

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

Member
OREGON NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 19, 1943

WHAT THE LEGISLATURE DID

Oregon's 42nd legislative assembly which adjourned Wednesday night of last week after 59 days of more or less important struggle probably did as much to amend the state's laws as has any other group of legislators in recent times.

The tax situation obtained the most attention largely because the people of this state have been told for months and years that Oregon's tax laws were such that no one would come to the state to live unless they were changed. It is not true, but the repetition of it daily by men who should know better made it an accepted statement.

Those who held most boldly that the tax situation must be changed were those with a panacea to take the place of it—and which often contained some measure that would relieve them of some taxes.

The members of legislative tax committees found that Oregon's gift tax was too high in comparison to other states and that while there was not much income from a gift tax it did cause some people to live in other states or, at least, go there to retire and dispose of their property. It was changed by reduction that will probably cause the income from this source to be some \$60,000 or \$75,000 less per year.

Of more important measures probably the adoption of an elective community property law is of the greatest importance. Under this law it will be possible for husband and wife to own their property jointly and split all community income. It is estimated that this will make a saving to Oregon taxpayers of some \$8,000,000. It will also reduce Oregon income tax income to some extent but will increase it also because of smaller federal tax deductions. Whether the complications that the new law will cause will be worth the \$8,000,000 is something else again.

A new method of estimating tax receipts so that income and excise taxes can be reduced if income from them reaches too large a figure was written into law and through it a reduction of probably 20 to 30 per cent in income and excise taxes may be expected for 1944. No reduction could be made in 1943 despite the roaring of those who had made large incomes in 1942 and dreaded the tax gathered in 1943 more than they expected to in 1944.

Auditing of income tax returns is never done in the year they are received and the 225,000 that will be filed this spring will not be finally checked until some time in 1944 or 1945. Taxpayers will get a reduction in taxes more quickly by reducing the 1944 tax than by providing a refund program for this year, the yowls of the politicians notwithstanding.

A bill was passed giving members of the armed forces an additional exemption of \$3000 in income tax. This will probably cost the state a quarter of a million dollars of expected income.

The intangibles surtax was repealed which will reduce state income by another \$250,000. This has been one of the taxes that have been held up as dangerous to settlement by new comers.

When it is realized that the appropriations for the state were increased by over \$7,500,000 and that the federal income tax will be so high as to cut the state income tax returns by probably \$1,000,000 and that the renegotiation of federal contracts will likely cut another \$2,000,000 off state tax commission income, and that pen-

sions were increased from \$25 to \$39 per month with a probable shortage in liquor revenue it is easy to see that the legislature might have been too generous in giving up tax revenues and in raising appropriations despite the fact that it had a surplus to start with.

The legislature adopted an occupational disease bill, without the trial by jury feature so much wanted by labor, but still a bill that if signed by the governor will give protection to workers whose health is damaged in industry.

The legislature passed a barber's bill that turns control of shops over to a majority of 70 per cent in each county. It is the same bill the lobbyists have been working on for years. This time it went over with little debate.

The legislature also passed a motor responsibility act that is to all intents and purposes an act to make every driver take out insurance on his car. It is a bad bill put through by the insurance men.

The legislature also did several other things, some of which were of importance to the state, but the main interest was in these. The wine bill that received so much argument and attention put the fortified wine in liquor stores, where it can be found, but maybe not so easily.

It was a very good legislature, composed of conservative intelligent men in the main, with few of the mental or emotional freaks of other sessions.

THE LIFE OF RILEY

Of all the unhurried, uninhibited places to live the towns of the county of Sherman apparently win the fur lined bathing suit.

Business starts between nine and eleven o'clock after the morning's mail is leisurely distributed, the second or third cup of maternal coffee is consumed and the proprietors have decided that maybe something should be done this day after all. During this first two or three hours of the speeding day there is some discussion of the inequities of the new deal (maybe the plentitude of these causes the delay) there is comment on the war, labor absenteeism and, of course, sin (always a conversational topic of interest).

There is no hurry to do anything, no hurry to do nothing, just no hurry. We live the life of Riley. Do we like it? No. Like every lizard who finds an oasis in the desert we long to try the sands of hardship again, and like the lizard we never willingly get beyond the sight of the palm trees.

News accounts indicate that the farm bloc is doing a better job of looking out for the farmers than it is in looking out for the nation.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Mar. 18, 1904 B. F. Hoover has begun brick-making at Wasco.

Born. To the wife of H. Pape, at Gorman, an 8 lb. boy. All doing well.

Last Sunday's snow storm stopped plowing early this week, but it left sown fields steaming like a vat of barley in a brewery before noon.

From the Observer, Mar. 21, 1924 An auto party comprising Mrs. O. L. Belshe and daughter Linnie and Mrs. G. E. Mathews and LaNelle left Moro early Thursday for Portland where they expect to attend the piano recitals given in that city by Paderewski.

The school faculty, pupils, and Dorcas study club will give a playground benefit April 11th at the school auditorium for the purpose of providing more playground apparatus and improving the school grounds. A candy sale will be part of the program.

A professor says that bathing is an unnecessary custom engaged in for the purpose of gaining social prestige. Yes, it helps a man to get into society and also to live with himself.

From the Observer, Mar. 20, 1914 The school house and equipment at Grass Valley burned early Wednesday evening; cause unknown. It was a modern brick building and had about \$6,800 insurance.

The street committee of the city council are to be congratulated upon the neat way the improvement of Main street is being conducted. When finished the work will be a matter of pleased commendation in place of the general air of apology formerly of common use toward the stranger within our gates.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
ed ten times as many dozen eggs as Oregon hens laid. Oregon's production was in excess of 40,000,000 dozen. The figures on export came from Edward R. Stettinius, those on what the Oregon hens laid from the department of agriculture.

Fear of housewives that they will not be able to buy rubber jar rings for preserving vegetables and fruit this year appears to be without foundation. Present indications are that 1943 will be the all-time record for home-canning because of the shortage of canned goods and the point system, and the necessity of housewives having to depend upon their own endeavors to keep their larders supplied. Glass jars and tops will also be available, it is hoped.

It looks as though after June the federal income tax will be paid on the installment plan. This is the proposal of the house committee on ways and means, and if the bill is passed by house and senate it will be easier to pay this tax than trying to meet it in a lump sum. Anything can happen before June, however, and the installment paying plan may be kicked out of the window.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Wasco, Oregon, March 11, 1943.
Sherman County Journal:
Dear Sirs:

I think the people will be interested to know my brother, Captain Earl C. Williams was awarded posthumously the Purple Heart decoration for making the supreme sacrifice in defense of his country January 20, 1942.

My brother was well remembered here, living with us, getting his eighth grade diploma at Emigrant Springs in 1931. He graduated from Rufus high school in 1935 and the University of Oregon in 1939. He went to the Philippines in April, 1941, to help train the Filipino Scouts.

We never heard from him after the U.S. entered the war. The War Department informed us he was killed in action January 29, 1942. I think he is Sherman county's first casualty of the war.

Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. L. Fox,
Wasco, Oregon.

The following is a letter written to the Grass Valley I.O.O.F. lodge by Pvt. Vernon E. Shipley, who is with the army in the Pacific area:

Jan. 21, 1943
Grass Valley Lodge No. 131, I.O.O.F., Grass Valley, Oregon.

Dear Brothers:
Thank you very much for sending me my certificate of dues for this year. It will permit me to visit the Odd Fellows lodge in these islands.

You fellows are pretty swell to write me. Alfred Payne and Clyde Stradley have written to me letters which I appreciate beyond mere words. Now, I receive one from you too, Frank. Believe me, it gives me a new lease on life.

Do you know, I have talked to fellows from practically every state in the U.S., and almost to a man each swears that his state is "God's chosen land"! It is inevitable that environment will mold any man's life and way of thinking. I know for certain what country and state I am coming home to; you can bet on that.

I see young W. Brinkert once in a while but the other boys I haven't seen since Sept. or Oct. They are all in a different outfit and it is by chance only if we meet. And then they may have joined a task force. I have no way of knowing.

In fact, I can't think of a n'y where I would rather be, except home of course. But then, we all have a job to complete first, and the better we are trained and prepared will defeat our enemies thoroughly.

I am glad to hear you are able to get with himself.

Eureka Lodge No 121 A.F. & A.M. Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays evenings of each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us.

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

C. A. Ruggles
INSURANCE
Moro, Ore.

to get together and hold lodge. I was afraid perhaps the rationing would make it impossible.

I hear that a lot of the farms are changing ownership. My gosh, I won't know whose land belongs to whom when I do get home, at this rate. Well anyway, this is no time to wonder where and when I will be able to get land again.

One thing certain, when I do get located, all hell or high water will not shake me loose from my wheat country again.

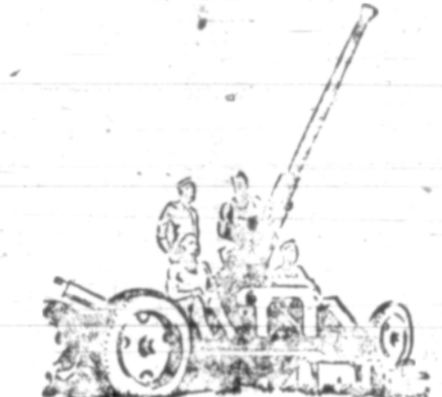
On these islands they have sugar cane, pineapple, banana and even coffee plantations. Just about anything grows in this climate and if in place there isn't enough rainfall, well, they create dams or dig wells (some artesian) and pump by electricity into flumes to the land where needed. Flowers grow in abundance and are vivid in color and beauty. Whole trees bloom out in ravishing color. Even the ocean is of color that takes your breath away; it is beyond my poor powers of description. You have to be here to appreciate nature in its full glory.

Write again, brothers, please. Sincerely yours,

Vernon E. Shipley.

What You Buy With
WAR BONDS

The B-1's are a terrific gun designed for great range and heavier calibre than the average anti-aircraft or tripod gun. They are mechanically simple to use, easy to load. The B-1's are a most costly apparatus, \$2,000 which a B-1's maintenance runs up to \$142,000.



We want our fighters to have the best equipment possible and your purchase of War Bonds will help pay for these guns, giving them an advantage over our enemies. Buy War Bonds every payday. At least ten percent of your income, or as much as you can buy will help pay the war cost, provide you with a nest egg for the future, and pay you good interest.

Buy War Bonds Today

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.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that C. A. Tom has been appointed Administrator of the Estate of George W. Ramsey, 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.

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.

Upline Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Coila Belshee, N.G.
Florence Johnston, Sec.

SADDLE and RIDE
By ERNEST HAYCOX
WNU 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 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 Hank Brewster has not gone over to Herendeen's side. Seen camping with Pete Borcers, a rancher, he is a fugitive from Herendeen's men. 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. When he learns that Herendeen has sent a party out to find Hank 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 Hank. Herendeen arrives, and there is a free-for-all fight. In the midst of the fight, Hank appears. Herendeen and his men are driven off, but not before they have set fire to the town. As Clay, Hank and Kern Case watch, the whole town, including Case's store, burns to the ground.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XII

It was beyond midnight when Clay reached home. Harry Jump, night-hawking around the yard, followed him into the kitchen and watched him strip down to the waist and wash. Morgan's cheeks showed the battering of Herendeen's fists.

Morgan went up to his bed and lay there, his brain pulsing within its skullcap and strong pain traveling through his left arm from a broken finger. It made him remember the older fight. Both of them had been younger men, soon recovering from the misery of that beating. This one would stick, it would be buried physically in them as long as they lived, and the sting of it would never leave their minds.

At two in the morning, his broken hand on fire, he dressed and went downstairs; he lighted a lamp in the kitchen and shaved himself for want of something better to do—watching the bruised patches on his face slowly change color. He stoked up the stove and put on the coffee; and sat on the porch in the moon-shot heart of night. Wind drifted across the flats, cold and sweet. Harry Jump appeared from the shadows, saying in his sleepy, irritable voice, "Well, if you're goin' to stay up, I'll turn in."

Morgan got up from the chair, unable to take the punishment of his hand by sitting still. He went in and drank his coffee, black and hot, and returned to the yard, pacing out through the long-thrown shadows of the peplars. The weathered juniper poles of the corral showed, white in the moonlight; across the valley the outline of silence; even the night creatures at last grew still. And so he watched this land, his land, slowly turn through the night from glowing shapelessness to the first hard shadows of false morning. A streak showed over the eastern hills and the horses began to stir in the corral. At four he heard the cook cross the kitchen, asthmatically coughing; at five, drawn and wire-nerved, Morgan ate breakfast with the crew.

He said to Jump, "I'll be in town for a couple hours. Stek close to the house until I get back."

Afterwards, all his muscles sore and strained and ragged, he climbed the stairs to Janet's room and stood a moment by her bed. She lay in a curled bundle, both hands drawn near her face. Her lips were soft, almost on the edge of a smile, as though her dreams were pleasant; and this way, unconscious of him, she showed Morgan a childish sweetness that held him there, long-wondering and strongly moved. It was that little-girl look, full of faith and belief, which struck him so hard. It would not, he realized, be with her much longer. He left the room reluctantly, got his horse and lined out for War Pass, reaching town beyond sunup and going directly to Charley Padden's house.

Charley was the only doctor in the country, a man turned rough and blunt by the kind of practice he had, somewhat profane and apparently calloused to pain in others. When he saw the broken finger and the bruises on Morgan's face, he said: "The other customer came in before daylight. I took four stitches in his lip. This is going to make you squirm, Clay. Want a drink of whisky first?"

"No," said Clay. "go ahead and don't talk so damned much." Rounding the bend of the trail, a few minutes later, he saw Catherine Grant dismounted in the trail, waiting.

When Morgan dismounted before

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.

her her eyes showed him something that warmed him through and through: it was a swift personal interest, a little saddened by what she saw, as though his injuries hurt her heart. "Bones McGeen came by the ranch late last night and told us what happened." She watched him quite closely, one strong line of worry across her forehead. "I was afraid you were badly hurt. I hope you paid him back. I hope you smashed the lights out of him!"

He managed a grin. "He'll take no beauty prizes for a spell." "They had this power to be pleased with each other, to touch up seriousness with a light, touch-and-go humor. He said: "I'm glad I crossed your trail. What are you doing?"

"I was coming your way. I wanted to see how you were." "Did you tell Gurd you were coming?" "No." "What's the matter with him?"

She lowered her head and drew patterns on the soft forest soil with her finger-point. Her hair glowed jarkly in the morning's light, it deepened the color of her cheeks. "I don't know," she said in a reserved voice. She wouldn't look at him during these moments. "It is Herendeen's influence, I suppose."

"She lifted the soft earth in her hand and let it slide between her fingers. Her face was sweetly sober. Her long and fresh-colored lips expressively changed shape when she looked at him. "No explanations, no apologies. That is the way you've always been."

"What else can anybody do?" "Nothing, I guess. Only it makes it hard for people to understand you sometimes. To know what is in your head." "You never had any trouble figuring me out," he reflected.

"Ah, but I have a special gift that way. I know you through and through." They were silently laughing at each other, influenced by an undercurrent which always buoyed them up when together. She turned, lying back on the ground, her body full-shaped against the folds of her riding habit.

She pillowed her head with her hands and watched the bright blue patch of sky showing through the pine-tops, speaking in a distant, dreaming voice: "Nothing ever changes, Clay. The earth, the wind or the sun. Or the things I want, or you want." He remembered what Ann McGarrath had so swiftly asked him: What had he wanted? Now, not knowing what it was, he asked Catherine: "What do I want?"

She said in a faraway tone: "I wish I knew." "What do you want?" "She turned her head, so close to him now that he saw the gray flakes of color in her eyes. The dance of laughter was in them, and an inexpressible gravity was in them, both humors blended. It was the way she hid herself from him when she chose. "Never ask a woman's age, never ask what she wants."

He said indolently: "I wish I had a steak, with onions. Maybe German fried potatoes and a piece of apple pie. Now that's what I want." She said: "Do you remember the night we rode to Freeport in the rain and ate Kern Case's flapjacks and coffee, and played rummy until he got scandalized at our conduct and sent us away? It was awfully dark in the Potholes that night, Clay."

"What ever happened to that brown dress?" She said in a wondering tone. "You still remember it?" Then she added quite gently: "Somewhere in the attic, Clay. It is up there with all the other things I outgrew and put away to forget and never quite forgot. Would you want to go back to those times, Clay?"

"No," he said, "I guess not." She said: "There's something else I came up here to tell you. Herendeen has sent over the mountain for the Ryder boys. They're gunmen, Clay."

He said, "Time to go," and held out his hand. His fingers were warm and strong, they had a pressure as she pulled herself half-upright and for a moment, her shoulder softly touching his chest, she watched the dust dancing in a shaft of slanting sunlight, her eyes half-closed. "No," she murmured, "I guess I wouldn't either."

"What?" "Go back to old times. We'd do the same things, and make the same mistakes. Nothing changes." She turned her head to him, her lips pressed in soft humor. But the expression on Morgan's face sent the smile away and for this short heady interval of time they were remembering the same things, hard-touched by them, dangerously stirred by them. That old closeness came back, that old reckless, sweet wildness came back and shook them; and for a moment he was shocked alive by the things her nearness did to him. The past rushed up and he saw her as he



"Herendeen has sent over the mountain for the Ryder boys."

had once seen her—a girl holding him away with a gay insolence even as her eyes pulled him on. He saw now the faint freckles at the base of her nose and the curve of her eyebrows and the close texture of her skin, gently browned by the sun—and the reflection of himself in her pupils.

She rose and stepped away from him and did something then that told him of her thoughts; she lifted her chin, her face tightening against a flare of excitement, and pulled her hands behind her back as she had done in those old days when she was afraid of what was to come. "My boy," she said, breathlessness in her throat, "it is time to go."

"Back home?" She shook her head. "I'm riding with you. There's something on Long Seven I want to find out. You don't mind, Clay?"

He had his awkward moment in mounting with his bad hand. They traveled single-file up the trail to Mogul's plateau, and afterward rode abreast across the dun-yellow surface of the high meadows, beneath a half warm sun. High on the tawny ribs of the Mogul ridge cattle grazed; a puff of dust rose from the bounding flight of an antelope. Catherine said: "It is a beautiful world, Clay."

Turning the foot of the Mogul Mountains, they came upon the Long Seven yard. Janet was waiting in the doorway, her hands primly folded in front of her dress. Harry Jump and Cap Vermilye were near the corral talking to the nester from Salt Meadow, Fox Willing.

These three moved toward Morgan but he ignored them for this moment, caught by this scene of Catherine facing his daughter. Catherine walked forward, tall and pleasant in the sunlight, not smiling but near to a smile. Janet's small hands remained locked across her dress. Her face held its precise gravity, its un-moved reserve; her eyes were quite cool yet Morgan, who knew his daughter thoroughly— the shaded meaning in her various degrees of silence and politeness—recognized an odd restraint in his daughter at the moment. It was a mirrored resentment, the cause of which he understood at once. Somewhere along the last year or two his daughter had absorbed the viewpoint of Ann McGarrath. Somehow Ann McGarrath had mysteriously instilled in Janet her own dislike of Catherine. These were the ways by which women sent their feelings intuitively across space to other women. Janet was Ann's partisan and her small clear face, so exactly neutral, could not quite hide her jealousy. He stood by, quietly angered at Ann McGarrath for what she had done to Janet, knowing he had no way of changing Janet's expression. She was no longer a child to listen implicitly to him. In her own mind, in that shadowland between childhood and wisdom, were beliefs she held by her own judgment.

Catherine was at the porch. She said: "I haven't seen you for a very long while, Janet." Janet's voice was slow and cool. "Thank you. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"No," said Catherine, and settled on the steps of the porch. She looked at her hands a moment, drawing a deep breath; she was sober and restrained. "No, but thanks. That's a pretty dress. I had one once, almost the same color. I wore it to a lot of dances." "Were you my age then?" asked Janet.

"I was older. But at your age I used to dance by myself when nobody was watching."

"I do, too," said Janet. "How long did you have to wait before you could go to dances?" She spoke it and then, remembering her father's presence too late, threw him an embarrassed look.

Catherine noticed it. She said immediately: "It will seem long, as it did to me, but it really will be so short a time!" Fox Willing moved around to face Morgan. He said, "Mr. Morgan, I rode over to tell you something..."

(TO BE CONTINUED)