

SHERMAN COUNTY OBSERVER

Oregon Historical Society
Auditorium

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TORNADO REVIVES LEGEND OF INDIANS

junction of Rivers Believed
Protection From Gales.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Indian superstitions, many of which have gone with the red man, often reappear and their return sometimes is strongly linked with scientific phenomena.

Centuries ago when tornadoes swept through the forests and erased Indian villages a belief grew up among the Indians that certain areas were protected from the dread destroyers.

Indians held to a belief that tornadoes were powerless against territories immediately surrounding the junction of rivers; that the river gods protected these spots.

The legend was revived among old settlers here in 1920 when a tornado swept through Allen county, destroying two small towns and doing millions of dollars of damage. Thirteen persons were killed by the twister and thirty-four injured. The revival of the legend came when the tornado, sweeping on a straight line toward Fort Wayne, suddenly lifted, passing over the city, only to drop to earth again 15 miles away to destroy a village.

Fort Wayne stands at the junction of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's rivers, which together flow into the Maumee. Patrick McDonough, government meteorologist at Fort Wayne, said that any influence that rivers would have upon a tornado would be atmospheric, and discounted the Indian legend that rivers ward off heavy winds.

"There are tornadoes in the spring and early summer every year," he said, "and Indians have had several which took many lives and razed much property. In every tornado there is a freak or series of freaks. As a matter of fact, the tornado itself is a freak, of which we know little. If there is anything to the legend it is due to atmospheric conditions existing in those localities which the storm missed."

But the old-timers who saw the black funnel bearing down on Fort Wayne, saw it lift and sweep over the city, to dive eastward beyond the city, still believe in the Indian legend.

Wholesale Destruction of Trout Caused by Storm

Cumberland, Md.—Wholesale destruction of trout in a mountain stream near the headwaters of the south branch of the Potomac, in Frederick county, W. Va., is reported by local anglers who had motored to the stream for an outing. A cloud-burst robbed them of the pleasure an hour before they arrived on the scene. The cloud-burst made the stream a small river of thick mud and sediment in an instant, and the trout were literally choked to death. Thousands of trout, the anglers said, lined the bank, dead, while others, their distended mouths filled with mud, were lying on the surface of the water.

The floods of March and May, 1926, fishermen say, killed all the bass in the north branch of the Potomac, which was rapidly being restocked.

Town Shuns Pillar "Cursed" 46 Years Ago

Augusta, Ga.—For 46 years people have walked around an old pillar projecting out of a sidewalk here because no one had the nerve to move it. In 1878 an itinerant preacher pronounced a curse on the old market house. He said it would be destroyed and anyone who disturbed the pillars would be struck by lightning.

Next day a tornado razed the building and left one pillar. When workmen clearing away the debris started on the lone pillar there was a terrific explosion and so one would go near the spot again, even after it was learned that a joker had touched off a giant firecracker.

Former Newsboy to Put Up \$8,000,000 Building

New York.—A. E. Lefcourt, real estate operator, who was once a newsboy and now owns four Broadway corners between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, has purchased the Consolidated Stock Exchange building in the Wall street district. He said he will erect a 30-story office building, which, with the property, will represent an investment of between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000.

Poet in Prison

Lima, Peru.—"The singer of America, aboriginal and wild," is to spend three years in prison. Jose Santos Chonno, poet laureate of Peru, has been sentenced for killing Edwin H. Moore, an American, in a literary dispute.

Girl Offers to Wed Anyone With \$2,000

Lewiston, Maine.—Wanted: A husband and \$2,000. That's all a beautiful twenty-two-year-old girl requires for her happiness. She is willing to sell herself in matrimony to any man who will sign a check and a marriage license the same day. The girl is Miss R. Simard of this city. Her unselfish wish to marry for \$2,000 is the result of the poverty of her family. She is the oldest of nine children and her father is unable to work because of illness. Miss Simard will reveal her first name when she becomes engaged.

FARMERS WANT REASON FOR DISCRIMINATION

L. M. Rhodes, commissioner of the Florida state marketing bureau, published the following significant facts and comments in the state bulletin under date of July 15.

Every time the sun sets the farmers of the United States have added \$30,000,000 to the wealth of the nation, yet every day since 1910 the agricultural indebtedness has increased on an average of \$1,450,000.

While only 4 per cent of the farmers and laborers on farms are in the United States, they produce 70 per cent of the corn, 60 per cent of the cotton, 50 per cent of the tobacco, 50 per cent of the citrus fruits, 25 per cent of the wheat, 20 per cent of the oats, 13 per cent of the flax and 7 per cent of the potatoes of the world. This is undeniable evidence of efficient and abundant production, but the cash earnings of the farmers are smaller than all other workers. The average of all workers is \$1,415 per capita.

From 1914 to 1925 the deposits in all banks in the United States increased from \$21,359,842,316 to \$51,892,932,000. In spite of these facts there were 915 bank failures in 1924, which was 272 more than failed in the panic of 1893, most of them in agricultural sections. Farmers are wondering if our present banking laws were intended to protect banks in farming sections, and if our financial system applies to agriculture. If not, why not?

Many farmers in the United States wonder if it were fair or wise to make it easy for them to get into debt through farm loan legislation and deflate both the currency and the prices of farm products, as was done in 1920, so they could not pay their debts and must lose billions in depreciation in land values.

Farmers do not understand why our government will lend billions to foreign countries, and give them five or six decades in which to pay it back at from one-fourth to one-half the interest rate that is charged the farmer. In other words they want to know why foreign countries can be rehabilitated with United States government money at less than half the interest rate, and have twice as long to pay back as our own farmers.

Being neither fools nor mendicants they wonder why congress would pass the Adamson law which shortened the hours of railroad laborers from 10 to 12 to 8 hours and added \$237,000,000 annually to their wages, and the Esch-Cummings act, creating a labor board and increasing wages on our railroads \$487,000,000 per year, necessarily increasing freight rates on farm products. Also why after passing the immigration law, protecting labor, congress should then prohibit over farm relief measures, declaring them class legislation.

They also wonder, when they read in the reports of the federal trade commission that one per cent of the population of the United States owns 59 per cent of the wealth, and 13 per cent of the population owns 90 per cent of the wealth, while 87 per cent of the population owns only 10 per cent of the wealth—they wonder if everybody who creates wealth is receiving a square deal.

Another Diplomat

Five-year-old William, the son of religious parents, has been taught that Sunday is not a day for play. One Sunday his mother was surprised and horrified to find him sailing his toy boat in the bathtub.

"William!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know it's wicked to sail boats on Sunday?"

"Now don't get excited, mother," was the calm reply. "This isn't any pleasure excursion. This is a missionary boat going to darkest Africa."—The Open Road.

Suspicious of Columbus

Columbus had returned to Spain bringing news of a wonderful new land across the sea.

"How much shall I write on it?" queried the maritime reporter of the *Cadiz Evening Bulletin*.

"Don't write anything," replied the city editor. "Let Columbus pay for his advertising if he wants any. It's probably a real estate promotion scheme."—New York University Medical.

Prabable Reason

"Well! well! Look at that fellow running and turning his head first one way, then the other, as he flees!" exclaimed a guest. "What do you suppose he is doing that for?"

"Not knowing the gent, can't say for certain," replied the landlord of the tavern at Peeweecondyump, "but probably it is because he ain't able to turn it both ways at once."—Kansas City Times.

County Notes

Items of General News
Concerning Wasco

Mrs. S. A. McCoy is a visitor from Pasadena at the home of her son, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Elliott.

Elmer Haines, who was disabled by a serious attack of dysentery, was able to resume work this week.

Wilma May of Bend is the guest of Norma Feldman this week. The May family left Wasco about a year ago.

Homer S. Wall, county engineer, returned the first of the week from Seaside, where the family is enjoying a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryan were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Crothers at a show and dinner at The Dalles on Sunday evening.

John Simpson of Portland spent several days in and about Wasco last week, including a visit at the Burra farm which he formerly owned.

The Wasco no-News Enterprise has again resumed publishing local items. Clyde Gilmore has been secured to assist in operating the enterprise.

Frank Medlar and wife left Sunday on a ten day vacation auto tour of the Camp Sherman, McKenzie highway and the Willamette valley districts.

Mr. Shull, foreman on the M. B. Cooper farm, is able to be on the job again after a considerable disability from a horse kick in the abdomen last week.

Monday afternoon a grass fire near the Sam Brock house caused a fire alarm to be turned in, but was out before the fire truck, in a mad rush about town, reached the place.

Max Venable and Miss Beula Robman, both residents of this city, were married at Goldendale last Saturday afternoon. Rev. D. A. Story, pastor of the Goldendale Methodist church, performed the ceremony.

B. A. Suran, warehouse employee for the Independent Warehouse Co., sustained a badly wrenched foot on Thursday when a wheel sank into his foot. Suran is visiting in Portland during his enforced lay off.

The crushed rock surface is now being placed upon the Klondike road. That portion from the crusher to the Klondike corners has been finished. The entire road is expected to be completed soon after September first.

Swan West, powder monkey at the county rock quarry, had the skin of both arms peppered with sand and fine rock when a charge went off prematurely Tuesday noon. He was brought to Wasco for treatment by Dr. Wonderlick.

Glenn Maurer of Wasco and Miss Jessica Hoskinson of Moro were married in this city Sunday evening. Rev. B. L. Hicks, pastor of the Wasco Christian church officiating. The bride was accompanied by Miss Marjory Ginn of Moro.

F. H. Cole, employed on the M. B. Cooper farm, while leading a cow had a rope wind about a finger and tighten. It was feared that the member had been broken, but an x-ray proved it sound. Cole spent the week end in Portland with his wife.

A third wedding event that concerns local residents of this city is the unconfirmed report that David Brown and Mrs. Eric Davis were quietly married at The Dalles last Saturday. Their friends are waiting more definite word before arranging for the inevitable reception.

Wade Hull, mechanic with the Hugg Shull threshing outfit in Gilliam county, was brought to Wasco Saturday for treatment when an empty oil drum rolled off the combine and struck him on the head, inflicting a severe scalp laceration and shock. He was able to return to his work on Sunday, however.

Sunday evening the fire bell summoned the local department to the Campbell house in the north west part of town where a fire is said to have been in some clothing while the family was out. The report was sent in by neighbors who saw the fire. When the family returned home later they wondered what made the house topsy turvy.



Steady advertising is a business asset.

ATLANTIC'S GREAT "FLOATING ISLANDS"

Monster Liners Have All
Shore Comforts.

Washington.—"Crossing the Atlantic has become different from what it was when the first steamship made the passage barely three generations ago, or even when men and women not yet old made their first transit," says a bulletin from the Washington headquarters of the National Geographic society. "The larger ships have come to be called 'ocean ferries,' and the name is in many ways appropriate. You do not expect to be tossed about much on a ferry; and you needn't be shaken up much now in crossing the Atlantic unless you choose the stormiest seasons. Ferries run on close schedules; and when you go aboard a crack trans-Atlantic liner nowadays you know pretty well within a few hours when you will step ashore 3,200 miles away.

"The two biggest of them are practically great wandering steel islands that, defying the usual rules of geography, make themselves now a part of the Eastern hemisphere, now a part of the Western. Their length approaches 1,000 feet, almost a fifth of a mile; their beams are 100 feet, as wide as a boulevard. Many a proud building, housing the population of a town, rises from a land area smaller than the hulls of these great ships.

Populations of Towns.
"The ships are themselves practically great buildings, whose 'land' as well as their superstructures was fashioned by man; and they, too, house the population of a town. When you cross to Europe on such a boat it is no longer a matter of being marooned for a week or ten days with a small group of people. It is as though you spent six fleeting days (they are days of 23 hours) in a town whose population was far above the average in culture, prosperity, and intelligence; whose government functioned perfectly; and which maintained numerous attendants to look after your comfort.

"There are few shore comforts that you cannot have on such a ship. You sleep in beds, not bunks. There is running water in your stateroom. You dine as you would at a great land hostelry, and you will feel uncomfortable if you are not prepared to dress the part of a metropolitan diner. There are good orchestras which play for tea and for dances in a great ballroom each evening. The promenade deck on which you take your walks is nearly a quarter mile in circuit. There are numerous deck games, including two sorts of deck tennis, and even golf tournaments for the championship of the boat. On the lowest deck is a large swimming pool. There is a card room for votaries of bridge; a well-stocked library; and a smoking room that surpasses in comfort that of many an exclusive club. There is a barber, a hair-dresser, a tailor, a doctor and dispensary, of course. Whether you are well or ill, and whether you crave mental diversion, athletic sports, or luxurious ease, you can find what you wish.

Power Houses of the Sea.
"Operating a ship of this sort is a tremendous enterprise. In the linen closets and in use are close to 200,000 pieces of linen. On the trip from New York to Cherbourg the biggest liners might throw overboard a piece of linen every three seconds, leaving a 'bare and bound' trail of towels, sheets, stewards' aprons, and the like entirely across the Atlantic, no two pieces many feet apart. And the ship would arrive on the other side with several thousand pieces left.

"Far down in the hull of such a ship, in the section seen by few passengers and well below the water line, is the tremendous, complicated machinery that shifts these 'islands' from hemisphere to hemisphere; in effect, huge power houses.

"Four great shafts 16 1/2 inches through and more than 100 feet long are spinning around at 180 revolutions per minute, nakedly between their bearings and the turbines that turn them. Toward the rear of the hull you see them disappear through the steel wall. Just outside, fixed rigidly to the shafts, the big propellers are churning, pushing nearly 60,000 tons of steel and humanity through the ocean at 25 miles an hour. The briny ocean trickles in about these final shaft bearings in sturdy streams. You ask the chief engineer about it with some nervousness. He laughs reassurance above the din. It is necessary that the packing be not too tight. And the pumps are always busy. They suck up these rills and many more like them and spew the water back into the sea.

"As a matter of fact the machinery reaches out into the ocean and specks the sea into the ships in gargantuan gulps. A pipe three feet through is the intake. Through it are pumped 22,000 tons of sea water per hour to condense the steam. As soon as it has served its purpose out it is pushed on the other side.

"The hull has a double bottom. Between the two floors are pumped before each voyage 6,000 tons of fresh water to serve machinery and passengers."

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