-10
Attorney for Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that
Mary Edith Sayers has been ap-
pointed Administratrix of the Es-
tate of Omer G. Sayers, Deceased,
and has qualified as such. All per-
sons having claims against said
Estate are hereby notified and re-
quired to present the same duly
verified to said Administratrix at
Moro, Oregon, within six months
from the date of the first publi-
cation of this notice. The first
publication is February 12, 1943.

Mary Edith Sayers,
Administratrix.
J. Tracy Barton,
The Dalles, Oregon. 14-17
Attorney for Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims
against the Estate of Edwin H.
Van Patten, deceased, are hereby
notified to present them, with the
proper vouchers and duly verified,
to the undersigned, the duly ap-
pointed, qualified and acting Ad-
ministratrix of the Estate of Ed-
win H. Van Patten, Deceased, with
Will Annexed, at Wasco, Oregon,
within six months from the date
of the first publication of this no-
tice, to-wit: February 12, 1943.

T. Lester Johnson,
Administratrix With Will Annexed.
Date of First Publication, Febru-
ary 12, 1943.

Date of Last Publication, March
5, 1943. 14-17

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that
Blanche Estella Everett has been
appointed Administratrix of the
Estate of Lulu B. Spencer, De-
ceased, and has qualified as such.
All persons having claims against
said Estate are hereby notified
and required to present the same
duly verified to said Adminis-
tratrix 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 noti-
fied to present them, with the
proper vouchers and duly verified,
to the undersigned, the duly ap-
pointed, qualified and acting ad-
ministratrix, 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 publi-
cation of this notice, to-wit: Feb-
ruary 5, 1943.

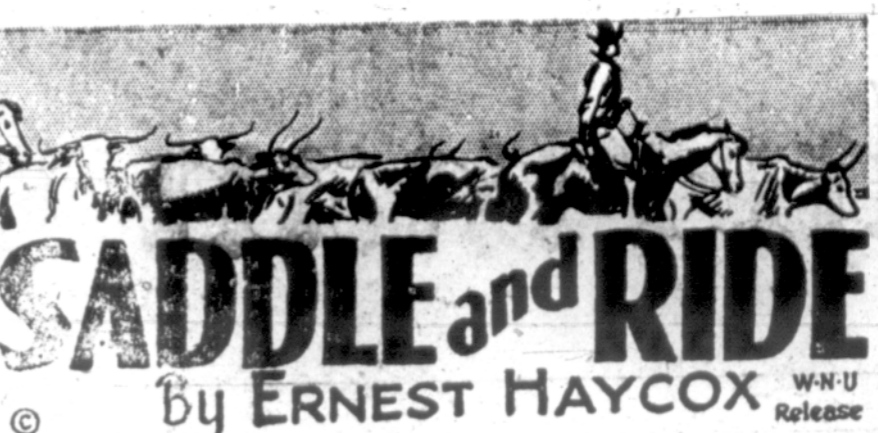
Hazel Belshe, Administratrix
Date of First Publication—Febru-
ary 5, 1943.
Date of Last Publication—Febru-
ary 26, 1943.

Read the Ads in the Journal.
Patronize Journal Advertisers
Buy War Bonds Today

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

Mapine Rebekah Lodge No. 114
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tues-
days of each month.
Visiting members wel-
come.
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.



SADDLE and RIDE
By ERNEST HAYCOX
Release

THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan
has decided to play a lone hand
against Ben Herendeen, a rancher bent on
running the cattle country his own way. The
two men have been enemies for years,
having first fought over Clay's wife,
Lila, who died hating him and believ-
ing she should have married Herendeen.
Morgan is a solitary figure, devoted to
his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. Al-
though two women, Catherine Grant
and Ann McGarrak, are in love with
him, they know he cannot forget Lila,
of his former friends, only Hack Breath-
itt has not gone over to Herendeen's
side. Gurd Grant, Catherine's brother,
hesitated about joining Herendeen,
but became Morgan's sworn enemy
when he discovered that Catherine had
been to his ranch. Hack Breathitt, soon
camping with Pete Borders, a rustler,
is being watched by Herendeen's men.
Learning that Government Valley, a
piece of land he and Herendeen both
want, is to be auctioned at Sage City,
130 miles away, Clay rides all night
and arrives in time to outbid Charley
Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman. Then
he proves his generosity by letting the
Willings, a family of "nesters" threat-
ened by Herendeen, stay in the Valley.
Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER IX

Morgan was standing alone in
his kitchen, thinking of Hack Breath-
itt. He refilled his coffee-cup, stand-
ing with his feet apart in the middle
of the kitchen; light struck the sur-
face of his eyes, setting up a quick
frost-glow. Restlessness turned him
out of his tracks and made him
gently circle the room. Breathitt,
he thought, would be sitting some-
where in the hills, laughing at the
posses on his trail and ironically
amused at a world which could turn
him into a fugitive overnight. Morgan
speculated on Breathitt's possible
hideout. The three of them,
Breathitt and Hillhouse and himself,
had ridden this country for years
together and knew every hollow and
ravine and windfall pit.

He pulled the coffee-cup from his
lips and held it suspended, sudden-
ly struck by a warning. If he were
familiar with Hack's ways, so was
Hillhouse.
Morgan turned to the living room,
pausing there only long enough to
get his hat, his gun and belt, and
to lift a Winchester from the rack
near the door. He crossed the yard,
lugged his saddle gear from the
horse barn and vamped a pony out
of the corral. Cap Vermilye and Harry
Jump strolled forward. In these
moonshot shadows they watched him
thrust the Winchester into its
boot beneath the saddle fender and
swing aboard. Harry Jump said,
gently: "Nice night for ducks."

"I'll be riding around, here and
there," explained Morgan. "Don't
know when I'll be back."
When he turned the prow of the
Mogul the lights of Long Seven
were cut off. The moon was at
three-quarter stage and so he traveled
through shadows that had the
luminous, pearly shine of fog. Mo-
gul's summits were clear-black
against the sky; as he rode over
the meadows he saw the blurred
shadow of himself go forward in
lengthening distortion against the
yellow grass. At the jump-off of
the meadow lands, where Mogul slid
a thousand feet through pine groves
into the narrow valley occupied by
Herendeen, he paused to take his
survey. Dell Lake was a silver
circle, half-down the incline. The valley
itself, filled with this night's fog-
like mist, was a winding silver rib-
bon. He followed its course with his
glance, catching the distant glitter
of Herendeen's lights, and then his
attention came back to the red-
yellow glow of a campfire in the pines.
Probably a posse.

The floor of the forest was thick
with needle droppings; it absorbed
the footfalls of his horse complet-
ely and so, gently walking the pony,
he drifted forward until he reached
the margin of light. Here he halted,
amused that none of the five men
crouched and lying by the fire yet
knew of his approach. Charley Hill-
house squatted by the fire, idly feed-
ing in pine branches. Two of the
other men were Herendeen riders,
one was Hamp Brigham, a smaller
rancher from the Cache Mountains;
and the fifth, lying full length on
the ground, was Gurd Grant.
"Where you think you'll find
him?" Gurd asked.

"Not on this side of the valley. I
know Hack pretty well. He likes
the Caches better."
Morgan spoke from the protecting
shadows. "That's the way I figure
it, Charley."
He had a swift sample of what
these men would do under strain or
surprise. Gurd Grant lunged to the
head of a gulch, fell into it and
rode sightlessly along for a half-
mile. A steady current of wind
came against his left side, cold as
ice-water. At this point he swung
the pony and scrambled half up the
ridge to a kind of stony shelf. The
draught of air poured out of a deep
recess here; facing it, Morgan spoke
against the night.

"Hack—it's me, Morgan."
He had no answer but he sat there
a long while, once repeating the
call. There was no smell of smoke
and no sound at all except for the
cow-like waunk of a bull-frog near
by. Presently Morgan dismounted



Morgan went forward until Vance
stood at the shoulders of the horse.

and walked deeper into a natural
rock fault, against a steady play of
wind. He dropped to his knees and
felt the flooring with his hands.
There had been a fire here but when
he lighted a match he saw that the
ashes were old. He had made a bad
guess.
He climbed over the ridge and
took another trail downgrade until
the lights of Freepoot showed again.
There was a rutted wood road at
this point which dropped circuitous-
ly off the hills into the end of a
narrow street. When he reached
this street-end Morgan paused to
have a look, turned cautiously by
the night's events. For he now knew
there was no longer any safety
riding alone. Thus had the country
changed in the space of a week.

Morgan reached the general store,
left his horse and walked into the
half-gloom, into the stagnant com-
pound of old store smells. A stove
in the middle of the room showed its
fire through square isinglass eyes; a
man stood bowed over a counter, his
lips silently framing words as he
read a paper. Morgan's presence
pulled him from this chore. He said
idly: "Hello, Morgan."

Morgan said: "Shank of a busy
evenin', Kern."

Kern Case was hugel-bellied and
high and round-shouldered from all
his weight. He was younger than
he looked but he had the moon-
shaped ungingive face of a man to
whom silence was important. "Thin
shank," he said.

"They knew each other pretty well,
yet there was always a reserve to
keep, a roundabout way of talking.
Out in the hills were a hundred men
who stayed there for the profit of
it; in this town now were other
men who would fade through rear
doors at the sound of swift-coming
horses. Kern Case, himself an honest
man, held the secrets of these
others in his head. They trusted
him; and he kept his mouth shut.
So when Morgan asked his question
it was not a question at all but a
statement.

"Pretty dark to be chasing through
the hills."
"Maybe," said Kern Case, "you
went down the wrong canyon."
"I could ride this country asleep.
But maybe I guessed wrong."
"Sometimes," said Kern Case, "a
man gets tired of sleepin' on the
ground."

"Maybe," agreed Morgan. He
turned the remark over in his head;
it meant something but he didn't get
it. He backed to the stove and
warmed himself, gently rubbing the
seat of his pants. Kern Case didn't
show any change on his face, though
his eyes were laughing at Morgan.
"Your a long way from the ranch,
Ridin' back tonight?"

"Never gave it a thought."
Case started to speak and changed
his mind. Somebody came quickly
into Freepoot, a horse beating out a
rhythm on the dust of the street's
far end. Case folded his hands on
the table, serenely incommuni-
cative, listening to the horse haul
up. Morgan said, "Hell of a lot of
traffic for a dead burg," and moved
idly toward the door.

"Twenty years ago," said Kern
Case, "you'd of got shot for a re-
mark like that."
Paused by the door, Morgan
watched the newcomer swing off his
horse in front of the hotel. He
looked around at Case. "Times
change. So do visitors." He stepped
into the store, turning to the stove.
He wheeled when he reached it,
keeping his eyes on the door. The
newcomer's steps faded from the
street and the silence thickened
across the town. Morgan's face was
long and still; his lips were flat,
his edges pushing together. A flare
of light showed in his eyes and he
stood straighter than before. He
stood balanced and attentive. The
newcomer's steps broke the still-
ness again, heavy and loud and com-
ing rapidly forward. Case stared
at Morgan, reading what was to be
seen. In a way it was information,
for when the storekeeper put his
attention to the door and saw Ben
Herendeen there he wasn't greatly
surprised. Morgan's expression had
been in the nature of warning.

(TO BE CONTINUED)