

The Most Popular Machine
in the 1920
Sherman County Harvest Fields
will be the
Holt High Deck Combined Harvester
come in and let me tell you why

Geo. N. Crosfield, Wasco, Ore.

MORO THEATER

Wednesday, August 18th

Crist & Costa's
Genuine Portuguese *Hawaiians*



In Their Dreamy Oriental Fantasy

"Princess of Paradise"

SEE---PRINCESS ALOHA

Sensational Hula Dancer

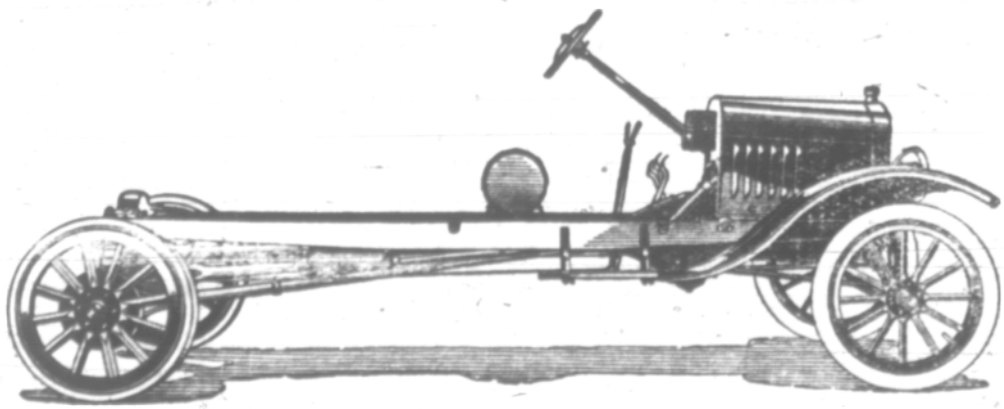
HEAR---Joseph Rigredus

Master of the Steel Guitar

The Greatest of All Hawaiian Shows

ASK THE OWNERS

About the Economical Ford Trucks



Full and Complete line of Genuine Ford Parts

now in stock

DesChutes Motor Co.
R. S. GOFF, MANAGER
Moro, Oregon

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

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

Foreign Advertising Representative
THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

FRIDAY..... August 6, 1920

C. L. IRELAND..... Manager.



"My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet of Liberty."
Official Paper for Sherman County.

In all human probability we shall next winter see a congestion of railroad traffic worse than we had last winter, because the railroads will then be no better prepared to handle traffic than they are now. They cannot get ready before next fall for the large increase in business. Everything which can be handled this summer should be transported at the earliest moment possible. Every private family and every factory which can stock up with coal during the summer should do so. With a steady demand from all coal consumers with a view to supplying next winter's needs, the mines could be kept in regular operation during the summer and the railroads, hampered as they are, would in all probability be able to handle, says Manufacturers' Record. Anyone who puts off buying his supply of coal until next winter is taking a great risk of getting none.

We can give some intelligent thought to a problem of the greatest moment, that of distribution from the farmer to consumer, which shall eliminate some measurable portion of the unnecessary waste seemingly inseparable from present methods, writes Arthur W. Douglas in Nation's Business. We have enough vital problems in the absolutely essential matter of agriculture to keep us engaged for years to come. Meanwhile the farmer, in desperation, seeks to solve them for himself and makes steady headway through co-operative associations.

Sunday night the safe of the Hotel Sherman at Wasco was robbed of about \$281 in money and several hundred dollars in checks by a stranger who sent the night watchman after ice while he waited for the frozen water in the hotel lobby and, incidentally, opened the unlocked safe and helped himself, being gone when the ice was ready for him. The next day the checks were returned by parcel post from Arlington. From descriptions furnished it is thought the robber is a former employee.

Information Wanted

RICHARTZ.—Information wanted of the whereabouts of the heirs and next of kin of GERTRUDE RICHARTZ, who emigrated to the United States in 1892 and who in September, 1892, at Pendleton, Oregon, declared her intentions of citizenship to the United States, at this time a married brother resided in Eastern Oregon.
Address NELSON H. TUNNICLIFF, 115 Broadway, New York City.



Wait for Dr. Freeze, if you need eye service. Trips each month to Moro and other towns.

Always read the Observer.

"LASCA"

The following poem is a brief resume of the thrilling picture story that comes to the Moro Theater on Tuesday, August 17th. The picture is a close adaption of the story told in verse and is rated among the members of the picture world as a "special" feature. Usual prices prevail.

OOOOOOO

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like the shots in a battle,
The melody of horns and hoofs and herds
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love.

And Lasca:
Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.
She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be mauding here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot the air was close oppress,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight,
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word,
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind,
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The mustang flew, we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one;
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your star, if not, good-bye
To the quickening kiss and the longdrawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cotton-wood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were,
Does half my heart lie buried there?
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

—FRANK DESPREZ.

Board of Equalization

Notice: There will be a meeting of the County Board of Equalization for Sherman County, Oregon, at the Court House in Moro on the second Monday in September, that being the 13th day of September, 1920, to publicly examine the Assessment Rolls, correct all errors in valuation, description of lands or other property assessed by me. All petitions must be made in writing and verified by oath of the applicant and filed with the Board within 15 days from the time it is by law required to meet.
Otto Peetz, County Assessor.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank the many friends for their kindness and floral offerings during the illness and death of our wife and daughter.
Mr. W. E. Newton.
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Pinkerton and family.

Notice to Creditors

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the estate of John Sherman Hastings, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Sherman County, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same duly verified as by law required to the undersigned at the office of Bright & Bryant, Moro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.
Dated and first published August 13th, 1920.
Susie I. Hastings, Executrix.
Bright & Bryant, Attorneys for Estate.

Dr. Perry Woods, younger brother to "Uncle" Jas Woods, was visiting in Moro this week from Evanston, Indiana, where Dr. Woods has a long established surgical practice.

Be Sure Your Repairs are Properly Executed

When a tire needs repairing it is best to have the work done by a man who thoroughly understands his business. Amateur repairing often results disastrously and it becomes necessary to buy a new tube or casing.

MORO TIRE SHOP

L. M. Thompson, Proprietor, 3 years at the tire game
Opposite the Moro Hdw & Imp. Co
Vulcanizing Retreading All Work Guaranteed

WE CAN DELIVER

a "490" or "Baby Grand"

CHEVROLET

ANY TIME

ROADS ARE BETTER EACH DAY

MORROW BROS.

WASCO, OREGON

Sherman County Agents for Chevrolet Automobiles

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W. C. HANNA, DUFUR, ORE

FOR BARGAINS IN FARM PROPERTIES

Special Attention Given Wheat and Stock Farm

"It sure will Tickle You"

says the Good Judge



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That's why it really saves you money to use this class of tobacco instead of the ordinary kinds.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
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