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FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1943

SLICING BREAD

The short ban on bread slicing by the bakeries was funny. It is said by bakers that slicing the bread is a part of a production chain that is done almost automatically as the loaves move toward the wrapping machine.

Householders had to go to the stores to buy bread knives and more steel was used than before. Now the OPA, PDQ, or whatever it is, has ruled that bakers can put the knives back in their machines and another governmental hurra-bull hullo is over except as it will live in unfragrant memory.

JITTERY

It seems that as war progresses people become more nervous and irresponsible. They change from one job to another with less reason. They decide on their actions more quickly. It affects not only the ordinary citizens but also those in official places who make decisions that are sometimes so ill-advised that they are enough to make everyone jittery.

There isn't any cure for it, either. One can no more quiet them down by telling them of it than he can quiet an unruly team by hollering "Whoa" at them. They are just nervous, and with mighty good reason.

Hearsay evidence leads us to believe that when an Idaho sheep man asked for canvas to construct lambing pens OPA refused his request with the suggestion that he postpone lambing until warmer weather. We would appreciate suggestions from our readers as to how this could best be done.

REPRESENTATIVE'S REPORT

(Continued from Page One) there is some to be made whether those making the reduction really think it advisable or not. The old timers around the legislature, the veteran members of the ways and means, the tax men, all know that any serious cut in the state's tax structure is going to make our present surplus look pretty small before long.

There is going to be need for some money when the soldiers come home after the war. They will need rehabilitation to acquaint them with civilian ways again. There should be, and will be, an educational program for them, perhaps some sort of loan to enable them to buy a home.

The citizens of the state are going to want to do something for the boys then and will feel as foolish as did Simple Simon if they have nothing with which to do it.

It is probable that the people of the state would have been better off if the legislature had quit Saturday night. Always there is a bunch of bills left in committee at the end of a session. These are generally bad bills that had objections so serious that committee members would not pass them out in regular course. As the session comes near its end the sponsors of these bills renew their efforts and often succeed in getting the bills out. Then they sometimes pass. It is often well if the session ends before many of these can get out.

Of course many of these could be beaten if everyone wasn't so busy trying to finish his work. There is nothing around here now that needs to pass except possibly the occupational disease bill. The

remainder of it, including the tax reduction bills might better be forgotten.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Mar. 11, 1904

President Roosevelt will not take any part in the campaign this year. He will try to be content with the simple formality of receiving the office.

The worst mud holes in the city are the street crossings leading to the hotels and churches. A boy with a hoe and a bit of gumption could keep them all clean with the expenditure of 60 minutes elbow grease a week.

W. B. McCoy discovered a live tarantula in a bunch of bananas Saturday. When disturbed it showed its poisonous venom to plain for comfort. Dave Biggers staff has it preserved in alcohol at The Mazappa, as a fearful warning to people that eat bananas.

From the Observer, Mar. 13, 1914

M. S. Pittman, representing the Monmouth Normal, was in the county this week with a brand new scheme by which the taxpayers residing in cities could pass the larger part of the school tax burden up to the fellow that lives in the country; and, under his scheme, the schools of a county were all to be managed by a board of five who would have entire management, and no school could have any say as to whom their teacher would be unless the county school superintendent and board agreed. An effort is being made to put it over in this county.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Tomlin Jr., a nine pound girl, on the evening of March 9th.

From the Observer, Mar. 14, 1924

Little Eva Ricks, two years old, was burned to death in a barn fire on the L. N. Conley ranch, four miles from Cove, and Lewis Martin Ricks, aged four, her brother, was seriously burned about the arms and neck. The barn was destroyed.

Owen Searcy left Tuesday for Sisters, Oregon, where he will work this summer in a sawmill at that place.

Willis Ivan Buxton and Geneva Irene Dillingier, both of Moro, were united in marriage at The Dalles last Friday, March 7th. The service was read by Rev. H. C. Kohn, in the presence of the immediate families of the bride and groom. After a brief wedding trip to points in the valley, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton will be at home to their friends in Wasco.

WILLIAMS' COLUMN

(Continued from Page One) the appropriation measures. There is enough important legislation before both houses to keep the lawmakers more than busy until adjournment without considering anything else. Next week we will give you the total number of house and senate bills introduced during the session, the number that failed, passed, etc.

The lawmakers are showing the strain of the long grind. Tempers are flaring up quite often and the boys think nothing of indulging in personalities. Last week, after the house had recessed during an evening session, a few of the lawmakers took time out to tell each other just what they thought of their colleagues, in no uncertain terms. Many folks think that serving as a legislator is a snap. People read that the house or senate convened at 10 a.m. and adjourned at 2:30 until the following day. The folks back home get the idea that the lawmakers enjoy banker's hours, but such is not the case. Long before the daily session convenes, and many hours after it adjourns for the day, legislators are attending the all-important committee meetings, which take hours of time, and that is the very place where all legislation is either made or killed.

Scores of people interested in various measures, both for and against, appear before the committees and talk on, and on into the night, necessitating many night meetings. Often it's midnight before the lawmaker can call it a day. Many, if not all, of the legislators receive hundreds of letters, telegrams and phone calls from constituents during a session. These are answered, and it takes hours of time. All in all, the lawmaker earns his salary, and he soon learns that serving in the legislature is no bed of roses.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from Page One)

day" to the Red army said that, Russia had carried the fight against Hitler alone and he asked for a second front. When Stalin said the Red army had battled alone he failed to mention that the United States has been helping him with 2600 fighting planes, 3200 tanks, and 81,000 trucks and jeeps. All this for the Red army from the United States. In addition, the Red army has been and is being fed by Mr. Whiskers in larger measure than any other of the United Nations, as is attested by the Russian cargo carriers taking food from Columbia river and Puget sound ports, and oranges from San Francisco. And not a cent is being charged against Russia for this very material assistance.

Rationing restrictions are so tough and so many housewives are finding it difficult to buy food that congress is expected to insist upon some modifications. The housewives are told they can buy all the fresh vegetables they wish but, for instance, they are being asked to pay 10 cents for a single tomato. And Oregon prunes, which have been so plentiful that the growers could not get rid of them, requires 20 points of the 48 monthly points for one pound dried. Sometime next autumn look for milk to be rationed; evaporated milk is now almost unobtainable.

Official of Treasury Is Among 'Outstanding' Young Men in Nation

Ted R. Gamble, Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, has been selected by the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce as one of the nation's ten outstanding young men for 1942.

Mr. Gamble, who is 36, came to Washington from Oregon, where he had served as State Administrator of the War Savings Staff. During his tenure there, Oregon Bond sales reached a new peak.

Although seed supplies in general are sufficient, certain varieties of some kinds of vegetables are rather short this year due to unfavorable growing and harvesting conditions, according to Mr. Ferry.

"That should inconvenience no one," he says. "If you cannot find seed of your pet variety of vegetable at your dealer's, there will be others so nearly like it that you will not miss your favorite."

Notice to Creditors: All persons having claims against the Estate of Bart Burrell, 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 Bart Burrell, 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: March 12, 1943.

Leota Burrell, Administratrix
Date of First Publication, March 12, 1943.
Date of Last Publication, April 9, 1943. 18-22

Notice to Creditors: Notice is hereby given that C. A. Tom has been appointed Administrator 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 Administrator at Rufus, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice. The first publication is February 26, 1943.

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

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.
Pecky Thompson, 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.

W. F. McLeod, W.M.
C. V. Belknap, Secretary

Our Job is to Save Dollars Easy War Bonds Every Pay Day

C. A. Ruggles INSURANCE

Moro, Ore.

Getting the Most from your Victory Garden



GARDEN SEEDS FOR ALL

There will be enough seeds of standard vegetables to meet the normal needs of Uncle Sam's vast army of Victory Gardeners in 1943. This confident statement comes from Dexter Ferry of the Ferry-Morse Seed Co., the world's largest seed breeding and growing organization. "Our own home gardeners are provided for," he adds, "even though we are shipping large quantities of seeds to our Allies."

American-grown seeds will indeed plant the gardens of the far corners of the earth this year as well as those of this hemisphere. Certain types of seed are being sent to all the friendly nations because their usual sources of supply have been cut off.

Share garden seeds with other countries, as America is doing, is one of the most economical as well as one of the most effective ways of helping needy neighbors in wartime. Seeds take up less room than most food stuffs, thus leaving valuable shipping space for important munitions and other war supplies. From a health standpoint vegetable seeds are a necessity in every land because they are the basis of fresh foods which could not possibly be shipped long distances without deterioration.

"Because there are garden seeds enough for Victory Gardeners does not mean that they can be used carelessly," Mr. Ferry explains. "As a wartime measure, every man, woman, and child who plans a Victory Garden this year should make the most of every seed planted. Determining the right amount of seed for a given space, proper planning and planting so that all seeds will have the best growing chance, caring for crops to avoid waste, and spoilage, and making good use of the garden-fresh food produced, will all help to prevent what otherwise might be serious national food shortages."

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Herendeen dropped his head and Morgan, missing his target, smashed his knuckles on that rocky-hard poll and felt pain knife along his left arm; it was a sudden agony that made him suck in his wind. He caught the dulling of Herendeen's eyes; he had this man half knocked out—and the old, violent, savage instinct rushed him in until he was at close quarters, trying for the kill.

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break the grip, but Herendeen held on, weathering through his punishment, tightening his grip until Morgan felt his skin burn and seem to burst.

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Morgan got behind the cracker barrel. He held to its top rim and pulled himself up as Herendeen walked against the cracker barrel. Herendeen swept one fist out, striking air as Morgan jerked back. Herendeen started around the cracker barrel, flat-footed and patient. Morgan, still on the defensive, still weak from his beating, kept circling. Suddenly Herendeen stepped back from the barrel, took a half-dozen side-steps and seized a chair. He whirled it over his head and flung it at Morgan. Morgan dropped behind the cracker barrel and rose again, seeing Herendeen at once rush forward. Herendeen seized the cracker barrel with his hands and swept it aside, diving at Morgan.

Morgan knew what Herendeen meant to do before Herendeen's mind had recognized the ax-handle; and now Morgan, looking around him, saw a rack of new Winchester on the wall. He seized one of the barrels, kicked his way out of the debris of nails and harness and circled Herendeen slowly, the butt of the rifle lifted like a club. Herendeen moved slowly forward, following Morgan's circle. Somewhere, as from a great distance, Morgan heard the rush of horses along the street and a voice calling.

Morgan backed against a hanging harness. He put his shoulders to this flimsy support; the harness gave way and he sat down, still gripping the Winchester by the barrel. He could not draw wind into his lungs; he was starving for air, his heart beat against his ribs and his head was light. He rolled over, sucking wind through his teeth, with his face to the floor; and heard a voice at the doorway, calling into the blackness.

"Who's here?" It was Bones McGeen's voice.

Kern Case's voice was a lower and lower murmur. "Make a step and I'll blow your chest out."

Bones yelled into the store. "Ben, you there? Hey, Ben!"

A shot broke along the street again, quick and hard, and other men ran rapidly across the dust. Bones McGeen swung from the door, rushing down the porch. The Three Pines men were beginning to answer, all the racket boiling up the dead echoes of the town. Kern Case said, "I hope you've killed the—," and his easy voice laid terrible words on the past and the present of Herendeen. "If you ain't I'm like to finish the job. You all right, Clay?"

Clay Morgan said: "Who's shootin'?"

"Breathitt started it. He's up in the hotel. That's what I was going to tell you when Herendeen came in."

Morgan pulled himself from the harness and found his legs marled in it. He sank back to the floor and rolled clear and stood up. Light flashed red before his eyes, though there was no light in the room. His head ached in long, solid surges of pain, from the base of his skull all around to his nose. He tasted his own salty sweat, his own blood. He drew deeper into his lungs for wind, catching the throb of his ribs. His left fist began to send up its steady racket and he knew then he had broken a knuckle. He could not move the middle finger.

Kern Case said: "That you?"

Herendeen's boots scraped the floor. Morgan bent down, catching Herendeen's shadow, on all fours, against the faint light of the doorway. He saw Herendeen come up and weave toward the door. He said to Case: "No."

Kern Case called: "Stop right there, Ben."

Herendeen moved on toward the door. He was out of it before Case got around the counter. He was on the street, calling through the spotty racket of the gunfire. "Bones—come here!"

Kern Case swore in the same, passionless voice. "I should of shot the— Now we're in trouble." He stepped around the floor. He said: "Duck." The front windows clattered down before the sudden veering of gunfire. Slugs struck the store shelves. A can of wet goods punctured, began to spill out its fluid with a gurgling irregularity. Another slug, striking metal, went Whang!

Morgan crawled across the floor. He flattened himself near the doorway, catching a slanting view of the street-end. His horse, spooked by the firing, had drifted away from the hitching-rack into the farther shadows. Meanwhile he heard Herendeen calling from the Yellow Front saloon. "Get your horses off the street, Jim—" One more bullet struck the shelves. Kern Case said, so smoothly outraged, "I'll have a little slice of this," and walked back through the store. Rolling over to the opposite edge of the doorway, near the counter, Morgan heard Kern Case's fat weight groan up at a back set of stairs and across the second floor. From his new position Morgan saw a Three Pines hand lead four horses into an alley. At the moment there was no firing; but, watching the Yellow Front, Morgan caught a flutter of light on its windows and stared steadily at it, not immediately understanding the source of that flash.

Kern Case had reached an upstairs window and now waited for his chance. Somebody ran along the back of the store and came through a rear door. Morgan rolled against the base of the counter, listening to those quick steps advance. He heard Hack Breathitt's voice murmur: "You there, Kern?"

Morgan said: "How you like our little party, kid?"

"Clay? What the hell you doin' here?"

Kern Case came down the stairs with a fat man's slow haste. He said: "We got to get out of here, Clay."

"Sure," said Hack. "We depart from hence, mighty damned hence."

"You all right, Clay?" said Case.

That drew Breathitt's interest. "Why wouldn't he be all right?"

"I tripped on a rug," said Morgan. He followed Case and Breathitt through the back quarters. The three of them paused by the back door while Case scouted the roundabout shadows; afterwards they drifted along the building line and paused halfway between the street and the down-bearing timber of the hillside. Light began to brighten at the other end of town; smoke-smell drifted with the wind. Morgan saw his horse in the shadows ahead of him and went over for it. When he came back he heard Case say in the same even tone:

"My dad built that store. I was born in it—and all my brothers and sisters. But she'll be nothin' but ashes in two hours from now. There ain't a single way to stop this whole town from goin' up." He let out his sigh. "Well, it was a good store. I'm goin' back to get the rocker my mother used."

Light broke the shadows. He saw Hack's face set in its restless half-smile and realized his partner found a malicious satisfaction in this chase. That was Breathitt's way. He had a wild kink in him and he was tough enough to run his luck out to the bitter end. Hack murmured: "Later, maybe."

Morgan said: "Get out of this light. If you bump into trouble, kid, you know where to come."

Hack raised his head. He said, "That's what you came down here to say, wasn't it?" He was no longer smiling. His face was in the shadows, his voice was grave and troubled. "I guess I have brought a hell of a lot of trouble down on my friends. I'll remember it, Clay. If I don't see you again soon I want you to know—" This was as far as he got. He shrugged his shoulders, only adding, "So-long."

Morgan turned up the trail, winding with the steep grade until he had reached the last high point before going into solid timber. From this elevation he looked down on the white-red tangle of high leaping flames. The roof and sides of the hotel were eaten away and what he saw now was the inside skeleton of the building penciled darkly against the swirling fire. One wall of the store had caught. All the surrounding gulch was day-bright and he made out Gale and Gale's family slowly crossing the head of the gulch, toward the Potholes. Herendeen, apparently, had gone. Some of the adjacent trees began to catch fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SADDLE and RIDE

By ERNEST HAYCOX

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 believing she should have married Herendeen. Morgan is a solitary figure, devoted to his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. Although two women, Catherine Grant and Ann McGarrath, are in love with him, they know he cannot forget Lila. Of his former friends, only Hack Breathitt has not gone over to Herendeen's side. Seen camping with Pete Herendeen, a rustler, he is a fugitive from Herendeen's men. Gard Grant, Catherine's brother, hesitated about joining Herendeen, but became Morgan's sworn enemy when he discovered that Catherine had been to his ranch. Learning at the last minute that Government Valley is to be auctioned at Sage City 190 miles away, Clay rides all night and arrives in time to spend Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's foreman. When he learns that Herendeen has sent a party out to find Hack Breathitt and kill him, Clay starts out to find him first. He goes to Freeport, to Kern Case's store, where he thinks he will find Hack. As he is talking to Case, Herendeen appears. He shoots out the glass in one of the store windows.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XI

"Case," Ben said, "this is a crooked town full of bums. I can make any of 'em run. There ain't a white man in the place."

Kern Case said: "That window-pane will cost you six bits."

"Charge it on the account."

"What account?"

"My beef account," said Herendeen. "Your friends keep you pretty well supplied, don't they? If I had a couple men to block off this damned joint I'd go through these rattletrap buildings and drag Breathitt out by the back of the neck. He's here."

Kern Case walked around the counter. He started to speak, but Morgan waved him back. "Maybe," Morgan said to Herendeen.

"By God," shouted Herendeen, "I'm going to drive you out!"

"Ben," said Morgan, "I guess I'd better leave my mark on you as I did once before."

He was still by the stove, glance pinned to the butt of Herendeen's gun. Immediately afterwards, Herendeen's hand came away from it and Herendeen's boots seemed to crush into the floor as he jumped forward.

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