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WINTER OF THE BIG SNOW

Although the winters of 1861-62 and of 1881-82 were very hard ones in this part of the country there were not enough residents here to make for a great deal of suffering. True, travelers were frozen to death in marches across the uninhabited country, bridges were washed out by heavy floods and many cattle died.

It was not until the winter of 1884-85 that there were enough residents in Sherman county to make a bad winter truly memorable. The original homesteaders had tales to tell about that one and they told them until they went to their rewaras.

The snow fell before Christmas, if memory is correct enough to recall. And there was four or five feet of it, nice white snow evenly distributed over all the land, covering the grass, which was all the feed there was, covering the fanes, which told the few travelers the way, covering, even the little cabins in which the sealers lived, half inside a dug-out and half-out.

Men from northern parts of the country devised skis and snowshoes to travel on the snow which soon developed a crust strong enough to hold a man. Others stayed in their cabins, eating their supplies and caring for what stock they had, half afraid to get far away into the glaring whiteness that offered no sign of direction.

There were wild horses in the country in those days, left by the horse men who had fled before the oncoming homesteaders or strays from Indian bands. These animals, so it was said with a straight face, gathered in the semi-protecting brush along the creeks and ate the brush, any grass that protruded, the very wood of shrubs and finally the manes and tails from each other so great was their hunger.

Those who had cattle broke trails through the snow so stock could find the tops of the luxuriant bunchgrass and subsist until another snow covered it. There was seldom horse power or equipment to break enough trails and when it became cold, as it did later, the cattle stood in deep snow and froze to death standing up; their feet braced against the wind and in fear of falling down. The next spring some of these carcasses still stood, or so it was said, marking in many cases, the end of hopes for a successful cattle kingdom in a new land.

There was everything to make a cattle kingdom here. The grass grew high enough to brush the stirrups of a man in the saddle and thick on the north and east slopes. Springs, watered from the densely protected soil, were abundant and the valleys and canyons offered protection against the most severe of storms. Maybe it was too good, so perfect that it did not seem important to cut feed and stack it. Maybe it was so customary to run stock at large through the winter that no one was fearful of consequences; maybe there was no machinery with which to put up hay. Anyway it was not done.

The stockmen, who knew about such things were gone. The incoming homesteader had no more than one or two winters of experience in this strange newland. It is no wonder they went to the growing of wheat, and to planting it in the spring.

Now, we say, there are no more winters like that one. Maybe not. And certainly, even if there were, there would be no such consequences as in that one. Roads would be opened, tall poles would guide the traveler, stock would be fed and, within limitations, the social life would go on. Civilization, after all, is the ability to protect oneself from the dangers and discomforts of nature.

BASKETBALL
So far there isn't much by which to indicate superiority between Oregon's two teams in the northwest basketball conference. Both have broken even with the flashy Idaho team, both have beaten Washington twice. Oregon has tamed Washington State. If there be a difference in location of play it is with Oregon

State which has done its difficult winning away from home. This week end there may be some sort of decision made on the superiority of the two teams when they play at home and home series. If one can decisively beat the other the chances are that the victor can go on to the championship, scarred, though he will be by more than the usual number of defeats.

Idaho could win by showing superiority over Oregon in its home games with that school and defeating the Washington teams which it may do, although it is not safe to bet on anyone beating Washington four times. Oregon has a chance for the championship and certainly an Oregon team will be the runner-up.

THE BRICKER AMENDMENT

Exact wording of the Bricker amendment is not often published, because there have been many efforts to amend it and therefore change it. Perhaps the wording isn't so important as the intent. What Bricker is trying to do, if it is possible to get behind the petty political gabble about it, is to prevent any more such sweeping executive agreements in the form of treaties as were perpetrated on the country at Yalta, Teheran and Potsdam. If that is what he wants to do he is unassailable.

Certainly the executive should not be able to make foreign agreements that change the constitution or are in disagreement with the constitution. That power is not given, nor is it implied in any list of executive powers. Good executives would not try to do so.

But there is an implication in the Bricker amendment that may mean that congress, including the house of representatives shall be empowered to pass on all foreign agreements. That is outside the spirit of the constitution also. The senate is the only legislative body with authority to approve treaties and we think that enough. The senate is smaller and less likely to talk about agreements that might better be kept quiet for a time.

There should be no intent to refuse the executive department from making agreements with foreign powers. The legislative department often gives specific authority to do so. These are seldom secret and seldom need be.

Yet, no executive should be able to go to some meeting of dictators and sign his name as a dictator to agreements affecting the welfare of this nation and the world. We do not have, and should not have, that sort of a government. Besides the world is right now suffering from carelessness of Americans in permitting that sort of thing. We officially lied to China, divided up Germany, gave Sakhalin to the Russians and made this nation a joke by permitting such actions.

SAUERKRAUT

Sauerkraut, we cast aside with derision the sour crout spelling, is a food that has suffered greatly from the advance of food preservation discoveries. There is no doubt that canning and freezing have added much to our winter diet. A glance at the produce market discloses that a housewife may buy radishes, tomatoes, lettuce and often strawberries in any month of the year. That is progress of a sort.

Nevertheless, not every thing has been improved. Cabbage hasn't. A few years ago every store had a barrel of sauerkraut, a whole big barrel with the top loose on it. It was convenient for the inquisitive to lift the lid and pick up a wad of the food between finger and thumb and carry it speedily to his mouth without dripping much of the liquid on his shirt. The strings were long and fairly coarse; it was sour and wonderfully invigorating in the days when a bland diet of potatoes, beans, pork served for the winter.

Most homes had sauerkraut, too, made in crocks instead of barrels and usually of less positive taste than the barreled variety. That was the way cabbage was kept in those distant days. Now it is canned and served a dab at a time as if a tonic. Yesterday folks took their tonic in bigger doses, unafraid of getting too much. There isn't much demand for it either, and the art of making that tangy, sour, invigorating viand is gone with the development of fresh food marketing. Too bad.

Total federal grants to Oregon in 1953 (fiscal year) were \$39,826,786, which was \$24.99 per capita. It was only 1.44 percent of the income tax payments although it represented 30.7 percent of the state's tax collections. Who'll give \$25 to get rid of the whole thing?

January wasn't to be wet according to the prognosticators and neither is February

Betty Haven went to Hawaii during the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Haven of Wasco. She is a freshman in Wasco high school and is interested in writing.

OUR TRIP TO HAWAII

By Betty Haven
We're going to Hawaii; that came as a surprise to my sister, Mary Ann and I. Our parents it seemed had been planning for a month for this trip. We didn't know about it until we arrived at the Portland airport on the 27th day of December, 1953, at 10:40 a. m. We had ridden from the Imperial Hotel in a Greyline limousine to the airport where we checked our baggage and prepared to leave. The baggage limit is 44 lbs. per person and 176 for four persons. We had 103.

We passed time away by taking out five insurance policies beneficiary to several of our relatives and by stocking up on candy for the trip supposedly only it didn't last till we got on the plane.

At twelve o'clock noon we prepared to board the big Pan American "Clipper" awaiting us. At 12:15 p. m. I got on the first airplane of my life.

I enjoyed the thrill of taking off but once in the air we glided along so smoothly it hardly seemed we were going at all. Our cruising speed was between 250-300 miles per hour.

We were taught how to maneuver a life suit in case of emergency and to tell the truth I was kind of afraid of that too.

We had two lovely stewardesses whose names were Carmen and Peggy.

It was interesting to watch the uliot and co-pilot and the engineer. It didn't seem like they were doing anything because the big stratacrusers are robot-controlled now. We had a very hospitable purser, one who acts as host.

I hadn't been able to buy any magazines so I borrowed one from our stewardess.

Every once in a while we would hit a very mild airpocket and the plane would lurch up.

As we neared the islands it got warmer and warmer in the plane. We flew from 10 to 12 thousand feet above the ground with propellers turning 1900 revolutions per minute.

As we looked down on the ocean and the clouds it looked as if the clouds were giant icebergs floating on the ocean.

We all set our watches back two hours. It was 9 o'clock Hawaiian time and 11 o'clock Pacific Standard time when we arrived at the Hawaiian International airport. There was an air force base right beside the airport with thousands of bombers and other war planes.

We were glad to arrive at our destination after 9 1/2 hours just sitting in the plane.

Only people who knew people on the islands get lets.

We got our baggage which was a very drawn out affair and finally we were put in another limousine and driven to our hotel. On the way I opened my window (which rattled something awful, it was a Cadillac which doesn't make it too surprising) and the sweet balmy air smelled like something from heaven.

We arrived at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel and were very cordially welcomed. (Maybe some of the World War II sailors remember it was used as a navy officers quarters during the war). The hotel room is quite different from any other I had ever seen. The furniture was all made of bamboo and there was a straw rug on the floor. There were huge windows extending all the way around Mary Ann's and my room and our parents had a tiny veranda extending from it.

Two tiny men that I later found out were Philipinos (it makes them very mad to be called Hawaiians) brought up our beds and bedding. Then papa decided that he was very hungry so mother called downstairs for some sandwiches. They were soon brought up by another tiny man. It was quite exquisitely brought in on a round tablecloth. We had club house sandwiches and drinks and they also brought up fresh pineapple still in its covering. It was delicious, although father says he'd rather have his sweetened, yet he'd rather have his sweetened, yet he'd rather have his sweetened.

All the native women were dressed in pretty summer dresses with shawls thrown over their shoulders. Finally at 20 till twelve Hawaiian time and 20 till two Pacific Standard time we got to bed, with the sound of people's voices floating up to us from the garden below. Surely Honolulu is a land for her people to be proud of.

I awoke about 8:30 a. m. and looked out at the island in the daylight for the first time. The hotel at which we were staying was very large and extended in an H shape. There are palm trees galore with beautiful flowers and birds singing sweetly in the trees.

We got up and sent Mary and mother down to see what we should wear. We found that light clothing and Aloha shirts were the custom.

We went down to the dining room which beautiful is a light word for it. It must be one of the most beautiful in the world. Its windows are the length and height of the room. We looked out upon Wakiki beach, a beautiful beach in which people were swimming and surf board riding and also paddling canoes. Far off in the horizon we could see ships going and coming to harbor. Up above you can see planes of all sizes and shapes. You can see practically every type of transport except the train, there being no trains on the islands.

The waitresses and waiters are astonishingly polite in the Hawaiian way. Every one is treated like kings and queens. Since we had gotten to the dining room a little late we could only be served a continental breakfast which consisted of toast and jelly and coffee. We ate enough of this however to choke a mule.

We then decided to shop around the hotel, but after doing so decided to shop downtown since the souvenirs are very expensive and you can't get a dress for less than \$30 which is cheap.

We went out to the beach to watch the swimmers. It was hard not to go swimming but we had to get some bathing suits. Some of the Americans who have been here a long time are as dark as the natives. Even on the coolest days you can get a good sunburn which Mary later did.

We had some papaya and orange juice served by a waiter who knew who we were and what we had had for breakfast.

We saw a woman with the most outlandish outfit on. You could tell that she certainly was a tourist. She had some pedal pushers that she most likely got in the states that bulged out at the hips, some spike heeled shoes and she was probably 5' 10" without them, and to top it off a dumb looking hat that was as big around as she was. Although a lot of people seem to think that all the Hawaiians wear these hats its mostly tourists that you see wearing them.

It seems that all the men with pot-bellies wore clinging silk shirts that give them a lovely figure. (Ha!)

The Hawaiians, that is the pure ones are quite large but when mixed with the Philipinos and Chinese are quite small.

We went out to wait on the back veranda and picked up a box lunch to take with us on our boat trip to Pearl Harbor.

We started on this trip or left the port at one o'clock p. m. It took about 40 minutes to get to the harbor. We stopped at a pier to pick up two naval guards who told us when to take pictures and when not to.

I met two girls whom I talked with, they were going to leave on the Lurline, a passenger ship, that is quite talked about on the islands. It was to sail on the night of December 28.

We saw Pearl Harbor as it is today. We saw the sunken battleship, the Utah, a ship that 58 men went down with. That ship did not have any arms of any kind on it when it was bombed. It was a training ship.

We also saw the remains of the Arizona, a ship where some 1102 men are still aboard. The Japs dropped a 1000 pounder in the stove pipe and blew the ship into eight separate pieces. There was a diver sent down but after he lost his life no other effort was made to rescue the men.

There are lovely homes along the shoreline where the navy personnel and their families live.

There were several fishermen fishing from little boats in the harbor.

We saw two submarines on dry dock. We saw six dry docks, several of them were very large. The men who work on these ships have to be very skilled. The

NOTICE OF BANG'S CONTROL MEETING
NOTICE is hereby given that a public hearing will be held at 2:30 P. M. on Wednesday, February 3, 1954, in the court house at Moro, Oregon, by the County Court for Sherman County, Oregon, for the purpose of determining whether compulsory testing of beef cattle for the control of Bang's disease and other communicable diseases in Sherman county shall be enforced.

C. A. Tom, County Judge
Donald Martin, County Commissioner
Kenneth Sather, County Commissioner
11-12-13c

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.
Leo Watkins, Secretary

Lupine Rebekah Lodge No. 116
Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Visiting members welcome.
Mollie McLachlan, N.G.
Elen 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.
Howard Ross, W. M.
H. B. Pinkerton, Secretary

Bethlehem Chapter No. 5 O.E.S.
Meets every second and fourth Thursday in each month; visiting members invited. Moro, Oregon.
Betty Christianson, W. M.
Elsie Jones, Secretary

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WHY THE MARCH OF DIMES NEEDS 50% MORE IN '54
LARGER GIFTS FROM EVERYONE NECESSARY TO FINANCE FULL PROGRAM PLUS POLIO PREVENTION

Japs did not sink many submarines in Pearl Harbor and afterwards were very sorry when the subs sank 65% of the Japanese fleet.

We came back to the port at Honolulu and got on the grey-line bus awaiting us and came back to the Royal Hawaiian.

We retired to our rooms until 7 p. m. when we dressed in formal attire and went to the dining room to have supper. There were several Hawaiian girls doing hula dances for our entertainment. Everyone was very nicely dressed and most of them can no doubt afford it.

We had baked Virginia ham with sweet bread, carrots and peas. Our appetizer was a choice of any kind of juice, fruit cocktail, etc. We had either cream of asparagus or consomme soup. Salad was either vegetable or Waldorf. Our desserts consisted of several different kinds of fruits, ice cream and cakes.

We looked around in the shops after supper and then we again retired to our rooms only this time for the night.

Tomorrow we shall go on a tour of Oahu Island. No doubt it will be a most enjoyable day.

WANT ADS
LOST: Red Tamworth pig. Curly DeMoss, Moro. 13c

CELLO wants to meet two violins and one viola or clarinet trio, object Hayden. Telephone evenings Wasco 384. 13p

CUSTOM SLAUGHTERING - Meat cutting, wrapping, sharp freeze. C & C Food Store, Grass Valley, Oregon. 47fm

FOR SALE: 4 bedroom house, 3 lots, garage, 40' x 20' shop; electric heater & range, oil heater & 265 gal. fuel tank, all goes for \$4750.00. Ivan Kirkelle Moro, Oregon 26fm

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STATE WIDE PAINT CO. complete painting and decorating service, spray or brush. Phone 377 or 5293, 1205 E. 12th St. Vern Campbell and Jack Null, The Dalles, Oregon 38fm

WANTED: HOUSEWIVES - Address advertising postcards. Must have good handwriting. LINDO, Watertown, Mass. 9-13p