

Sara's Old Oil Stock

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD

(Copyright.)

"THERE!" exclaimed John Chester, turning the key in the old lock, "that's over!" He swung down the trap, box-bordered path, out through the sagging gate, and along the elm-shaded dirt road that led to the railroad station.

So intent was he on catching the afternoon train to the city that he failed to notice the slim girl coming up just behind him. She sighed because it was, in all probability, the last she would ever see of John Chester.

Nor did she need the "For Sale" sign which John had just tacked up to know what for days had been town gossip—namely, that the last of the Chesters had rejected the manner of living of his fathers and was going to the city to seek his fortune.

There had never been a love affair between them. Oh, no. As a later change of locks of hair, very early school days, numerous church socials and parties, shared together—trivial enough, there was an ache in Sara Cary's heart which no casual farewell handshake would have healed.

As the days passed, the slight of the shuttered old Chester house, fast showing signs of unoccupancy, grew to trouble Sara. The farm, unsold and untenanted was running down. This fact, coupled with reports which drifted back from the city that John Chester's fortune was proving elusive and that he was shifting from one job to another, tormented her with a sense of the waste of good material and of her own impotency in the matter.

On a sunny day in late March Sara cast a hunch at the feet of the sun with whom she lived.

"Aunt Julie," she gave out casually over her cup of tea, "I'm going to spend next week-end in the city."

"Sara?" her aunt's voice was startled. "Of all things, Sara?"

"Yes, that's just what I'm going to do," returned Sara unperturbed. "And furthermore—do you remember those old stock certificates that Cousin Jenny left me? Well, I'm going to take them along. Who knows, I've haps they're not as worthless as I've thought them. Just suppose—" and her blue eyes grew dreamy, "perhaps they will bring me my fortune!"

Now it happened that several days after this conversation there walked into the outer office of Whitby & Whitby, brokers, a shabby looking youth with tired lines about his eyes and mouth. A sound of voices from the inner office assured him that his employer was occupied, and he sitting down at a dingy desk he rested his head on his hand while his thoughts traveled backward over the discouraging months.

Where was he headed? This all but unquestionable firm in whose employ he was at present held out no future for him. Little by little taught by bitter experiences, he was learning how unfitted he was to compete with men trained for their jobs.

Into his meditations crept memories of home, of green fields tilted by his father and his grandfather and grandfather's father, of substantial barns, of the cheery, homely dwelling. And with those visions arose persistently the picture of a certain slim, blue-eyed person, the playmate of his boyhood, whom, in his pursuit of fortune, he had all but forsaken.

John Chester sat suddenly upright. Who in thunder was in the inner office talking with old Whitby?

"Yes I had hoped," went on a plaintive voice that awoke in him a sudden, tremendous response, "to realize something on this stock. You see, I have a chance to make a splendid investment. I can buy the old Chester place back home. It is a farm farmed for generations by men who knew how to husband the resources of the soil. But if these certificates are worthless, as you say—"

A moment later the door opened and John, risen to his feet, met the level, blue-eyed gaze of Sara Cary.

"I—why, why, Sara?" was all he managed. Then "Wait—let me walk a way with you."

For several blocks, through the streaming late afternoon traffic of which neither was aware, they walked silently. Sara was the first to speak. "John," she said gently, "the—the blue eyes are up in the swamp place. And Dutchman's Dredges. Remember how we used to go after them?"

"Do I?" exclaimed John forcibly. Then he turned impulsively. "Sara," he cried, "I'm—I'm sick of it all—the hurry, the noise, the crowds, I'm—oh Sara, I'm going back home!"

But not until their very wedding day did John learn the real secret of Sara's trip to the city. "I can't bear to think," he had claimed to say as they stood for a moment side by side on the elm-shaded porch, of the old homestead after a simple ceremony at Sara's home. "Of you, my darling, I've not been able to think of getting rid of without it. You need a husband to keep you from such things."

But Sara threw back her head with a merry laugh. "Why, John Chester," she cried gayly, "of course I knew they were no good. Only—well, those certificates furnished me with a proper excuse for going to the place I had heard you were employed. You see, if once I saw you, I thought—I hoped—"

"You did!" said her husband and kissed her tenderly.

Conundrum

What becomes of furniture that is too old even for poor folks but not yet old enough for rich folks? San Francisco Chronicle

Requisite Character

Knowledge is essential to success, only according to the character we are helped. Thought creates character. Character creates conditions. Will creates circumstances and environment.—Russett.

BUSY WOMAN WHOLEWORKS IN HER TOWN

Does About Everything There Is to Be Done.

South Platte, Colo.—With the game fishing season just getting into full swing in Colorado, Mrs. Charles Walbrecht, one of the busiest women in the West, is preparing for one of the most active years of her thirty odd summers as this town's ruling power.

Mrs. Walbrecht is a pioneer of the West, and as such her only enjoyment is derived from hard work.

Since the death of her husband several years ago, Mrs. Walbrecht has "carried on" and run this haven of fishermen to the satisfaction of everybody. She occupies every office from mayor to marshal.

South Platte, 65 miles by highway from Denver, is on the junction of the north and south forks of the South Platte river and is in the heart of the trout fishing territory.

Runs the Hotel. It has a hotel capable of caring for 25 guests. Mrs. Walbrecht is the proprietor. She does the bulk of the housework, much of the cooking and serving of meals.

A typical day for Mrs. Walbrecht starts before dawn when she cooks breakfast for the early fishermen. She then prepares the outgoing mail, for she also is the postmistress and has been for years.

With the arrival of the narrow-gauge train that puffs its way up the Platte bringing sportsmen, come new guests to be cared for. Mail then is distributed by the postmistress in the little picturesque post office, a 10 by 12 feet affair, one of the smallest in the state.

Then she splits tickets to outgoing travelers, for she also is the depot agent and "baggage master."

After making out the census and tending other live stock, "the busiest woman" takes a hand at the churn, for she makes butter for the hotel "in her spare time."

By the time the hotel is "straightened" there is lunch to serve for the fishermen and guests who are not casting in the waters for the elusive trout.

Shot by Dad Man. What part of the afternoon is not spent in cooking, more cleaning, feeding the chickens and five stock, Mrs. Walbrecht is making the wishes of fishermen who lounge on the front porch "feel at home."

Then after it is too dark to fish, the dinner hour has past, Mrs. Walbrecht, untroubled by the crowd in her Log Cabin Inn, a small recreation hall where men play pool and cards.

If a town needed a chief of police old-time residents know Mrs. Walbrecht would be the chief for "she just runs the town and must be busy."

But since South Platte burned 20 years ago the town has been tranquil. Mrs. Walbrecht bears scars of the memorable burning of the town. John Bleu, stage driver, endeavored to shoot up the town when drunk. When Mrs. Walbrecht interfered she was shot and severely wounded.

Jane Fair, the Stenographer

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

JANE FAIR possessed three priceless qualities: imagination, sense of perspective, and tact. The daughter of a parents comfortably stationed in life, she had deliberately chosen an excellent business school as a preface to life rather than allowing her alert faculties to trickle over four years of liberal arts at some women's university of note.

She had charm of manner, smart appearance and no lack of men friends; but marriage and men were not her goals. Responsibility, and executive post, possibly a partnership—these embroidered the rosy pattern of her dreams.

The first rung of the ladder was stenography. That she knew. Her gently protesting father said: "But, my child, there are millions of stenographers. What future can you possibly hope for in that way?"

Jane replied on the eve of her employment by a large importing office. "Of course, there are millions of ordinary stenographers, dad. They'll always be stenographers; but I'm different. You'll see!"

So Jane Fair launched out on the sea of business with high hope and the conviction that Fate and her own qualifications would ultimately win distinction for her.

She found it a choppy and a surly sea. Had she not possessed her mother's grit and her father's intelligence she would have fled many times during those first three years afloat back to the comfortable haven of her parents' home.

The design of those years traced seven positions for her; not one of which could be any conceivable range of thought, be said to embody a future. Rubber stamp work entirely, offering no scope for her real abilities.

One September evening Jane climbed atop a Fifth Avenue bus, bound for an open-air concert uptown. She felt the need of music, or something soothing and inspiring, because she had that day been fired for daring in her transcription of a letter, to improve some faulty grammar and sentence construction. That was that! Jane's starchy lane to fame was developing into a never-ending, tortuous trail.

The fresh air of autumn fanned her cheeks as the bus sped uptown; but Jane was too depressed to more than faintly note the caresses of the breeze. Tomorrow—the agencies again and another sterile placement with an exorbitant commission to pay.

Suddenly she became alive to a conversation carried on by two young men, seated together in front of her. "A small business with excellent prospects . . . I'm getting nervous and ragged with burden of responsibility . . . losing business by my curt, lifeless letter . . . no knack for writing 'em . . . what to do . . . can't afford a \$50 secretary with sense to handle 'em . . . feel down about the whole business."

Funch is a rude but descriptive word for the glowing sense of golden opportunity that flowed through Jane Fair as those words registered. They inspired the flash of decision. Here was her initial chance to prove her claim that she ranked over a million of others.

"Excuse me," Jane leaned forward and spoke almost into the young man's ear, "but I couldn't help hearing you. I know I can help with the letters. If you'll just give me figures, terms and ideas I'll do the rest . . . and you can pay me anything you like until I demonstrate. Please, won't you try me?"

Never were there more astonished expressions than those of the two young men who both turned, wide-eyed, and met Jane's friendly smile. A moment so; then the weary, haggard face of the one who had spoken beamed with pleasure.

"What a break for me!" Joy in his tones. "If you can do what you say, and will work awhile for twenty-five a week—well, I'll give you the job tomorrow morning, surest thing you know. Here's my card. I'm John Dixon."

"And I'm Jane Fair. I'll be there!" Thus Jane Fair commenced to demonstrate that she was different. Many evidences of it, small and large, caused John Dixon to thank Fortune for this luck that night on the bus; but at Christmas time she won a victory for her young employer that caused him to know he must take no chance of ever losing her.

It had been a tough nut to crack all year, and now John was in danger of losing his best customer. He himself had written and written, unavailingly.

"Let me write him entirely on my own," Jane said. An answer arrived in the form of a generous order, a box of cigars for John and candy for Jane. There was more than gratitude in his heart as he rushed into Jane's little cubby office waving the order.

"You've won out, Miss Fair," John cried, bright glints in his eyes. Jane was at his side instantly and they eagerly read the order together, pleased to be flushing her face into warm color.

"Miss Fair—er—say—Jane, I want you for a partner!" "You mean in business, Mr. Dixon?" "Why—well—surely, in business—and—"

Their eyes met just then and a mute message flashed its way from heart to heart.

Unearth Remains of

48 Ancient Villages

Zurich, Switzerland.—One of the most interesting archaeological discoveries of recent years was made when the remains of 48 villages of lake dwellers were found on the shores of Lake Constance. A majority of the villages were away from the water, indicating the lake probably was ten feet higher ten thousand years ago than it is now. One village is believed to date back to an age when man was unacquainted with agriculture.

Gets 628 Stitches

Atlanta, Ga.—Six hundred and twenty-eight stitches were taken in the body of J. W. Sanders, twenty-one, after he drove his car head-on into a street car here.

Former Soldier Acquires

Religion, Returns \$20.43

Washington.—The United States government is richer by \$20.43 because a former back private saw the error of his ways in the light of recently acquired religion.

A letter to the War department related a war-time incident in which the soldier pilfered several pairs of army shoes.

"The light I now have proves to me that this department must be paid," said the letter enclosing a money order.

Unhurt in Wreck

Kensley, Wis.—Adolph Spetzer drove on to the tracks near here just as a train came along. There was a crash; his car was hurled 150 feet, the train was stopped and the crew hurried back to give first aid if needed. They met Adolph on the way. He was uninjured and was willing. "Where's my car?"

Made Store a Shrine

The secret of a little general store in an English village, shuttered and closed for forty years, was disclosed on the death of its owner. Flaxton Josephus Wilkinson left the store absolutely unaltered since the death of his father. Calendars and papers of forty years before were found, and on the counter was a pair of old-fashioned scales. There was also a yardstick that had evidently been used for measuring cloth, and the medicine bottles, tea canisters and jars were as the old man had left them—even the jacket of the old shopkeeper still hung on the wall. Few persons knew of this remarkable instance of a son's devotion to his father's memory. The son had been a fully dusted and swept the little store and lived for many years in the house adjoining it.

Pigs as Currency

A traveler who has returned to England from the Pacific has been telling some amusing stories of things that go on in the New Hebrides. Pigs, he says, are not only eaten on a large scale, but they are the standard currency in the island. There are certain ceremonies at which they are very important to borrow. The men who lend pigs are like money lenders, demanding interest on their loan, and when the pig is paid back it must be the size the pig that was loaned would have grown to during the time it was borrowed.

SOL NOT SO GOOD AS WEATHER SEER

Sun Spots Have no Significance, Says Bureau.

Washington.—Old Sol recently has staged his big parade of plain and fancy sun spots, but has not yet been able to establish himself as a reliable herald of mundane weather, in the opinion of official forecasters here.

The period when the sun exhibits the maximum number of spots, recurring at intervals of approximately seven years, is now passing. Although the sun spot demonstrations in recent months have engrossed interest of scientists and public in all parts of the world, the United States weather bureau sees no new and dependable evidences that sun spots afford reliable basis for weather forecasting as pseudo-scientists have alleged from time immemorial.

"This bureau has given careful attention to studies of solar phenomena, but does not know of any study that has established a definite relation between weather conditions and sun spots," Dr. Charles F. Marvin, chief of the weather bureau, said.

"It would be exceedingly difficult to establish such a relationship," he explained, "because of the rotation of the earth and sun, and also because at any one time there are many kinds of weather occurring in different parts of the earth. How may one determine which particular kind of weather might theoretically be correlated with a sunspot which might at the time exist. We would welcome any rational demonstration that sun spots control the weather, but so far this has not been proved, and some of the efforts to do so have been absurd."

Keep Record of Spots. Doctor Marvin said that the bureau possesses information concerning sun spots going back to the early Christian era, and that a complete detailed record of sun spots is available commencing in 1749. This record has been graphed by bureau scientists and shows that the number of sun spots goes through cycles of eleven years, this approximate period elapsing between recurrence of the maximum number of spots. This maximum falls roughly in the latter part of 1928 and early in 1929.

The record shows that in some months as many as 250 spots have been visible, while in others there may be none at all. The longest period when the sun was unspotted was twenty-three months from 1809 to 1811.

"Some scientists hold the view that the eleven-year period is the result of gravitational action resulting from movements of the planets Jupiter and Saturn, but other authorities contend that the spots could be explained by internal action of the sun," Doctor Marvin said.

Seek Cause. "Recently the bureau published, on its merits, a study of the planetary hypothesis of sun spots by Dismore Alter of the University of Kansas, which sought to show that short-period fluctuations in the spottedness of the sun could be correlated with the movements of Venus, Mercury and the earth. Other scientists entertain the theory that the sun spots may be meteors which strike the sun."

The fact that spots may be observed on the disk of the sun arises from the fact that these areas are supposedly gaseous formations, relatively colder than other parts of the sun, and therefore appear as "spots," due to their darkness, relative to the surrounding brighter area.

Ambassador, in Theory, Ranks Above Minister. An ambassador is head of an embassy and a minister is head of a legation. Under international law and usage an ambassador is the personal representative of the sovereign or head of a state and is accredited directly to the head or sovereign of another state. A minister is, under international law and usage, the representative of the government (as distinct from the head of the state) and is accredited to the government of another state. Theoretically an ambassador has the right to converse directly with the sovereign or head of his own country. A minister, on the other hand, in theory carries on his correspondence with the minister of foreign affairs of the state to which he is accredited, and similarly corresponds with the minister of foreign affairs of his own country. In practice the duties of an ambassador and a minister are the same. At a social and official function an ambassador, on account of his superior rank, takes precedence over a minister.

Blue Paint Unpopular With Deep-Sea Sailors. Seafarers in general are emphatic in their dislike of blue paint on a vessel. It is a deep-rooted belief with them that bad luck will follow the use of the color. Twenty-five years or so ago the Donna Briggs, a little three-masted coasting schooner, was a familiar caller at ports between Nova Scotia and Boston, and that whenever she dropped anchor a storm followed. The schooner's hull was blue.

"I recall that a few years ago," said a Falmouth Market fish dealer, "we engaged a Gloucester skipper to go down to a Maine port and bring back a schooner that had just been launched for us. When he found they had painted the hulls blue, he picked up his grip and started back for the railroad station."—New York Times.

Advice to Young Men. Beware of the girl who seems over-suspicious and knows her own type. Woman's Home Companion.

Youth on Trial Spin Does a Lot of Things

Modesto, Calif.—The parents of Max Denny, sixteen, planned to buy a car, so the youth took the machine out for a trial spin, accomplishing the following results:

Cut off the towns of Escalon and Riverbank from electric power for one hour.

Cut off the towns of Oakdale and Knights Ferry for 30 minutes.

Blew all the fuses of a Pacific Gas and Electric corporation private telephone service serving Escalon, Riverbank, Oakdale and Knights Ferry.

Imperturbed automobile traffic on McHenry avenue by knocking a 17,000-volt power line from a pole.

Shattered a high-tension power line pole.

Caused himself to receive several minor cuts and bruises.

The youth lost control of the car and struck a power pole, which carried both power and telephone wires.

Deer Enters Window and Routes a Camper

Whitefish, N. Y.—Although hundreds of deer were killed in the Adirondacks during the last hunting season, many deer are seen by woods men, it is reported.

Crashing through windows and glass doors, terrorizing campers, breaking ornaments and playing havoc with tent camp decorations, a buck deer broke into cottages at South Bay recently.

A camper was trying fish for dinner. He let out a yell as the deer came through the window, spluttering the pane. The deer thrust at him with his antlers. The man took refuge on the all stove. The deer went tearing through the cottage and out the front room window.

Yale Students Barred Use of Motorcycles

New Haven, Conn.—The curfew of the untamed motorcycle which normally reverberates from one end of New Haven to the other during the "student season," soon will be heard no more. The motorcycle which had done so much to make the native New Haven alert and quick to jump will be almost extinct as the Yale students convenes in September. Effective September 24, operation of motorcycles in or about New Haven by students is forbidden. Forbidden to drive automobiles, hundreds of students had operated motorcycles.

Let Ananias Tell Lie. It would be interesting to learn Ananias tell what they allowed him for his old car. San Francisco Chronicle.

WANT ADS

SMALL TWO ROOM house for rent. Water and Lights in house. Mrs. S. I. Hastings, phone 13, Moro.

FINE WOOL BUCK For Sale; 3 years old. Vic Barr, phone 22F13, Moro.

20 ACRES improved, irrigated land for sale. Car and small cash payment. Easy payments on balance. C. B. Williams, Hermiston, Ore.

RELIABLE MAN Wanted to run McNess Business in Sherman county. \$8 to \$12 daily profits. No capital or experience required. Wonderful opportunity. Write today. FURST & THOMAS, Dept. F, 426 Third Street, Oakland, Calif.

We can fit all kinds of people. Any size or weight. Crippled or deformed feet. Wernmark's Shoe Store, The Dalles.

FOR SALE—Suburban home on main highway; modern 7-room house; 6 acres splendid soil in fruit and alfalfa abundance good water pumped by electricity. Write or call Mrs. Sue W. Morris, The Dalles, Oregon. j12

WE PAY parcel post one way on all shoe repairing. Good quality work and leather. Joe Amore, The Dalles, opposite the post office.

BARGAIN NEAR REDMOND 40 acres, 30 acres irrigated; 7 acres sowed to clover, balance alfalfa and pasture; fair buildings; free city water piped to buildings; situated on State Highway just one mile from Redmond. Price \$3500.00; \$350.00 down payment; balance \$200.00 per year at 6%. Write E. M. PECK, REDMOND, ORE.

WE CAN fit all kinds of people. Any size or weight. Crippled or deformed feet. Wernmark's Shoe Store, The Dalles.

SUMMONS: — In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County, Greta Ross, plaintiff, vs. W. C. Ross, defendant, to W. C. Ross, defendant above named:

In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause within four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons to wit: within four weeks from the 27th day of September, 1929, and if you fail so to appear and answer plaintiff's complaint, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in her complaint, to wit: for a decree of divorce from you upon the ground of cruel and inhuman treatment.

This summons is published and served upon you by order of the Hon. E. D. McKee, County Judge of Sherman County, Oregon, which said order was made and entered on the 21st day of September, 1929, and the time prescribed for publication of this summons is four weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper published at Moro in Sherman County, Oregon.

The date of the first publication of this summons is September 27th, 1929, and the date of the last publication is October 25th, 1929.

W. C. BRYANT, Attorney for Plaintiff, Moro, Oregon.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Sherman County Observer, published weekly at Moro, Oregon, for October, 1929.

State of Oregon
County of Sherman
Before me, a Notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared C. L. Ireland, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher and Sole Owner of the Sherman County Observer and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 4433, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: C. L. Ireland, Moro, Oregon.

That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) C. L. Ireland, Moro, Oregon.

That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Mergenthaler Linotype Co., balance due on mortgage machine.

That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of owners, stockholders, and other security holders, contain not only the list of names and addresses, but also a statement of the full knowledge and belief that no other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as stated by him.

(Signed) C. L. Ireland
Publisher and Owner
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of October, 1929.
W. C. Bryant, Notary Public
My commission expires Sept. 25, 1932

Greatest Guessing Game
Fashion is the name of the game at guessing game contests in the Magazine.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Samuel P. Brinslie, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at the office of W. C. Bryant, Moro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published October 11, 1929.
Ralph P. Brinslie, Administrator.
Last publication, November 8, 1929.
W. C. Bryant, Attorney for Administrator. 5t-011-18

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE
Notice is hereby given, that on Saturday, the 12th day of October, 1929, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at Wilbur J. Martin's farm in Sherman County, Oregon, I will sell the chattels hereinafter described to the highest bidder for cash to satisfy a lien for de-pasture:

Said chattels are described as 3 gray mares; 1 sorrel mare; 2 sorrel geldings; 2 black mares; 2 black geldings; 2 bay mares; 2 bay geldings; that said chattels are in my possession by virtue of the foreclosure of a lien in favor of Clifford May; that the owner, or reputed owner, thereof is Wilbur J. Martin.

Dated at Moro, Oregon, September 23rd, 1929.
HUGH CHRISMAN, Sheriff
Sherman County, Oregon.

Dr J. R. Morgan DENTIST

United States Dental Examiner for this district

OFFICE AT MORO, OREGON

W. C. BRYANT Attorney - at - Law

OFFICE PHONE MAIN 93 Moro, Oregon

NEW PERKINS HOTEL

Washington at Fifth Street, PORTLAND, OREGON

Our usual pre-war transient rates still prevail. Special Rates to permanent Guests

UNDER THE PERSONAL MANAGEMENT OF Edward C. Holt

RATES Room with bath privilege, 75 c up Outside room with private bath, \$1.50 up

Special rates where more than one persons occupy one room. Let us show you our accommodations

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Can only be corrected under the proper conditions and by the use of the very best of equipment.

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Physician and Surgeon
Grass Valley, Oregon