

Masons Honor Memory of Deceased Member

Thursday evening, at the meeting for the joint installation of officers of Eureka lodge A. F. & A. M. and Bethlehem Chapter O. E. S., a large picture of John M. Parry, charter member of Moro lodge, was hung in the lodge room with appropriate ceremony. Part of the life history of Mr. Parry by W. D. Wallan, who was made a Mason and a member of Moro lodge by Mr. Parry. Part of Mr. Wallan's address we take pleasure in printing, as follows:

John Matthews Parry was born in Monmouthshire, England, August 29, 1842, to Wm. Parry and wife, his father being a Methodist minister. April 18, 1851, the elder Parry with his brother and their two families embarked on a sailing vessel for the United States, arriving in due time in New York and finally settling about ten miles from Albany, N. Y., where John M. spent his boyhood. He worked for the farmers of the neighborhood, and acquired a fair education for those times. October 10, 1861 when just 19 years of age, he enlisted in the Union Army being mustered into Battery L, N. Y. 1st Light Artillery and served during the war. He was in 17 battles, a number of them being major engagements. The 2nd Bull Run, Fredericksburg and the battle of the Wilderness. Following the war he went into the wilds of Michigan and taught school. In 1870 went into Indiana as a salesman for a Nursery Co., selling trees over the states of Iowa and eastern Nebraska.

It was in Indiana that Mr. Parry met and on December 27, 1870, married Miss Helen Forshey. In 1872 they removed to Okeo county Nebraska, Mr. Parry engaging in the general merchandise business, which he continued until 1882. In 1883 came to San Francisco by train and then by boat to Portland. Leaving his family, now consisting of his wife and 3 sons, Harry, John and Walter, with a friend and Masonic brother and his family at Gaston, Ore., Mr. Parry rode up and down the Willamette valley looking for a location, finally buying 900 acres of land, mostly timber, in Polk county, near what is now Falls City. In 1894 he came to Sherman county, locating at Moro, engaged in business and was finally appointed and served as post master for a number of years. Passed away in Portland Ore., January 21, 1920.

As a man and citizen Mr. Parry was above reproach. Patriotic, and with a wholesome regard for law and order.

Imbued with the pioneering spirit in his private life, he also pioneered in Masonry. While teaching in the Michigan woods he was made a Mason at Hart, Mich., in a little log lodge room by Wigton Lodge No. 251 in the year 1868. Shortly after moving to Syracuse, Nebraska, about 1875, Bro. Parry with others petitioned for the Grand Lodge of Nebraska for the organization of a Masonic lodge there. A charter was finally granted to Mt. Moriah Lodge No. 57 with Bro. Parry first Master.

August 20, 1900, 9 Masons met in Bro. Parry's office and took preliminary steps looking to the organization of a lodge in Moro. These men were Obed Cashman, Geo. Meader, F. D. Nelson, C. E. Isakin, M. H. Poole, J. B. Hosford, S. S. Hayes, Robt. Urquhart and John M. Parry. In due time dispensation was granted and the lodge was organized, with Bro. Parry again as Master. A charter finally being granted to Eureka Lodge No. 121 September 9, 1902.

Of the nine Masons here and the three borrowed from Taylor Lodge at Wasco, who signed the petition only two survive. These being Bro. Robt. Urquhart of Moro and Bro. S. S. Hayes in Portland.

Almost two years ago a movement was started to procure and hang a picture of Bro. Parry in the lodge room as a memorial to Bro. Parry's life as a Mason, and after more or less delay and difficulties these having finally been overcome. Tonight our efforts are rewarded and the picture is hung at the left of the picture of Geo. Washington and above the Masters chair.

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

Miss Mildred Ginn Writes Interesting Letter From South India

Lakeview, Shevavory Hills, South India November 10, 1930.

My dear folks,

Here is another illustration of the truth that people will not learn by teaching from any other schoolmaster than Experience. I don't know how many times I have been told to keep an eye on my things so that the Indians wouldn't take them. I believe I told you that I left my pen at Singapore with Esther. Well, it came in today's mail. As I was busy I didn't even open it but left it on my table. I came back to my room after having sea to write some letters with my returned pen, but there was no pen! I've looked pretty thoroughly and I have my fears that it's gone. So I'll try the typewriter for a change.

And now to get to something important, and there is so much to write about. Perhaps I'll leave some of it for another letter.

I saw quite a bit of Ceylon on Thursday as we drove about for several hours. We visited some people living out about twenty-five miles on a coconut plantation. It was a beautiful drive and there was always something new and interesting to see. The garb of the Singalese is different than the Indians but very bright and pretty. They are an attractive people, closely resembling the Indian in appearance. The home on the plantation was a restful spot and so pretty. The house was surrounded by shrubs and flowers and stretching out from it were the groves of those stately palms. Mr. Green, the owner sent one of the boys "shinning" up one of the trees to get some coconuts, which we enjoyed very much.

We left Colombo at seven o'clock Thursday evening, expecting to reach our destination Saturday morning. As we were riding along that evening I thought of the last train ride I had taken, starting in the evening and arriving on the second morning following; and in my thoughts I again stood on the observation car and waved goodbye to my Mother and Daddy. This journey differed vastly, however, from that taken on the West Coast Limited. We took the inland route instead of the line that goes by way of Madras because it was less expensive and took less time, though it meant several changes of trains. Miss Eadie and I were fortunate in having a compartment to ourselves in all four trains. The trains here are English style, separated into compartments, so that those in one do not see those in another. Of course, there is no pullman service but one spreads her blankets on the seat and turns in. The train we took in Colombo had very narrow seats, which served all right as seats but were a poor excuse for beds. To add to my comfort and peace of mind a couple of cock-roaches introduced themselves just before we pulled out of the station. I would never have classified them as cock-roaches, however, as they were such mammoth creatures. A train guard told me by saying that I would see plenty of those as we went along through the palm trees because they fell from the trees into the car; then he related some past incidents. We did little undressing that night and used only our sheets for bedding. It was a warm night, some Portuguese in the next compartment jabbered till about midnight and I spent most of the night clinging to my narrow bunk and praying the Lord to give me victory over bugs. What an heroic pioneer missionary I am! The night wasn't all miserable for we passed through beautiful country. The water in the flooded areas caught the reflection of the full moon shining through the coconut palms and it made a picture worth staying awake to see.

At six o'clock we reached the end of the island; we left the train and took the ferry boat. The trip across the straight took two hours and I watched eagerly, if somewhat sleepily, for the first glimpse of India's shores. We had to pass customs again and I saw my trunk for the first time since it left the back porch at home on August 30th. After getting on the train we ordered some breakfast which was served in our compartment at about eleven o'clock—it consisted of fried fish (quite tasty), bread and butter. The latter had too much flavor so I used it very sparingly. That was the only food we bought that day, aside from soda water, since we had some food with us which I really enjoyed more. I found South India a very different country from what I had expected. It is most picturesque. The first bit was sandy with groups of palm trees scattered about. Farther inland, though, the surroundings became refreshingly green. We passed through rice fields, banana groves and fields of grain with the natives busily engaged. The Indian woman with her bright sari made a pretty picture as she walked through the green fields carrying her heavy burden on her head. The men among the coolie class are not much concerned about dress; a simple loin cloth is quite sufficient.

We changed trains at 5:30 but it was nearly 7:00 before the train left the station. We spent most of that time trying to convince the coolies that transferred our luggage that the tip we gave them was quite enough but as usual it was an impossible task. They are such persistent fellows

and will stand by as long as possible pleading with voice, eyes and hands for more.

At 2:00 the next morning we reached Podanur where we were again to change trains. After walking some distance from one track to the other we were informed by the station master that the train we were to take had left over an hour before and that there would not be another until 8:40 the next morning. The coolies carried our luggage to the waiting room and a lamp was lighted which dimly revealed our lodging place for the night. We were not entirely deserted for coolies were lying on the floor outside their usual resting place—and the mosquitoes reminded us continuously that they were present; there were likely other living creatures about also but we didn't see them. We took out our sheets and mosquito netting and after some figuring rigged up the netting by the use of a nail, furniture and an umbrella. With the sheets over our bodies and the netting over our heads we settled down. The mosquitoes were still too much for Miss Eady so she took a chair outside but I continued on, wearily fanning the disturbers away and dozing now and then toward daybreak. I tried to picture what was going on at home; I imagined Daddy nodding over his paper after the noon meal and Mother perhaps doing the dishes.

Morning broke at last and after having some tea and toast in quite a respectable eating house we gladly boarded our train. There was another two or three hour wait about noon but the time didn't drag as the passing throngs provided plenty of entertainment. We reached Salem at four to find that there was no bus to meet us. Once more we settled down to see what would turn up. After a while word came that there would be a bus for us at 6:30. I wasn't sorry to hear it as the regular bus did not leave until the next morning and I wasn't particularly anxious to spend another night so soon in an Indian railway station. Well, the bus arrived at 8:00 (a thing I'm beginning to expect in the Orient) and we had the last lap of our trip, up a mountain road to "home." Though sleepy and tired I could still appreciate the beauty of my surroundings as a bright moon peering between dark clouds could reveal them. We passed at least sixty ox carts on the way up and there were many interesting curves, some of the corners so sharp that the driver had to back up in order to turn them. Perhaps before you come over to visit me, Mother you had better take a few more rides over Shearer's grade and a few trips up to Mt. Wilson when you are down with Faithie. As we neared the top it became quite foggy and so cool that two coats and a robe felt very comfortable. We reached the house about 10:30. It was wonderful to sink into a large overstuffed chair by the fireplace while a hot dinner was placed on the table. After dinner I said good night and slipped off to my little room with my letters—no long till tears quite blinded me. I had a good cry over them and I would like to have seen my family in the worst way. But I crawled into my little bed which was nicely warmed with a hot water bottle and slept soundly between 1:00 and 7:00.

An English service is held at the house on Sunday mornings. There were only a few present but Miss Eady gave a good talk. My first Sunday in India was a little tearful and they would squeeze out when I least wanted them, as when we were standing up singing in the service.

After service the mail arrived and there were two from Mother, one from Harold N. and two others—all for me. I was surely glad for them. Those sent to China have not arrived yet but one from Katherine Needham came yesterday and it had been forwarded on from Hong Kong.

Miss Eady showed me about the grounds after the noon meal. It is very nice; many flowers, shrubs and trees and a tennis court. I was quite surprised to know there was orange and grapefruit trees growing on the place besides a number of the native fruits. Later in the afternoon I took a walk with the girls to the village which is only a few minutes from here. They have a Tamil service in the evening led by the native evangelist and Miss Eady also has an English service at the house again in the evening. The girls went to the Tamil service in the village but as I was tired I stayed for the home service. All of the meetings are held before the evening meal which is served at 7:30 or later. Miss Eady read aloud to us for awhile in the short evening that remained before bed time.

I am continuing—and hope to finish—this letter on Tuesday afternoon. Mail for the States goes out tomorrow and this is the only letter I've written. All of yesterday morning was taken up with unpacking and repacking and arranging my room. Miss Eady had pictures and mottoes on the walls but she said I might take them down if I wished. I left a couple of the mottoes up but used my own pictures in place of most of them. My room is very small but I have quite a large bath room where my trunk is kept. I am not entirely settled yet but it feels cozier and more like home with my own things around and my own families pictures up. My room opens up on the front veranda and I have a nice view of the sunrise and the hills.

County Court Holds Two Day Court Session

The first regular meeting of the county court for Sherman county for the new year was held this week with the newly elected county judge, Geo. A. Potter presiding. The first term of each year is always the one with the most business to take care of and the one held this month was not an exception.

Coupled with the usual run of county business for the new year term was the attendance at the court sessions of a delegation of representatives of the Sherman county tax reduction league, who voiced dissatisfaction with the final action of the county budget committee and wished the county court to take action in some matters that would permit a larger saving of tax money than had seemed necessary by the budget committee.

Two matters of particular interest to the tax league committee were curtailment of county road building and reduction of salary for county road men and the road master. A second matter was the question of safe investment of the county sinking fund, raised to pay off the county road bonds when due. This fund now totals in round numbers more than \$70,000.

Quoting a member of the county court, it was said that "the committee was divided as to just what was best to do in these matters." The court, therefore, reduced the salary of the county road master from \$300 per month to \$225 and left with the road master the matter of adjusting his work to present day conditions.

The county sinking fund is now partly invested; \$13,000 is a farm loan to an estate; \$10,000 is invested in buying high school fund deficiency warrants, thus earning interest from one fund to the other; \$47,000 is now on deposit with the two banks in the county. Again quoting the member of the county court above referred to, "this money now on deposit with the two local banks will be considered at a later session of the court as just what we will do with it."

Six year old Archie Miglie walked in his sleep for more than half a mile on Brooklyn, N. Y., streets after 1 a. m., dressed in his night clothes.

Miss Mary G. Lacy of the Department of Agriculture at Washington has compiled an index of developments in agriculture from 400 B. C. to the present.

The porch is closed in with windows, as you could see in the picture, and is furnished with comfortable chairs, small tables and some lovely plants. That is where I am at the present time.

We went to a short Armistice service this morning in remembrance of those who had been killed in the war. There were several from Yercaud who went and never returned. There are about sixty English families living on estates around here who have lived here for years and years.

I had planned to take my first Tamil lesson yesterday but the teacher was not well so I had my first one this afternoon. Hereafter the lesson is to be two hours in length but I had only an hour today as I had no book and besides they wanted to break me in gradually. I enjoyed the first lesson very much but found it quite difficult to get the sounds.

I think it will be better to leave the household, a more minute description of my room and the daily program for another letter. I will be able to give a truer report on all three a little later and I must draw this to a close sometime. The first bell has sounded for tea which will make a good stopping place for this letter.

Much love from your daughter,

Mildred Ginn.

CITATION

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

In the Matter of the Estate of James Hedrick, deceased.

To: Tyler Hedrick and Earl Hedrick, heirs at law of James Hedrick, deceased, and all unknown heirs of the said James Hedrick, deceased, and to all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, Greeting:

In the Name of the State of Oregon, You and each of you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County at the February term of said Court, at the courtroom in the County Courthouse in Moro, Oregon, on Tuesday the 10th day of February, 1931, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, which said date is a date not less than twenty-eight days from the date of the first publication of this citation, which said first date of this citation is January 9th, 1931, and then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be made as prayed for in the verified petition of R. J. Ginn, administrator of the estate of the said James Hedrick, deceased, to sell at private sale the real property belonging to the estate of said deceased and as described in said petition for the purpose of paying the charges and expenses of the administration of the estate of the said deceased and the claims filed and allowed against the same, which said real property is described as follows: Commencing at a point 38 rods due west of the Southeast corner of the Northwest quarter of Section Eighteen (18) in Township One (1) South of Range Seventeen (17) East of the Willamette Meridian, thence due South 10 rods; thence due West to the right of way of the Columbia Southern Railway Company's line as now established; thence along said right of way on the Southeastern side to a point in the line between the South and the North one-half of the

Moro Woman's Club

(Special Correspondence)

The next meeting of the club will be held January 16 and will be directed by Mrs. M. A. Bull. Everyone should be sure to remember it is the club's annual Library Day and bring a book, new or old, to add to the present number of volumes.

The first gathering of the year took place on the afternoon of January 2 with only a small percentage of the club membership present.

In absence of the president and vice-president Mrs. Theo. Johnston, secretary, took the chair and conducted a short business meeting. Mrs. E. H. Moore opened the program by reading "a very appropriate poem, 'Inventory.' Not a business inventory, but a personal one and a very good idea for the first of the year.

Mrs. Cope lead the club in singing "Long Long Ago," and "The Spanish Cavalier." Mrs. Bryant had found an account of the romance of the guitar in a musical magazine and took a few minutes to tell some of the interesting history. The guitar was known in the time of Rome and the early christians though by a somewhat different name. The Moors brought it to Spain where, ever since, it has been the main instrument of wooing.

Mrs. T. W. Alley reviewed the Club Woman for December. During the review she read a poem entitled, "What kind of a Clubwoman am I." Every member should turn to that page of the magazine and classify the quality of her membership.

Mrs. Ruggles gave an interesting paper on Moorish art and their manner of living in Spain. With the Moors came a dispelling of decay and an increased learning. Even women were encouraged in education. It was not uncommon to find a woman doctor during this period. It was this time that shed a false success to Ferdinand and Isabella.

Mrs. Riddel gave a paper describing two very noted and elaborate palaces, "The Escorial and The Alhambra." Mrs. Andrews followed this with a description of the various characteristics of Moorish architecture. She during the reign of the Moors. High arches, terraces, gardens, mosaic walls, arches, terraces, gardens, mosaic walls, many columns as well as drawbridges were the chief characteristics.

The state federation is conducting a contest among the local clubs on Oregon products meant to aid in advertising as well as boosting labor in the state of Oregon. Each meeting at least one five minute talk must be given on some Oregon made product and at the end of the contest the club giving the largest number of talks will be awarded the prize. Mrs. Bryant gave the first in the series. She left with us this thought: "If you have in mind that every Oregon brand, or label, or product means a certificate of employment for a man or woman, you can visualize how women can actually help build factories in Oregon by demanding Oregon products. Picture what a united demand for Oregon made articles would do in making busy factories and stores and other lines of business. It is a most satisfactory source of opportunities for the growing generation for business and wage earner's employment.

Southeast quarter of Section Eighteen (18); thence due east to the point of beginning, all of said land being in the South half of the Southeast quarter of said Section Eighteen (18) in Sherman County, State of Oregon.

Also commencing 264 feet West of the Southeast corner of the Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section Eighteen (18), Township One (1) South, Range Seventeen (17), East of the Willamette Meridian; thence running due North 19 rods; thence in Southerly direction and parallel with the right of way of the Columbia Southern Railway Company's main line to a point on the line between the South and North half of the Southeast quarter of said Section Eighteen (18); thence due East along said line to the point of beginning, the intention being to convey all of that certain piece or parcel of land triangular in shape on the East side of said railway, and adjacent to and lying on the West side of McKinley street in Thompson's Addition to the city of Moro, except a strip two rods wide along the side of said Columbia Southern Railway's main line, said strip being reserved for the use as a private lane or road to connect the South half of the Southeast quarter of said Section Eighteen (18) with said McKinley Street and to be forever set apart and dedicated for the use and convenience of the owner or owners or occupants of said tract and the owner or owners or occupants of said triangular piece or parcel of land; also the following tract commencing 264 feet West of the Southeast corner of the Northwest quarter of the Southeast quarter of Section Eighteen (18) in Township One (1) South of Range Seventeen (17) East of the Willamette Meridian, County and State aforesaid, containing one and one-fourth acres more or less.

Witness, the Honorable Geo. A. Potter, Judge of the said County Court, with the seal of said County affixed this 7th day of January, 1931.

G. C. AKERS,

Clerk of the County Court of Sherman County, Oregon. 4t-j9-30

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REPORT OF CONDITION

OF THE

MORO STATE BANK

at Moro, Oregon, County of Sherman, at close of business

December 31, 1930

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts \$352,827.77

Overdrafts 43.41

Bonds, securities, etc. 10,302.31

Banking house, none, furniture and fixtures \$3047.50 3,047.50

Real estate owned other than banking house 7,648.10

Cash, due from banks and cash items 38,617.70

Total 412,486.79

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in \$50,000.00

Surplus 10,000.00

Undivided profits—net 9,189.56

Demand deposits 184,187.55

Time certificates 82,638.68

Bills payable and rediscounts 76,471.00

Total 412,486.79

STATE OF OREGON, County of Sherman ss.

I, R. H. Coppock, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

R. H. Coppock, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of January, 1931.

J. L. Searcy,

Notary Public for Oregon

My commission expires April 28, 1934

Correct — Attest:

J. R. Morgan

L. Barnum

P. C. Axtell

Directors.

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