

The Hermiston Herald
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"LEST WE FORGET"
Remember Christmas morning when you were a kid? And the days of anticipation before Santa Claus was due? Christmas morning was a red letter one in your childhood existence. You went to bed early on Christmas eve and your slumbers were fitful. All night you dreamed of Santa and his reindeer and how he would enter through the chimney leaving trains of cars, wagons, sleds, apples, candies, etc.

The child of today is the same as yesterday. His anticipations and joys at Christmas are the same. There are a number of "regular fellows" who build castles concerning the coming of Santa but awake on Christmas morning doomed to disappointment. Perhaps you know some. If so see that he or she is not disappointed this year. It will only cost you a few dimes and it means a lot to the child. If you would know real Yuletide happiness, play Santa Claus to some needy boy or girl. Their joy and beaming countenance over a coveted toy will amply repay for the money spent.

His Dinner for Christmas Day
By F. H. SWEET

Girl Discovered
Acrobatic Tramp
Purloining Poultry
for a Yuletide Feast.
Intruder Impaled
on Window Nails,
but Was Saved
by New Friend

HE chicken squawked. I slid a swift hand to its neck and stifled it. This made the fifth and went into the bag with a spiteful lunge. I was angry at the clumsy work. A squawk was a dead give-away of new fingers, and mine were old. Of course it was a dog barking in the house path and my turning at the instant of clutching. But that was no excuse for a regular. I was getting so cocksure of myself as to be careless. My hand shot out again and another chicken went into the bag. That made six, the number I boasted I would bring, and a fine feast for even ten hungry hoboes in a woods camp—our Christmas dinner. But I always liked to do a little more than I promised. I would take an extra one for good measure—a nice fat one. My eyes peered along the dimly outlined forms on the roosts, and—"Hello," said a voice at the door. I gasped audibly. Sharp ears were another thing I prided myself on, and this person had appeared at the door as noiselessly as I could have myself. The two breaks rattled me. High up at one end was a little square window, the sash out to admit air. My eyes were as quick and accurate as my fingers, and my body had once belonged to an acrobat boy in a circus. Almost with the word from the doorway my knees bent and straightened into a swift spring, my arms in front and my palms together like a person diving. Then the humor of it struck me, and I chuckled. "Winder hole wan't quick enough in grabbin', so missed my neck, leavin' 'em to squawk—same's I did number five chicken. Guess 'twas all comin' to me, say," raising my voice, "you man who spoke, come an' get me. I've caught an 'em holdin' myself. Don't suppose there's any reward comin' to me, Christmas you know." It was still fairly light outside and my head suspended five or six feet from the ground. A cautious step came 'round the corner. "Ain't scared of me trussed up like this, are you?" I jeered, "an' still, if 't wan't for that nail grindin' into me when I so much as wink, an' my belt turned wrong side 'round, I could use

my fists like anything. I'm good with fists. Better get your gun an' shoot while shootin's good. An'—great snakes!" as the figure came within range of my screwed 'round face—"a girl—an' pretty as a picture! 'T want you that spoke?" "Yes, it was, but I spoke deep's I could to sound like a man. Thievin' said hopelessly. "Nothin' matters. It's the pen for me. When they're caught, all them hoboes are goin' to split on me, to try to save themselves. They've been playin' sump with me. I see it now. I bragged I was smart, so they showed me to the front an' kept patten' an' tellin' me what a kingbird I was. Huh! I done most of the stealin'. I killed the two watchdogs. Just leave me hangin' here to get sort of used to what's comin'." The girl hesitated, moving closer. "Don't talk as if you was all bad," she considered. "An' I like your voice. Let me see your face plainer." But my face was toward the wall, my body limp and dejected. She placed a hand on my head and turned my face toward her. "Ugly lookin' phiz, ain't it?" I jeered. "Better get a rope an' tie my hands."



"Another Chicken Went Into the Bag."

hoboes ain't good to meet when they get their stealin' on 'em. But I sure did set you goin'." Her tinkling laugh sounded pleasant even in my unappreciative position. "Of course I came 'round the corner slow, not being sure you meant to stay. And say, I never did have a real adventure before, with me as heroine. It's just like a book. An' you do look so funny. I'm enjoyin' myself."

"So'm I. An' I feel funny—just as funny's can be. An' of course I wouldn't be polite. You bluffed me to thinkin' you a man. That's why I started my high dive. Ou-uh!"

"Winder pinches, does it?" laughed the girl. "Carpenter who made it didn't know his business."

"Knowned—it—too—well," I groaned, between breaths, "specially when he driv them nails. I—was twistin' 'round to see you better, an'—ouch! Whew! Them nails are cuttin' no right in two. Fust we—know I'll be droppin' half inside an' half out."

The girl uttered a low cry of commiseration. "I—didn't know," she apologized contritely. "I wouldn't have laughed. I thought 'twas just bein' squeezed too tight. Could I pull—"

"Not on your life," I cried hastily. "It would only help the nails, not me. Maybe if one side of the frame could be pried off, makin' the winder bigger. I felt it wiggle like 'twas loose when I stuck in."

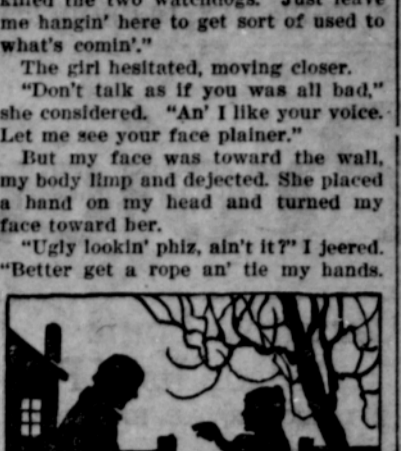
"But you're an awful hobo tramp who steals an' all," hesitated the girl. "Maybe I'd better wait till the master comes back from breakin' up your pestiferous camp. But he'd slap you right in jail with the others."

"Hey!" I choked in a startled voice. "—the camp? What about the camp?" "Yes, you've been watched. A man was hid all day in the top of a pine near the edge of the swamp, watchin' your comin' an' goin's. Folks got tired o' hens stole an' watchdogs pized, an' such like. The master an' 'bout a dozen men, with the constable, are cleanin' 'em up right now. He told me to stay 'round the poultry house an' watch—though 't wan't likely anybody would come so early."

"An' was you there all the time?" I asked, in a depressed voice. "Right in the corner, in the shadow. I was sort o' scared when you slipped in; an' besides, I wan't sure. So I waited. But it'll be an hour or so 'fore the master gets back, an' you'll keep on hurtin'."

"That don't matter none now," I

said. "Nothin' matters. It's the pen for me. When they're caught, all them hoboes are goin' to split on me, to try to save themselves. They've been playin' sump with me. I see it now. I bragged I was smart, so they showed me to the front an' kept patten' an' tellin' me what a kingbird I was. Huh! I done most of the stealin'. I killed the two watchdogs. Just leave me hangin' here to get sort of used to what's comin'." The girl hesitated, moving closer. "Don't talk as if you was all bad," she considered. "An' I like your voice. Let me see your face plainer." But my face was toward the wall, my body limp and dejected. She placed a hand on my head and turned my face toward her. "Ugly lookin' phiz, ain't it?" I jeered. "Better get a rope an' tie my hands."



"But You an' Me Know Better."

I'm great with my fists—boxin', you know. An' you're close enough for me to man you right now."

But she paid no attention. She studied my face a few moments, then patted my cheek softly.

"Why, you're nothin' but a boy," she said pityingly, "nothin' but just—a boy."

"I'm just twenty-one," indignantly. "Plenty old enough to know what I'm doin', an' to take my medicine."

"Just a boy," she repeated. "Now you wait a minute. I won't be gone long."

She hurried away, soon returning with a tall step-ladder, which she placed against the wall. Mounting to the second step she put her arms under my shoulders.

"We'll lay your head an' shoulders on this step-ladder so you'll be level an' easy," she said cheerfully; "then I'll pry off a side piece, like you said. I've noticed it's loose."

In ten minutes she had me free, standing on the ground beside her. But I felt no animation.

"'Twan't worth the trouble," I grumbled, "though I'm just as much obliged. But I've got old tramp clothes on, an' with the country 'rused they'd spot me ten miles off 'n run me in. Then the gang will throw all the stuff on me, an' make it good an' strong. No, I'll just stay here till the men come back. I see now I wan't cut out for a hobo, anyhow, an' I've been suspiciousin' it for some time. I'm too grass green for one thing, an'—an' they're too cheap for another. My real work is diggin' in dirt like I started out. An' if it hadn't been for an uncle who put two men's work on me an' 'pesterin' my life out, while his own boys were goin' to school, I'd be at it now. Fact is, I ain't much."

"'Nor me," returned the girl sympathetically. "I'm only second girl in the kitchen an' they keep dribblin' into me I'm no 'count. But you an' me know better. We're a whole lot. It's only other folks' envy."

My face cleared and I laughed. "Guess you're right," I agreed. "Anyhow, you're some girl. An' say, I want you to remember me as Rey-

olds. That's my real, not 'flat' like the hoboes call me. Now you run into the house an' tell the men, when they come, that I'll be sittin' out here."

"None but the gang. I've worked in the dark—unless by the clothes."

"Then it's all right. Now there's a little room in back the hen roost where we keep chicken feed. I have the whole care of it an' keep the key. I'll lock you in there an' bring out some supper an' some peroxide to clean the hurt places with. An' in the mornin' when I slip your breakfast I'll bring some clothes a visitor left here once. They're pretty good, an' 'bout your size. You put 'em on an' come straight to the kitchen door."

"All right," I promised. "But what's the idea—give myself up?"

"Silly again. You're goin' to work. The master has been tellin' us to be on the lookout for a man to do his gardenin'. Good help's scarce, an' he'll snatch you up. An'—an' them dead chickens in the bag I'll fix up for dinner. I'd have to get some anyway, for company is comin'. Christmas dinner, you know."

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, and to me directed and delivered upon a judgment and Decree rendered and entered in said Court on the 19th day of November, 1923, in favor of Western Irrigation Company, as plaintiff, and against D. F. Mustard, as defendant, for the sum of Three Hundred Sixty (\$360.00) Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6 per cent) per annum from the first day of June, 1920, and for Thirty-five and 40-100 (\$35.40) Dollars costs and disbursements, which said decree, judgment and order of sale has been docketed and enrolled in the office of the clerk of said Court, and Whereas, by said judgment, decree and order of sale it was directed that the following described property in Umatilla County, Oregon, to-wit: The Southwest quarter of the Southwest quarter (SW 1/4 of SW 1/4) of Section 5, Township 4, N. R. 28, E. W. M., together with the water rights of forty miners inches, appurtenant thereto, as specified in the contract entered into between the Western Land & Irrigation Company and D. F. Mustard on the 20th day of April, 1910, be sold by the sheriff of Umatilla County, Oregon, to satisfy said judgment and decree and all costs.

I will, on the 29th day of December, at the hour of eleven o'clock, in the forenoon of said day, at the North door of the Court House in Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, sell all the right, title and interest said D. F. Mustard had in and to the above described property on the 20th day of April, 1910, or since then has acquired, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the proceeds to be applied in satisfaction of said execution and all costs.

Dated this 24th day of November, 1923.

ZOETH HOUSER, Sheriff. 12-5tc By T. B. Buffington, Deputy.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UNDER EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given, That by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in and for the County of Umatilla, and to me directed and delivered upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court on the 19th day of November, 1923, in favor of Western Irrigation Company, a corporation, Plaintiff, and against W. J. Stapish and Clara Stapish, his wife, John D. Watson and Mattie C. Watson, his wife, Defendants, for the sum of Four Hundred Ninety-nine and 15-100 (\$499.15) Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6 per cent) per annum from November 19, 1923, and the further sum of Seventy-five (\$75.00) Dollars attorney's fees and for Nine Dollars and 70-100 (\$9.70) costs and disbursements, which said decree, Judgment and Order of Sale has been docketed and enrolled in the office of the Clerk of said Court, and Whereas, by said judgment, decree and order of sale it was directed that the following described real property in Umatilla County, Oregon, to-wit: The Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter (NE 1/4 of SE 1/4) of Section 2, Twp. 3, N. R. 27, E. W. M., together with the water right appurtenant thereto, to-wit: A water right of one miner inch per acre for each acre of said lands, as set forth and described in the water right contract from Western Land & Irrigation Company to W. J. Stapish, recorded in Umatilla County, Oregon, in Volume 81 of Deeds at page 77, be sold by the sheriff of Umatilla County, Oregon, to satisfy said judgment and decree and all costs.

I will, on the 29th day of December, 1923, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the North door of the Court House in Pendleton, in Umatilla County, Oregon, sell the right title, and interest that said defendants had in and to the above described property

well.....\$3.15 Lot 16, 45 feet, Earl Caldwell.....\$3.15 Block 8— Lot 3, 45 feet, G. A. Beasley \$3.15 Lot 4, 45 feet, G. A. Beasley \$3.15 Lot 5, 4 feet, G. A. Beasley \$3.15 Block 9— Lot 9, 50 feet, Walter Botkin.....\$3.50 Lot 10, 50 feet, Walter Botkin.....\$3.50 Dated at Hermiston, Oregon, this 22nd day of November, 1923. S. C. Lochrie, City Treasurer.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF PROPERTY ON EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a Writ of Execution issued from the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County and to me directed on a judgment in said Court rendered on the 26th day of November, 1923, in favor of the Hermiston Company, a corporation, as plaintiff and against the Allen Umatilla Fruit Company, a corporation, as defendant for the sum of \$487.17 with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from March 1, 1919, and the further sum of \$75.00 attorney's fees; and the further sum of \$487.18 with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from March 1, 1919 and the further sum of \$75.00 attorney's fees and disbursements, taxed at \$44.65, which judgment also orders the sale of the following described real property in Umatilla County, Oregon, to-wit: The Northeast Quarter of the Northwest Quarter of the Southeast Quarter of Section 33, Twp. 5 N. R. 29 E. W. M., and the Southeast Quarter of the Northwest Quarter

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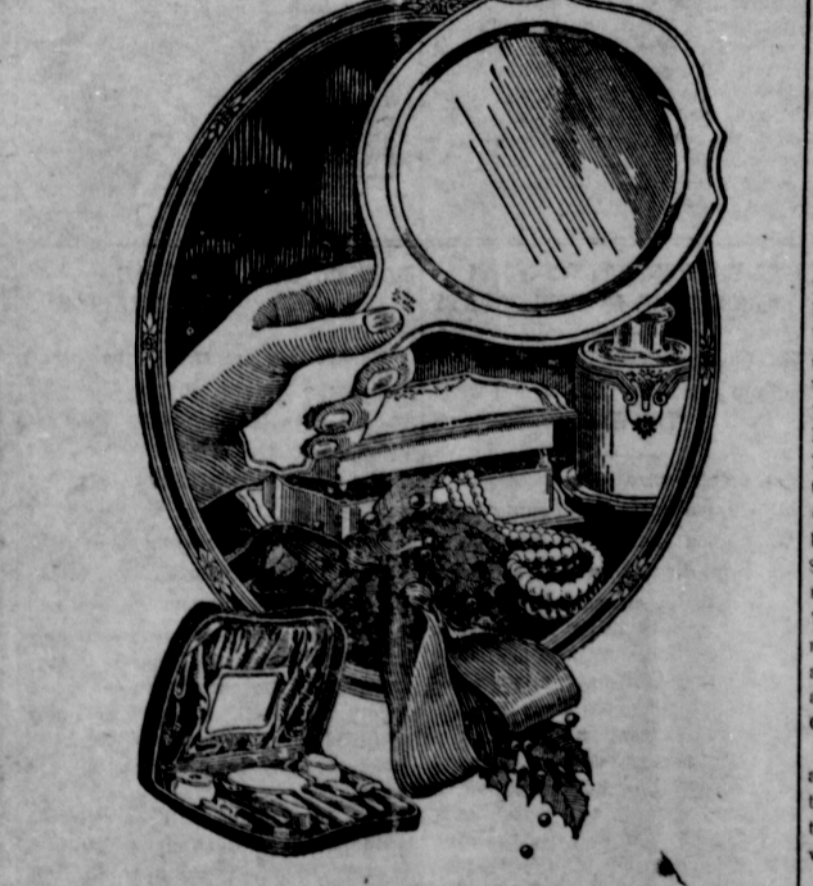
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