

Sherman County Journal

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COAL STRIKE

Anyone who has bought groceries during the past three months knows what the coal strike is about.

It is the price of food. The coal miners, along with other unionists, agreed not to strike for the duration if the administration would, through the OPA, hold the prices of food down.

Considering the seriousness of the war the miners were wrong to strike. There can be no question about that. Yet, it seems that there will be no serious consequences of that for a truce has been signed and the miners are still working.

The government has sent OPA agents into 100 communities to find out if company stores are charging more than ceiling prices. Thus the miners will obtain some relief from overcharging.

Despite the normal criticism of John L. Lewis we think he has brought an important matter to the attention of the American public. That is the failure of the OPA to keep food prices in hand. He will undoubtedly succeed in getting some better wages or better food prices for his miners, which he probably should do.

The president has been wrong in his policy in that he has given bigger prices to many groups of producers without raising the wages of those who must eat food to work.

It seems now that within the fifteen day period the coal strike will be settled peaceably by giving the miners a six day week, pay from the time they enter the mine and inspection of their food costs. It is likely that they will lose their contention for a \$2 per day raise in pay, which will not be needed if they obtain the other considerations.

It looks as if John Lewis, who is this week America's most hated man, will get what he wants for his miners—better living conditions, and that the administration will have to pull in its horns on its stiff control system.

HARD WATER

There have been complaints about hard water in Moro since the wells in the flat were put into production. Some of these complaints are true.

The city officials cheerfully admit that the present city water will bounce if it is dropped on the pavement. They do not even insist that it be frozen first. It is hard enough to bounce anyway.

Some of the council will even agree that ladies who wash their hair in it will find their locks as stiff as bristles. The women who have washed their hair will all attest to the truth of the statement.

The story that a soft skinned lady was bruised by splashing the water in the tub because of the hard water is discounted. It is possible true that a feminine individual with a very soft nature—and skin—might be bruised by the water in a shower, but the council sternly rejects the charge that splashing the water in the tub will cause black and blue marks.

Yet, there is no argument about it. The water is hard. Very hard. In fact, there have been complaints from other parts of the county that farms served by shallow wells have very hard water this spring. It seems that the

very wet spring has caused the alkali to leach out into the water and this has run into the wells, and caused a sort of epidemic of hard water. The city just happened to tap their shallow wells the wrong year.

It is possible that the water will soften as more is used from the wells and the drainage level is lowered. Certainly softer water may be expected when the new pump arrives and the Conlee well is put into operation again. In the meantime citizens may be cautious about using city water in any way that may be termed a weapon. Young plants should not be subject to its shower, tender things should not be wet from a hose, soft skins should not be put in laundry. For the water is hard, full of alkali, and likely to coat the interior of mankind with a film of sediment that will cause the personal plumbing to be as stiff as cast iron pipe.

Yet, it must be considered that grandpa and grandma used the same stuff and lived to a ripe old age.

POOR CROP

"Eh, Gad," he said, "I don't believe I'll get over 30 bushel to the acre this year."

Thus there is dissatisfaction with the condition of the winter wheat crop this spring. It does look rather yellow and the stand is not what expert would call perfect. This is due to nitrates washed to lower levels and a late spring.

This county has had two wheat crops of sufficient magnitude to make a farmer's heart glad. Normally it cannot expect another as good. Yet an expectancy of 70 bushels in a nation that has an average of 14 and a county with an average of 18 is not an indication of approaching poverty by any means.

The law of averages would indicate that the crop this year should be small because the previous crops have been large. The condition of the soil moisture does not indicate, however, that this will be the case. In fact, it is likely that if moisture is as good an indicator as usual, the crop will be very good, well above the average. Complaints that the crop may be around 30 bushels are further indicators that all is not lost by any means and that prospects are still pretty fair despite conditions less favorable than for the past two bumper years.

In Other Days

From the Observer, May 8, 1914.

W. B. Wilcox jr. of the Rutledge district was in Moro last week with an entire family of coyote hides to cash for bounty. One was such a fine skin Mr. Wilcox kept it for a rug.

The oldest daughter of W. C. Harper was thrown from a buggy in front of Crosfield's store last Friday while driving to school. One shaft dropped down and the young lady received a broken ankle.

Howard Belshie has bought pipe with which to install a siphon water system to a hog lot on his farm.

The state engineer has given permits for the irrigation of 206 acres in Sherman county along the John Day.

From the Observer, May 6, 1904. At two o'clock tomorrow the first game of basket ball will be played on the Moro field between the ladies of the high school and those of the regular team. This will be rare and honest sport which everybody will wish to witness.

The new Moro hotel evolutions have finally brought a permanent landlord. W. C. Rutledge has become its owner and starts out with every promise of gilded success.

L. L. Peetz has completed his alfalfa planting. He also has five acres of corn, an experiment that cannot miss.

Kent still has some faint hope of getting a station building.

Grass Valley Journal May 9, 1924 Notice to Farmers: Proposition for dissolution of the Oregon Grain Growers, Inc. will be discussed at a meeting in the Court House May 23.

Sunday morning shipments of livestock included a car of hogs by Ed Alley, a car of cattle and a mixed car by O. N. Ruggles, a car of cattle by Lester Heath, four cars of cattle by C. R. Belshie from Shaniko and four or five cars from Moro and Wasco.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from page one)

shortage of labor. The assertion was made that this plant would have to get its workers from the shipyards and other war industries in the state. The division of aluminum and magnesium in war production board has been advised that there are three first class sites for the plant. These localities are Salem, Eugene and The Dalles where there is ample labor for another war industry. The Oregon senators had a conference with Donald Nelson and William L. Batt, but their arguments made no impression. Government will finance three plants, one in the southwest, one south of the Dakotas and one in the mid-continent area.

Several communities in Oregon are benefiting from war contracts for supplies, shops in various cities cooperating into one organization. One of these combinations will produce thousands of truck bodies this year and it has already produced about 20,000. A high spot in the combination is held by Baker, which is doing its share of the work faster than the contract calls for a bang-up job. Another of the members of the group is located in Eugene, and there are three plants in Portland's metropolitan area. These separate companies pool their resources and make a formidable showing, handling a large contract which none of them could maintain individually. Another group is building parts of Boeing's flying fortress, and another manufacturing valves in demand for synthetic rubber plants, navy ships, etc.

People's Column

The following letter has been received from Bill McKean Dear Folks:

We are (censored) days out from our first stop and as I hope to have some mail there from you will answer now and get this posted and on its way at the same time. However, we won't get to where we are going for some time yet—so if you do not regularly hear from me don't be at all surprised. Since this is my first time at sea, and knowing that the rest of the family are children of the sod and hot cement sidewalks—I will undoubtedly write more or less of a general travelogue without definite detail as to cities etc. Feel sure that the censor will allow me to state that I am now a shellback, having crossed the equator. Generally speaking, did you know that the Pacific ocean is as blue as Crater lake and as smooth—sometimes. At others it is as rough as a Model T Ford wide open on the Sawtooth road. At that time I was busy shooting my orange juice for the first couple of times, then I actually got better. Sure did surprise me as I thought I was going to play whole hog and die. James Kenneth will be interested to know that his stomach is not the only one in the tribe that does the dipsy doodle under adverse conditions. But to get on with description of the ocean wave, flying fish as I had pictured were much smaller than a seal and about the size of a good 12 inch trout. Imagine my surprise at the first batch we saw. (I was pondering whether to call them a flock or a school) They run about 6 inches long and come out of the water like a humming bird, busy flapping their fins (or wings) and going for about 100 yards about 2 feet from the surface of the water. Quite a bunch of them in a swarm. There are no gulls this far out, but occasionally we see an albatross. Another thing that interested me was the water at the bow of the ship after night. As she went plowing along she threw water ahead in which were about a million fish of some sort that were phosphorescent. The fish sparkled with a bluish light I looked like a jug of club soda just after you jerk the cap off. I guess this is about all the done I can give you at the present time on the condition of that vast expanse of water known as the Pacific.

Needless to say, I am still a healthy individual. The trip is a little monotonous, but aside from being slightly bored everything is satisfactory. I have a little difficulty in remembering what day it is or date. They all look alike to me from where I'm setting. Fact is, I'm sitting on a box of sup-

plies beating the daylight out of this machine, which rests on another box. I could blame that for my rotten typing, but know that you people have seen enough of it under better circumstances not to be taken in by an excuse as lame as that. I have labeled this letter No. 1 and will continue to keep on the sequence due to the fact that there are some agencies that tend to make mail service a bit unreliable.

Oh, yes, it is hotter here than 2nd and Court streets in The Dalles on the 4th of July. I took it easy, but in spite of that I burned and am now peeling. My back resembles a dry onion with loose skin waving in the breeze. Suppose you know that hot weather doesn't bother me a whole lot.

Rumor has it that in a couple of months we will be able to tell you where we are. Will leave it lay there and pick it up again later in the month. Don't overwork yourselves and let me know as soon as my second allotment starts coming through. Should be in April. You may not get it for several months and then get a gob. My bond should come on much the same basis. I'd trade my car for a good cold bottle of beer right now. Guess I'll get a drink of water and whip up an imaginary foam. Bill

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 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.

24-27 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 Crosfield, Administratrix

T. Lester Johnson, Attorney for Administratrix First Publication - April 30, 1943 Last Publication - May 21, 1943

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 Assessments, 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

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. 114 Moro, Oregon Meets 2d & 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome.

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

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

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



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. Through two women, Catherine Grant and Ann McGarrath, are in love with him, they know that he cannot forget Lila. Morgan is a former friend, only Hack Breath had not gone over to Herendeen's side. Now Hack is dead, shot by Herendeen's henchman, Charley Hillhouse. Gurd Grant, Catherine'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 Pat Willing, a "sneaky" he once befriended, Clay discovers that 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. Lige, Gurd Grant, he is fed up with Herendeen's high handed methods. Clay had his men drive the cattle back to his range. In the fight with Herendeen that follows, Lige is seriously hurt. Charley Hillhouse, unable to forget Hack's death and the fact that he killed an old friend, commits suicide. In town now, Clay realizes a fight to the finish with Herendeen is not far off. He is at Ann McGarrath's house. She has told him of her love for him, but they both realize they were not meant for each other. Ann has just said good-by. Now continue with the story.

CHAPTER XIX

Clay had nothing to say. Reaching for his hat he left the room, crossing the darkened store and letting himself out to the porch. Habit made him reach into his pockets for his cigarette paper; he rolled up a smoke without giving it any thought. He was like this, sorry and confused and still stirred by Ann's kiss when he heard Jesse Rusey call out sharply:

"Heads up—heads up!"

That tone, from the silent Rusey, was a warning that made him drop his smoke and jerk around. He saw, first, the two Ryder brothers backed against the saloon wall, as though pushed against it; and then, his glance racing on, he found Rusey in the thick shadows by the hotel. Rusey had drawn his gun on the Ryders; he was holding them there. Morgan knew at once how it was, and backed against the store wall, sharply scanning all the roundabout shadows, his nerves quickening and his pulse striking hard in his neck. Swinging his head through a full half-circle he looked into the gray deserted shadows of Old Town and saw Herendeen slowly drop back around the corner of the blacksmith shop into darkness.

He remained in his tracks, knowing what lay before him yet puzzled that Herendeen should slide away as though avoiding him. He knew Herendeen thoroughly—the raw physical courage, the sullen will that drove him forward, the contempt he had for weakness, the hatred which for these ten years had governed his life and his actions. Thus this backward step into darkness seemed out of character. Thinking about it, Morgan looked along the street again and now noticed the shape of somebody outlined in a dark second-story window of the hotel. He didn't know who it was but he realized Herendeen had noticed the man and was protecting himself in the fight to come.

Morgan, hanging to his tracks, drew and fired. He saw Herendeen's gun kick up from its first shot; the roar of the shot cracked along the street and somewhere man ran the walks recklessly. These were sensations that reached him all at once, these and the crash of a bullet into the wall behind him and the smell of powder. He had fired twice, still watching Herendeen's gun settle to a level pointing. But he fired no more, for he heard his shot strike home, releasing a quick small cough from Herendeen. The big man's gun dropped; he fired as it went down, the slug breaking up dust from the street. His shoulders fell back against the wall of the blacksmith shop and scrubbed along the boards. Morgan's bullet had knocked him back, and when he fell it was this way, slowly to a sitting position and then sideways, as though wearily going to sleep. The shadows at the base of the building smothered him; all Morgan saw was the vague stain of his face.

The echoes of the firing had not yet died when men ran into the street, toward Morgan. Someone called: "Clay—that you!" He didn't answer, for he was paying his respects to Ben Herendeen—a man who had never known what fear was, a man who had waited for him, without trickery, to come up and

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.



Morgan came suddenly upon Catherine's horse standing riderless.

thing. The sort of a thing that gives a man a wallop to look at—make him feel maybe there's a side of life he can't reach. I didn't touch it. Was afraid I'd break it if I did. That's you, Grace. I'm not complaining. I'm glad I've got as much of you as I do have." Then he said, slowly: "If I stray off the path, it is because a man like me belongs on the street, not in a museum. Looking at beautiful things ain't enough. I've got to have something to touch and use."

She showed the effect of his talk. It colored her cheeks; it put something close to tears in her eyes. She was a graceful, firm-bodied woman and even as he looked at her Lige White was stirred. She saw it. She saw the things it put in his face, and suddenly looked away. But a moment later she looked back, smiling. She pulled her shoulders expressively up, the color deepening on her face. "Always, Lige, you have come to me and always I've drawn back. That's our trouble, isn't it? Well, Lige."

She made a gesture with her arms, as though pushing something away from her. She turned, dropping to the bed beside him. She lifted his head and slid her arm around his shoulders and, this close to him, showed him the long, straight glance of a wife who was desired, and desiring. "I've been afraid of too many things, I guess. Here I am, Lige, if it isn't too late."

Traveling westward on the trail to Dell Lake, which was also the trail to Crowfoot, Morgan came suddenly upon Catherine's horse standing riderless in the heavy-shading fog.

This was at the edge of the Mogul plateau, with the line of timber directly beyond. For a moment he had his deep fear of accident; then, coming up to the horse, he saw Catherine's shape against the trees. She had dismounted and sat now on the yellow-dry grass, looking toward him. He came before her, watching her face swing up. A moment later she rose, walking to him. She said nothing at the moment but her hand touched his arm and her face, pale and round in this light, showed its intent, drawn interest.

He said: "Why didn't you wait?"

"I thought that perhaps something held you in town."

"Yes," he said, "something did. I met Ben."

She came nearer, watching the familiar marks on his face, studying all the little signs she knew so well. So she knew what he had done, and said: "It's over then. That has been my prayer for so long—that it would be soon over. Go on back. There's nothing on this trail I'm afraid of."

He said: "Why do you suppose I came?"

She seemed to hold her breath. He saw her long lips tremble. Her shoulders straightened away from him. "Clay," she murmured, "say nothing you don't mean. I can't go through that again. To be as close as we were, with all that it meant to us then, and to lose it—I can't go through that again."

He said: "There is nothing between us now. Nothing except the things you remember against me, Catherine."

A long breathing sigh came from her. She was smiling, this tall and robust and gay girl; she was near him, her body still. She said: "Old times—new times. You have been a faithful man, Clay. I have never ceased to love you for it—even when there seemed nothing for me. Well, haven't I been faithful, too?"

She was there for him, she was waiting for him. When he put his arms around her and saw her head lift to him, swift and expectant, he felt the long rush of his youth again. When he kissed her it was as she had said: Something old, something new. Nothing had changed. The old wild sweetness was here, the same immense shock, the same feeling of a deep need satisfied. It passed between them and took the last loneliness, the incompleteness, the emptiness out of him. The ten years of waiting were finished; they were together.

He said: "This is the first time I ever saw you weak, the first time you have been helpless. Most of ways you have been so well, so full—and I've kept away from you. Sometimes you have frightened me, Lige. Sometimes you have made me feel ashamed. I have been a strange wife."

He said: "I saw a vase one time in a museum. It was a beautiful

THE END