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STATE OF THE HIGHWAY

Time was when a road went out
during a winter freeze or flood
the neighbors called on the local
road boss and got busy filling in
the ruts. It was a fairly simple
job.

Then road districts were en-
larged until it was necessary to
call on the county court for aid
in repairing roads. In more re-
cent years we have had to go to
the state for repair of our major
roads.

Now we have to have the advice
and consent of the federal govern-
ment, which is the governmental
body that puts up the check for re-
building most of our important
arteries of travel.

These thoughts have been en-
gendered by the unfortunate con-
dition of Highway 97 south of
Grass Valley. Not that it is a
boulevard this spring farther
north, either.

From a few miles south of
Grass Valley where the adequate
rock base stops the road is rapidly
degenerating into a rough cow
trail and with the travel that will
have to go over it this summer it
will be somewhat worse than the
adjoining fields before wheat
hauling unless it can be repaired.

It isn't a local function any
more to repair it; the county has
nothing to do with it; the state
obtains much of its road money
from the federal government.

If the federal government ex-
pects to use this highway to
transport men and munitions it
had better be arranging for some
rock and oil to be applied pronto
or the citizens of the south end
of the county will have an army
on their hands some rainy morn-
ing. There won't be any one for
the soldiers to fight around Kent,
either. And it is going to be too
bad to have them stuck there.

If Oregon's brand new highway
commission could have a look at
that piece of road they would un-
doubtedly do something construc-
tive for it.

GETTING RID OF MERCATOR

One thing this global war is
doing is to effectually get rid of
the idea of mapmaking established
by one Mercator who found a
means of making the earth look
square on paper. Good riddance,
too.

It was back in 1568 when Ge-
hardus Mercator started making
maps in the shape to which we
are accustomed. Our ordinary
maps, the ones we went to school
with, gave us to believe that those
sections of the earth beyond the
45th parallel were quite sizeable,
and one to study them reached
the conclusion that it was as far
between longitudinal lines at the
poles as at the equator.

Reason told us better, but there
it was drawn right out in the ge-
ography book. Now we study the
globe and find that Alaska instead
of being on the next page from
Russia is really only a few miles
from that part of Asia.

The shortest distance between
points in the northern hemisphere
is not found by boldly striking
straight across the ocean but by
deploying to the north where the
up and down lines of longitude
are closer together. Simple. Sure,
but it took the airplane to bring
it to attention.

Airplane makers are telling us
that with modern speeds we are
never much over a couple of days
away from any place on the earth.
Shucks, we can remember in child-

hood when we were that far away
from a store that sold stick candy.
And so the world gets smaller.
That, however, isn't the point. We
would like to see it get better
along with it.

In Other Days

From the Observer April 15, 1904
Four Moro young men were
taken from their studies in the
high school Tuesday and sent to
the front on the survey for the
CSRy extension. They were Robert
Hickson, John Fitzmaurice,
Arthur Page and Earl Saunders.
Water Parry will soon follow.
With the exception of Mr. Saun-
ders they have all had experience
at the front.

Since Drs. Goffin have been in
the county they have owned 17
horses. All the swift, untamed
horses eventually go to Dr. Goffin.
The Blue barn force is now at
work these early mornings taming
another cuttin for him.

A jolly party of five ladies and
four gentlemen walked from Wes-
co to Biggs Sunday forenoon, re-
turning by train Sunday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnett, the
Misses McPherson, Ewing, Bel-
knap and Davis, Messers Ken-
neth and John McPherson and
S. Buffum composed the jolly
crowd.

From the Observer April 18, 1924
M. R. Schadewitz has bought
the Hulery Bros. interests in the
Moro Garage, opening the garage
under his management on Wed-
nesday of this week. One item of
news in connection with his own-
ership is that he has filled his
tanks with Union gasoline.

Arthur Smothers had the sec-
ond finger of his left hand mas-
tered last Monday as the result of
failure to control a heavy shot
put he was handling at school
during the noon hour.

G. E. Mathews and family ship-
ped their household goods this
week to their new home in Port-
land and have moved to that city
where a new picture theatre is
being built for Mr Mathews on
the east side

From the Observer April 17, 1914
W. H. Ragsdale with his auto
and party and L. Barnum with
his auto and party including W.
C. Bryant, were representatives
from Moro at the Good Roads
meeting on McDonald grade last
Thursday. They report that the
road is now in good condition,
plenty of pick and shovel work
as well as powder was used by
all participating.

The farmers of Sherman county
are receiving shipments of calves
by express from a sort of calf
clearing house in Tillamook coun-
ty at the rate of five dollars a
head and all charges paid. A
new law prevents the killing of
dairy calves and Sherman county
is rapidly securing some fine
future dairy stock for very little
money.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)
soldiers at Camp White and Camp
Adair. The maintenance will con-
tinue until June 30—the end of
the fiscal year.

Half of all the cheese of the
cheddar variety produced in Ore-
gon must be saved for the govern-
ment. This quota will be sent
abroad under lend-lease and to
military forces. What is left will
be available for civilians under
the rationing program. The fac-
tories making special types, such
as blue and Swiss, can produce to
their full capacity as these types
are not rationed and are not want-
ed by the government.

Klamath farmers have been cry-
ing about a shortage of fertilizer
and this matter has finally been
ironed out. The government agen-
cy handling the problem reports

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

that Klamath will have 22,000 ac-
res in potatoes this year and it
has been assured by growers that
one ton of fertilizer will produce
20 tons of potatoes.

Jimmy Byrnes, the boss of sta-
bilization bureau, has fixed the
price for Oregon strawberries at
12 cents a pound to the grower,
an increase over the 1942 price.
For the chicken growers the price
is fixed at 23.5 cents a pound as
compared with 18 cents in 1942.
An increase of 30 per cent. Some
Oregon growers were asking for
38 cents and complaining that
producers have been receiving only
28 cents and recently the price
was down to 24 cents.

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. 114
Moro, Oregon

Meets 2d & 4th Tues-
day of each month.
Visiting members wel-
come.

Coila Belshee, N.G.
Florence Johnston, Sec.



From where I sit...

by Joe Marsh

John Trumbull, our postmaster,
looks up from his newspaper
yesterday and says: "I see they
caught another one of them so-
called 'gang-lords' of the Pro-
hibition era.

"Wonder how long it's going
to take us to wipe out the evil
Prohibition left behind... not
to mention the billions of dollars
it cost the people?"

Well, John's right o' course.
Hard to believe America could
ever pass a law like Prohibition.

But from where I sit it's a big
consolation—now that Prohibi-
tion is over—to see how modera-
tion and tolerance have grown
up in its place.

Nowadays, if a man enjoys a
friendly glass of beer or two
after a day's work, he not only
can do it in clean, respectable
surroundings but he knows
that no bootlegger or gangster is
making a red cent on it.

Joe Marsh

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United States National Bank
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Advertisement for Union Pacific featuring a train and the slogan 'KEEP 'EM ROLLING' THE RAILROADS ARE THE BACKBONE OF OFFENSE. Includes text: 'DESTINATION Fighting Front' and 'UNION PACIFIC'.

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. 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 Mack Breakitt
had not gone over to Herendeen's side.
Now Mack is dead, shot by Herendeen's
brother, Charley Hillhouse. Gurd
Grant, Catherine's brother, joined Her-
endeen when he discovered that Cath-
erine had been to Morgan's ranch, but
the cold bloodedness of Mack's murder
has made him break with Herendeen.
Warned by Fox Willing, a "waster" he
once befriended, Clay discovers that
Herendeen is stealing his cattle. He
goes to Herendeen's ranch for a show-
down, but Herendeen beats him to the
draw. He is surrounded by Heren-
deen's men, and there seems no way
out, when Lige White, one of Heren-
deen's friends, rides up. Like Gurd
Grant, he is fed up with Herendeen's
high handed methods, mistaking his own
life to save Clay, he persuades him to
take a chance on riding out to Heren-
deen's ranch. He doesn't think Heren-
deen will dare to shoot.

Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVI

It was still close and risky, as
they both knew. Morgan swayed a
short glance with the smiling White,
seeing a thorough understanding in
the latter's eyes. Morgan made the
decision for both of them at this
moment, turning his horse squarely
on Herendeen. The movement pulled
White around and thus the two of
them, holding their horses to a walk,
passed down the yard in a silence
that had no bottom.

The river road bent around a point.
Reaching this point, ready to turn
it and shut the Three Pines ranch
house from sight, Morgan had his
backward glance. Herendeen and
his men were in the saddle, heading
for the Haycreek Hills. They were
going after the beef, Morgan knew.

Lige White came abreast. "Clay,
I'm ashamed to say it, but I've
strung along with Ben, not liking
what's been going on around me. I
still do not like it, but I cannot tol-
erate this kind of a war. Keep
away from him. The man's gone
crazy."

"A little late now," said Morgan.
"There's a fight coming. Ben's
made up his mind, and so have I.
Stay out of it, Lige. And see if you
can get Gurd to do the same."

Lige White said with the greatest
reluctance: "I have hated to see
this day come."

"A long time coming," said Mor-
gan, and put his horse to the slope.
Lige White watched him climb,
excitement mirroring brightly in his
eyes; afterwards he continued along
the road, bound for Gurd Grant's.

Pete Borders, who had driven the
Long Seven beef across the Hay-
creek Hills to Herendeen's range,
lay on a peak of the ridge through-
out the middle of the day. He saw
Morgan arrive at the meadow—and
grinned to himself at what was no
doubt in Morgan's mind. It looked
like an open steal on Herendeen's
part, which was the way Borders
wanted it to look.

Later when he saw Morgan head-
ed for Herendeen's alone, Pete Bor-
ders grew serious and a little rest-
less. It was, he concluded, bad
tactics on Morgan's part; and so,
taking to his horse, he went along
the Haycreek Hills until he was able
to sight the Three Pines ranch from
the heights.

He made out the crowd in the
yard and watched the parley.
Later he saw a new rider come
along—which was Lige White—and
saw two of them ride away. Mor-
gan had got out of it with a whole
skin, which relieved Borders im-
measurably.

As soon as Morgan left Lige
White, he turned his horse to the
slope of the Haycreek Hills and pre-
sently, from a high point, he saw
Herendeen leave the valley with his
crew. Morgan calculated his margin
of advantage to be about twenty min-
utes and entered the timber at a
fast clip.

He caught up with his outfit a mile
or two beyond the swamp. The cat-
tle were single file, going very slow-
ly on the crooked trail and stretched
out for three, or four hundred yards.
Cap Vermilye was in front of them,
beyond sight. Fox Willing held the
rear, with Harry Jump still farther
back to cover whatever might come
up. Harry Jump was a little edgy
with the strain of this thing; he
showed relief at Morgan's presence.

"I been on the verge of ridin'
back after you."

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.

"They're half an hour behind me.
We're apt to have a scrap."

"Hell with 'em," said Harry Jump
at once. "Let's stop and have it
out."

"Keep right on going. Fox, cut
ahead and ride with Cap. If you
hear any ruckus back here, join us.
If you meet anything in front, let
out a yell and we'll be right with you."

Fox, unable to crowd by the best
on so narrow a way, cut through the
timber and rough slab rock with
considerable difficulty. Harry Jump
began to grumble at the lagging cat-
tle, crowding them with his pony.
Morgan dropped back a distance to
watch the trail.

They came at last to the stage
road and turned into it. From the
swamp meadow to this point had
been more than an hour's drive and
Herendeen was long overdue, lead-
ing Morgan to believe that Heren-
deen had circled them. The trou-
ble, then, would come when they

reached the open country. He joined
Harry Jump, both of them hazing
the stragglers forward until the beef
was in a compact bunch. Vermilye
and Willing were fifty yards for-
ward; now and then a cow wan-
dered toward the jack-pine forest
surrounding them and had to be cut
back. At five o'clock they reached
the bottom of the stage road, left
the pines and swung north toward
Government Valley, three miles dis-
tant.

Herendeen was nowhere to be
seen, whereupon Harry Jump came
to his suspecting conclusions. "He
didn't want to try it in timber. He's
waitin' for us to get in the middle of
the flats. My idea is that he's watch-
in' us from the Potholes right now."

A similar thought had occurred to
Vermilye. He trotted back to Mor-
gan. "Now in case he comes a-bust-
in' out of the brush, Clay, we better
just let this beef go and hit for them
agency buildings."

"No," said Jump at once. "It's
our beef, by God."

"That's right," said Morgan.
Vermilye joined Harry Jump,
both of them urging the cattle along
at a quicker gait. Morgan closely
watched the back trail, not quite
able to understand Herendeen's con-
tinued delay. The suspense worked
on his nerves. Once, thinking he
saw movement at the edge of the
Potholes, he turned and made a
stand, searching the black margin of
that country quite carefully. He had
been mistaken, however, and pre-
sently turned to catch up with the
beef. Near six o'clock, with the sun
down beyond the Cache Mountains,
they threw the beef on their own
grass near the shattered dome build-
ings of the old agency.

Morgan said: "Hold this jag in a
bunch. We're not through yet. I
want Herendeen to see what we
took. Fox, if I were you I think I'd
pull freight. Thanks for comin'
along."

Willing said, idly: "Might as well
stick around."

Cap Vermilye, always a forehand-
ed man, got a few sage stems and
a piece of old board from the nearest
building to make up a fire. He had
a frying pan and coffeepot in his
saddle roll; and some bacon and a
can of beans. He boiled up the cof-
fee, fried the bacon and heated the
beans in the frying pan's grease.
Having no other utensils, they took
turns at the frying pan, using their
pocket knives, and drank the coffee
straight from the pot. At seven
o'clock, with shadows sweeping
across Mogul's plateau, a single
horseman appeared on the high edge
of Mogul Mountain and quartered
down. This was in the west, from
which Morgan expected no trouble.
Harry Jump walked deliberately to
his horse and pulled out his Win-
chester. Morgan said, "Hold on,
Harry. Rider and horse plodded
unhurriedly through the blue swirl
of dusk—a long stooped shape on a
rawboned animal; at a distance he
waved his arm overhead and a lit-
tle later Morgan recognized the nest-
er Gale.

Gale came up but did not dis-
mount until Morgan gave him the
proper invitation. When the invita-
tion came he dropped to the ground
with an old man's stiffness; he
poised both his hands over the muz-
zle of his ancient gun and looked
out from beneath his twisted awn-
ing-shaped eyebrows.

"There's some coffee left in the
pot," said Morgan.

"Just what I need," Gale an-
swered. He slouched over the fire
and tipped the pot against his
mouth, drinking with an acute thirst.
Coffee ran down the seams of his
jaws. He said, "Ah," in great rel-
ish and sponged the liquid from the
tips of his mustache with sidewise
motions of his tongue.

Morgan said: "Don't mean to be
unfriendly, but maybe you ought to
move on."

Gale didn't smile. He was past
the point of finding amusement in
the world, but in his eyes was a light
like the last glow of coals of a dying
fire. "Don't you worry about me,
Mr. Morgan. If I didn't know what
I wanted to do, I wouldn't be here."



He made out the crowd in the
yard and watched the parley.

Morgan shrugged his shoulders.
"Your funeral."

"It may be," agreed Gale com-
posedly. "But if so, it will be a dou-
ble one. At my age I'm too old to
worry about dyin', for it is pretty
close to me at any event, and I
guess I'm poor enough not to fret
about losin' anything."

He rummaged his pockets, pro-
ducing pipe and tobacco. Morgan
watched him fill the pipe and light it
and settle on his heels.

This was late September and sud-
denly, slightly beyond seven o'clock,
the blue-running shadows turned to
gunmetal gray and afterwards to
full night. The haze of autumn lay
over the land. Through this filtered
a strong moonlight creating the ef-
fect of woolly clouds banked against
the earth. Morgan led his horse to
the remnant wall of the near-at-dome
building and walked on until he stood
alone, facing the open south. Fox
Willing was in the saddle, circling
the held bunch of beeves. The job
was done and, as far as the cattle
were concerned, there wasn't any
need of staying here. Yet Morgan
knew that this waiting was neces-
sary. Herendeen was somewhere in
the yonder night. The big man had
avoided a meeting in the timber,
he had delayed this pursuit; but he
was out there and he would come.
Nothing changed much, Morgan
realized. Herendeen had faced him
for ten years, never giving ground,
never able to forget. It was some-
thing that would not dim or die, it
was a force that drove Herendeen.
Thinking about that, Morgan admit-
ted the same force drove him. What-
ever the outward reasons, whatever
the open quarrels and excuses, there
was a deeper reason still—the na-
tive, chemical animosities of two
men born to be opposite in all
things: born to collide and to de-
stroy. It was past explanation.

Stationed like this, apart from the
group and facing southward, he
heard Herendeen at last approach,
hidden by the pulsing fog. Off there
a steady rhythm rose, of horses
moving at a slow run and presently
slowing to a walk. Shadows ap-
peared in the fog, and shapeless out-
lines. Fox Willing came in from
the herd, dismounting and putting
his horse near the dome wall. He
walked over to Morgan. Vermilye
and Jump had risen and had taken
position not far from the wall. Gale
was out of sight.

Herendeen's party showed as a
wide scatter of shadows on the
desert. They were halted, two hundred
feet away. Herendeen said:

"Morgan, I'm coming in to cut that
bunch of stock and look it over for
my brand."

Morgan said: "None of your cows
in it, Ben."

"I'll see for myself."

Those shadows were too vague to
be counted but Morgan knew Heren-
deen had at least eight men around
him; and he also knew Herendeen's
intention—which was to build up
a fight on any grounds. He said:

"Charley Hillhouse there?"

"No. I'm coming in."

Morgan said: "Nothing here for
you, Ben. Stay back."

Herendeen's voice boomed out.
"You know the rules of the country.
It's my privilege to cut any man's
range for my stock. I claim there's
Three Pines cows in that bunch."

"If there are," said Morgan cool-
ly, "I'll send them back tomorrow."

"I want 'em now."

"You're in a hurry all of a sud-
den," pointed out Morgan ironical-
ly. "I sent word to you some time
ago to clean your stuff out of this
valley and you didn't seem to figure
it worth your time. So you can wait
another day. You won't cut this
bunch tonight, or any time. Get
off my grass."

"You gotta against the rules?"

"You been making the rules a
long time, Ben. Now I'll make 'em."

Herendeen said: "I've listened to
you long enough. We'll settle this
now."

Morgan's reply was soft and flat
in the night. "Let 'er flicker, Ben.
When you move in we start shoot-
in'."

He heard Herendeen say: "Come
on, boys."

(TO BE CONTINUED)