

# The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.  
Official Paper for Sherman County.

FRIDAY August 30, 1918

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C. L. IRELAND, Manager.



"My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

We will not be responsible for the neglect of subscribers to notify us of changes in their address. Nor will the publication of a Postmaster that the subscriber has "Removed" settle the bill of a delinquent.

If you have a news item, tell it to the Observer. Do not imagine we know it and then wonder why it is not in the paper. Please use the phone if not convenient to call and tell us personally.

## A War Time Trip to France

U. S. S. Santa Rosalia,  
August, 1918.

Dear Friends and Editor:  
Before leaving the states I was asked by a prominent citizen of Moro to write a letter for the Observer of our trip over seas. It is easier said than done, but I'll try. Not that I'm in love with writing public letters, but it means fewer and shorter private ones.

Going back to the Oklahoma, I was transferred from there in April to Norfolk and from Norfolk to New Orleans, where I spent five weeks loafing before coming aboard this ship. The Santa Rosalia is a merchant ship just taken over by the government, was my hearts desire along the line of sea going packets as it affords more travel, more liberty, and fewer regulations than a battleship.

In New Orleans a cargo of many different kinds of army and hospital supplies was taken aboard, also guns were to be mounted, but time was precious so it was decided to wait until next trip. We left there on June 1st to find after getting to sea that the Atlantic coast was infested by the hostile submarine. This meant port every night and convoy in the day time, making a fourteen day trip where eight should have been sufficient.

The last night, off Cape Hatteras,

spoiled what had so far been a pleasure trip, in the form of a storm which so frequently inhabit that part of the sea. The least said the better about that storm as it brings back sour memories to me. The fish must have thought it Thanksgiving, for I assure you there were many others beside myself who were disgusted with life and felt like dying.

Next day we arrived in Newport News, Virginia, coaled ship, took on a deck load of army trucks and on June 19th with 35 other merchant ships started for some port in France. In order to keep the convoy together it was necessary to go slow, so it was 21 days later when we caught sight of land. It looked like paradise even if nothing but the bluffs along the seashore. The trip can be described in the two phrases: "calm and fair" or "rough and stormy" both playing an almost equal part.

A number of hours from France we were met by "destroyers" which were to act as our escorts through the war zone. The merchant ships were arranged nine abreast and four deep, ours leading the second column on the south. The destroyers patrolled on the sides and front, but no guard was put behind.

The next night at 6:05 the "Mars" an English ship, was torpedoed and sunk in seventeen minutes. Having the position of the last ship in the column on our left she was very close and from our decks we could see the men jumping overboard, a sight more pitiful than it sounds and one I'll never forget. The ship almost stood on end, bow out of the water. For several minutes she sank slowly, then suddenly made one last plunge. The destroyers rushed back, part stopping to pick up the crew, the rest after the submarine. They dropped nine depth bombs which shook the sea for miles around, but it is not known whether the submarine was sunk or not. In the meantime all the merchant ships began to blow their whistles and zig zag, reminding me of a herd of stampeding cattle.

That night orders were passed to sleep in our clothes and be exceedingly careful about lights which are not allowed to be seen on the decks while at sea, but nothing further happened. The next evening we arrived at Brest, France, where the convoy split up, mostly going north, but we were destined to southern France. By making port every night and under heavy convoy by day we proceeded to La Verdun Roads, at the mouth of the Gironne river. We anchored there until the 14th, French Liberty Day, and then proceeded up the river to Bordeaux. The scenery along the river is some of the best I have ever seen; old castles and many fields of grapes and grain, would make one think that France is the most peaceful place on earth.

Upon arriving in Bordeaux your mind would soon be changed as every activity show evidences of war. Along the docks were many merchant ships of different nationalities and above these day and night are dozens of steam cranes lifting out supplies which are quickly loaded in army trucks and distributed to different places. We were greeted at our dock by fifty or more United States soldiers each with a hundred questions at which we did our best in answering. At 3 p.m. we were given shore liberty until eight the next morning and started out to see the city.

Bordeaux is a city of about 500,000 people and is said to be one of the oldest and most historic cities of France. It's oldness is easily seen in the ancient stone buildings and crooked streets, but its beautiful parks and monuments cannot be surpassed by our American cities. The tax teams and burros combined with the little dinky street cars which start and stop by signals from a cow horn around the conductors neck, almost made me think I was at a circus. At the Y. M. C. A. headquarters for the U. S. soldiers and sailors we got our money changed and found that \$10 was all we could carry at one time. For instance a ten centime piece, valued at less than two cents in American money is about the size of our half dollar. The franc, valued at 17 1/2 cents, is used as our dollar. All under that are centime pieces of different values.

On every corner is a wine shop, with the tables set on the sidewalk. The places from day light until dark are crowded with the Frenchman who sit for hours sipping his beloved wine which tastes like bitter medicine to a foreigner. We stayed there ten days and then returned to La Verdun Roads where ten more days went by before a convoy was made up.

On August 3d, with 23 other merchant ships and a French escort, we started back to the United States, this time straight across instead of going north. After a while the convoy broke up and we came on alone, catching a glimpse of one of the ships on the horizon every few days. Radio in the war zone we found to be very busy and copied messages in five different languages. The three of us received a dozen S. O. S. calls from ships torpedoed, but none were very near our course. The return trip of 17 days was a good one and after two months of "canned bill" and beans nothing could look better to us than an American restaurant, not including the home table.

Respectfully,  
Carlton Ross.

S. H. Arbutnot and wife have returned from a ten day auto trip to Seattle and Camp Lewis. Going the Barlow route was used and on the return they traveled through the Yakima valley, crossing the Columbia river at Arlington.

Always read the Observer.

## Trench Line Experiences of a Moro Boy in France

On active service with the American Expeditionary Force, July 10th.

Dear Friend Sheriff:  
Just a line to tell you of some experiences that I have gone through since I have been in France. The first day I came into the Front it was about 12:30 and dark as blazes. I was the first to be on watch and had just got out of my dugout when one of those snags busted over my head. Well, nobody had to tell me to move for I jumped headlong down into my dugout, about four feet deep. It soon quieted down and I went out again and soon was relieved. We thought it "b. a." when we were told that they dodged bullets, but we soon found out different. When a man hears one of those large shells coming he don't have to be told to hunt a hole for he jumps into the first one that he sees.

I am feeling fine and dandy just at present, for we have been out for a rest for about four days and it seems like being in heaven. I was in a patrol when the line was pushed out at the left of Bellou Woods 1 mile and it was a very clever stunt for the Boches never even fired at us.

When the Marines took Bellou Woods the dutchmen stormed out of it like bees out of a hive. I picked up a German Luger pistol, as souvenir of the battle, but sold it. They are worth about 300 francs over here. I am not going to sell the next one, if I ever get any more, for I will keep it as a souvenir of my trip to France.

Well, I hope the Home Guard is doing good there and I hope the boys are enjoying the work.

Let me tell you when I come back you will find that I will be a different man altogether, because I am gradually growing that way. Well, I hope that the little town of Moro is growing and that they have a good County Fair this fall. Of course, I would like to be there at the Fair, but that is impossible, although if things runs good as I expect there is a chance to be home by Christmas. Any way I hope so and again it may be two or three Christmases. Well, I have written about all I know so will close for this time. Oh yes, I met Roy Bowman, he is in the same regiment as I am, as an apprentice of the navy. I was certainly glad to meet a friend so far away from home. His address is 51st Co., 5th Marines. Your friend,  
Private George D. Tomlin,  
43d Co., 5th Marines,  
A. E. F. via New York.

## George Tomlin Gassed by Germans

On active service with the American Expeditionary Force, August 1st.

Dear sister and all:  
I am now in an American Hospital, some where in France. I was gassed with chlorine gas at the Front. I went through the attack all right, and was back in reserve when there was a detail sent out to gather up salvage and I was in the bunch. We were all lined out across the field when the Germans sent a number of gas shells over and they dropped close to us. Several of us boys were gassed, but not bad, so don't worry.

They treat us very good here and we have every thing that is necessary. I hope that you are all well. I have not got any mail since I have been over here, so news from home is scarce. I have two months pay coming from the government, more than I ever had from any body else. Writing paper seems to be scarce here. Any way, we don't have any chance to get it as we are never where it is. I am going to write Sadie a letter today. I have not wrote to her for some time, I guess she thinks I am knocked off or something.

I hope that the boys are doing good in their work, and that they hang onto their jobs. Jobs will be scarce after the war. I sent a young fellows picture home while I was at Mars Island did you get it? He got both heels shot off in the last attack we made. His folks live at Walla Walla, Wash. Did Capl leave Bremerton, or is he still there. He told me that he thought he would get a M. D. because of his heart. Well, I am getting about all I can think of in this letter so will close with love to all.

Your brother George,  
43d Co., 5th Marines,  
A. E. F. via New York.

At a number of the business places in Moro are placed milk bottles for the committee having in charge the fund for the relief of the Belgian babies. The bottles are emptied each Wednesday and each business house credited with the amount found in the receptacle at their place of business. When gathered this week the largest amount was from the bottle at the Ross confectionery store. The largest total amount to date is from the Moro Market where C. R. Belashe is in charge. Total collections for this week were \$24.23.

Several farms in Gilliam county are listed with the realty department of the Sherman County Abstract Co., Otto Peets, manager. One is 1040 acres, good buildings, 800 acres tillable, good water supply, 8 miles from town. \$35 per acre. The improvements are very fine, includes new bungalow and two large barns.

Owing to the fact that the main pump had to be repaired, thereby losing an entire day, whereby the water in the reservoir became low, all water users are kindly requested by City Marshal Young to conserve on water as much as possible for the next few days, until a supply has again been obtained in the cisterns.

## Notice of Sheriff Sale

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

Mary E. Lee, plaintiff  
vs  
W. H. Sykes and Margaret D. Sykes, husband and wife,  
W. I. Chidester, C. M. Poley and Addie A. Poley, husband and wife, D. A. Hatfield, and Florence E. Herndon, defendants.

By virtue of an execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale, issued out of the above entitled court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated the 30th day of July, 1918, upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court on the 27th day of July, 1918, in favor of Mary E. Lee, plaintiff, and against W. H. Sykes, Margaret D. Sykes, W. I. Chidester, C. M. Poley, Addie A. Poley, and D. A. Hatfield, defendants, for \$1,000.00 with interest thereon from September 5th, 1916, at the rate of seven per cent per annum, \$150 as attorneys fees and \$41.50 costs and disbursements and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, to-wit: West half of southwest quarter (w 1/2 sw 1/4) north east quarter of south west quarter (ne 1/4 sw 1/4) and north west quarter of south east quarter (nw 1/4 se 1/4) of section eleven (11) in township three (3) south, range fifteen (15) east of Willamette meridian, together with the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging, in Sherman county, Oregon.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, on  
Saturday, the 7th day of September, 1918, at 3 o'clock p.m. at the front door of the county court house in Moro, Sherman county, Oregon, I will sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the above named defendants or either of them in the above entitled suit, had on the 5th day of September, 1916, the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed, or since that date had in and to the above described property, or now have therein, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order, and decree, costs and accruing costs.  
J. C. McKean, sheriff of  
Sta-2-30 Sherman county Oregon

## Moro Theatre

Tuesday, Sept. 3d

The Great  
Italian Character Actor

GEORGE BEBAN

"Lost in Transit"

Admission 10 and 25 cents

## Moro Transfer Company

Jim Tomlin, proprietor

City Draying, Express, Freight,  
any hauling attended to promptly

MORO, - - OREGON

## Fifty Tractors Entered IN THE BIG DEMONSTRATION

On the Cotton, Ruegg and Phenix Ranches  
PORTLAND, OREGON,  
September 5th, 6th, 7th, 1918

Reached by Gresham Electric Railway. Paved auto road to grounds  
Estimated attendance Fifty to Sixty Thousand

## Mrs. P. F. Altermatt FLECK ORCHARD STORE

MORO, OREGON,

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables in Quantity and to Order. Special Orders Given Prompt Attention. Phone orders to Moro Store or to Fleck Orchards, Rufus, Oregon.

## THE YUBA TRACTOR

MADE IN THREE SIZES

12-20  
20-35  
40-70

## GINN, COLEMAN & CO.

MORO, OREGON

Agents for the Counties of  
Sherman Gilliam and Wasco

All necessary parts will be carried at Moro and a complete supply of parts will be carried at Spokane, Washington.

COME IN AND LET'S TALKIT OVER

## Meeting the Problems of The Day

Requires alertness to the ever changing war time conditions. You will always find us ready to help meet these problems as they arise, and we are going to help you to meet them

## By the Expansion of Your Credit

On and after September 1st, 1918, all book accounts will be limited to 30 days credit. If an extension of time is desired, the Trade Acceptance, a form of Commercial Paper recommended by the Federal Reserve Banks, will be used.

## For Detailed Information

Watch our advertisements, see your banker or call on us and we will be glad to explain.

## Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co.,

H. U. Martin, Manager, Moro

## Packers' Profits Are Regulated

The public should understand that the profits of the packers have been limited by the Food Administration since November 1, 1917. For this purpose, the business of Swift & Company is now divided into three classes:

**Class 1** includes such products as beef, pork, mutton, oleomargarine and others that are essentially animal products. Profits are limited to 9 per cent of the capital employed in these departments, (including surplus and borrowed money), or not to exceed two and a half cents on each dollar of sales.

**Class 2** includes the soap, glue, fertilizer, and other departments more or less associated with the meat business. Many of these departments are in competition with outside businesses whose profits are not limited. Profits in this class are restricted to 15 per cent of the capital employed.

**Class 3** includes outside investments, such as those in stock yards, and the operation of packing plants in foreign countries. Profits in this class are not limited.

Total profits for all departments together in 1918 will probably be between three and four per cent on an increased volume of sales.

The restrictions absolutely guarantee a reasonable relation between live stock prices and wholesale meat prices, because the packer's profit cannot possibly average more than a fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Since the profits on meat (Class 1) are running only about 2 cents on each dollar of sales, we have to depend on the profits from soap, glue, fertilizer (Class 2, also limited) and other departments, (Class 3) to obtain reasonable earnings on capital.

Swift & Company is conducting its business so as to come within these limitations.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

You find more tobacco satisfaction in the condensed Real Gravely Chewing Plug than in a thick piece of ordinary tobacco.



Peyton Brand  
Real Gravely  
Chewing Plug  
10c a pouch—and worth it

Cravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. E. Gravely Tobacco Company  
Danville, Virginia