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SCHOOL SITUATION

Certainly there is no informed
person in the county who will
give much praise to the county
school system. It has been criticized
because it gives too little
education and because it costs
too much. Either criticism is a
fair one.

The sole argument advanced
against doing something about it
is the age old one of keeping the
schools a local affair, of keeping
each district an integral unit for
educational and taxation purposes.
Under this theory some districts
are able to keep their taxes very
low. Also under this system the
type of education offered is very
low.

The time is coming—and we
hope it is here—when this county
will decide that the educational
advantages of the children are
of more value than money.

Consolidation of schools would
make it possible to save money
in the county but would cost some
districts more. There could be
equalization of financial responsibility—and there should be, just
as there should be equalization
and improvement in education.

Elementary education in Sher-
man county per pupil costs, in
the now past biennium, \$207.62.
The average in the state was
\$95.72. High school education in
Sherman county cost, per pupil,
\$225.48. The average in the
state was \$113.92.

Does anyone think our chil-
dren obtained twice as good an
education as the state average?

It is doubtful if this county can
ever educate children as cheaply
as more populous counties. We
might, however, approach the re-
cord of Gilliam county where the
per pupil costs are \$170.08 for
elementary and \$128.85 for high
school pupils.

We can either do something
about it or wait until necessity
makes the change mandatory.
This may come through state
law or through the removal of
so many children from the county
to other schools that inaction will
no longer be possible. To do
nothing is like refusing to re-
pair a piece of machinery until
it is completely worn out.

EVERYTHING IN GOOD TIME

Here in the United States we
seem to be doing a lot of worry-
ing about how we are going to
our enemies are properly licked,
rearrange the world after all.
It is a brand of conceit of which
we are particularly fond. This sit-
ting in the sun and thinking about
what we will do when our ship
comes in.

As a matter of fact our en-
emies are not licked yet. That
might be hastened if those in
authority spent more time work-
ing at that and less at planning
the post war world.

This nation has, and will, give
many tons of food, many ship-
loads of material and equipment
toward the eventual winning of
the war. It may give much of
its blood, too. We do not expect
to give as much, or suffer as
much as has China, for instance,
or Russia. Those nations have lost
territory, production, millions of
dead and more wounded. They
have lived on what they could
get not on what they were rationed.

Right now it looks as if when
the war is ended the bushy mous-
tached Mr. Stalin is going to
have the most to say about how

the peace is written. As a matter
of fact it looks as if he should.
Joe may be a communist in
theory. In practice he is a darn
good fighting man and he governs
Russia in such a way that the
people fight for him. He can have
any religion he wants—and any
kind of government he wants—
as long as it works where he has
it. That is none of our business.
Neither is it any of his business
what kind of government we have.

For one or two of the allied
nations to set forth a program
for the post war period without
hearing from the others is use-
less—and may cause misunder-
standings that will do damage to
international amity during the
actual war.

Right now we are fighting to
win the war and stop the aggres-
sor nations from taking over the
earth. When we have succeeded
in doing that we can get together
and write a peace that will
prevent some other aggressor, in-
cluding the allies, from trying to
corner the earth in the future.

A lot of idealistic talk about
giving everyone a quart of milk
a day is baloney. We can trade
with other nations, sell them what
we have, buy what they have and
provide international trade fairly
enough that all can live. This
nation has no responsibility fur-
ther than that. We do not have
to feed the world.

There may be some police work
to be done after the war is over
and we can take our part in that
with the understanding that it is
police work and nothing more.

We cannot write the peace now.
If we could it wouldn't fit the
conditions after the war, for one
thing we all must know by now
is that conditions always change.
There is some danger of getting
so-obsessed with talk of the peace
that we fall out with our allies
before we have won the war.

Therefore let's talk about the
war and let talk of the peace come
in its turn.

RUMUL PLAN

The major weakness of the
Rumul plan is that it would prob-
ably serve to forgive taxes for
one year. That is unthinkable in
times like this when the nation
cannot get enough tax money for
war needs at best. It would aid
the rich who always do pretty
well in inflationary times and
would give little aid to the ordi-
nary taxpayer who can well
afford to put up his \$100 to \$500
for the war.

The only valid argument for a
pay as you go plan of any kind
is that so many people do not
make arrangements to pay their
income tax when they are earn-
ing and consequently may not be
able to pay when and if incomes
drop because of less favorable
economic conditions.

It should be possible to permit
or encourage payment of taxes
before the actual due date with-
out forgiving a year of taxes.
A little study on the magnitude
of the job of establishing a pay
as you go plan for all kinds of
taxpayers will convince almost
anyone that it is very difficult
indeed. For those on wages or
salary it is simple. For profes-
sional men, farmers or business
men it is almost impossible.

The main features of the Rumul
plan might better be forgotten.
We are going to have to pay
for the war anyway, sometime,
and postponement at a time
when every one is making a pro-
fit is no way to get that done.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims
against the Estate of Bart Bur-
rell, deceased, are hereby notified
to present them, with the proper
vouchers and duly verified, to the
undersigned, the duly appointed,
qualified and acting administra-
trix of the Estate of Bart Bur-
rell, deceased, at the office of T.
Lester Johnson, in Moro, Oregon,
within six months from the date
of the first publication of this no-
tice, to-wit: March 12, 1943.

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

EVERYBODY
EVERYWHERE
10¢
Buy U.S. WAR BONDS

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
would suspect that Ellsworth is
a Republican and not a new deal-
er.

War department wanted 10
square miles in which to locate
a project. It had surveys made
of the most isolated sections of
Oregon and Idaho but finally set-
tled on 200,000 acres near Priest
Rapids on the Columbia river in
Washington. All the settlers, pos-
sibly less than 2,000 in that area
are being ordered to move. The
reason the project was not located
in Oregon—in the Deschutes
canyon—in Harney or Malheur
counties—was that in each case
something was lacking. On the
Deschutes was water, but there
was a railroad and highway and
it was near The Dalles. In the
waste region there was everything
exactly as the engineers desired
but no water.

On the upper Columbia river
the engineers found almost ideal
conditions, after they had mod-
ified their plans. It is estimated
that the project (the details have
not been announced) will cost
about 50,000,000 more and employ
10,000 people or more, and these
workers will be housed on a
government building project far
from the place where they will
work.

Bureau of mines has issued a
printed pamphlet on "The Possi-
bilities of Coal Production in
the Coos Bay Field."

In Other Days

From the Observer April 1, 1904
Grandma DeMoss is again
able to be up and about the house.

At the meeting of the Republi-
can primaries Saturday the fol-
lowing men were nominated and
elected in the various districts
over the county. Moro-B. F. Pike
L. H. Martin, J. B. Hosford, L.
Barnum, G. W. Brock, W. H.
Ragsdale and W. B. McCoy.

Grant -J. A. Poister, Hugh
Chrisman, H. Glass, Bigelow,
W. C. Harper, Joseph Ornduff,
Wasco-Clark Dunlap, Gene Cat-
tron, Wm. Walker, C. C. Cuney,
R. P. Orr, E. D. McKee, Ed Bur-
monk, Monkland-George Meloy,
J. H. Elliot, Elwood Thompson
Grass Valley-Emmet Olds, L.
Olds, C. A. Buckley, I. N. Lemen,
Del Coon, L. R. French; Rutledge-
Grant Hawley, Clyde Smith, Kent-
Wm. Hall, R. W. Montgomery, J.
Walton, C. P. Ragsdale. The con-
vention for Sherman County will
be held tomorrow, April 2, at
Moro.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hull were
guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hog-
gard this week.

From the Observer April 4, 1924
Mayor N. W. Thompson has
issued a proclamation declaring
Friday, April 4, a local holiday
and that all join in helping plant
trees along the Sherman highway.

Frank Hulery of Rufus is en-
joying his new car, purchased this
last week from the Dalles garage.
Dr. C. L. Poley of this city has
decided to make the race for
county coroner.

W. H. Williams drove to Port-
land Tuesday to meet his father
G. A. Williams and family, who
are moving to this city from Cess-
ford, Alberta, Canada.

Roy F. Dean has had a large
plate glass door installed in the
front entrance of his home and
French doors placed between the
two front rooms of his residence.

From the Observer April 3, 1914
J.C. Freeman, as mayor of
Moro, has appointed April 14th,



From where I sit...
by Joe Marsh
"Well," says Judge Cunning-
ham. "I see they've got it!"
"Got what?" I says.
"Look," beams the Judge. And
he pulls out an article about a
special kind o' lie detector—an
"alcoholometer" they call it.
When a fellow gets haled into
court for doing mischief, and
blames it all on a "couple of
beers," this scientific machine
proves whether just a "couple of
beers" is really the true answer.
And o' course it isn't. Because
a couple of beers, enjoyed with
friends, is a way people keep out
of trouble, not get into it!
From where I sit, I certainly
agree with the Judge. The fellow,
with the alibi about a "couple
of beers" is reflecting on good
citizens everywhere who enjoy
a quiet glass of beer with their
meals-sittin' with their friend-
er just relaxing after a day's
work. Moderate folks like that
are entitled to consideration.

Kent Rebekahs
Install New
Officers

Wheatland Rebekah lodge held
installation March 4 when the fol-
lowing officers were installed:
Edna Schilling, Noble Grand;
Marguerite Decker, vice Grand;
Mildred Norton, Secretary; Clara
Helyer, treasurer; Margaret Mob-
ley, warden; Eudora Helyer, con-
ductor; Lola Barnett, inside guard-
ian; Brooks Helyer, RSN;
Floye vonBorstel LSN; Edith
Lyons LSVG; Dorothy Dunlap,
RSVG; Laura Sather, chaplain.
Ollie Helyer, musician.

Wheatland Rebekah lodge was
paid an official visit March 24 by
Miss Madeline Rossmer, president
of the Rebekah assembly. Refresh-
ments were served following a
special meeting. The president
gave an interesting talk.

The Rebekah convention at
Moro was attended by the follow-
ing people from Kent. Mrs. Ol-
lie Helyer, Mrs. Lola Barnett, Mrs.
Edna Schilling, Mrs. Mildred Nor-
ton, Mrs. Bertha Matthes and Mr.
and Mrs. W. G. Helyer. Mrs.
Edna Schilling won the silver cup
in a contest held for noble grands
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tatum of
Portland were visitors here Sun-
day at the home of Mrs. Tetina's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E.
Norton.

Mrs. Frank vonBorstel returned
home from her stay at Roseburg
and Coquille. She spoke over the
radio Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schilling
and family were visitors at the
Johnny Decker home.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Preece and
Robert Gregg were visitors in
Bend Friday night returning the
next day.

Rev. O. W. Jones and daughter
Mrs. Beryl Brown were visitors
Friday night and Saturday in
Hood River.

Mr. and Mrs. William Jefferies
Roy Barnett and Mrs. James Mat-
thes were visitors in The Dalles
Monday.

Doris Holdaway of Moro visited
at the home of her grandparents,
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Helyer last
weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Justesen were
visitors in The Dalles Monday.
J. C. Wilson spent last week-
end in Portland with his wife and
daughter returning Monday.

Tuesday as clean up and fix 'em
day. It is the intention to divide
the city into sections with a lead-
er for each; also, that the places
of business will close during the
larger part of the day.

R. J. Ginn has been confined to
his home this week by sickness.

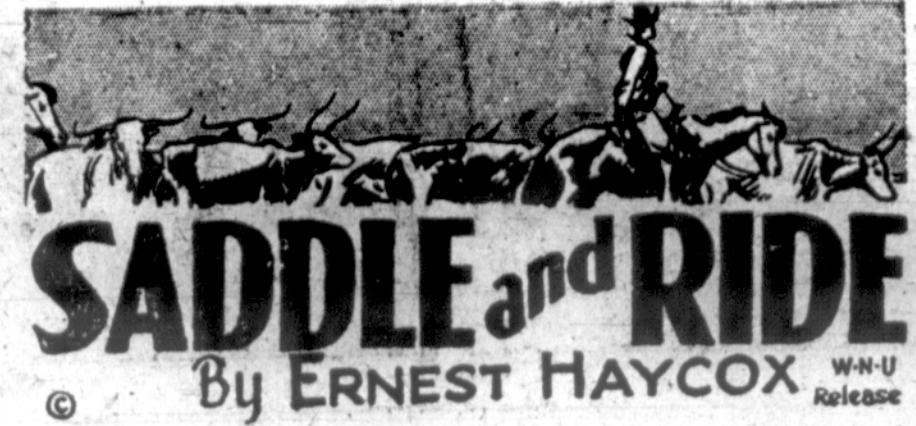
Athur Smith was in from his
Rutledge farm last week; he re-
ports that the wheat crops in his
section are looking exceptionally
fine.

The business men of Wasco
have declared a holiday for April
9th and will join with the up-
date farmers of that section in a
day of work on the McDonald
John Day river grade.

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

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

C. A. Ruggles
INSURANCE
Moro, Ore.



THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan
has decided to play a lone hand against
Ben Herendeen, a rancher bent on run-
ning 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
he should have married Herendeen.
Morgan is a solitary figure, devoted to
his nine-year-old daughter, Janet. Al-
though two women, Catherine Grant and
Lila McGarrah, are in love with him,
they know he cannot forget Lila. Of his
former friends, only Hack Breathitt has
come over to Herendeen's side. Seen
first with Pete Borders, a rancher,
Lila is a fugitive from Herendeen's men.
Card Grant, Catherine's brother, hesi-
tated about joining Herendeen, but be-
came Morgan's sworn enemy when he
discovered that Catherine had been to
his ranch. When he learns that Heren-
deen has sent a party out to find Hack
Breathitt and kill him, Clay starts out
with Pete Borders, a rancher.
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with Pete Borders, a rancher.

CHAPTER XIV

The Potholes was a section of land
perhaps ten miles square, composed
of gulches and ridges shaplessly
twisted, as though in olden time an
upthrust of the earth's lower levels
had lifted and dropped this crust.

Grant didn't know the region well
enough to orient himself, but Char-
ley Hillhouse was thoroughly at
home, selecting the trails without
pause as he came to them. Crossing
a creek that rose in the Potholes
and died in them, they reached a
meadow and carefully skirted its
edge. Beyond this meadow the land
again broke up. Charley Hillhouse
lifted a hand over his head, signal-
ing caution; a mile forward, coming
to the lip of a deep glen, he waved
his arm by way of command. Grant
stopped, watching Hillhouse step
from his horse and go forward.

Grant dismounted and led the oth-
er men down the trail to the bottom
of the glen. He climbed the far
side slowly, abreast Hillhouse. Hill-
house pointed ahead.

Yonder, in a cup-shaped depression
as large as a small corral,
stood Hack Breathitt's horse. There
was a dead fire in the middle of
the depression, and Hack's saddle
gear. Hack lay beside a log, sound
asleep, with his hat pulled over his
head.

Grant dropped at the right of Hill-
house, the two other riders crawled
to the foreman's left and thus the
four of them watched the loose-
sprawled shape of Hack Breathitt.

The Three Pines foreman had let
his gun and arm drop along the
ground and on his face lay shadows
darker than the dull light of the Potholes.
Yet on that face was no
particular sadness and no visible
eagerness. All Gurd Grant saw was
a gray, steadfast certainty. Then
Hillhouse lifted the gun, sighted it
on Breathitt and spoke quietly:

"It is a hell of a time to be pound-
in' your ear, Hack. Wake up."

Soft as the call was, Hack Breathitt's
awakening was instant. All in
a motion he swung his blanket aside,
sprang upright and wheeled around,
reaching for his gun. Hillhouse's
flat warning stopped Breathitt's
draw.

"Cut that out. You're covered
four ways."

This was a wrong guess on Char-
ley Hillhouse's part, for only three
of them had drawn on Breathitt.
Gurd Grant, rising as the others
rose, held his arms beside him.

Breathitt's horse grunted when Riley
heaved up the latigo strap. A
crow's strident squawking echoed
through the timber. Shade pressed
around them and even though the
day was half-warm, Gurd Grant felt
a growing chill in his stomach, along
his nerves. He could not help asking
his question.

"What are you going to do, Char-
ley?"

Hillhouse ignored the question,
whereupon Breathitt's grin showed
very white against his steel-black
stubble.

Breathitt reached into his shirt
pocket, producing cigarette materi-
al. He rolled a smoke, still showing
that thin-lipped amusement. He
lighted the cigarette and dragged in
a deep breath of smoke. "You won't
get far with a jury, son. You know
that."

"Yes," said Hillhouse, "I know it.
Riley, bring me his rope."

Riley released the rope from the
thong of Breathitt's saddle. He came
across the depression at a slow, bow-
legged straddle and handed the rope
to Hillhouse. Hillhouse hooked it
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.



He fired three times, shoving the
gun toward his target.

you loaded up a wagon of them and
went around to the neighbors."

"What neighbors?" he said, shak-
ing his head. "It is a poor word to
describe what they are now, to each
other. Herendeen and Morgan are
ready to fight at the drop of a hat.
Gurd's got it in for Morgan over
something—I don't know what. We
are going to have a fight and I hate
to consider it."

She said: "You should know the
reason for it, Lige."

"Why yes," he answered. "Heren-
deen wants to clean up the range
and Morgan is a little shy on com-
in' in."

She said: "No, Lige. In the be-
ginning it was over a woman, Lila.
And now it is over another woman,
Catherine."

He looked down at her, slowly
thinking it over. "Lila—maybe yes.
But Catherine, I doubt that. He's
closer to the McGarrah girl."

"There's one thing you don't know,
Lige. Catherine was his first girl.
Even before Lila. She still is. I
don't know if he realizes that. I
don't know if he understands why
he is so bitter against Herendeen,
or why Herendeen hates him so.
It is Catherine, Lige."

He said: "You're damned pretty,
sittin' there."

She gathered up the darnin' and
rose, turning to a corner of the
room. "I ought to go down and see
what Chin's cooking for dinner."

He came over the room. Hearing
his quick steps she swung around,
her face dark-set and stiff. Lige
White showed her his quick smile,
he showed her the gay, excited and
unruly expression she knew so well.
There was that insistence in him,
that quick need. He put his hand on
her shoulder, compelling her to come
toward him. He said, voice giving
him away. "Don't freeze me out,
Grace."

She whirled back from him, re-
treating until she had reached a
wall. She put her shoulders to the
wall and it was this picture that
hurt Lige White, the sight of his
wife shrinking away, actually in
tear, with that darkness on her face
and that adamant pride in her eyes,
as though she hated the things in
his mind then. It took all the drive
out of him, it swung him around.
At the door he turned, once more
covering up his feelings, speaking
as though none of this had hap-
pened.

"I'm going over to see Herendeen,
and maybe Gurd. Probably be gone
overnight."

She remained by the wall until he
had left the room, listening to the
crush of his feet on the stairs. After-
wards, posted at a corner of the win-
dow so that he wouldn't see her,
she watched him ride out of the
yard and settle the horse into a
single-footed dancing across the Fan-
dango Desert. As long as he was
in sight she stood by the window.
When the corral and barns cut
him from view she dropped the
darnin' material from her hands
and crossed to the bureau mirror.
She placed her hands on the bureau
top, watching the way her face re-
mained set and dark. She said,
"Who is it always like that?" and
slowly turned from the room. Chin
had left a broom and pan in the
hall; she bent to pick up the pan
and saw the uncollected dust along
the floor. She went down to the
kitchen and filled a pail with water
and got a rag from a closet and
lugged the pail up the stairs, kneel-
ing on the hall.

She had forgotten about her dress,
or she didn't care. She drenched
the rag and slowly scrubbed the
floor, not with very much method;
she kept pushing the rag around and
around the same spot, and her lips
were tight-placed and tears showed
in her eyes. She said, "This started
long ago. Why do I always push
him away? I always did. Now he
goes somewhere else. It is too late."

She moved along the hall, water
staining her dress. Her hair loos-
ened at the edges, coming across
her forehead. Chin called up the
stairs. "Miss Lige White, what you
do there?"

She cried, "Get back to the kitch-
en," and was openly crying.

(TO BE CONTINUED)