

Holiday Essentials and Staples in Great Variety

Consisting of Cut Glass, Silverware in Sets and Odd Pieces
Toys and Dolls for the Younger

Blankets, Lap Robes, Spot Lights, Tires, Tubes, Covers
and Accessories

Complete Line of Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Candies and Nuts

Geo. N. Crosfield, Wasco

Sherman County Agent for

Cole, Reo, Dort,
Cars

Winther, Duplex, Bethel and
Reo Trucks

left camp and only about 400 miles away.

I was indeed surprised at the city, I think it has close to one million population but it was quite different in many respects from Bordeaux. The street cars I found made a station loop so whenever I got strayed I just mounted a car and soon found myself. I was free after I left the depot and was just about as unnecessary as a person could feel. There were very few Americans there, which made me feel still farther from home.

During my stay I put in one afternoon in the Public Garden, a most beautiful place. There I found more roses and greater variety than I've seen in any park at home. There was very little natural beauty to the place even the river and lake bank were walled up, but as a man-made place I had never seen its equal.

Another afternoon I put in in the Quimet Musee. A striking point to me; that in their Musee; their education; every where; they neglect their own history. One whole floor of the place was the exhibit of an Archeologist's trip to Egypt. Stuff that was so old that the tablets of Moses would look like modern bricks in comparison. I'd like to express the thoughts that came over me there, but it is impossible. The only way to do that is to visit it with some one and do the expressing while the thoughts are fresh.

An amusing incident of the trip was a dinner I got while there. When I got on the train at Limoges I got into a compartment where there was a little girl perhaps 15 or 16. She was just the age to be real crazy, but I was surprised at how refined she was. I assisted her in changing trains three times, talked with her most of the time, but neither asked her name nor gave her mine. When we left the train I carried her package to the door then went to the American M. P. office. Several days after I was setting on a bench on one of the many little monument places along the main street when I looked up and saw her with her mother in a buggy. The mother called me and said the little girl had been telling her about the general American she had seen on the train and insisted that if I had time to come out to dinner. I found a very nice home and the little distraction was just what I needed after being tired from wandering the streets.

I found near Lyon a most beautiful country, something like the Yakima valley, flat but with foothills and mountains all around. The houses were somewhat scattering, about like America, not grouped in villages to such an extent as they are here. Also they were built of a red rock, while everything here is white limestone.

I went out on a branch line to look up a daughter of a friend I have here and while waiting for her to come home I dropped in the house next door. There was an old lady there about 65 who had lost her husband before the war and her son is now at the front. I watched her with her knitting needles and after about ten minutes thought a piece of her work would be a nice thing to buy. I found out she did not own the yarn, but was making shawls for a store in the city for 5¢ cents each, making two each day in her spare time. She asked innumerable questions about our country, showing she, like most everyone, knew the Americas was west of here, but not much else. Among her questions was one about our cattle. She asked if we had red cattle, stating that she had heard we ate the meat of red cattle. She said her husband had a red cow several years ago, but the butcher would not buy it. They had to kill it and send the meat to Paris. I never saw anything but white cows in that whole country.

When I ran out of money at Lyon I came back to where Walter is and spent three days there making wine with friends I met before I moved. This wine making is something like our fruit harvest; of course it is done largely by women at this time. The old ox cart goes out in the field with two barrels that hold about 300 gallons each. The women cut the grapes and dump them into a small tub, two men carry the tub to the wagon. Of course grapes pile up quite rapidly so soon one of the men takes off his wooden shoes and gets in with his feet. Small chunks of mud go in too, I suppose it lends color.

At the house they are again thoroughly tramped, then emptied into a huge vat where it soaks for three weeks. From one vat they draw off 85 barrels of wine of 250 liters each. After the first good wine is drawn water is put on the stems and hulls and a wine is made which makes a fair drink. Vandaguers are paid this year three francs, board and room. Board consists of soup for breakfast with wine and bread. Boiled potatoes, more soup, wine, and bread for lunch, with a big dinner at evening.

I had a whole house turned over to me as the man had been buying up property and had several houses. After dinner in the evening everyone turns in as it is quite tiresome work. All managed to get drunk one evening and forgot their tired feeling.

As near as I could find out a small place in vines requires about the same attention, costs about the same, and produces about the same revenue as a fruit ranch at home. Before the war everything went to the property owner as 30 cents was a days wages, but now things are reversed to some extent, at least.

Undertaking Supplies

Caskets and Robes always on hand; special supplies and caskets ordered at any time
Sam Brisbane, Moro, Oregon.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, October, 31, 1918

Notice is hereby given that Franklin Patterson, of Mikkolo, Oregon, who, on February 3d, 1914, made H.E. 012497 and October 13, 1914, made additional entry No. 013938 for nwinwi sec 17, ne1/4, e2nw1/4, nw1/4 sec 18, township 1 south, range 20 east Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. D. Weed, United States Commissioner, at Condon, Oregon, on the 24th day of December, 1918. Claimant names as witnesses: E. H. Bloomingdale, Samuel London, F. R. Bloomingdale, R. W. Potter, all of Mikkolo, Oregon. H. Frank Woodcock, Register.

H. Burmester TAILOR

Suits to Order Cleaning
Pressing and Remodeling

PARRY BUILDING

Main Street Moro, Oregon

Dr. Theo. Beletski VETERINARIAN

Interstate Stock Inspector
Examiner of Stallions for License

WASCO, OFFICE OREGON
Telephone Main 502

W. N. JONES

AUTO TRUCK DRAY

Phone Main 314 Moro, Oregon

Freight and Express
Handled Promptly. Moving
Efficiently Attended To.

JAMES STEWART

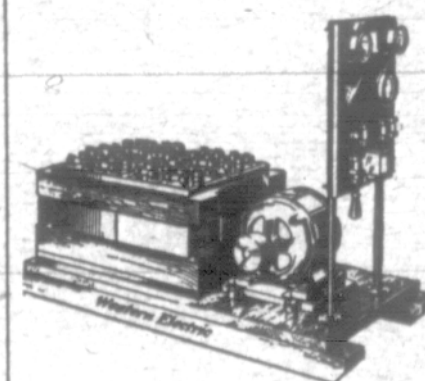
STOCK AND BRAND INSPECTOR

SHERMAN COUNTY
Address: MORO, ORE.

DEPUTIES

L. Schadevits, Dr. Jos. Saunders, V. S.
Kent, Ore. Moro, Ore.

Chas. I. Everett, Wasco,
Deputy Brand Inspector



Western Electric

Farm Lighting Plant

Brighten Up The Farm

This is what a Western Electric Lighting Plant on your place will mean to you:

- No dark nights.
 - No gas to explode.
 - No pressure tank to blow up.
 - No water to carry.
 - No lamps to fill.
 - No matches to burn.
 - No smoky chimneys to clean.
- Turn a Switch anywhere day or night and get a good strong flood of light.

For Sale By

Walthers-Williams Hdw. Co.
The Dalles, Oregon,

Agent for Wasco and Sherman Counties



BANK OF MORO MORO, OREGON

You'd hardly
know Pete
was chewing



Yet he says he gets more satisfaction out of his small chew of Gravelly than he ever got out of a big chew of ordinary tobacco. "Real Gravelly has a pure, rich taste," says Pete. "It's sweetened just enough, and one small

chew holds its good taste so long. I figure that this class of tobacco costs me nothing extra—maybe less than I'd have to spend for ordinary plug."

It goes further—that's why you can get the good taste of this class of tobacco without extra cost.

PEYTON BRAND
Real Gravelly Chewing Plug
each piece packed in a pouch

P. O. GRAVELLY TOBACCO CO., DANVILLE VA.

FOSS & CO., INC. MORO, ORE.

GARAGE

Blacksmith and Machine Shop

Firestone TIRES Goodyear

Gas, Oils, Grease and Accessories

Auto Repairing and Storage

Iron, Steel and Coal, Hardwood Carriage and Wagon Material.



A DOLLAR GOES FARTHER

here than anywhere else we know—that is for our kind of

Community Silverware, Furniture,
Leather Upholstered Chairs,
Rugs, Lineoleums, Casseroles,
Mattresses, Dining Tables, Chairs

So if you are inclined to thrift of the real sort come and do your buying here. We promise you will make a genuine saving on each dollar you spend and not a spurious one made at the expense of quality.

GINN, COLEMAN & CO.

MORO, OREGON

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

Official Paper for Sherman County.

FRIDAY... December 13, 1918

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Moro, Oregon, July 25, 1891.

C. L. IRELAND... Manager.



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

Mayor N. W. Thompson has declared Tuesday, December 17th, a business holiday in Moro to allow all the local nimrods joining in the annual rabbit hunt of the Moro Rod and Gun Club. All stores will close and business generally suspended while the chase for the nimble cotton tail and jack rabbit is on.

Soldier Traveling in France

The following letter from a soldier in France to Miss Helen Davidson, teacher of domestic science in Moro school, is an interesting travelogue and mentions some new ideas to us that are entertained towards America by the French.

First I'll tell you about my leave. I left camp on the 14th for Nice, but when I arrived in Bordeaux the next day the police turned my leave down, so I took a few days with my brother there, using an old pass to get by with. When I returned to camp they changed my pass to Lyon and I started right back, there being no direct line I was obliged to go across country, changing cars at about every 50 mile point.

At Limoges I had about 15 hours lay over to catch a rapid look over the city. It reminded me a great deal of Seattle, being built more or less on edge. Looks like it might be in the process of being remodeled as many buildings had new fronts on them, widening streets in places, etc. That was one of France's china and porcelain manufacturing cities before

the war and I saw many pretty neat little pieces I would have liked had I the money.

At this place I saw my first sample of the Red Cross work. I've often heard of it, but never been north of here before. They had a kitchen and cafeteria at the station, operated by American women and serving about the same meal as our camp meal, but of course it tasted better because it was prepared by some one else. It cost just 30 cents per meal and was much better than I could touch for \$1 any place else. Inasmuch as my train left at 1:30 a.m. I could not go to a hotel, but was very tired so a lady showed me a hall where they had about 50 beds for just such occasions. I slept well and was called 30 minutes before my train. I can't say too much for the Red Cross.

After leaving Limoges I went on north and east and when I woke the next morning I was up on the high plateau in central France. I thought of making a side trip up to Vichy, but left that for my return trip. About 10 a.m. I got on the southbound Paris - Lyon express and traveled almost as we do in America, arriving in Lyon at 4 p.m., 48 hours after I



Tum-A-Lum Lumber Co.,

H.U. Martin, Manager, Moro