

Sherman County Journal
Sherman County Observer
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OFFICIAL COUNTY PAPER
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BOND SALES
Sale of bonds in Sherman county
during the present drive by the
United States treasury to raise
\$15,000,000,000 from April 12 to
May 1 has not been encouraging.

Reason is certainly that farmers,
who must be depended upon to
buy the bulk of the bonds are
very busy taking care of farm
work in a late season and who
are saving funds for harvest after
heavy federal tax payments. It is
not lack of interest or willingness.

Certainly there is no one unacquainted
with the fact that a big bond
drive is being carried on. The
newspapers and the radio have
been full of it. It may be that
it has not attracted the center
of attention of men busy with
personal affairs.

The government is trying to
raise \$100 per person in the
entire United States. A large part
of this will be taken by banks
and other financial institutions,
the less so taken the better, however.
This county, it has been estimated
should raise \$80,000 from
individuals. So far the total is
about a quarter of that.

It is probably true that an intense
campaign which included
calls on every citizen could raise
this amount twice over. So far
such solicitation has not been necessary
and should not be. The
setting of individual quotas and
buying forced by public pressure
will not be a part of bond selling
under present leadership in this
county.

How much money each can invest
in bonds is a personal matter
so far. It is a matter of conscience
and individual interest in
and concern about winning the
war. There is no one uninformed
about the need of the government
for funds. Public debt already
approaches the assessed valuation
of property in the nation. If it
cannot be met the property
depreciates in value; if the war
is not won property is entirely
valueless.

There is but one more week
in which to buy bonds in this
treasury drive.

LOWER INCOME TAXES

The large collections of income
and excise taxes in Oregon this
year indicates that the state income
tax may be cut as much as
fifty percent for 1944.

This will certainly be hailed as
a very fine thing by nearly every
body for no one likes to pay taxes
of any kind for anything. It
may be a fine thing, and certainly
would be if it indicated a reduction
in the cost of government,
statewide economy and efficiency.

Unfortunately all it indicates is
that income and excise taxes are
to be reduced because collections
were very large in 1942 and 1943
and the state has a surplus in the
general fund. No cognizance is
to be taken of the fact that appropriations
from the liquor fund
are too high and that this fund
will very likely be too small to
pay the welfare cost.

It is very likely that property
taxpayers will be called upon to
make up the costs within a couple
of years. In Oregon where the
income and excise taxes are used
solely and directly for the reduction
of real property taxes there
is no occasion for real property

taxpayers to rejoice over any
reduction in income and excise
taxes. Most of them are now income
tax payers and therefore like a
reduction, but any shortage of
income tax moneys that ensue
will have to come out of the property
tax payers' pockets. Also any
shortage is likely to occur
when real property taxes are hard
to pay.

Whatever rejoicing farmers are
able to get out of reduced state
income taxes should be enjoyed
now. The results of it may not
cause joy in a few years.

This seems a proper time and
place to call attention to the
marked improvement to the old
hotel corner caused by the gardening
ability and manual labor of
James B. Adams. When the lots
were turned over to Mr. Adams
last year they were filled with
rubbish, rocks, brick, old lumber
in small pieces and naturally
they presented an unpleasant
view to the passerby. Now these
prominent lots are in good
titch, are landscaped, and are growing
some very beautiful flowers. This
is an example of civic pride put
to practical use and implemented
by a willingness to arise at dawn.
The city is congratulated on
Mr. Adams is congratulated on
having so fine a "green thumb"
having so valuable a citizen and

It would be no wonder if many
married men with a child or two
didn't decide to chuck it all and
join some branch of the service—
that if his wife would let him.
For the past year all of them
have been told that they were to
be called in a month or two. Then
something, or congress, intervenes
and the fatal day is put off a
while further.

In Other Days

From the Observer April 25, 1921

A 24-hour service to the motoring
public has been inaugurated at
the Williams Garage this week.
A floor man will be on duty to
give quick service on gas, oil,
and general garage service as a
mechanic to give full time in the
repair department. A night man
will also be on call during the
night hours, a sleeping room having
been furnished for his convenience.

George Meloy, Hollis Bull and
Francis Anderson were fishermen
three who tried to hook trout on
the Deschutes at Sherear last
Sunday. Their total count was
well to the good, Meloy leading
with 15, Anderson having 9 and
Bull 8.

E. R. Hickson and J. M. Eddy
were fly casting on the Deschutes
at Sherear last Sunday with such
success that Hickson returned with
22 trout and Eddy with 10.

From the Observer April 24, 1914
Henry Ruggles has purchased a
used automobile from T. E. Hul-
ery. His first driving was up
Grass Valley canon, over the same
road he took his first traction en-
gine 25 years ago.

The local grange in the neighbor-
hood of Locust Grove has purchased
the United Brethren
church at that place and are re-
modeling it for the purpose of
using it as a meeting and social
center for the neighborhood. A
basket social and entertainment
was held the evening of the 18th
to help provide funds necessary
to further the work.

The 95th anniversary of Odd-
Fellowship will be celebrated at
Moro Saturday and Judge Wm.
Galloway of Salem, deputy grand
master of the order, will be the
orator. The mid-afternoon will
be occupied with the third ball game
of the season between Moro and
Grass Valley; each of these have
now a game to their credit and
both are anxious to annex this
coming one and decide the rubber.
The evening will be enlivened by
a grand ball given by the Moro
base ball team.

From the Observer, April 22, 1904
Miss Sigman, teacher of the
Rutledge school, purchased the
new parlor game, Trix, at the
Observer book store Saturday.

Drs. Goffin's building has advanced
to a point at which the
critical gazer may look upon it
in admiration. Dr. Marie Goffin
is the person who planned this
very creditable addition to the
architecture of Sherman county.

L. L. Peetz sold a pair of matched
mares, 1600 lb each, to a
Portland buyer for \$500 spot cash.
They came from Crook county
originally.

Kelly's Column

Continued from page one

House appropriations committee
has been requested to include an
item of \$500,000 for the newly
located electro-development labor-
atory which has equipped the Al-
bany college campus. The original
appropriation was partly used
in purchase of the college plant
and additional funds are
required by the bureau of mines
for installation of equipment and
maintenance. Nothing has been
approved yet by the bureau of
budget in any of the current ap-
propriation measures. The staff
is now being selected for oper-
ating the laboratory and eventually
about 300 scientists will be en-
gaged on experiments. There was
a struggle among half a dozen
cities for the laboratory, but all
the western congressional delegations
are now backing Albany. As
the president wrote to Sen. Chas.
L. McNary, Albany was the best
place. Washington wanted it, but
so many towns were contesting
in that state that the delegation
was split whereas Oregon's delegation
was united.

War department is arranging
to send a contingent of WAACS
for the cantonment at Camp Adair.
There will be 144 dormitory units
built for the girls in uniform at
Corvallis. The WAACS are to re-
place soldiers and permit the latter
to join combat troops. They
will attend to the paper work.

Moro Lodge No. 113, I. O. O. F.,
Moro, Oregon
Meets 1st and 3rd
Tuesdays in the
I. O. O. F. hall Trans-
ient and visiting
members are cordi-
ally invited to meet
with us.

Charles C. Wilson, N.G.
Percy Thompson, Sec.

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



Grandma Hoskins knows a lot
about history but when we
asked her where the first brew-
ery was built in America, she
wouldn't take sides.
"Yon see," says Grandma,
"wherever the colonists settled,
one of the first things they
thought about was food and beer.
In fact, one reason why the
Pilgrims landed at Plymouth
Rock was because the Mayflower
was rannin' short of beer."
Well, that was a new one on
us, but Grandma showed it to us

J. H. Wilsons Return To Kent

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson re-
turned from Moscow, Idaho last
Thursday after spending several
weeks there with Mr. Wilson's son
Dr. Joseph Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley McKay
of Sweet Home are here visiting
Mr. McKay's parents, Mr. and
Mrs. George McKay.

Pvt. Luther W. Davis and Glen
Schaeffer of Corvallis and Evelyn
Davis and roommate were here
spending the weekend with the
J. L. Davis family.

The people around Kent seem
to be enjoying the first few days
of the fishing season. There were
several families fishing in Pine
Hollow and Buck Hollow creeks
Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack McKay and
family of Lebanon were visiting
last weekend at the George Mc-
Kays.

Amandus vonBorstel was a
visitor in The Dalles one day last
week receiving treatment for an
injured foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Cunningham
and Shirley, Nelma and Kay
Schadewitz of Sweet Home were
visitors in Kent a few days last
week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Matthes
and Mrs. Roy Barnett were in the
Dalles last week for a day.

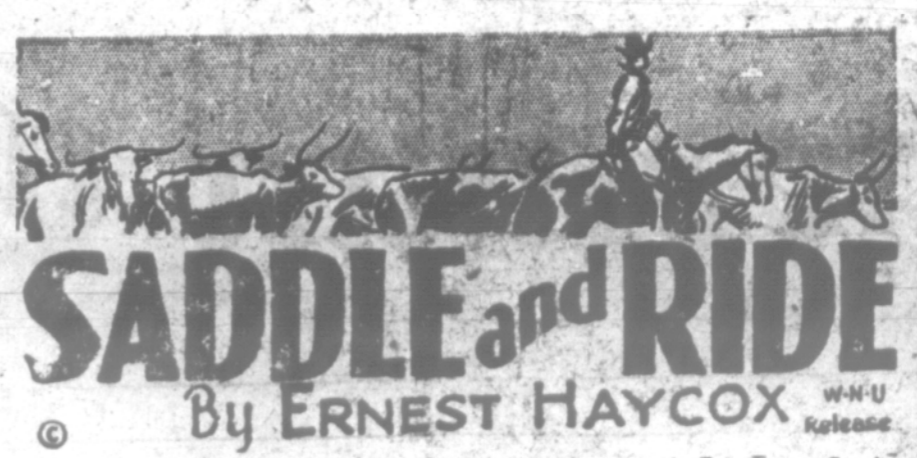
Richard Stakley and George
Witter were visitors in The Dal-
les a couple days last week.

Chet Marra of Wamic was here
a few days shearing sheep at
the Grover Young ranch.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL REPORT

Notice is given that Elva
A. Bryant, administratrix of the
estate of William C. Bryant,
deceased, has been filed with the
Clerk of the County Court of the
State of Oregon for Sherman
County, her final report and that
Saturday, May 22nd, 1943, at the
hour of ten o'clock of said day
and the courtroom of said court
in the courthouse in Moro, Ore-
gon, has been fixed as the time
and place for hearing all objec-
tions to said report and the set-
tlement thereof.

Elva A. Bryant
Administratrix



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
rannin' 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 be-
lieving she should have married Heren-
deen. Morgan is a solitary figure, de-
voted to his nine-year-old daughter, Jan-
et. Although two women, Catherine
Grant and Ann McGarrak, are in love
with him, they know he cannot forget
Lila. Of his former friends, only Hack
Breathitt had not gone over to Heren-
deen's side. Now Hack is dead, shot
by Herendeen's foreman, Charley Hill-
house. Herendeen's brother,
joined Herendeen when he discovered
that Catherine had been to Morgan's
ranch, but the cold bloodedness of
Hack's murder has made him break
with Herendeen. Warned by Fox Wil-
ling, a "nester" he once befriended, Clay
discovers that Herendeen is stalling his
cattle. He goes to Herendeen's ranch
for a showdown, but Herendeen is ready.
He hasn't a chance of getting out alive,
when Lige White, one of Herendeen's
friends, rides up. Like Gurd Grant, he
is fed up with Herendeen's high handed
methods. Risking his life to save Clay,
he persuades him to take a chance on
riding off. He doesn't think Herendeen
will dare to shoot. The bluff works, and
they escape. Now Clay and his men
are driving the cattle back into govern-
ment Valley, his range. Herendeen has
followed, and there is certain to be a
fight.

How continue with the story.

CHAPTER XVII

Lige White, considerably disturbed
by his interview with Morgan and
pretty much at sea in his own mind,
traveled over the lower spur of the
Catharine Hills and came down on
the Grant house at a fast clip. The
sound of his arrival bringing Cath-
erine to the door. He said: "There's
hell to pay around here. Where's
Gurd?"

"Upstairs. What's the trouble,
Lige?"
White called: "Hey, Gurd, come
down right now." He rolled himself
a cigarette while he waited and
made a sketchy explanation to Cath-
erine, nervousness catching at his
words.

Catherine said at once: "If there's
any help needed from Crowfoot Clay
will get it, not Ben Herendeen."

Gurd Grant looked sick and des-
perate. He put his shoulder against
the doorway. He said: "Lige, how
did we get into this mess? I'd give
a thousand dollars—"

Catherine turned on her brother.
"Whatever's bothering you, Gurd?"
Gurd dropped his eyes. His face,
normally so light and cheerful, held
a sallow unhealthy. It was hard for
him to talk and he pulled himself
together with an effort. His hands
shook; he noticed that and shoved
them into his pockets. "I was over
with Charley Hillhouse, on Breath-
itt's trail. We trailed Breathitt all
morning and found him asleep in
the Potholes. Of course I thought
Charley meant to take him into
town to jail. What else would a
man do? How was it possible for
me to figure that Hillhouse, who had
been Hack's friend for fifteen years,
would—"

Catherine breathed out: "Gurd!"
"Sure," said Gurd Grant, sullen
and full of self-hatred. "Hillhouse
simply lifted his gun and killed
Breathitt. I tried to stop it. It
didn't do any good."

Lige White threw away his ciga-
rette, finding the flavor gone out of
it. He looked away from Gurd, sud-
denly unable to meet the expression
in the other's eyes.

"What could I do, Lige?"
Catherine said: "You never should
have gone with Charley Hillhouse.
There was your mistake."

Lige said: "Stay out of what's
coming. That's the best you can do
for Clay now. We all got caught in
Ben's net. I was a fool not to have
known what he'd try to do. Now
we wiggle out. I'm going to town."

Catherine watched him go. When
he passed the far rim of the mead-
ow she dropped her arm for Gurd
and faced him.

Her tone was soft and cool. "You
went after Hack because you wanted
to hurt Clay. I know that. You
thought Clay and I—"

He showed a reviving flash of anger.
"The night Ben and Lige and
I went up to Clay's place you were
there. I walked to the end of the
porch and saw your horse around
the house. You were hiding inside.
If you had nothing to be ashamed of,
why hide?"

She said: "Because I had gone up
there to tell Clay what you and Lige
and Herendeen had said that night.
You were leaving Clay out of it, and
I couldn't stand that. Ben had both
of you convinced. But I didn't want
Ben to know I was taking Clay the
information."

Gurd, stung by his mistakes, still
remembered he had given his word
to Herendeen. It was the one thing

Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S.
Moro, Oregon
Meets Every Second and
Fourth Thursdays in
Each Month. Visiting
Members Invited.

Norma Balseger W. M.
Marie Hoskinson, Sec.



Bullets squashed into the 'dobe'
wall beside Morgan, causing him to
shift slowly.

of wind hit his face and there was a
teflite smearing of the shadows in
the open area by the far building.
They were running wide. Heren-
deen's men, and now they were on
foot, firing as they moved away from
the dobe. Jump said: "I'm goin'
after those horses," and scurried
forward.

Bullets squashed into the 'dobe'
wall beside Morgan, causing him to
shift slowly.

Horses plunged around him,
knocking him backward; some-
body's shoulder hit him and then he
saw Herendeen's men rise out of the
earth's massed darkness. In their
saddles.

The ruffle of Herendeen's horses
diminished on the desert and, stand-
ing slack and tired in the open,
Morgan knew this night's fight was
done. He knew something else, as
well. It was Herendeen's crew
which had given way, not Heren-
deen.

Vance Ketchell called: "Lige's
been hit."

Morgan went over at once. Ketch-
ell knelt on the ground his knee
propping Lige at the shoulders.

Morgan drew back from the party,
quietly calling Fox Willing.
"Fox," he said, "I wish you'd ride
over and bring Mrs. White to the
ranch."

Fox cut away at once. The rest
turned north, reaching Long Seven
an hour later. Coming into the yard
Morgan saw Catherine in the door-
way. When he got down to help
Lige White from the saddle he
turned to look at her again, framed
as she was in the light, tall and
still and straight-shouldered, and he
felt the tug of strange, old excitement.
Lige could use one leg out-
and had to brace himself between
Ketchell and Morgan. Catherine
stepped aside to let them pass, say-
ing: "Put him on a bed, Clay," and
followed the men upstairs into an
extra bedroom.

The room was dark and they had
a moment's trouble getting Lige on
the bed. Morgan heard Lige grit
his teeth together as they laid him
down. Catherine found a lamp and
lighted it and by this yellow glow
all of them saw the whiteness of
Lige's face. His hair came down on
his forehead and sweat oiled his
skin; his lips crawled back, form-
ing a smile. "I sure as hell broke
something. You know, Clay, if it
wasn't too much trouble, I wish
you'd send for Grace."

"Already have. I'm going into
town for Padden. Vance, you bet-
ter get his clothes off."

Lige White said: "I guess you
don't know the whole story yet,
Clay. Hillhouse cornered Hack and
killed him. The man's a fanatic.
I'm warning you about that, if you
should see him in town."

Morgan's eyes dropped. He stood
like this, quiet and cold and too
weary to feel the full shock of the
news. He said, after a while, "I'll
meet him, sooner or later," and
left the room.

He turned to Janet's room. When
he came beside the bed and looked
down through the shadows he found
she wasn't asleep. She reached for
his hand, saying: "Who's hurt, Dad-
dy?"

"We had a fight with Herendeen's
ranch, Janey. Lige White was hurt.
I'm going after a doctor."

She murmured: "It is too bad.
But I'm glad it isn't you." The pres-
sure of her hand was warm and con-
fident. She was pleased to have him
sit here and talk with her; it made
her expand and grow sentimental.
"I wish I had been here, Daddy, when
you were young and danced with
Catherine. I bet you were the best
dancer of all. She is pretty."

"Wait till you get old enough to
dance. I'll stand by and remember
when you were so small you walked
under the table."

She was silent, seeing the picture
of herself dancing—and pleased by
it; her lips softened and there was a
glow in her eyes. Afterwards, in a
faintly reserved tone, she said: "She
isn't like I thought she was, Daddy."

"What did you think?"
"She likes me, Daddy. I didn't
think she would."

Powder smell settled around Mor-
gan. A small, definitely cold thread

Excitement whetted Morgan's
nerves to a sharp edge as he stood
there and heard Ben Herendeen say:
"Come on, boys!"

A map yelled: "To hell with this!"
Morgan, waiting a more definite tar-
get, saw one rider swing wide and
rush in. Suddenly all of Herendeen's
men were wheeling around the beef,
running for the dobe building near
by, as though to circle it. Vance
Ketchell called to announce him-
self: "It's me, Ketchell— and
Lige White." They raced down on
Morgan. He had to step aside, bare-
ly avoiding a collision. Vance was
out of the saddle, beside him and
grumbling: "Damned near too late!"
Lige White, still mounted, turned
away. He called: "Herendeen—cut
this out!" One of Herendeen's riders
plunged straight on and fired once
at Lige White's high-placed shape.
Morgan and Ketchell laid their shots
on this man. They caught his horse
and watched it sink, they saw the
rider free himself and seem to flat-
ten against the earth.

Jump murmured: "They're going
to try something."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Change in Train Time
Effective Sunday, April 25
The Spokane
for Spokane and the East,
Walla Walla, Yakima, Lewis-
ton, Colfax, Pullman, Moscow
will leave Biggs
10:58 p. m. daily
(Instead of 11:46)
ARRIVING SPOKANE 6:40 a. m.
(Instead of 7:00 a. m.)
for further details and information
see LOCAL AGENT
The Passenger
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
The Strategic Middle Route