

This week a great conference is being held at the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis to develop a state program for the betterment of agriculture. It is a proposal of vital to the future interests of the state that it has enlisted a large number of the best minds of Oregon.

The conference has been planned on broad grounds. Meeting in the discussions of the problems that have been presented are delegations representing the interests of the farmer, business man, banker, cooperative manager, transportation man, and all others who are interested in the economic welfare of the state.

It has been a great "get together" conference in an effort to have every group see the viewpoint of every other group and to blend them together into a state program that can be accepted by every interest for the purpose of advancing the prosperity of all.

Those who attended from Sherman county were L. L. Peetz, J. C. McKean, W. S. Powell, W. H. Ragdale, from Moro; Fred Krurow, S. B. Holmes, John Schassen, from Grass Valley; A. A. Dunlap, J. C. Wilson, J. E. Norton from Kent; H. R. McKean, E. D. McKee, from Wasco.

Two autos containing twelve passengers left Moro last Saturday at 6:30 a. m. for Pendleton where they attended the Umatilla county conference called to consider the formation of a league to aid in the formation of a government wheat export commission. Those in the party were L. L. Peetz, O. L. Belshie, W. H. Ragdale, W. S. Powell, Roy Powell, J. C. McKean, O. G. Sayre, H. B. Pinkerton, A. H. Barnum, Geo. Hennagin, Clarence Sparling, George Mitchell.

To learn as much as possible of the plan to finance and put in action a government wheat export commission, which is believed by many to be the best solution of the grain growers' problems, a county conference of farmers, business men, and all others interested in this question will be held at Moro this next Monday. Those who are interested in calling the conference together confidently expect that there will be close to 600 in attendance. Several from outside the county will be present.

A union of broccoli growers has been formed at Roseburg, the growers affiliated with the Oregon Growers' Cooperative association having signed up with the Umpqua Valley Broccoli Growers for the present year.

The work of remodeling the depot facilities at Oregon City in compliance with an order of the public service commission will be started as soon as authorization is received from the management of the Southern Pacific lines.

Final settlement of the LaFayette State bank, which closed its doors August 30, 1921, will be made Friday. About 4 1/2 per cent on commercial deposits and 99 per cent on savings deposits will be paid, it is expected.

Cleanup of the Roosevelt highway in Tillamook and Coos counties, of the Mount Hood loop, exclusive of the White river bridge; of the John Day highway to Unity and of the Dalles-California highway in Klamath county was adopted as part of its 1924 program by the state highway commission, in session at Portland.

One hundred and fifty Union county farmers sat down at a banquet at a meeting in Imbler, and the meal cost them just 16 cents apiece. Nearly everything on the tables was the product of the farm, and the cost a plate was computed at the price the farmer was paid for the products, plus the labor cost of preparing the food.

Seventy thousand income tax blanks, filling a total of 104 mail sacks, were mailed out by Clyde G. Stuntley, collector of internal revenue at Portland, as official announcement that the income tax paying season is on again. A blank was sent to every individual, corporation and partnership in this district that filed a return for the year 1922.

A decision to call a meeting of wheat growers and business men from all over Oregon to form an organization to support the Wallace plan for the marketing of wheat was reached at Pendleton by representatives of the Umatilla county farm bureau and the Pendleton Commercial association. The state meeting will be held in Pendleton January 19.

PILL BARBER SAYS THE MODERN GIRL MAY KNOW LESS ABOUT MAKING BREAD BUT SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT MAKING DOUGH

Too Much Trouble Not Valid Excuse

Stranger Told Many Farmers Won't be Bothered With Hogs, Sheep, Cows, or Chickens

Much Time and Trouble Saved by Buying Them Ready-to-Use

The following article, written last fall by a transient visiting tourist at Wasco, is printed by the Observer as of more than passing interest to many of our readers. It is worth careful study. The excuses voiced by the farmers interviewed are heard many times each year in all sections of our county. It brings to mind the remark once made by a farmer who, some years ago, lived east of Moro to the effect that "weeds were good for the land" and that he "did not want to be bothered with cows because he couldn't get any one to stay on the farm when he wanted to go fishing." This same farmer fought weeds and kept cows before he was able to leave the farm for an easy time in town. If he had not changed his viewpoint, he might not now have the easy time he enjoys so well. This is a copy of a letter written by a tourist stopping at Hotel Sherman, Wasco, and left with us by R. C. Atwood.

This is written by one who might, appropriately, by some, be called a tourist; I am a stranger in your community, in your county, and in your state. On my way from California by way of the central Oregon route I happened to stop over night at the town of Crescent. That night was the end of a hard day's drive, but with a good rest was ready the next day for another drive equally as trying. When discussing my next stop with residents of that place a stranger told me of the Hotel Sherman at Wasco in which an acquaintance of his by the name of Atwood, was interested. He guaranteed me that I would be well treated. Well, here I am at Wasco and he was right.

I arrived in plenty of time for dinner and from the courteous treatment by the landlord I believe I would have gotten my dinner even though I had been hours later. After I registered, and had my room with both assigned to me, I had my car stored for the night just across the street. On my return to the desk at the hotel the landlord took my grips and preceded me to the second floor, and upon entering the room, the first glance told me I would have a good rest that night, as the room was clean and in order, the bath tub had been thoroughly scoured, plenty of towels, also plenty of individual cakes of soap, hot and cold water, in fact every convenience to be had in a Michigan city.

After scrubbing up, I went down to the dining room where I was received pleasantly by one of the young lady waitresses, who must have been coached as to how I was to be treated, even though so late coming into the dining room, as it is not often one receives such marked attention these days when every one has his eye on the time piece, and just wants to get by.

And as to the excellent chef-d'oeuvre, he is great, his way of fixing up teebone steaks is little short of a miracle, his stuffed baked potatoes are something one could look forward to from one meal to another, but his apple pies has nectar and ambrosia pushed out of the way and forgotten. The crust doesn't need to be carved, chiseled or scooped, but as a confection is browned to a turn, flaky and full of taste. Oh! I'll not forget the chef at the Hotel Sherman. (We called them cooks in the olden days.)

After this dandy dinner I seated myself in one of those large easy chairs in the lobby, and listened to those who were seated near by, and found it very interesting learning about how the farmers do their harvesting and general farming in this great grain country.

Myself coming from what we call in the east a good farming community in southwest Michigan, I began to warm up and make inquiries as what was the principal crops raised, as well as the different kinds of live stock raised on these rolling hills.

One of the gentlemen was a large rancher, on or near a place called Gordon ridge, and the other was living on the John Day river farther east, and near the Webfoot school.

The former answering my question, said Oh yes, we raise wheat exclusively, of the turkey red variety, which is usually sown any time from August 15th to November 1st of each year. I questioned, don't you raise any corn? Oh no, too much trouble, only a patch now and then for roasting ears. Don't you raise any oats? Lord no! we have them ship our oats in from California. Can't you raise them? Oh yes! but it is a lot of trouble to raise oats and barley, as we always have to change the riddles in the harvesters after threshing wheat, which is extra trouble and takes time. When you have a gang of men loafing around you can't be changing spives and riddles all the time.

And you tell me that you can't raise barley in this country with a profit to yourselves, with wheat selling at eighty cents per bushel. No, the most of our barley is shipped in from St. Paul, Minnesota, which only costs us laid down at Wasco from \$45.00 to \$60.00 per ton rolled. Even at this seemingly high price, it is

cheaper than raising the peaky stuff ourselves, as being a side issue it breaks into the wheat raising game, and on account of the barley having such short straw, and long beards, the bird help during harvest object to working with it, which is rather embarrassing for the employer, to be obliged to take the matter up with the help.

In fact it is too much trouble to monkey with such small piddling crops as oats and barley, and again there is always a lull in the market during the fall and early winter, consequently the price is not in accordance with wheat, and for this reason alone, it is better to have wheat to put on the market in the fall so that one can pay their store bills, and possibly buy a few tires if needed for the winter season. And again if we had the barley or oats we would be obliged to carry them over to use during the summer-fallowing season, and think of the interest you would be losing on all this amount, and again we are not using any horses now on the ranches, as caterpillars, or gas machinery are taking the place of horses now-a-days.

I said to them, this must be a wonderful country where one needs arrange for only one crop of grain each year, and that can be planted and reaped without the use of horses.

Do you have much dairying in this country? Oh yes! Down on the coast, and in the western part of the state, but here we can't bother with three or four cows and calves, as it requires too much time, and forces us ranchers to be at home night and morning, rain or shine, to do the stripping, and feed the calves; and again one never gets away to a picture show, let alone going to the coast for a short vacation, or to the Pendleton Round-up, or any old place, all these who have cows have to do is just milk night and morning, feed the calves in their season, and gather the barnyard odor day in and day out. We think a rancher should have a little recreation as well as a banker or brick layer.

Where do you get milk for your family? Oh! we buy it at the store by the case, which answers the purpose just as well as though we had the cows to bother with.

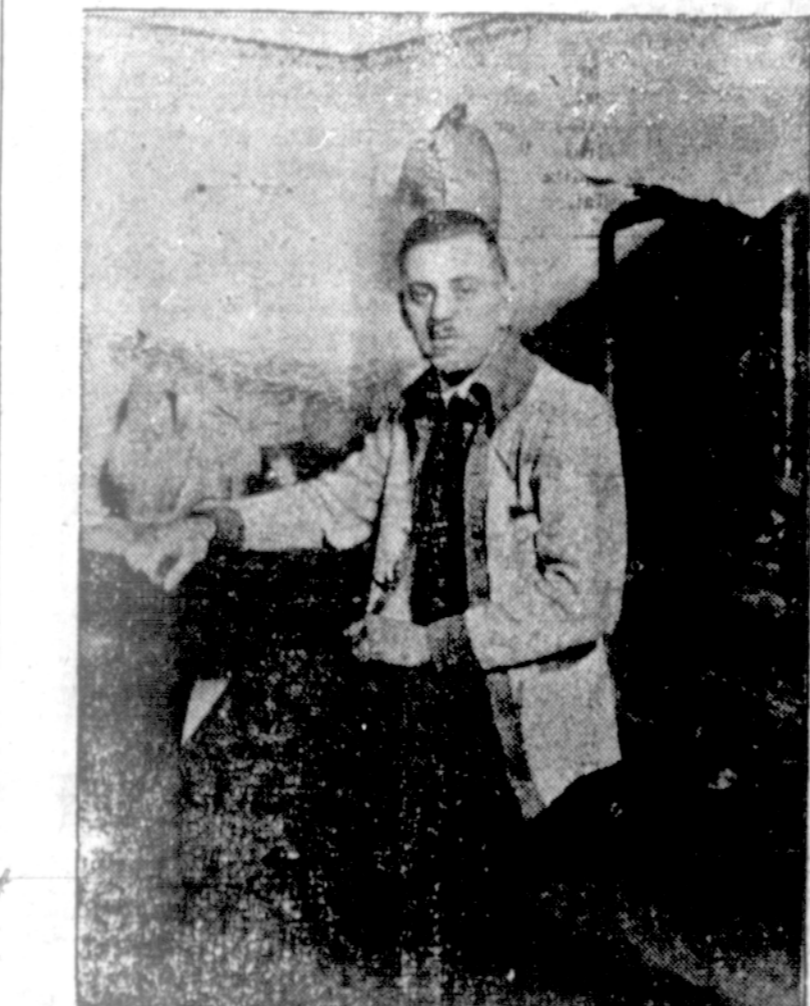
Do you raise many hogs? Not on your life! Not me. One of the gentlemen answered me. We would have to hog fence our ranches, which would cost more than we would make in a life time raising hogs. And besides look at the trouble we would have running after the hogs, and the feed it would take three times per day and the time it takes to feed and butcher, and besides we would have to keep a few fleet dogs to dog the hogs out of the field. This all costs, and takes time and creates an immense amount of trouble. One of the gentlemen spoke up and said, no hogs for me, I would be like one of my neighbors, I would take a gun and shoot the first one I saw on the ranch.

Well how do you get your supply of pork, for winter or every day use? We get it at the stores, good bacon all done up in nice fly proof cloth for only from 50c to 60c per pound, and hams put up in the same manner for 60c to 60c per pound, which is quite reasonable, considering the great amount of trouble one has in raising hogs.

Where do the stores get this pork? From Chicago or Kansas city. Why should we worry where it comes from as long as it fills the bill and suits our tastes?

I cannot see why you people here should not raise your own hogs and save the freight to and from Chicago, besides the packers profits, and a dozen other whackups with the so

My two informants becoming tired



AN AMERICAN WHO IS SERVING TIME IN A GERMAN PRISON. Lieut. Corlies H. Griffin, one of the two Americans who attempted to kidnap Grover C. Bergdoll, draft evader, and was given a "relatively light" sentence by the judge.

called middleman. Oh! it is as broad as it is long, we can raise the wheat, and buy the pork and save all the trouble heretofore stated. As it is we do not need a smoke house, or do not have to buy canned smoke or trouble salting down, and take chances on the pork not keeping, just take off the wrapping paper, which only weighs a few pounds, and the lovely morsel is ready for eating.

Sheep? There is not two hundred sheep in our county. Why? Oh! we could only keep a few head, and as I said before, too much trouble to bother with. And wool at 45c per pound, and an increase of nearly 100 per cent in your flock, and one of the best weeding machines in the world, and still it does not pay. I do not understand you farmers. It seems that every thing is too much trouble in this country.

How about poultry? Have you any real poultry farms here? No not any real poultry ranches, although a few ranches have a few chickens, but as a rule the chickens don't pay. They only lay in the spring, and then eggs are only worth 25c to 35c per dozen, and when eggs are 50c to 65c per dozen they don't lay, and all in all they are a nuisance, always scratching around where they are not wanted. Is there no sale for chickens in this country? Oh! yes, 25c to 30c in Portland, but after one has to make crates to ship them, and get them caught out of the tree tops, and work half the night, it is worth all you can get after paying the freight and other expenses. And again in raising chickens, one has to have an incubator, and there is danger of setting the place on fire, burning up all the eggs, chickens, as well as the whole darned ranch. And if every thing goes well with the hatching, the next thing that happens the youngsters all get the Gaps, and the next thing, they are all being eat up with the Mites, and so goes the chicken business, trouble, trouble, and time.

I find that a great many of these so-called ranchers actually buy the eggs they use on their table, along with their shipped in bacon, ham, butter and potatoes.

They tell me that the ranchers will not buy their neighbors' butter, as they claim it will not keep as sweet as the shipped in product. They also informed me that the principal part of the bread used in this country is shipped in already baked. All the stores in the country towns sell bread at 10 and 15c per loaf, which the housewives claim is about as cheap as though it was baked on the ranch taken into account the fuel and water, and perhaps some light, time and trouble. I asked myself, can this be true? My father being a miller, I have heard him say that a barrel of flour would make 290 one pound loaves of bread, which would bring at 10c each \$29.00 when retailed out to the consumer. Now if we can buy a barrel of flour for say \$9.00 we would be saving \$20.00 less a trifle for fuel, providing our housewives did their own baking. From the conversation I have had with these gentleman farmers, it seems that the great question now pending is the great volume of trouble confronting them in each and every thing they undertake. In fact it impressed me to such an extent, that I took the liberty to ask if many of the farmers here in this country wore clothes, shirts and overalls? O yes! such as they have. Why do you ask? For the reason that every thing you have to do, seems to be so much trouble in this country.

But I suppose one must remember we have federal as well as state laws, that must be obeyed, otherwise we might all be subject to criticism. My greatest wonder is how these farmers can make ends meet, by raising only one commodity crop each year (wheat) and expect to make a profit after taking every expense necessary to live out of the wheat bin. Our Michigan farmers would not last through the first season if they were to follow the methods of the Sherman county farmer.

My two informants becoming tired



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Moro Trading Co.

of my questions arose, and said that they were glad to have met me, of which I have some times had my doubts.

Well, after my friends were gone I sat thinking what an opportunity for many good live men who would like the chance of carving out a home, men who never think of the word trouble, men who pay no attention to the sun, only that it may shine early in the morning, and go out of sight late in the evening, this is the kind of men who should have a chance in this glorious country, and we have plenty of men in the middle western states who would be glad to cast their lot with you people, if they only knew the conditions here as they exist.

After finishing my cigar, I became drowsy, and decided to hit the hay, as you western people express yourselves when you wish to retire. I could not have been in the hay more than twenty minutes, when I was startled, and raised up in bed and wondered where I was, and if I were dreaming. At first I thought I was at the Hay-market riot in Chicago, back in 1884. But after rubbing my eyes and convincing myself that I was sure awake, I found that it was only a few out of town people who had been to a picture show. From the sound and the noise made near the hotel and directly under my window, I think that all the one, two, three, four, five, six, and all the way up to sixteen cylinder cars made since Selcon took out his first patent was in the parade from ten thirty to four o'clock a. m. in the morning. The cars that were being demonstrated last night had all their cut-outs open, also their cylinder rings were so set that on every half cycle she would back fire, this of course would help draw the attention of the bystander, or the poor tired traveler who went to the hay to get a good night's rest.

The operators doing this difficult demonstration surely wanted the on-lookers to know that they were some drivers, and if necessary could climb a tree.

Talk about horns, it is simply impossible to describe the noise this bunch of would-be chauffeurs made, each trying to out do the others, with their horns of every description, police whistles, electric horns, sirens, calliope, and cow bells, finally they wore themselves out, and things became quiet once more.

The next morning while at breakfast, two gentlemen came in and seated themselves at my table, and as soon as the opportunity presented itself, I took the liberty to inquire if the hullabaloo the night before was an unusual affair, and the gentleman at my left said that it was not at all unusual. When I asked how any one was expected to sleep, he said that they merely had to get accustomed to such out bursts of gayety, which generally took from four to six months.

I then inquired if the city had no ordinance prohibiting such a nuisance, and the party on my right stated that the city aldermen looked upon it with more favor than one might think, as it gave the stranger or tourist who comes this way the impression that the city was a great deal like Butte, Montana, in the old days when they worked three eight hour shifts each day; good business, splendid energy, and plenty of pep.

At this, the young man on my left said that one of the milling companies of Wasco, (the manager) told him that they had sold more cracked corn, shipped from Iowa for chicken feed during the last few months, than ever before at this time of year. Judging from what I have seen and heard, especially last night, I am afraid that the poor chickens have not been getting their share of cracked corn.

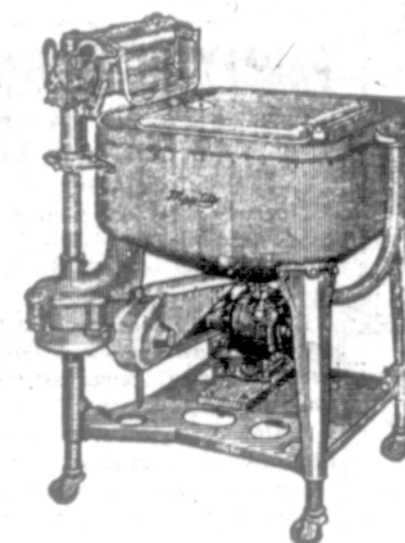
Yours Truly, Putnam Putterbaugh, Pokegon, Michigan.

Thought for the Day. Some people aim at nothing and hit the mark every time.

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