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Giles L. French, Editor
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AS HIGH AS A MAN'S HEAD

A review of Lewis A. McArthur's new edition of his famous Oregon Geographic Names mentions that the town of Grass Valley was named because the rye grass in that valley grew as high as a man's head and quotes the next sentence "They even state that this was so when the man was on horseback."

That sentence is in the first edition of McArthur's most valuable book and Portland papers like to quote it, sometimes with a connotation of disbelief.

Perhaps one who had never seen the rye grass of Grass Valley would be inclined to doubt the statement. In these days since civilization has come to the valley wherein Grass Valley is located, the rye grass is of puny growth giving no indication of its once remarkable size.

Forty or fifty years ago the roads through the valley were but crooked tracks through the rye grass. The bunches made by the roots made progress slow and bumpy even in a hack. Homes were but little islands in the tall grass and children could hide from each other or their parents within fifty feet of the house.

What is now the city park was a waving sea of grass, except for the area under the trees, where small boys pegged tops or climbed high to carve their names. There was a narrow trail through the grass to the street.

Stock nibbling at the leaves before the grass became high enough to be rough in the spring, some plowing of gardens and the constant crosion of small boys killed the great rye grass. In the fall after the stems were dry they made good heat for autumn night games. And many a section of sidewalk was burned along with the grass. The practice was to start a fire near the bottom of the grass and when the stalks were burned off they made a wonderful torch with which to start more fires. This went on until there was a great bonfire for yards around.

SHORTEST DAY

Yesterday we enjoyed the shortest day. It is the best day in the year for it brings promise of more daylight, more sunshine and the annual rebirth of nature that we call spring.

This year the shortest day came after two weeks of dark and dismal weather that could please no one but a mole who lives without sunlight anyhow. We wish we could report that the cold foggy, frosty, dark days were at an end, but weather and rain have changed conditions somewhat but not enough.

There is promise that has never been denied in the coming of the shortest day. It takes time, weeks of it, to again reach days long enough for comfort, but they always come. Early day men held this shortest day in greater reverence than do we of this civilization which gives us so many things with which to circumvent the short periods of light and the cold. There has always been a festival of some sort at the winter solstice.

When men lived in caves or in shelters rudely made of poles and grass the turning of the sun toward the north was a time of great moment. Longer days gave more time to hunt animals, to catch fish and the spring brought fruits and berries with which to vary the sparse diet of meat and grains kept from the previous summer.

Those things don't bother us

now and yet, the shortest day is a time of joy. We are glad it is gone and that tomorrow will be longer than today and the next day will be longer, and the next until there will be sunshine to bask in, green things growing and life can be expansive and joyous instead of cramped and inhibited.

FUNNY IF UNTRUE

No student of the passing scene could have helped but be amused and edified by the recent goings-on in the senate of these United States. Mr. Roosevelt, through his newest state department stooge, Edward Stettinius, appointed six men to be under and assistant secretaries of the state.

Normally there would have been opposition from the opposing party if there was to be opposition at all. But not so. Excited by the CIO and the radical press the starry eyed members of the senate argued and worked against confirmation because so many of the appointees were men of wealth. (Incidentally they have to be men of wealth to take such poorly paid jobs.)

Stettinius, Clayton, and Rockefeller are really in the big money and the old cry of dollar diplomacy was heard again from the wealth baiters. Some fun was poked at Archibald McLeish, who made his first reputation as a poet. His adventures in that field indicate that he might possibly be a good diplomat on the theory that a diplomat is never clear and explicit in his language.

Then when the president returned from his three week vacation which he was entitled after having proven to the nation that he was in vigorous health, he called the most bitter of the senators into his office and said the appointees were his and that if they were not confirmed he would return every one of their names to the senate again.

And so the senators like a bunch of little cowards, went back on their hill and voted for confirmation, thereby letting the nation slip another step into personal government. The president is not supposed to run the state department, nor the senate. That this one is permitted to do so is no credit to the nation.

In Other Days

From the Observer, Dec. 24, 1913 Thursday afternoon, the 16th, E. O. McCoy skidded his little Ford car off the brewery grade at the east end of The Dalles and turned turtle, landing twenty feet below on the rocks with himself unburnt and the car a wreck.

Holiday vacations in Moro schools begin this Friday and will continue until Monday after the New Year.

C. A. Todd was in town Saturday for the first time since he sprained his ankle some two weeks ago, while driving cattle at his farm, caused by the horse slipping on the frozen ground.

The farmers union of Umstilla county have organized to build a large meat packing house.

From the Observer, Dec. 25, 1923 Born to Mr and Mrs James Kenney, at the George Hennagin home in this city December 18th, a daughter, Dr. Poley attending.

Conlee's grocery store is being given a Christmas present this week in the shape of a new floor. The work is being done by Al Sweigle.

Roscoe Moore, Edmund Stephens and Edgar Alley were moving spirits in a social dance given at Moro opera house Tuesday evening in honor of the local collegians, high school pupils and local teachers.

Power line trouble on the Pacific Power & Light company lines partly paralyzed all business activities in Sherman county last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. The trouble was mainly confined to wet snow breaking down the transmission lines over parts of all their system in Wasco county.

From the Observer, Dec. 22, 1905 The vault for the S. S. Hayes bank, in the room lately occupied by Uncle Sam on First street, will have a substantial structure. Messrs. Tonkins and Frock are the builders.

Moro school pupils and teachers will have a holiday vacation extending over to January 2nd, 1906. Miss Minnie Elcock rallied very nicely from the effects of surgery at a Portland hospital, and expects to be at home for New Year. Moro streets were lighted from the new electric plant last evening. The tedious part of the day is past.

Kelly's Column

(Continued from Page One)

wool crop receive final approval. It is proposed that the government shall buy the entire 1945 domestic production at ceiling prices for the protection of woolgrowers and then sell the wool on world markets, which are currently about 10 cents a pound lower than the domestic prices. If this plan is followed the handling of the 320,000,000 pounds of 1945-44 wool now held by war food administration, plus the anticipated 1945 production, will mean an outright loss of \$87,000,000.

Back of the recent civil aviation conference held in Chicago was a clash between advocates of the private enterprise system and groups which favored increased international regulation of business, and it is significant that the private enterprise advocates (representatives of American air lines) won the battle. There will be no arbitrary international regulation along the lines proposed by the British and which followed the trend of British thought at the international business conference at Rye, N. Y. At both meetings the American idea prevailed, although some concessions were agreed to in the interest of harmony. It remains to be seen, however, whether the agreements reached will be acceptable to Russia and whether the final treaties will be ratified by the United States senate.

The following is a letter received by Mr and Mrs Giles French from their son, Wyman French.

Dear Folks:

I am now sitting in an old mansion (built in 1570 which makes it fairly modern—relatively speaking) now taken over by the American Red Cross. The Duke of Wellington spent the large share of his leisure time here. Britain is steeped in ancient things—history. They glory in their heritage for even their newer buildings are constructed so as to rival the oldest buildings in their land.

I just returned from London last night after spending a short time there on pass. It was something I've always looked forward to as I am sure you all have. I was not disappointed. It was surprising, shocking, and interesting.

I saw quite a bit in the short time I was there—

Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, St. James Palace, Buckingham Palace, Victoria Monument, Scotland Yard, Houses of Parliament, Big Ben, Westminster Abbey, Tower of London, Waterloo Bridge, Tower Bridge, Four Towers Castle, Bank of England, No. 10 Downing St., St. Paul's Cathedral, Fleet St., Bombed Areas of 1940 Blitz, Haymarket and many other places internationally famous. Places every person with any interest at all in history would like to see.

Westminster Abbey was the most impressive place I saw. It is over a thousand years old and kings and queens have been crowned there since the days of William the Conqueror. The altar is magnificently carved in the finest of gold—very, fine and intricate. I stood on the graves of men we all have heard of—Disraeli, Gladstone, Thomas Hardy, Neville Chamberlain, the elder Chamberlain, Sir Robert Peel, Browning, Dr. Livingstone, Benedict Arnold (whom the British regard rather highly) and many others who have been successful enough in their fields to earn the right to have their names and dates inscribed in blocks on the floor of this immense, beautiful, ancient and picturesque cathedral.

St. Paul's Cathedral, which is much larger, is comparatively modern in comparison and is more famous architecturally. Known as Christopher Wren's masterpiece it was built or I should say started in 1675 and finished 35 years later (1710). The central part is almost unspeakably immense and mathematically perfect. Very beautiful also—it is finished in gold trim. It is known for its whispering gallery which is perhaps about halfway up to the top of the dome—whispering at one side of the dome is distinctly audible at the other side—a good 100 feet away—acoustically perfect.

Many of the memorials and other objects of interest are boarded or bricked up. It's main altar was partially destroyed by a bomb as you may remember.

From the purely artistic point of view the Kitchener memorial was the most impressive. It is a refining statue of marble. It

looks absolutely natural, it is very fine and intricate—even to the braid on the uniform and his moustache. Then to top it off the marble seems to glow. Not a very good description I admit. To fully appreciate it one should see it.

Big Ben is of the same type of beauty—intricate workings in the subdued glow which the gold leaf seems to give it even in the damp wet and fog of London, a city unlike anything I have ever seen.

Just a few blocks from all this ancient beauty is one of the most startling manifestations of life one can imagine—Piccadilly Circus (Times Square of London). Believe everything you hear about this place because it is probably true. Pimps, whores and other similar types of humanity roam the streets to sell themselves—bold, rough-spoken than soldiers, raspy and dirty. Some call them "commandos." I viewed them with disgusted interest. Their fee—2 pounds. (\$8).

I enjoyed my trip to London very much because it was my first real opportunity to see England as a sightseer and everything I saw was for the first time. English trains with their compartments and small engines, best described as "little sisters" to the relative immensity of our locomotives. They all have shrill soprano whistles.

English subways are the fastest, most efficient I have seen. Make Chicago's look second rate.

The famous London cabs are old decrepit looking but very comfortable and apparently as sturdy as the "One Hoss Shay". I rode the two deck busses here. A ten year old could find his way around. At least I didn't get lost.

It is very difficult getting used to left handed ways here for it is practised not only on the highways, but on the streets, in the placing of hot and cold water faucets on plumbing fixtures and other places.

I saw more foreign uniforms here than one can imagine—probably everything but Nazi and Japanese. The number of women in uniform here is absolutely astounding.

The music over here is not so sedate as I presumed. They sing the same songs we do and some of the little trios I heard in restaurants and such could swing it with most of those in America.

The "Pubs" (Public Bars) are something quite different from our beer halls although their wares are the same in general. It is the atmosphere which is different—more reserved and sedate, where certain rules are common law and courtesy, should be minded (watched to Americans).

The forceful impression I had of the bombing was unfulfilled—largely I think, because the ruins have all been cleared away and there is some semblance of order despite bare and jagged walls which are still left standing. Well, I could write all night and tell you of the things I saw or at least passed by—like All Hollows Church completely destroyed by bombs (built in 675), Tower of London (where 35 people have been beheaded including Essex of Elizabethan Period), Castle with moat which William the Conqueror built after coming over in 1066.

A tribute to the American Red Cross should certainly be forthcoming from all the soldiers and sailors of the U.S. They are the father and mother to a tremendous number of men while they are in England. They house them, feed them make reservations for them, give them tickets to plays and other entertainment features, arrange tours, provide stationery, warm rooms, comfortable desks and etc. and etc. They are a great organization over here.

Wyman Bethlehem Chapter No. 78, O.E.S. Meets Every Second and Fourth Thursdays in each Month. Visiting Members Invited—Moro, Oregon Alice Ornduff, W.M. Marie Hoskinson, Secretary

Lucine Rebekah Lodge No. 116 Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome. Alice McKee N.G. Florence Johnston, Sec.

Eureka Lodge No. 121 Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month. Visiting members are cordially invited to meet with us. R. P. Brisbane W.M. R. V. Lockhart, secretary

Moro Lodge No. 113, I.O.O.F. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in I.O.O.F. hall. Transient and visiting brothers are cordially invited to meet with us. Ernest Houston N.G. Percy Thompson, Secretary

Those Boys Need You BUY WAR BONDS!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

All persons having claims against the estate of O. P. King, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, with the proper vouchers and duly verified, to the undersigned (the duly appointed, qualified and acting administratrix of the Estate of O. P. King, deceased, at the office of T. Lester Johnson, attorney at law, in Moro Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, to-wit: December 15, 1944.

Frances King, Administratrix Date of first publication Dec. 15, 1944. Date of last publication Jan. 12, 1945

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that Blanche Estella Everett, Administratrix of the Estate of Lulu B. Spencer, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, her Final Account and the Court has set the 17th day of January, 1945, in the Office of the County Clerk in the Court House at Moro, Oregon, at 10:00 o'clock a.m. as the time and place for the settlement of said accounting and for hearing objections to the same, if any. Old could find his way around. At least I didn't get lost.

J. Tracy Barton, The Dalles, Oregon, Attorney for the Estate

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 his Final Account and Report as Administrator, with the will annexed, of the Estate of LeRoy Hobert Martin, deceased, and that Wednesday, the 10th day of January, 1945, at 10:00 o'clock A.M., of said day, at the courtroom, in the courthouse, in Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, have been fixed by the Court as the time and place for hearing of objections to said Final Account and Report and for the settlement of said estate.

Myles Erroy Martin, Administrator with the will annexed. T. Lester Johnson, Attorney for Administrator 5-3

CHURCHES

WASCO METHODIST CHURCH Sunday School at 10:00 A.M. Christmas Program Sermon: "The Coming of God's Son" Isaiah 9:6 Music by the Choir. Christmas Program

F. L. Cannell, pastor, 11 a.m. Subject "Is the Universe including man evolved by Atomic force?" Wednesday night service at 8 includes testimonials of healing. The reading room in the rear of the building is open. All authorized Christian Science literature can be bought or borrowed

Moro Community Presbyterian Church Bible School 10 a.m. Christmas services program by Bible School Sermon "The Word Became Flesh" John 1: 14 The Sunday school offering is for Foreign Missions and the White gift's for the childrens Farm Home at Corvallis. C. E. 7:30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday 8 p.m. James D. Moberg, pastor.

Christian Science Society Sunday morning services at Moro Oregon

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THE SEASON'S Greetings to our many friends at home and in the armed forces... patriots all in this struggle to preserve the American way of life!

The United States National Bank 27 Branches in Oregon MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

When It's Holiday Time it's Corby's A Grand Old Canadian Name. And here's good holiday news—there's more of Corby's now available! Enjoy Corby's carefully, as all fine whiskies should be enjoyed. For the flavor of this whiskey—with the Grand Old Canadian Name—will merit your most critical approval. PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender. 85 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits JAS. BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS