

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

Giles L. French 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
NATIONAL EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION
OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Payable in Advance
ONE YEAR \$1.50

APRIL 9, 1943

BIGGEST BOND SALE

Beginning next Monday, April
12, the United States government
is going to sell \$13,000,000,000
worth of securities. Oregon must
buy \$100,000,000 of this sum.
Sherman county's quota is \$80,000.

It is not going to be necessary
for anyone to make a great personal
plea to those of the county
for participation in this huge bond
purchase. A citizenry that reads
so many current papers and magazines,
that listens so carefully
to the news over the radio will
realize the need for making funds
available to the government whenever
the request is made.

The banks can buy the bonds
if they have to. If they do they
will use depositors' money. The
banks will get the interest. If
the depositor buys the bonds he
will get the interest. No one, the
treasury or the banks, want the
banks to take the bonds. Financing
the war is not the job of the
financial institutions. It is the
job of the people.

An investor can buy almost
any kind of government security
he wants between April 12 and
May 1. There will be the familiar
E bonds, the F and G bonds, treasury
bonds and tax anticipation
certificates. For those who had
trouble finding enough cash for
income tax payment these tax
anticipation certificates would make
a good investment.

There will be an all day
program about this bond sale next
Monday. Every effort will be
made to sell bonds to the people.
If the news can go out over the
world, to the mud encrusted soldiers
of the soviet, to the overworked
people of Germany, to the discouraged
peasants of Italy, to the plotters
for free France, to the busy little
Japs making the best of their meager
resources, to our allies in South
America, that the people of the
United States raised \$13,000,000,000
in less than a month it is going
to be one of the finest propaganda
items of the war.

There will probably be no
speeches in Sherman county, there
will be few, if any, personal calls.
We are largely on our own, to do
or not to do the thing that will
shorten the war and make its
successful conclusion surer.

SUBMERGED TENTH

The submerged tenth is out
again now. They are the ten per
cent of the population the social
workers talk about they make
up the larger part of the exaggerated
one-third who are ill-fed,
ill-housed, ill-clothed.

Now they have jobs. What do
they do with them? If you have
to tell the waitress three times
that you want your coffee black
and she brings it filled with cream
she is one of the submerged tenth
—and wouldn't you like to submerge
her in a cup of yellow
coffee?

They are, according to the best
review of the subject, the ones
who cause most of the absenteeism
at the shipyards and on other
government jobs. They shed responsibility
like a duck does water,
or a chorous girl her clothes.
They are like the horse trader's

mule; they don't give a damn.
Right now we are not being
asked to feel sorry for these un-
fortunates. In a few years we
will be, when jobs are not so plentiful
and the more competent take
over the available positions. At
that, maybe it is as easy to feed
them as to try to get along with
them on a job.

In Other Days

From the Observer, April 8, 1944
Wm. Rudolf, Ed Hennafin, J. J.
Wiley, B. M. Brown and other
Kent people were Moro visitors
Wednesday

C. J. Cook was buying Sherman
county mules last week to work
on grading etc., at the Lewis &
Clark fair grounds. He paid Hon.
R. J. Ginn \$850 for four.

Prof. Henry, leader of the Moro
Cornet Band and Miss Minnie
Holder were united in the holy
bonds of matrimony on the fourth.
J. B. Morrison can't be in Sher-
man county long without capturing
real estate. Last week he
purchased 800 acres from J. S.
Johnson, Rutledge.

From the Observer April 10, 1944
Contractor O. A. Ramsey left
for Kent Thursday to take charge
and finish the new store building
being built there by L. J. Gates
to replace the one recently destroyed
by fire.

J. P. O'Meara was in town this
week and while here sold L. V.
Moore a 30-hp four cylinder motor
for his Holt harvester; this
converts the harvester into a
gas motor and reduces the number
of horses required from
twenty-seven to eighteen.

George Meloy jr. and Ben Tomlin
met with a severe mishap last
Tuesday evening about eight o'clock
while coasting down First
street upon a bicycle built for one.
They had been coasting down the
hill for several trips, one using the
saddle as a seat and the other
standing between the saddle and
handle bars on the pedals, but
this time they met an automobile
at the intersection of Main and
First streets, driven by T. C. Lee
which was going slow and prepar-
ing to stop to allow Mrs. Lee to
leave the car. Evidently the boys
saw the auto and danger
of collision and George Meloy,
driving tried to turn and go by,
but they were traveling at an es-
timated speed of forty miles an
hour, without use of brakes or
pedal, and could not avoid the
impact with the auto; hitting it
a glancing blow that threw both
boys onto the ground with con-
siderable force and under the auto
parts of their clothing being found
under the accident attached to the
under side of the machine.

George Meloy was the most
severely hurt of the two, his jaw
was broken and scalp torn where
the rear wheel of the auto passed
over his head and he has a bad
cut on his chin that required five
stitches. It will probably be some
days before the extent of injur-
ies received by George Meloy can
be ascertained as he was not fully
conscious Thursday morning,
when he was taken by train in
care of Dr. Poley and his mother
to a hospital in Portland. Ben
Tomlin had recovered from the
shock and was able to be out of
bed the next day.

From the Observer, April 11, 1944
Four pupils of our local school
left Thursday morning by auto
for Corvallis where they will re-
present Moro school in a typing
contest held at OAC. Linnie Bel-
she and Laura Urquhart will be
in the advanced contest and Lloyd
Hennafin and Darrel Belshie will
be in the beginner's division. The
four were accompanied by Mrs.
O. L. Belshie and Miss Olga Sam-
ielson. More than 200 pupils of
schools over the state have regis-
tered for the contest, which con-
sists of a speed and accuracy test
in typing for fifteen minutes from
new copy.

Mrs. L. L. Peetz entertained on
Wednesday of this week in honor
of the 80th birthday anniversary
of Mrs. Carl Peetz, mother of
L. L. Peetz. Those present were
Mrs. G. Johnson, Miss Mary John-
son, Fred Peetz and son Chester,
Otto Peetz and family, Al Kirtley
and wife and L. L. Peetz, and
family.

The recently reorganized Am-
erican Legion Auxiliary for this
city now has an active member-
ship of 24. Meetings are held
twice each month at the home of
members. The officers are Mrs.
Kitty Schade, president; Mrs.
Lulu Huls, treasurer; Mrs. Lottie
Lee, secretary.

George Kruger
People's Column Visits Here On
Navy Furlough

To the Editor:
In a recent copy of your paper
you made the statement we would
have to depend more for amuse-
ment on our own community dur-
ing the remainder of the war. I
did not give your remark much
thought until last night. The
Wasco band invited me, as guest
soloist, for their spring concert.
Had it not been for this I would
have passed up a very pleasant
evening. I have not been paying
much attention to the programs
in the schools. This I find is a
mistake.

Those who failed to hear the
concert missed a great treat. The
music was all presented in a very
pleasing manner and some to near
perfection. Seldom has a piece
been done by an amateur band
as well as these youngsters play-
ed "Maritona". Several selections
were composed by Mr. Landles
and showed exceptional merit.
Wasco is to be congratulated on
having the services of an artist of
Mr. Landles' caliber. He is
teaching these children something
that will give them a richer and
fuller life.

We often take trips to see "Hol-
lywood's idea of real life" when
we could, right here at home,
see and hear something much bet-
ter, and at the same time encour-
age our own talented youngsters.
Mr. Caldwell and the faculty
of the Wasco school deserve much
credit for a well balanced even-
ing's entertainment.
Tom Fraser

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
of black bread given to the cast-
aways. Then he showed the lead-
er that his reckoning was wrong
that he was 150 miles off his
course. To correct the lifeboat
compass the submarine was turned
to the different points of the
compass. Next the submarine sent
an SOS giving the location of
the lifeboat and disappeared. Ear-
ly next morning a British ship
appeared and after watching the
lifeboat to see that it was not a
trap took the survivors aboard.
The survivors yet do not know
why the Nazi commander was so
humane.

Shipping board has rejected the
proposal of Walter Meacham, sec-
retary of the Oregon Trail assoc-
iation, to name two liberty
freighters Champeog and Oregon
Trail. The board explains that
under existing policy no Liberty
ship is named for anyone or any
thing but deceased persons.

Housewives are being advised
to can vegetables and fruit in
community groups and board of
home economics will provide an
expert to see that the work is
done in the most scientific manner.
Canning will be the major indus-
try of the average housewife this
summer and the government is
encouraging this method of pro-
cessing food for next winter. The
sugar coupon available the mid-
dle of March called for five pound
but additional sugar will be al-
lowed for home canning.

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.

C. A. Ruggles
INSURANCE
Moro, Ore.
Eureka Lodge No 121 A.F. & A.M.
Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thurs-
day evenings of each
month. Visiting mem-
bers are cordially in-
vited to meet with us.
W. F. McLeod, W.M.
C. V. Belknap, Secretary

George Kruger of the navy
arrived in Moro Wednesday morn-
ing for a two day stay. His wife
and Miss Clara Mersinger left
with him Friday for Oxnard, Cal.
George expects to go to sea soon.
Helen and Clara may stay in
California—and may be back in a
few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Martin
and daughter, Deanna Darlene,
were visitors in Portland dur-
ing the week to see Mrs. Mar-
tin's sister who was visiting in
that city before returning to her
position at Kodiak, Alaska.

The Moro Woman's Missionary
society will meet at the home of
Mrs. C. J. Thompson Tuesday af-
ternoon, April 13 at 2:30 p.m.
Mrs. Theodore Johnston will be
in charge of the program.

Miss Agnes Peters of Portland
spent the weekend with her sister,
Mrs. H. C. Ginn. Mrs. W. L. Pet-
ers, who has spent the past three
weeks with her daughter, return-
ed with her.

The county court met Wednes-
day and paid the bills for the
general and road funds.

Harry Kunsman spent the week-
end in Portland and brought his
daughter, Mrs. Robert Marvin,
home with him Monday for a few
days visit.

The PNG club party at the
Women's club room Friday after-
noon was the first one held since
last fall.

Those attending the initiation for
the White Shrine in The Dalles
Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. G.
Douma, Mr. and Mrs. E. Amidon,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pinkerton,
Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barzee, Mr.
and Mrs. Wily Knighten, Mary
Says, Anajean Knighten, Patty
French, and Mrs. Edith Burnett.
The Misses Says, Knighten and
French tap danced accompanied
by Patricia Pinkerton. Mrs. Knigh-
ten was installed as Worthy High
Priestess at the ceremony.

Mrs. Clarence Higby and chil-
dren of Parkdale were here over
the week end to visit her father,
Tom Reese and friends.

L. L. Peetz is up again after
a siege of five days in bed with a
cold and sore throat.

Lois Melzer and Harold Murphy
of Portland were guests at the
home of Miss Melzer's parents
last weekend.

Miss Sybil Belshie was home
over the week end from her school
in Portland to see her mother, Mrs.
Hazel Belshie.

Mrs. Helen Morrison Dawson,
having joined the Marines, is here
visiting her mother, Mrs. Gladys
Morrison, while waiting to be
called to service.

Word has been received here
of the death, March 31, in Salem,
of Mrs. Alice Passmore, mother
of Mrs. Dorothy Johnston. Her
funeral was held in Butte, Mont.
Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hubbard
moved their household goods this
past weekend to Hillsboro where
he is employed in a cannery.

Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Moore
are planning on moving into the
house vacated by the Hubbards
as soon as Roscoe recovers from
his present illness.

A cablegram was received Mon-
day morning stating that Marius
Douma had arrived safe and well.

Kenneth Sather has built him-
self a new chicken house to make
sure of having eggs and chicken
dinners.

Mrs. Charles Belshie is in Port-
land this week with her daughter,
Mrs. Avery Martin. Avery was
called to San Francisco tempo-
rarily for some work there.

Another shower fell Wednesday
night to keep the ground wet
although farmers are still getting
stuck in the fields.

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.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d & 4th Tues-
day of each month.
Visiting members wel-
come.
Coila Belshie, N.G.
Florence Johnston, Sec.

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 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
Ann McGarrath, are in love with him,
they know he cannot forget Lila. Of
his former friends, only Hank Breakish
has not gone over to Herendeen's side.
Ever camping with Pete Borders, a rus-
sler, he is a fugitive from Herendeen's
men. Gurd Grant, Catherine's brother,
testated about joining Herendeen, but
became Morgan's sworn enemy when he
discovered that Catherine had been to
his ranch. Clay is warned by Fox Wil-
ling, a "nester" he once befriended, that
someone is stealing his cattle. Mean-
while Hank's hiding place is discovered,
Charley Hillhouse, Herendeen's fore-
man, is shot into the "Potholes" after
him with a party including Gurd Grant,
Charley Hillhouse, Sickened by the cold
bloodedness of Hank's murder, Gurd
Grant breaks with Herendeen. Now Clay
has gone to Government Valley to in-
vestigate Fox Willing's story that some-
one is stealing his cattle.
New continue with the story.

CHAPTER XV

Reaching Government Valley,
Morgan located the trail of the rus-
tled cattle a quarter-mile from the
old agency buildings. The beef had
been milled together and driven
southward toward the Potholes.

"Skip the idea of rustlin' for a
minute," suggested Jump. "Figure
that somebody did it to hamstring
you—make a poor man out of you
in a hurry."

"You're talking about Herendeen
now," said Morgan.

"As such."

"Well, we'll find out," said Mor-
gan and led the group forward on
the trail.

They rode along the flat country,
with the Haycreek Hills to the right
and the Potholes a matter of four
or five miles in the south. The trail
of the beef made a wiggling line in
front of them, pointed for the Pot-
holes.

Morgan said: "If they're driving
the beef into that section it won't
be far away."

But, half a mile farther on, Mor-
gan saw that the beef wasn't in-
tended for the Potholes. The trail cut
to the right, going into the flank of
the Haycreek Hills and aiming to-
ward a low pass. More and more
puzzled, Morgan followed. They had
been in entirely open country; now
as they rose with the slope of the
hills they came to a gradually thicken-
ing stand of pines.

At this point the Haycreek Hills
touched one edge of the Potholes
and the land here began to show the
effects of the geologic upheaval. The
trail was narrow and circuitous and
worked upward to the summit of the
Haycreek Hills by labored turns.

Through this extremely rough and
lonely terrain the unknown rustler
had put the beef, single file. Harry
Jump said: "Hell, we must be right
on top of it now. He couldn't make
much of a drive through here in a
night's time. Clay, let me get
ahead and scout the land."

"Almost at the top," answered
Morgan.

Breaking out of the summit tim-
ber, he saw a meadow lying steeply
on the descending hillside, in which
Herendeen's cattle grazed, and his
own cattle. There was no doubt of
it; at this short distance he was
able to read his brand.

Morgan said finally, "Well, let's
get at it," and rode out of the tim-
ber. He worked through the stock
with Fox Willing while Jump and
Vermilye took stations near the
trees. After Morgan and Vermilye
had collected all the Long Seven
animals and had driven them back
into the forest trail the other two
riders came up, ready for the trip
home. Morgan meanwhile had had
some thinking.

"I'm going down to see Heren-
deen."

"Right with you," said Harry
Jump at once.

"One's enough to lay this out pret-
ty clear." Then he added dryly, "I
think I can lay it out so he'll under-
stand."

This time he openly crossed the
meadow and rode down slope through
the thinning timber; to come at last
to the rim of Herendeen's valley.
This was about five miles from the
meadow and still another three miles
short of the Three Pines houses;
dropping down the shoulder of the
hills, Morgan reached the road run-
ning beside Cache River and set
off southward at a brisk clip, soon
raising the ranch. From the inter-
mediate distance he saw a pair of
men on the porch and somebody

working in the corral. When he
reached the yard both men on the
porch had gone inside and another—
Bones McGeen—had come out.

McGeen's face showed his shad-
owed surprise and his alert hostil-
ity. But he kept his mouth shut un-
til Morgan spoke.

"If Ben's in there, tell him to
come out."

"He's here all right," grunted Mc-
Geen, and raised his voice: "Ben—
hey Ben!"

A man walked forward through
the house, heavy and deliberate.
There were voices in the rear yard,
softly talking and afterwards ceas-
ing to talk. Morgan looked at the
horses standing by the front yard
and didn't recognize them; he was
thinking about this when Herendeen
came to the porch.

"Ben," Morgan said at once, "I
followed a pretty broad trail out of
Government Valley this afternoon.
When I got to the end of it there was
a jag of Long Seven cows feeding
in one of your meadows. They didn't
make the walk without help."

Herendeen's round, fresh-scarred
face showed what seemed to Mor-
gan, something close to surprise; he
threw McGeen a quick look but Mc-
Geen shook his head. Herendeen
looked back to Morgan.

"I know nothing of it."

"Maybe you'd better get acquaint-
ed with your crew," suggested Mor-
gan.

"I'll go up in a day or so and see
about it. If you've got any beef
there I'll send it back."

"I saved you the ride. The beef's
on the way home now."

Herendeen said: "If there's any
cutting to be done on my range I'll
do it. Bones, take a crowd up there
and stop that. We'll see what's go-
ing on."

Bones started around the corner of
the house at once, to be halted by
Morgan's down-slapping answer.
"Hold on. I'm going to recite chap-
ter and verse to you boys. The beef
goes home and if you figure to stop
it, you better figure to stop the boys
with it."

"If necessary we'll do that, too,"
said Herendeen. "Bones, just bring
the crowd around here a minute."

He came on to the edge of the porch,
his thick legs spreading and taking
root. Bones moved only as far as
the house's corner; he raised his
arm and moved back toward the
porch. Watching the corner, Morgan
saw Chill Purdy and Jim Burden
and Slim John show up. These were
old Three Pines men. But there
were four other men behind them;
these were, unfamiliar to him. They
stopped by the corner. McGeen,
throwing a look at them, said in a
voice that grated the words togeth-
er, "Don't be bashful in front of the
great Clay Morgan."

It seemed to
be a signal. Two of the strangers,
both dark men with the same sharp,
long-slanted noses, stepped on from
the corner and moved on until Mor-
gan, now watching Herendeen, lost
them out of the corner of his eyes.
They were somewhere at his left
rear; throwing a glance that way he
saw them half fifty feet behind him.

Herendeen said: "Take a good
look before you finish your speech,
Clay."

"I see nothing new," answered
Morgan. "You always liked a big
crowd to stand behind."

"You hang around with crooks
and you stick up for them. It will
be a damned cold day when you
move anything off my range, no
matter what the brand reads. Take
a look at these men. I have cleared
out Fleeport and I have shaken
some of the nesters loose. That's
just a beginning. I'm going to drive
everything out of this country that
doesn't agree with me. That includes
you. I didn't take your beef, but if
it is on my land it will stay there
until I get ready to move it off. The
truth is, Clay, I propose to gut you
down to your last calf. If you're on
Mogul when spring comes I'll be
mighty surprised."

Morgan said: "You always talked
too much, Ben."

"That so?" cried Herendeen, his
temper letting go. "McGeen, get on
your horse."

"All right," McGeen said, "what'll
it be?"

Herendeen repeated, "Do what I
tell you, Bones. Get on up there
with the boys and head for the hills.
Stop Morgan's crew."

Bones shook his head and one of
the dark men at Morgan's rear
spoke for the first time. "What the
hell, Herendeen? You got what you
want right here. What you worryin'
about?"

"That's all right," said Heren-
deen. "Do what I told you."

"Take care of this first," said
Bones McGeen, still reluctant.
Herendeen, a faster man than his
bulk indicated, moved against Mc-
Geen.



He hit him once, knuckles slash-
ing McGeen's cheek.

McGeen's holster and stepped back;
the whole thing had turned him
white and half-crazy.

McGeen squirmed around the dirt
and got to his feet.

"Get on the horse," said Heren-
deen, "and do what I say."

McGeen turned and reached for
the reins. He missed them and
swept his hand out a second time,
blindly. When he had them in his
fingers he put his head against the
side of the horse, stupidly still.

Herendeen said: "Go on or I'll bat
you again."

McGeen made no attempt to throw
the reins over the horse's head. He
seized the horn, pulling himself into
his seat. He stiffened his arms
against the horn, bracing himself in
this manner and closing his eyes.

He said, "Damned world is going
around," and fell out of the saddle
suddenly; he hit on his face and bel-
ly, one arm doubled beneath him,
and did not move.

The two long-faced strangers
came away from their spot behind
Morgan and paused to stare at Mc-
Geen. Herendeen bent over and
rolled McGeen on his back. Mc-
Geen's eyes were open but his mus-
cles had no life in them. Heren-
deen nudged McGeen's body with
his toe, saying, "Come out of it,
Bones."

One of the straglers said in a dis-
gusted voice: "That's no way to
treat a man."

Herendeen motioned toward a pair
of his own crew. They came up
and seized McGeen, shoulders and
feet, and lugged him over the porch
into the house. The two strangers
went on toward the corner of the
house. They turned, no longer in-
terested; something, Morgan saw,
had happened here pretty definitely.

Herendeen saw it too, and his talk
jumped at them. "I'll do the talk-
ing around here. We're riding up
the hill. I'll see about this beef
business." He turned his attention to
Morgan. "Come on, get down from
there."

"No," said Morgan, "I guess not."
Herendeen had his mind fixed; he
drove his roused talk to Morgan.
"Times change. I'm through foolin'
with you."

Morgan said: "Let 'er flicker then,
Ben."

Behind Morgan, suddenly, was the
sound of an advancing rider. Ev-
erybody looked down the valley to-
ward the newcomer except Heren-
deen, who was caught in the grip of
his own slow, flat-footed will. He
pointed a finger at Morgan and said:
"You get down."

The rider came in behind Mor-
gan, calling at once: "What's up
here?"

It was Lige White's voice. Heren-
deen turned his head, reluctantly
recognizing White.

"I'm on the way to War Pass.
Better come along, Clay, if you're
through here."

"I'm through," drawled Morgan.
"if Ben is."

Lige White said briskly: "No ob-
jections, Ben?"

Herendeen showed a black and
sullen and on-driving temper.
"Lige," he called out, "you're in-
terfering. What side you on?"

"On the side of my friends," said
White. "You're my friend, and so
is Morgan."

"Then you're no friend of mine."
White said coolly: "That's your
business, naturally. I think I under-
stand what's in the wind here and of
course I could not stand by and see
a shooting. The odds are a little
strong. I'm surprised at you, Ben."
He stared at the new men in the
yard. He ducked his head at them.
"News to me that you were short-
handed on this ranch. When did you
find it necessary to bring in the
Ryder boys? I don't like that kind
of business and I will not be a party
to a general ruckus. If we've got to
hire outside men, the situation is
getting completely out of hand."

Herendeen listened to this frank
talk with a flat-jawed unreason. He
said: "If you're not with me, then
you're against me, Lige. Don't come
around here for help."

"Both very easy to do," retorted
White. "I will give you the same
advice. Ready, Clay?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)