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# THANKSGIVING

On this most American of all our holidays there will be some who will ask what there is about which to be thankful, and others, blessed with a touch of humility, who will find many things for which to be thankful.

On the material side we might be thankful for bountiful crops; remunerative prices; a fine all-year climate, sun and rain and invigorating wind; good homes and luxurious transportation; money, wealth.

The majority can be thankful for good health and the food and shelter to maintain it. And the medical care when occasion arises.

Thanks for things of the spirit is sometimes lessened as material blessings increase. We want to some way feel happier and be better as if the possession of many things in itself would encompass that. But they do not.

"He most lives who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best." And he has the most to be thankful for.

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taining old buildings that any building code would condemn were it not for the atmosphere.

There are three-story bricks with porches with railings of old fashioned iron grill work, from which, the story goes, the commercially minded females advertised their charms. The street rooms, were, and are, bars. Because the buildings were narrow back from the street there are courtyards inside the blocks which were gardens in olden days and are now dining places with few trees and flowers in season.

There are some excellent restaurants catering to the taste of those whose palates can distinguish between the good and the excellent. They have made use of advertising.

Every night hundreds of American middle class men and women stand in line along narrow sidewalks awaiting their turn to enter and dine on the finely advertised flavors administered to sea-food and beef and chicken. They thus show their curiosity about the places of storied old sin and vicariously sin themselves in coming. And Americans are suckers for ancient sin.

The little shops are full of expensive antiques, brass, glass, china. The prices \$4500 for a chandelier, \$1000 for a mirror indicate the estimate placed on American wealth and credulity by the shop keepers. It is a very interesting sight on Americans.

The streets in New Orleans must have been laid out by men hastening to some central place for a drink or something equally attractive. They all run toward the old quarter and are either wide and practically double or narrow and almost impassable.

The capitol at Baton Rouge contains one of the nation's most impressive state houses. It is 24 stories by the elevator and three more by the second, a truly massive pile of building material with high marble halls for the legislators to sit in. Here they obeyed the orders of Huey Long, whose statue stands in front of the building facing it, as if still directing his craven adherents.

Louisiana is a wonderful state, growing sugar cane in big lands and cotton in fields that dwarf the little patches of the Carolinas and Georgia. It is taller, greener and more productive than that farther east. The flat Mississippi river bottom land grows it well. Also it grows corn, yams. It looks very productive and in the center of the state the towns look prosperous, with good buildings, big cars parked along the streets. Roads are usually fine and the state is building some new concrete road that is at least nine inches thick, replacing some thinner concrete roads.

There are lots of Brahman cattle and some Angus and Hereford often in big fields that seem to be permanent pasture. Lots of feed here and the drought doesn't seem near so important as in other spots where the complaints are long and loud.

# Weatherford Texas

Up from the fertile bogs of Louisiana into Texas. The roads are wider and straighter, the trees are taller, the fields are bigger, the houses have foundations, the places are cleaner and the men (and women) walk jauntily as if God's creatures. This is the west and attained as easily as crossing a river and touring a road. Texans take pride in themselves and in their state and the state and themselves look like it.

The contrast could not have been made more quickly. Louisiana is a productive state, much of it good Mississippi river bottom, raising cotton, corn, yams, cane, but in Texas the fields are bigger and there is the exuberant spirit of the west. They are not defeated, not inclined to accept their fate without a personal word.

Both Mississippi and Louisiana have a peculiar custom. On nearly every railroad crossing is a white sign board, about 3 x 4 feet saying "STOP, Mississippi (or Louisiana) Law". No one has paid any attention to it in our presence and after the first law abiding, questioning stop, neither did we. It is probably the result of the fine intention of some conscientious legislator making the signs mandatory.

Louisiana has a special kind of coffee. It is announced as coffee and chicory and would take the hair off a coyote hide. It is black and thick. Chicory in the stores costs almost as much as coffee so it is apparently a matter of taste instead of economy, which often rules such things. The dividing line for such taste is between Shreveport and Dallas and whether the use of coffee is connected with the increased life in the west has not been determined, but it might have a bearing. There is such a thing, too, as Louisiana style black coffee.

Food in the stores is almost the same price as at home and many of the same brands are for sale in the same kind of stores, in the same labels, with the same looking checkers.

This is cow country with huge fields given over to Herefords, Brahmas and Angus. It is also oil country. There are by-passes around almost every town of size and traffic moves at the legal rate (60) or more. Roads are good and often two lane. Inasmuch as it is about 800 miles across Texas it is necessary to move fast to get from here to there.

Liquor stores are not very apparent in the deep southern states maybe because of the law, perhaps the law of economics that makes it unprofitable. In Louisiana and Texas there are lots of signs advertising beer and liquor. More money or less morals? Not determined. But we estimate the former.

It rained today, nearly all day although east Texans said they didn't need it so badly.

Stop lights are usually poorly coordinated making it necessary to stop at nearly every block. There are too many of them and many are not needed at all except to give boost to civic pride. There are stop lights in towns where you couldn't run down a citizen if you chased him into the village bar.

But it is the west and steaks are in season and the roads are wide and smooth.

T T W N

# White City, New Mexico

It is good to get out into a country where the land is no damn good, where there're more acres and fewer people, where the towns are far apart and the people more so, where one can be citizen because he was raised that way and not because there's a cop on the corner, where men are men in their own right, not by force of law. Policemen are a challenge. No wonder there is so much crime in the cities; young men of spirit must do something to annoy the police.

Weatherford has one of the finest court houses we have seen, Parker county, made of native stone, tall and ornate and gray and stern as the shadow of law itself.

At Mineral Wells, Texas, is the location of the firm that used to sell Crazy Crystals over the radio, night after night. Now they say it is a convention town to utilize the two magnificent hotels, sort of a change from loose bowels to loose morals, perhaps.

But either because of the southern influence or something, they still serve grits for breakfast instead of hashed brown potatoes. The waitress said it was easier although potatoes were on the menu. When will we get far enough west to get potatoes for breakfast?

In west Texas the highway signs announce the speed for trucks and busses and nothing about speed for cars, although the law is 60 miles maximum. This putting the driver on his own seems typical of the country and actually the speed isn't different but we'll bet no one ever drove the length of Texas without being passed by someone. The idea pleases somehow, to find that someplace the law pays respect to individuals instead of petulantly

and persistently insisting that individuals pay respect to law.

Off the flat of Texas up onto a mesa where the red soil is tilted into ditches a foot and a half deep about three feet apart. It looked summer-fallow but it was learned that it was without crop because there was not enough moisture for farmers to seed any crop at all. Only a quarter of the land in that county was sown and that was wet by some 250 irrigation wells. Our informant said that he had seen the deep ditches blown full and the wind was whistling at the time. That is real drought and the town showed it, many business places being closed. Farmers seemed to have good equipment; there were a few oil wells, but cotton that was growing wouldn't make much, rather, crops in all of west Texas looked pretty poor.

This is not a town although a postoffice. It was built and is owned by Charlie White, who was a character if he knew how. He owns everything; motels (about 300), bar, cafe, novelty shop, grocery, gas station, newspaper (a promotion stunt) and he makes a speech every night to those who are going to the caves in which he purports to tell all about it, but actually gives some erroneous information along with much advertising. But he does perform a service by maintaining a camp within seven miles from the caves making it convenient for visitors and at a price cheaper than the government could do it. Accommodations are good and prices reasonable.

T T W N

# Las Cruces, New Mexico

This morning we walked some miles below ground in what is billed as the nation's largest lime stone cave. The information says three miles and others say seven; not a long way in any event, but some very steep. Like all such caves there are stalagmites and stalactites and dim lights and guides and a slow trip along with oh-ing and ah-ing humanity whose imagination finds shapes in rocks.

Humans are almost all alike. Dress them in the comfortable but lacking in social or financial distinction vacation garb of Americans and it is impossible to tell one kind of person from another, the good from the bad, the important from the common, until one is reminded of the poem attributed to Joaquin Miller "In men whom men condemn as ill, I find so much of goodness still; in men whom men pronounce divine, I find so much of sin and blot, I hesitate to draw the line between the two where God has not."

It is almost like entering the army when men march around naked. There even the moderate distinction of clothing is removed and except for the revealing glint in the eye all men look alike.

Across far western Texas on the fastest road yet encountered, new and straight and smooth and almost vacant. Nothing impedes the 70 mile an hour pace for nearly 100 miles. Then drop down into El Paso which is a surprisingly beautiful town, clean and well kept, with nice little Spanish style homes along wide streets. The people, white, brown and black looked well dressed in the part of town seen; the business houses were good looking, too.

Just outside of town, to the east and north are high hills and barren pasture land, now almost devoid of forage. It is the Rio Grande valley that makes the town and there the cotton fields still bore big balls of cotton, being picked probably for the last time.

Up the river to Las Cruces, a good sized town which the highways wiggle through but which also gets its living from the rich river bottom land. It beats time how a little land, well tilled and fertile can make a town.

T T W N

# Phoenix, Arizona

In Tucson they say Phoenix is too humid and in Phoenix they say Tucson is too hot. Both are right. There is less irrigation around Tucson but it is 125 or more miles farther south and perhaps hotter. Phoenix is near the juncture of the Aqua Fria and the Salt rivers. It is humid, and also productive. They are harvesting lettuce now, by the carload, by the 40 acre patch, also cotton and citrus fruits and dates. Both cities are over 100,000 in population and one wonders what made them grow.

The tourist crop is probably the best one for easterners flood the motels and trailer camps and Sherman counties join the throng now and then.

Much of New Mexico and Arizona is entirely useless, great wide flats of land lying between jagged hills. Without water, and without rain, and most of it is without both, and it is entirely barren mostly to impress those from agricultural lands of the superiority of their homelands. There must be cattle ranches

back in the hills where little streams come down from the mountains, but they can't be close together.

In both of these states there are numerous dips in the road, most of them engineered to a 60 mile pace. Apparently they are to let water get across the road when it rains. Not much used for that recently for this is still drouth area. They are building a new highway alongside the old and are making it smooth, eliminating the dips. There they are putting in as many as 25 two-foot tubes to take their place. No one can imagine rain like that, but an engineer.

The University of Arizona is a hot little campus in the city of Tucson. Buildings are of red brick and many are new and air-cooled, 5300 students studying mining, agriculture, law and cultural subjects and operating some very productive experiment stations. At Phoenix, or near, is Tempe where an agricultural school is operated.

Several states have signs announcing that the speed limit is 60 in the daytime and 55 at night, a proper distinction, made more distinct by a white background for day and a black for night.

Several states also have erected little crosses to mark the place where deaths occurred along the highway. There are three and four in a place and either from careless erection or the facts of the case many are near bridges and culverts indicating that perhaps Arizonians one time had the habit of turning out for bridges. That might be something that would eliminate itself in time, just as jack rabbits that used to like to run in front of a headlight seem to have been eliminated. You have to raise progeny to keep going on this earth.

Southern newspapers are pretty good newspapers with some exceptions; they do not take an editorial position partisan in politics although it may be different in an election year. Few of them run Drew Pearson, another mark to their credit.

T T W N

# Las Vegas, Nevada

This was probably a little western cow town until the government, some 20 years ago, began the surveys that led to the building of Hoover dam, the highest dam, making the largest lake man ever accomplished.

It is well managed as a sight-seeing spot, the guides tell their story clearly and briefly, the elevators take but little over a minute going down to the bottom of the shaft, over 800 feet; there is plenty of parking space and questions are answered courteously and quickly.

For years there must have been a great temptation to throw a dam across the Colorado at the site of the Hoover dam. It is so narrow and the canyon is so deep and rocks so solid. Man finally did it and it is a most impressive thing to see, especially after seeing the acres and acres of irrigated fields below it and the huge lines carrying electricity from it.

This is the way for man to exercise his ingenuity, his ambitions and it cost much less than a day of war, yet furnishes power and light and water and an opportunity to grow things for thousands upon thousands of people.

It is a fruit that makes the tree of civilization worth cultivating. And here it is right next door to Las Vegas, a pretty enough town, with wide streets, clean, and with good looking shops. And with gambling equipment almost spilling out to the streets, so full are the casinos. Here where man has performed one of his greatest miracles, he also gambles away his substance.

There are some to whom money means so little that gambling is of no consequence; it may as well be scattered out some way. There is no need to worry about them. But the poor, to whom money is eating, sleeping, education, these gambling places are also an attraction.

**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  
John E. DeMoss, N.G.  
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Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome  
Mollie McLachlan, N.G.  
Jelen Martin, Sec.

**Eureka Lodge No. 121 A.F. & A.M.**  
Meets on the 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings each month. Visiting members cordially invited to meet with us  
Robert Beishe, W.M.  
H. B. Pinkerton, Secretary

**Bethlehem Chapter No. 8 O.E.S.**  
Meets every second and fourth Thursday in each month. Visiting members invited. Moro, Oregon  
Mary O. Coons, W.M.  
Gwen Ross, Secretary

traction. Probably the government has aided the gambling urge by making it unnecessary to plan for a future in order to have one. Maybe civilization should have some way of eliminating the heedless, those lacking in responsibility, just as drivers who pull out to let bridges go by and rabbits who ran in front of headlights were eliminated.

T T W N

# Lee Vining, California

Out of so-called glamorous Las Vegas over the straight, smooth, long roads of Nevada. Nevada has wonderful roads. They just go from here to there with a minimum of turns although they will turn to miss a range of hills.

Death Valley is one of the most peculiar geological formations on the continent. Why it is so named is not known but considering the liking of Americans for names expressive of fear or size it seems natural enough. One could bake alive in it in summer, no doubt, just as one could bake in any oven if he crawled into it.

Death Valley junction is 2000 foot elevation; the road climbs to 3000 and a little over before dropping down Furnace Creek into the valley. It isn't a very steep road and the peculiar formations in the rocks are worth seeing. Farther south is the location of the borax mines that helped bring fame to Death Valley for it was from these that the well-advertised 20-mule teams hauled borax across the Panamint range to fill innumerable cartons of a household article and bring a touch of glamorous west to many a dreaming school boy. It took a month to make a trip and the big, high-wheeled wagons are on display at the Furnace Creek ranch, a tourist spot that has missed few of the attractions of the area.

There is a date orchard of 2800 trees at Furnace Creek, all owned by the same company as the ranch, the Inn and other commercial ventures. There must be some irrigation for the rainfall varies from one inch to two. The ranch is 176 feet below sea level.

The park service man said that the floor of the valley had resisted tilting and that the hills had been pushed up around it. These are four or five thousand feet high and they catch rain storms and send cloud-bursts down into the valley that wash down rocks that cover most of the slanting valley floor. It gets up to 134 degrees there and the deepest place is getting deeper, a foot every ten years or so.

Another of the reasons why Death Valley is famed is the antics of a character known as Death Valley Scotty, the non-plumbe of one Walter Scott, a man with a flair for spending money flamboyantly and quickly. He was long associated with an easterner named Johnson, an educated and wealthy man, and there is a theory that Scotty's funds came from Johnson instead of from digging for gold in the sun-baked valley. He still lives, at 81, in an apartment near what is known as his castle which one can enter upon payment of the usual \$1.00 plus 20 cents tax.

It is a cement and steel structure, built in a little valley where there is five springs and often a good breeze from the lower valley. It is Spanish style and was built by a crew of Spaniards, Swiss, Austrians and Italians, who each contributed something to it which does lend something of the museum touch. Bathrooms are tiled with garish Italian tiles, furniture is often dotted with metal in the Swiss style. As a tourist attraction it is a success, as a domicile it would be a bore. Odd, the things money stimulates the imagination to do.

Past Goldfield where Battling Nelson defeated Baltimore Joe Gans for the lightweight championship back in 1908 with Tex Rickard as promoter, there is a mere saloon-keeper in the riotous and wealthy mining camp that is now an almost deserted village on the barren and wind-swept Nevada plain.

From Tonopah west across the mountains to this place should not be driven at night, not because there is much to see, but because there is so much to miss.

# MOFFETT FIELD, California

That Lee Vining was a peculiar spot, itself, a seven month town along Highway 395 it is almost 6000 feet high and borders on Mono lake. Businesses close up in the winter, one restaurant being closed and another just selling stock to close until April. The land around here belongs to the city of Los Angeles which

bought the watershed to obtain water. It is the gateway to the western entrance of Yosemite park which is usually closed by October 15.

There was no sign at the junction so we started the climb up to the 9941 summit along a road that is full of switch backs and so narrow as to make the old Cottonwood grade look like a parkway. Low gear all the way.

There is fashion in parks like anything else. A few years ago tourists went to the Grand Canyon and Yosemite, now they are passe although just as pretty as ever.

There are some very large and very hard looking rocks in Yosemite, big as a house and hard as a communist's head. There are a few miles of good road and something over 20 miles of very narrow road that slides up hill and down between trees and along ledges.

California is a marvelous state. In the San Joaquin valley almost everything is grown and grown well; sugar beets, cotton, prunes, apples, alfalfa, pecans, almonds, olives, all in a 20 mile drive and processing plants in every town, big or little. Every little creek has been dammed to obtain irrigation water and wells have been sunk 1000 feet for pumping and sometimes that isn't enough. But it grows stuff and its farmers keep the weeds down.

The rain caught up again today and poured an inch or more onto the productive land. Near here the Ford company is putting in an assembly plant to cover acres and acres and give employment to thousands. Companies go where there is available labor. Power and transportation can be arranged but all over one can find plants locating where there is unoccupied population.

# Moro, Oregon

Home again, 8,770 miles. The white stubble fields and scattered houses give this land a hard look as if a resident here would be bucking nature instead of man kind (which is the harder job?).

It is a sort of style for casual visitors to make sweeping observations of areas briefly seen. It is often generalizing from too few examples and highly unscientific. But even at 60 miles an hour one does see something and forms impressions.

Many things are easily observed, drouth, kind of houses, quality of roads, cleanliness of towns, dress of inhabitants, variety of crops, prevalence of weeds, prices and a multitude of other factors that give an impression about a country.

This is a homogeneous country. An Oregonian dropped into South Carolina would be able to buy food in the same sort of super market, find the same kind of clothes in a village store, get a job driving a truck or tractor or selling real estate with few differences and many samenesses. He wouldn't be a curiosity very long.

One of the most impressive things about a state or district is the cleanliness of the towns and farms; order. Poor people have poor ways, as the old saying had it. Over most of America observed, those who are poor, are poor because they will not do the work necessary to be rich.

Poverty, in the long run, is the individual and not of the land or the sun or the water.

Another observation is that the evil effects of soil erosion has been sold to the people much like the fear of constipation. There is erosion but it is largely a matter for the individual land owner. The whole matter should be put in the hands of the extension service and an educational program devised. There should, naturally, be research behind the educational program.

We here live in a favored land with high per capita incomes and fortunate yields and we do not make the most of our opportunities. We could have more private and public improvements, indicate more interest in making this county a place for permanent living instead of a workshop in which to make money for retirement.

ment in some less favored place. The early day trapper idea of catching the beaver and moving on has remained with us too long. Opportunity for us is here, not on some crowded city street. Decadence comes first to the spirit.



Leo J. Wagner has been appointed Union Pacific agricultural agent for this territory succeeding George Penrose who has resigned to enter other business. Wagner is a graduate of OSC and has been county agent and assistant UP agent for some time. He will continue the work.

# WANT ADS

**FOR SALE:** Slightly used Spinlet piano. Can be seen in Moro. Terms or will take old piano in trade. Write Day Music Co. 808 SE Morrison St. Portland 14, Oregon. 3-5c

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**NOTICE**  
Bid for School Bus 1954 model, 24 passenger, 1 1/2 ton chassis, 750-20-10 ply tires, 2 speed axle, ample heater and defrosters. Meet all state requirements 52 oz. Core Seal seat covering. Bids in by and opened December 14, 1953. School Dist. No. 23 Grass Valley, Oregon Harold D. Eakin, chr.

## From where I sit ... by Joe Marsh

### The Missus Keeps Posted

Ever since our electricity was cut off last year on account of me forgetting to mail in the payment, the Missus has been sort of leery about giving me letters to mail.

At first she'd ask if I mailed them, then double-check my coat pocket at night. She stopped that, and I figured she was convinced I'd learned my lesson.

Then yesterday, I got a postcard at the office in a familiar handwriting. I turned it over and by golly it was from the Missus herself! It read: "Thanks, Joe, for mailing my letters." Well!

Looks like she figured I still needed some checking-up and slipped that postcard in the last batch of letters.

From where I sit, an occasional check-up is a good thing. Check-ups on just how tolerant we are of other people's preferences and tastes, for example. I like a glass of beer with supper, you may prefer cider—but if I ever try to switch you to my choice, simply "address" me with a reminder of your rights.

*Joe Marsh*

## PILES

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