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NO TIME FOR TAX EVASION

With the nation at war, and running into debt as fast as money can be spent, with our sons fighting all over the world, with need for tax money greater than ever, and growing, we cannot understand the urge on congress to reduce taxes by either forgiving a part of 1942 taxes as the democrats suggest or adopting the Ruml plan as the republicans desire.

Neither plan makes a bit of sense.

It is probably true that pay-as-you-go plan would make tax-paying easier for many thousands of people. Yet if a year's taxes or any considerable part of a year's taxes are to be forgiven to obtain such a plan, the cost is too great.

Tax payers now can buy treasury bonds that may be used to pay taxes next March. Thus a means of paying taxes by the month is provided. It may be true they will not buy them, but the method is there.

If and when work stops many men would find themselves with a year's taxes to pay and little to pay them with unless tax payment bonds had been bought. Yet, if by some method we skip a year of taxes the government will eventually lose that much taxes. The government cannot afford to do it.

The people of the United States are not paying taxes in comparison with those of other nations at war, except in some brackets. The time to pay for a war is when it is being fought, when everyone is working, when a larger part of the people are making profits. It is no use levying taxes to pay for a war when there is neither work nor business to provide the where-with-all.

BANG'S DISEASE

The report of the state department of agriculture shows that there is more Bang's disease in Oregon this year than last, an increase of over 25 percent in fact. Sherman county is one of those that show a larger percentage of cattle with the disease. Our percentage raised from 1.37 to 1.82. In 1938 we had but .7 percent.

This is the second year in which the percentage has gone up and it may be time that some changing was done in the management of testing for the disease. Twenty three of the 36 counties showed an increase in Bang's disease when 1942 is compared to 1941. This indicates that greater care must be taken to eradicate Bang's disease or the losses to stockmen will be very heavy within a few years.

SECOND FRONT

It would be very satisfying to hear an accurate report of what effect the bombing of Germany is having on the production of that country. We are told that many times the weight and explosive power of bombs is being dropped on Germany as was dropped on England earlier in the war. We know that English production was slowed down very seriously.

If pictures shown are accurate there are many homes and many factories in the bombed German cities without roofs, and many rubble filled streets. We are told of thousands of workers leaving

former industrial cities. Yet the Germans fight on.

Perhaps they would fight much better if their soldiers had the use of the war material lost because of bombing; perhaps the decrease in German air power is caused by lost days of work. All this we cannot tell.

When England was being bombed we read stories about her citizens singing hopefully "There'll Always be an England" even while surrounded by falling bomb fragments and brick. The English said they could not be conquered by bombings. They weren't either. Maybe the same is true of the Germans. We may have to send an army across the channel through Italy or Greece, to reach the industrial Rhineland with men and guns before we can make a lasting impression. In truth, we probably will have to do this very thing.

Without posing as a military expert this seems a fine time to start toward Berlin. The Russians are keeping millions of Germans busy in the Ukraine, many more are engaged in Tunisia and more millions are guarding the common folks of the captured nations. Another front or two might well be the final straw for a nation whose industry is damaged by bombing and whose soldiers are scattered over a continent.

WHEAT STOCKS

Now we are told that the United States is about out of wheat. The reports do not show it, the condition of local warehouses does not indicate it, reason does not lead to that conclusion.

The only reasons to make an observer believe we are about to the bottom of the so recently overflowing wheat bin is the possibility that we might have used a lot of it to make alcohol for rubber or that we had been trying to export it. The condition of the rubber supply does not indicate that many million bushels of wheat had gone into tire stock and we have been told that our allies did not want wheat but more concentrated food. The shipping situation has not been very favorable either.

Whoever is trying to engineer the scare about scarcity of wheat should put forth his figures; they are so much more convincing than words—if proven

In Other Days

From the Observer April 29, 1904 Mrs Hamilton and son, the Moro Steam Laundry people are now at home in the McCaleb building which they purchased last week. A new 12 horse power engine and boiler is being installed in the building.

The gentlemen who are promoting the electric power plant for Moro are now residing here with their families. The plan is to harness Deschutes at Rohr Villa.

W. B. Kurtz, The Dalles city, buyer shipped two cars out of Moro Saturday loaded with fat hogs.

Moro can now boast of a bank having all facilities of a metropolitan institution, as the Foreign Exchange department of the Wasco Warehouse Milling Co's bank car now furnish its clients with drafts payable at all the principal cities of Europe.

From the Observer, May 1, 1914 Sherman countians celebrated good roads day April 24 by all working on the road between Monkland and Moro and on to the John Day river where the two counties had recently constructed a new steel bridge.

Moro won the deciding third game between their team and Grass Valley Sunday by a score of 5 to 2.

G. B. Bourhill left this week with a party of surveyors to determine the boundaries of EOL land south of Antelope.

Ruth Bryant, Thelma Buxton and Elmer Barzee were named Moro contestants in the declamatory and oratorical contest.

From the Observer, May 2, 1924 U. S. Representative N. J. Sinnot promises his support to ward passage of the McNary-Haugen bill.

A 24 x 30 open air auditorium will be constructed at DeMoes park. The building has two dressing rooms and the stage will have heavy flooring to permit the use of heavy entertainment equipment.

Kelly's Column Sathers Have Many Easter Guests

(Continued from page one) then it was raised to five pounds, but this failed to satisfy; for statistics reveal that a logger consumes 10 pounds of meat weekly.

The Japanese office of war information at Manila announces that Japan will "proceed to Alaska" from Kiska. It is recognized that if land based bombers can operate out of the island of Kiska there will be a distinct threat to the Pacific northwest, both along the coast and inland.

Japanese activities on Kiska have not been halted nor in any way delayed by the constant bombing by American fliers and the enemy is building up a strong installation. They even have the temerity to use the stones crushed by the bombs for construction of a runway and they hide in caves when the Americans send down a shower of explosives. At the present rate of progress it is believed by many observers in the national capital that the Japanese will be flying over the northwest before the end of the year.

To date, the strategy board refuses to recognize Japan as a first-rate power enemy and is committed to fighting the Germans in Europe before giving full attention to the Pacific coast and the enemy off-shore. Considered the best guess (subject to revision) is that the wars with Germany and Japan will continue into 1945 or 1946 although the Germans will be defeated first and the real struggle will be with the Japanese.

Thirteen billion dollars—the sum the Treasury must raise in the Second War Loan drive, is only one sixth of the estimated cost of the war for the fiscal year of 1943.

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, Oregon, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing all objections to said report and the settlement thereof.

Elva A. Bryant, Administratrix

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman county her Final Account as Administratrix of the Estate of Jessie Amos, Deceased, and that Wednesday, the 2nd day of June, 1943, at 10:00 A. M., in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, in the courtroom of said Court, has been fixed by the Court as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account and for the settlement of said estate.

Isabella Crossfield, Administratrix

T. Lester Johnson, Attorney for Administratrix

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Eureka Lodge No 17, A.F. & A.M. Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursdays in the I.O.O.F. hall Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us.

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



From here I sit...

Joe Marsh

Charlie Jenkins writes me from down at camp: "Dear Joe: Somethin' mighty swell happened to me on my last day's leave. I'm standin' on the corner, not knowin' anybody in town, when a stranger says 'hello, soldier-how'd you like a chicken dinner at home with me and the wife?' "Well, it turns out they were the kind of folks who couldn't do enough to help out soldiers. They'd invited two other fellows and just as soon as we're

Sathers Have Many Easter Guests

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Horace McKee and daughter Linda, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Miller and son, Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine Miller and family of Moro and Mrs. Willard Baer and daughter Charlene of Carlton were dinner guests of L. Sather's Easter Sunday.

Paul L. Smith of Portland visited here in Kent for a few days last week. He returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Norton and sons Ross and Willy and daughter Carole and Warren Norton were in The Dalles Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Reckmann and Martha Bardenhagen went to The Dalles Saturday where they visited Mrs. Klaus Bardenhagen who had just undergone an operation.

W. E. Gunther is cooking at the Decker ranch while Mrs. Decker is in Portland.

Mrs. J. H. Wilson is in Portland visiting for a few weeks.

Thekla Byers stayed at the George Howell ranch while her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Byers went to The Dalles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley McKay returned to Sweet Home Thursday.

Mrs. J. N. McInnes was in The Dalles one day last week.

Robert Gregg spent Easter week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Gregg at Bend returning here Tuesday.

J. C. Wilson was accompanied to Portland last week by Mrs. Alfred Lyons. They returned to Kent Sunday.

Mrs. Robert Brown is reported to have recovered from her recent illness. She is home again.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION MEETING

NOTICE: There will be a meeting of the County Board of Equalization of Sherman County, Oregon, at the Court House, Moro, Oregon, on the third Monday in May, that being the 17th day of May, 1943, to publicly examine the Assessment rolls, correct all errors in valuation, descriptions of lands or other property assessed by me, and it shall be the duty of persons interested to appear at the time and place appointed (appearance is by petition). All petitions must be in writing and verified by the oath of the applicant and filed with the board within the first week it is by law required to be in session.

Margaret W. Peetz, County Assessor

by Charles A. Ruggles, deputy

BACK UP YOUR BOY

Buy an Additional Bond Today

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.

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 118 Moro, Oregon Meets 2d & 4th Tuesdays in the I.O.O.F. hall Transient and visiting members welcome.

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



SADDLE and RIDE

By ERNEST HAYCOX

THE STORY SO FAR: Clay Morgan has decided to play a lone hand against 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 having him and being nearly killed when he goes to Herendeen's ranch for a showdown, but he is saved by Lige White, one of Herendeen's friends. Like Gurd Grant, he is fed up with Herendeen's high handed methods. Clay and his men drive his cattle back into Government Valley, Clay's range. The fight with Herendeen that follows, Lige is badly hurt. Now Clay is talking to Janet, who has discovered that she loves Catherine Grant better than Ann McGarrah and is not sure she should.

CHAPTER XVII

In the following silence Clay at once sensed that Janet was struggling with her loyalty to Ann McGarrah. She said: "I don't know, Daddy. Do you like her a lot? As much as you like Ann?"

He said: "Maybe I do, Janey. I'm going to town now. Better sleep."

She turned in the bed, her small body curled beneath the blankets and her head sinking into the pillow. She murmured: "It is like having a mother. It really is."

He went out of her room. There was a difference in women nobody could explain, an understanding, or a touch, or some mysterious fragrance of personality some had and some did not have.

Fox Willing was in the room with Lige White; the rest of the crew had left the house. Catherine waited for him downstairs.

"Janey wants you to stay on tonight."

She moved around the table. She put this distance between them deliberately, no longer smiling. "I can't do that, Clay. Not now."

He said: "I keep forgetting it wouldn't look right to you. Well, I don't know what you've done to Janet, but you did it."

She said with some concern: "You don't mind, Clay? I wanted her to like me—and that's why I came!"

He said, still in wonder: "How did you do it?"

Her eyes showed him a warm, deep shining. "She's still a girl, Clay, wanting to believe little-girl things and live in the land of make-believe. She knows those things aren't so, but she wants the comfort of them a little while longer. And I talked to her as though those things were good things."

"Wait until I get back from town and I'll ride home with you."

"I'm not afraid of the ride, Clay."

"But she closed her lips, color rising on her cheeks."

"Hate to have you go alone."

"Then I'll wait."

Herendeen is stealing his cattle. He is nearly killed when he goes to Herendeen's ranch for a showdown, but he is saved by Lige White, one of Herendeen's friends. Like Gurd Grant, he is fed up with Herendeen's high handed methods. Clay and his men drive his cattle back into Government Valley, Clay's range.

The fight with Herendeen that follows, Lige is badly hurt. Now Clay is talking to Janet, who has discovered that she loves Catherine Grant better than Ann McGarrah and is not sure she should.

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He noticed Charley's hat placed over Hack Bresthill's face.

She said: "You know about Hack? Of course—you came from there."

He sank into the chair, his long legs pushed forward. She stood near him, looking down. She put her hands before her, locked together, and for a moment she had the expression of a little girl on her face, half-wistful and half-stormy. She said: "You shouldn't—you shouldn't. Suppose it had been you instead of Hack? And when you meet Herendeen, which one will it be? You are sure to meet. Everybody knows that. It is so certain and as brutal as death. Well, it is death. Clay is there anything I can say to stop you?"

"No, not now, Ann."

"Not now, and not at any time," she added quietly. "I have never been able to change you. Never, in any way at all."

He said: "Why worry about it? You know the pretty well. I know you pretty well. Let's be satisfied with that."

She walked away from him. At a corner of the room she turned, facing him over the distance. "What do you really know about me? What do you really know?"

"I told you once, and you didn't like it."

"When you said it, Clay, you never meant it. It was a joke—and I hated you."

He shook his head, puzzled and gently amused at her. "There is fire enough in you to burn up the town. You swing like the weather—never still. I could be the kind of a woman, I think, to throw furniture at a man when you got mad. You could crucify him—if you loved him. And be sorry afterwards, I guess."

"Oh, Clay," she said, humbly, "not a scold—not a spiteful."

"No," he admitted. "Just Ann McGarrah who wants things perfect."

Her eyes grew darker and darker. "Clay," she said, near to a whisper, "you don't mean to be cruel, but you are. If—" She shrugged her shoulders, quickly changed the subject. "How's Janet?"

"All right. Catherine came up to see her today." He watched fitfulness come to her face, a listening inattentiveness, a coolness holding away her dislike. Then he said, "They seem to get along mighty well."

She said: "Don't you want coffee?"

"Better get back and see how Lige is making out," he said, coming to his feet.

She walked toward him. She stood in front of him, quite near—this small, supple girl so intense and so crowded with willful pride. She was dark, she was vivid; her lips were red and firm across her oval face and he caught the fragrance of her hair and was affected by it. Looking up, she drew a long, long breath. He never was able to define the look he saw in her eyes that night—it was like fear or shame, or like a woman forcing herself over some obstacle she dreaded. Her voice was taut and very slow. "It is hard to learn some things, Clay. Hard to learn that sometimes nothing comes by waiting, or by praying. And very hard to find out that a woman has to change as she swears she could never change. All that I am is right here in front of you, but it never has been enough—just to be in front of you. Is it something cold about me, or something of an old maid in me? I don't know. But only once did I ever see anything in your eyes that I put there. That was when I wore a dress which left my shoulders bare. I was a woman to you that night."

She lifted her arms. They touched his shoulders and lay there, with the smallest pressure in them, pulling him. He saw her lips lengthen and part, he saw her eyes widen, as though she opened herself to him completely. Reaching forward he kissed her, catching the force of her sudden-giving body. But even then there was a difference, a strain, a lack. When he stepped back they both knew it. She caught her breath sharply, turning away. And said in a dulling voice: "No, not for me. Well, good-by."