

We served you in the old year,
We'll serve you in the new.
We wish you health and happiness,
Success in all you do!



Casteel and Stanley Inc.
DEPARTMENT STORE
Wasco, Oregon
Sherman County's Leading Merchants



We hope the Christmas star shines bright
For friend and patron, too.
We hope that every happy thing
The New Year brings to you!

Cascade Tractor & Equipment Co.
— Dealer —
Tractors — Harvesters — Graders

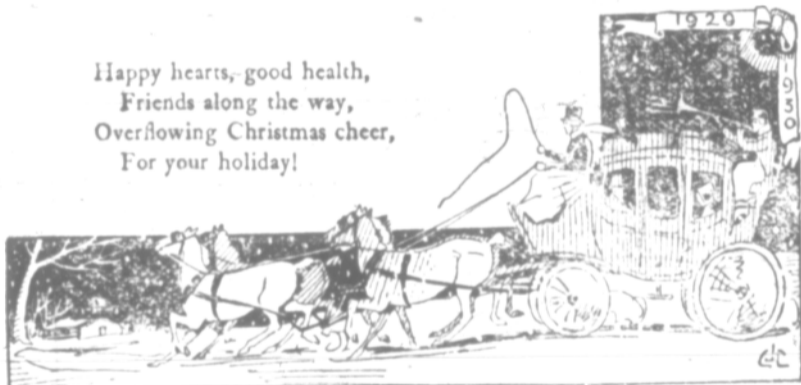
We deck our homes with happiness,
And trim our halls with holly,
We add a wish for your success,
To make the New Year jolly!



Hotel Moro

"The House of Good Will"

Happy hearts, good health,
Friends along the way,
Overflowing Christmas cheer,
For your holiday!

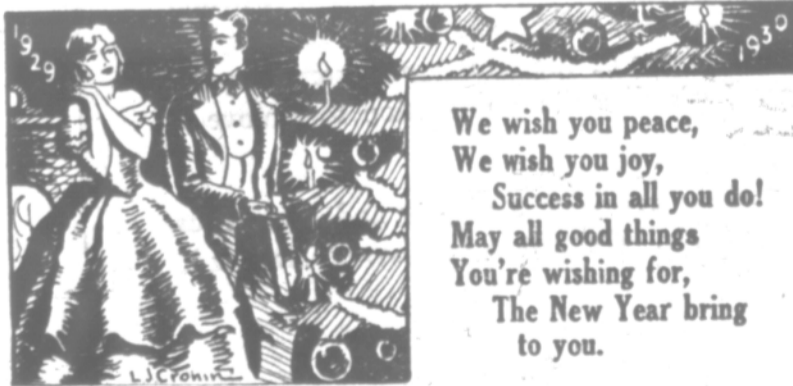


Tipton & Manchester
Chevrolet Dealers



The dear old season comes again,
With every man's stories.
Can wish his friends all Christmas joys,
And a prosperous New Year.

Ginn, Coleman & Co.
Moro, Oregon
JOHN DEERE FARM IMPLEMENTS



We wish you peace,
We wish you joy,
Success in all you do!
May all good things
You're wishing for,
The New Year bring to you.

Sherman County Music House
A. C. Kreuger Manager, Moro Oregon
Agency For
Starr Pianos, Brunswick Radios and Phonographs
and dealer in a
Full Complete Line of Musical Instruments

The Old and the New

by **Martha Banning Thomas**

MR. OLD YEAR sat on a high stool before a teacher's desk. His scythe stood behind him, resting against the wall. Mr. Old Year was frowning, and combing his white whiskers with long, bony fingers. "If that young rascal doesn't come soon,—," he muttered.

Just then the door opened and in rushed a small, laughing boy. "Hello!" he called, "Am I late?"

"One more minute," said the man at the desk, "and you would have lost forever your opportunity for being The Little-New Year."

"Well, well," said the boy not seeming to be much impressed, "what's all the fuss about, anyhow?"

"Please sit at once at your desk. I have only sixty seconds to put you through your lessons, then—"

Mr. Old Year sighed, "I must go to the Heaven of all Old Years."

The little boy leaned a fat cheek on a chubby palm.

"To begin with, I'll ask you about the calendar. Tell me quickly how many months there are in a year!"

"I don't know," said the little boy, and didn't care a particle.

"Don't know!" shouted Mr. Old Year, "how do you expect to carry on with this thing?"

"Oh, somehow," said the small urchin.

"See here, time is the one thing you must keep track of. Twelve months in a year! Three hundred and sixty-five days! Four weeks in a month! Seven days in a week! — Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday! Twenty-four hours in a day! Sixty minutes in an hour! Sixty seconds in a minute! Now... do you understand?"

The small boy smiled, "Say, Mr. Old Year what makes your whiskers so long?"

The old man rose from his desk. He shook his fist at the smiling child. "Next year at this time you will be like me!" he shouted. "You will be worn out with the cares and worries of pushing Time through the calendar. Then you'll be sorry..." He stopped, and grasping up his scythe went hastily from the room. The door slammed shut.

The small boy rubbed his cheeks with his hand. "I wonder if my whiskers will be as long," he murmured.

The clock struck twelve. "Well,—I must begin, I suppose. I'll hunt up a scythe." Already he looked older. "I almost wish," he said to himself, "that I had been too late. Then I wouldn't have this job on my hands. I'd still be playing with all the other fellows, who'll be Little New Years... after I'm gone."

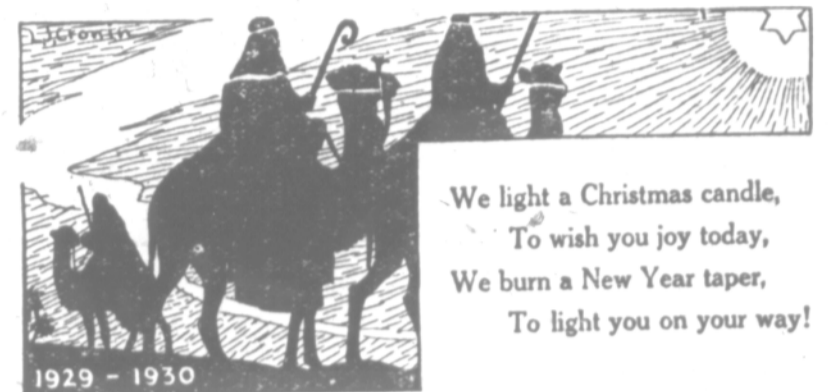
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Merry Christmas to our friends,
Frolic, feasting, fun!
Happy New Year! Joy to you!
Each and every one.

Hampton Furniture Co.

The Dalles
Wait and Watch for Our
Annual Clearance Sale
Beginning about January 15th



We light a Christmas candle,
To wish you joy today,
We burn a New Year taper,
To light you on your way!

Mack's Cafe

THE DALLES

"Where Sherman County Folks Meet Their Friends"
There Are Only Two Places to Eat—Here and Home



You've been mighty kind to us,
In the year that's past,
And we'll serve you every year,
Better than the last.

Walther - Williams Co.

The Dalles

DEALERS FOR

Dodge Bros. and Plymouth Cars

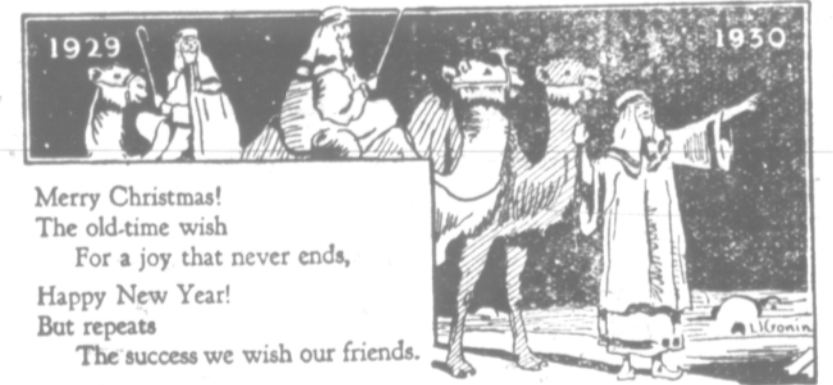


Merry Christmas! An old, old wish,
The twinkling stars repeat it;
Happy New Year! We wish you health,
And a joyful heart to greet it!

Bank Hotel

THE DALLES

"The Place Where Sherman County Folks
Make Their Headquarters"



Merry Christmas!
The old-time wish
For a joy that never ends,
Happy New Year!
But repeats
The success we wish our friends.

A. M. Williams & Co.

The Dalles



We've given you our very best,
To make the year's success,
And now we add a New Year wish
To bring you happiness.

Lane & Sexton Company

The Dalles, Oregon

A New Year's Prize
by **Harold L. Cook**



"HAPPY NEW YEAR" was on every lip as the gaily clad dancers assembled for the annual masquerade in a small New England town. Turks and Chinamen, pirates and ballet dancers, chefs, queens, princes, knights and clowns all were there hoping to win the ten dollar gold piece which was to be presented to the wearer of the most original costume.

During the first dance, Tommy Tolman stood in a corner carefully eyeing each couple that waltzed by him. He was trying to identify his beloved one, because if tonight he did not summon courage to propose to her, he knew he never would. The disguise of his make-up and costume helped to steel this bashful boy for the ordeal of telling Mattie that he loved her.

He was dressed as an Italian in red breeches, yellow sash, white shirt with collar open at the neck, and a red bandanna handkerchief over his black silky locks. A false moustache accentuated the beauty of his burning lips, and the brown make-up seemed to enhance his virile features.

At last he spied her, and, oh, joy! she, too, had come as an Italian, with velvet bodice, and lace at her neck, a red sash, and a bandanna handkerchief just like his. He could hardly wait till the dance was over to go and speak to her.

During the second dance he held her closely in his arms and said, "You seemed to know you belong to me when you chose that costume for tonight. Will you be my partner forever?"

She was too moved to answer at once, but a rapturous little pressure on his hand conveyed to him her answer. When the prize was awarded that night, Tommy didn't win the ten dollar gold piece, but his newly won fiancée did, and on their way home she slipped it into his pocket to help pay for the ring, as Tommy had been the inspiration for her lovely costume. It was the happiest New Year either of them ever had.

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Good Resolutions

Good resolutions are like Christmas tree ornaments—made to be broken.—The Tattler.

That New Leaf

One of the sad facts of life is how quickly the new leaf can become smudged.

When in the course of human events you hear that your bank balance is overdrawn, be nonchalant, but don't write any more checks.

Governor Patterson Dies Suddenly Saturday Night

Word was received in Moro early Sunday that Governor I. L. Patterson had died the previous evening from an attack of pneumonia. Daily papers received here Sunday morning stated that he had been confined to his home with a severe cold and that his doctor had pronounced him as now out of danger. Funeral services were held Monday in the hall of the House of Representatives in Salem.

State Senator A. W. Norblad of Astoria was sworn into office as governor of Oregon at the home of his mother in Portland on Sunday afternoon, succeeding to the office by virtue of his official position as president of the state senate.

For a long term of years the secretary of state succeeded to the office of governor in similar emergencies, but some eight years ago the law was amended into its present form.

W. C. Miller Farm Home Total Loss By Fire

Last Friday afternoon, from some unknown origin, fire starting in the kitchen of the W. C. Miller farm home east of Moro caused total destruction of the building and contents.

The fire had gained too much headway when discovered by the two daughters, who were alone at the time. The elder girl was lying in a plaster cast, in a bed at the extreme further side of the building from the fire, but the younger girl succeeded in carrying and dragging her sister a distance of about 35 feet, past the outer wall of the building where the fire was raging, to safety.

Insurance to the amount of \$2500 was carried by Mr. Miller on the house and contents. He is now living in an older house on the same farm and is expecting to rebuild in the spring.

A miscellaneous shower was held by friends of the family the first of this week at which time a large supply of household articles and canned food was generously given them to tide them over temporarily.

For sale or trade for cattle, an Upright piano. See A. C. Kruger on the L. J. Pape farm east of Moro.

There seems to be some doubt, 11 years after, if the Armistice meant the end of the war or preparation for another one.

A news item states that a beggar who was willed a million dollars lost his mind, but at that nearly everyone is willing to take the risk.

Our extra slice of pie this week is set aside for the reader of this newspaper, who decides (and does) send us a check for a new subscription.



LOnce again the birth of a New Year is calling us to high resolves! The bright, gleaming page that it holds before us is stirring our hearts to noble purpose! Ambition and earnestness have taken hold of us as never before. And we vow that we shall use all of the coming days advantageously.

Every New Year holds a challenge within it—a dare to do bigger and better things. As we look forward to the months ahead we are filled with enthusiasm; faith and trust in ourselves and our abilities burn strongly within us. We want to work harder than we have ever worked before; to plan and accomplish greater things than we have ever put over in the past. We look back with regret on the wasted hours and opportunities written on the page of last year—there were so many chances that we let slip by. This year, we resolve, we will not do that; instead, we will avail ourselves of every opportunity that it may offer and seek around for others that may be hidden in us, that we may do ourselves proud.

In greater measure, even, we make resolutions to avoid all the little pitfalls that made us trouble during the past year. We resolve to cut out the bad temper that cost us much in happiness and peace of mind; the sharp, sarcastic words that come so easily at times; the petty deeds of unkindness and criticism of which we may have been guilty. This year we will try to practice the golden rule as we have never tried before; we will try to give our friends and our folks the best that is in us, and we know there are many good deeds we can do.

A bright New Year lies before us! It is calling us to greater action and more noble and worthwhile living than any other year has ever offered!

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As Scotland Observes New Year's Time was in Scotland when New Year's far outshone Christmas in importance, and though the order is now reversed, many of the old superstitions survive to make New Year one of the gayest times sober Scotland knows. It is a busy season for the bakers who are making their hard loaves of rye bread and their fancy tarts and short breads. Their windows are festive with little ornamented cakes bearing lead sugar mottoes wishing "A Happy New Year" and "A Merrie Auld Yule."—Detroit Free Press.

There isn't much difference between going on a "hunger strike" and marrying a modern girl who can't cook.