There Are Chances For All

Fred Lockley in the Oregon Journal writes:

While on the train recently en route from Lostine, in Wallowa county, to La Grande, I noticed at Imbler a passenger who got on the train. He came down the aisle of the car and said, "Move over; I'll sit with you." I had been taking a nap, for I had missed considerable sleep during the preceding few days. I moved over and closed my eyes as though to continue my nap. Though my eyes seemed closed I was studying my seatmate closely. He was an out of doors man, probably a farmer. His hair was white. He had a short white beard. He had a straightforward and honest look. I thought to myself, "He is an old timer in Oregon. Originally he came from Illinois, Indiana or Ohio. He is about 70 years old. He works hard and probably owns a small ranch."

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I opened my eyes, sat up and said, "What do you raise—wheat or stock?" He looked at me appraisingly and said, "Both." "Hogs or cattle?" I asked. "Clydesdale horses," he responded. "I don't raise anything but registered stock. Don't eat any more than scrub stock, and brings a better price." "What is your name? I think I have met you before," I said. "S. L. Brooks is my name, but you never saw me before, nor I you." "How long have you lived at Imbler?" Since 1873. Where is your home, and what do you do? he answered. "I live in Portland. How did you happen to sit with me when there are quite a few vacant seats?" "Well, sir, when I travel I generally size up the passengers and pick out one that looks intelligent or interesting. You looked interesting, so I picked you out to sit with. What line of business do you follow?" "I am trying to help put Oregon over the top in the War Stamp drive."

* * *

"How did your wheat turn out?" I said. "Just fair. It should have run 40 bushels to the acre, but it didn't. I put in 175 acres of wheat. I did it all myself—plowed and harrowed every acre and put in the wheat, didn't hire a cent's worth of work done on it and not a person did a lick of work on it but myself. That ain't so bad for a man who has celebrated his seventy-third birthday. I netted a little better than $5000 from it when all expenses for seed and feed and harvesing were paid. Do you happen to know of any other man who is 73 years old who has done every lick of work on 175 acres?

* * *

"Say, do you know these husky young chaps in their twenties and thirties who think they will starve if they can't find a job make me tired? Yes, sir; they sure fatigue me. Why don't they rent a farm and raise what they eat? They wouldn't be always wondering if their boss was going to lay them off or reduce their salary. They would not have to punch a time clock and let somebody that was smarter than they are turn their sweat into profit

* * *

"I was born in Ohio, back in 1845 I came out to the Grande Ronde valley in 1873. I didn't have any money. It took all I had to get out here. I rented a farm on shares There are thousands of farms or ranches young fellows can get hold of in that way. They are talking about finding jobs for returned soldiers. If a lot of these bankers and money loaners would rent their idle land, or if the government would stake our soldiers on government land on easy terms, there wouldn't be any problem of unemployment.

"I bought 160 acres of school land near Imbler at $1.25 an acre That was $200 for the quarter section. But I got easy terms of payment from the state. I bought out the people that thought I was an easy mark for paying $2.50 to $5 an acre for their ranches. I added to my first farm till I had 600 acres Then I started to buying land across the river from my home place till I had 1000 acres more. Everybody thought I had a screw loose because I claimed the land would raise wheat. They thought it was only good for pasture. I am raising 40 bushels of wheat to the acre on that pasture land. I can get from $150 to $200 an acre for that land that cost me from $1.25 to $5 an acre. Pretty soon I quit buying farm land and put my spare money into timberland, so when a sawmill located near me I got a good price for my timber. Chances are just as good today as they ever were if a man will be thrifty, and saving and is willing to work.

* * *

"I am going to spend a little of the money I made this year on wheat, in travel. I am going back to Ohio, and to Vermont, Florida and Southern California. I want to save money so I will have it to spend. There is nothing in hoarding it, any more than in wasting it.

* * *

"Say, you haven't told me your name yet or what you do." "My name is Fred Lockley." "I take it all back," he said. "I know you as well as if we were neighbors. I have been reading what you write, for years. Say, shake hands. I had a hunch I had picked out somebody that could tell me something interesting. Say, tell me all about France."

We have with us from now on, Miss Rose Zweifel, whom Mr. Cole taught the soda fountain business. Now, if it's good things to eat you want with the best of service you will always go to the

PALACE CONFECTIONERY

"HOBOKEN IS NEXT STOP."

Favorite Refrain of Yanks at Embarkation Port.

The embarkation building at Bordeau, through which all troops leaving for America from this port pass, is only one of those immense corrugated warehouses lining the banks of the Gironde, that have according to the French, sprung up like magic since America entered the war. Yet in the building 15 men abreast could rush a 60-yard race. Three thousand men can be fed before embarking on the boat for America without straining its capacity.

Of course there are never 3000 people in the building at one time, for as soon as one train load is fed and checked off and received the parting gifts of the American Red Cross, the men file up the gangplanks, some of them bubbling over with laughter and throwing out remarks at every step. The favorite refrain is "The next stop is Hoboken." Then some one calls out, "Who won the war?" and always the crowd yells back, "The M. P.'s." Or when the men passing up the gangway file by Red Cross girls who stand at all the entrances to the ship, giving each soldier a handkerchief, two packages of cigarettes, two packages of cookies, etc., at the very instant when he takes his last step in French land, more than one fighter repeats the soldiers' pet phrase: "I'll tell the world." Another saying, "Thank you" for a handkerchief, exclaimed, "Gee, this will save the sleeves of my new uniform." And another, "I haven't seen a rag like this for four months." And again and again is heard, "I guess we are sorry for ourselves, are we not? Yes, we are not." "Oh, you Statue of Liberty," "Vive les United States," and "The next stop is Hoboken."

However, there were others who went very quietly, lying on stretchers carried by the stretcher-bearers of the regular hospital corps which has been assigned to this building, and still others who hobbled along, their spirits wonderfully bright considering what the shells and bullets had done to their bodies, and last of all, a group of the greatest tragedies of the war. These are what the doctors standing at the checking-out table called "mental cases," and only a Dostoievski would have sensed what war going in in their minds. Even a boy who was carried by, with both legs missing, his right arm shot off and two of the fingers of his left hand gone, did not fill the heart with pity as did the group of "mental cases." None of them could tell his own name. Thir smileless, timid and tragic faces were deadly serious, as though the mere business of marching along, one behind the other, were enough of a problem to absorb all of their mental energy. Each one was accompanied by a soldier detailed to look after him.

To get a picture of the scene as a whole in and around the embarkation building when a boat is about to sail, one must start off early in the morning. The road along the river out to Bassens in this rainy season is a rough, uneven succession of mud holes, through which innumerable trucks pound heavily, throwing out waves of mud so that the front of the buildings on either side are coated solidly and most of the travelers on this active thoroughfare are spotted by the mud thrown up on every side. Between the road and the river long freight trains are shunted back and forth and outside the huge red warehouses are piles of material which can stand the weather. American soldiers, going to and from their work, wade wearily through the mud; careless of decorations with which the passing cars adorn them.

One must arrive at the embarkation building before 8 o'clock, for the road is closed and only the ambulances carrying the stretcher cases to the boat, and a certain number of trucks bringing well men from points not on the railroad line are allowed to use the road. The building itself is divided into three sections, the largest one naturally for the well men, the smaller for the stretcher cases, men with dressings and men without dressing, crutch cases and walking cases the other section section. Before they arrive the officers in charge and their men have everything ready. There are the stretcher bearers with red brassards, the transportation men, the soldiers, assigned to make sandwiches for the convalescents and to serve them with hot coffee. The word is passed that the train is coming. In the kitchen off the room set aside for the stretcher cases, soldiers are busily making and piling up hundreds and hundreds of sandwiches and making cans of coffee so large that two soldiers can with difficulty carry them.

The 16-car hospital train has been switched onto the track that runs along the platform of the building. As it approaches the transportation hospital, officers and Red Cross men take their positions on the platform, while inside the building soldiers, Red Cross nurses and canteen workers prepare to serve the men. The train backs slowly in, the officer in charge of embarkation speaks briskly to the officer in charge of the train: "stretcher cases first," but it turns out that there are no stretcher cases on his train, and the order is changed to "walking case with dressings." Another officer calls out, "Tell the men to get their mess cups ready," and from car to car the order is given.

First of all the sergeant climbs out of the car and stands at attention ready to open the door at the word of command. Then men file out in single file into the room where the American Red Cross cooperating with the army, has made ready for the convalescents, and as they enter the door of the building, they are immediately served with coffee and sandwiches and their places on the setees, which have been arranged in such a way that the members of each company are from the center of the room, are taken first, so that up to the time the room is filled it is not necessary for any soldier to crowd past another soldier.

But already at the other end of the building men are coming in, not on the train, but from a steady stream of ambulances which drive into the long building and unload the stretcher cases at the door of the room which these men in particular to which the Red Cross women devote their careful attention. The nurses are there to see if a bandage has gone wrong or if a boy needs any professional assistance, and the other Red Cross women assist in giving the men their breakfast and passing them cigarettes, pajamas, tooth brushes, or any other gift which a boy may need on the voyage. Some of the men are still too sick to be cheerful, but more than one, with a leg gone or with some other tragic proof of the splendid part he has played in the war, showed that whatever the bache had done to him they had not succeeded in lowering his spirits.

It took exactly 35 minutes to unload the hospital train and to give the boys a good warm breakfast, and then with the same systematic orderliness, in single file, each group as the officer in command called for it, walked across the bridges that lead from the embarkation building to the checking-off building on the docks. Even here there was no pause. As each group approached, the officer in command handed the list of his men to the checking-off officers, for no man can pass out onto the dock unless his name is on the passenger list, and even then after he gets on the boat he is again checked off. After the men had walked across the dock to the gang way, they received the last gifts which the Red Cross women hand to every soldier as he leaves for home.

As soon as the first train and the first group of ambulances had unloaded about 1000 men and they had gone through the regular channels onto the boat, another train was seen pulling up to the embarkation building, and again the same orderly systematic movement was repeated, until the boat which in the early morning light had looked empty, now bristled with happy soldiers, proud, and justly so, of their share in the world's war.

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CAPT. SMITH.

INSPECTION TRIPS DEVELOP INTEREST IN LIVE STOCK

(Continued from Page 1)

ing side lights on the "stock" business. Our friend, J. G. Snodgrass, seems to have aspirations to become a stockman, but he did not tell us what kind of stock he was most interested in. However, he gave us a very instructive talk on the purpose of the Oregon chamber of commerce. Mr. Maris, state leader of county agents, told us briefly what farm bureau work was doing in this state. J. E. Reynolds as president of the state fair board, told some of the plans of the state fair for this coming season. W. J. Townley outlined some of the possibilities of this county as a Shorthorn breeding center. Floyd McKennon made the speech of his life and we would not be at all surprised if he should announce his candidacy for the state legislature as soon as such announcements are again in order. We really believe, though, that either Bill Ledbetter or Tom Johnson wrote Floyd's speech for this occasion.

Two-thirty found us on our way to Mr. Townley's home in Union, where he has in a back lot a large silo and some feed lots and is at present feeding a carload of two-year-old steers on corn silage and hay. They are doing very nicely and will probably be marketed some time in the near future. These cattle are making good gains on this very economical ration.

On our way to the experiment station we stopped at the beautiful home place of Sherman & Hutchinson, where we found some fifteen Shorthorn cows, many of which had lusty calves at their sides, enjoying a blue grass pasture that would do credit to any blue grass section. These cows and the other Shorthorn stock seen at this farm received much favorable comment.

On arriving at the experiment station we went directly to the cattle feeding lots. Here we found a number of different feed tests under way. In fact, the feeding work as carried on at this station is without a doubt the best work of its nature being carrid on in the west. Cattle are being fed various feed combinations, such as ensilage and alfalfa hay, cut alfalfa hay and ensilage, and grain and alfalfa hay for fattening rations. Wintering rations of various nature are being tried out such as straw and cotton seed meal, straw and ensilage, ensilage and cottonseed meal, and ensilage with no other roughage.

Interesting figures as to feed, weights, etc., have been worked out and will be ready for publication immediately. The various groups of cattle were also passed upon as to their respective values by Mr. Willard, of the Willard Commission company of Portland, who was in the party. To say the least, much interest was manifested in the results apparent in the various feeding experiments, and very valuable information as to the feeders has been worked out at this station during the past several years. Mr. Withycombe was kept busy explaining various points about the experiments and in giving detailed information. Each lot h a placard showing the weights of animals when put on feed, the kind of feed fed, and the average weight of each lot each month while on feed. Those present will all be anxious to visit the station again and inspect cattle and sheep that will be fed at future times. In the meantime, they will be better prepared to make use of the data which is going to press at the present time, and which will be available shortly.

From the experiment station we went directly to the W. W. Green establishment, where we inspected some more pure bred Shorthorn cattle. Among the cattle we saw was the heifer for which Mr. Green recently paid $1950. She is a beautiful roan. Here we also had a look at General Hampton, Mr. Greens' herd bull. In fact, Tom Scroggin was so much impressed with this animal that we took his picture holding the same, and we know that said picture will recall to Mr. Scroggin's mind a busy and well-spent day. We wanted to take a picture standing behind General Hampton, but the main drawback to taking this picture would be that we would not have seen Mr. Scroggin. To say the least, we believe he enjoys handling Shorthorn stock as much as he does bank stock.

From the Green farm most of the cars sped on their way to La Grande to inspect the trophy train, but several of us before making La Grande stopped at the George Gekeler farm to look at a very neat carload of thick-fleshed Hereford steers that Mr. Gekeler has been feeding this winter. These cattle are in very good flesh and compare very faborably with anything we saw on the trip. They had been fed on alfalfa hay until three weeks ago when they were put on a barley ration, and at the present time are consuming seven pounds of barley per days and all the mixed hay they will clean up.

Those who accompanied us on the trip were:

Fred Holmes,
Fred Meyers,
T. J. Scroggin,
J. G. Snodgrass,
J. J. Conley,
Frank Stillwell,
Lyle Stillwell,
M. A. Stillwell,
Ernest DeLong,
A. McCall,
I. D. Smutz,
George Gekeler,
T. B. Johnson,
Warren Chandler,
Floyd McKennon,
D. McDonald,
C. C. Welch,
W. R. Ledbetter,
J. E. Reynolds,
J. F. T. Galloway,
Archie Conley,
L. Johnson,
Willis Moss,
E. Adler,
Robert Withycombe,
P. H. Spillman,
George Baird,
George Benson,
W. Phillips,
W. J. Townley,
Sam Benson,
G. W. DeLay,
L. Beidler,
L. Wright,
Frank Bidwell,
Dick Benson,
W. E. Green,
W. Sherman,
A. Cadwell,
L. Willard, Portland,
P. V. Maris, Corvallis,
E. J. Felsted, Corvallis,
E. L. Westover, Corvallis.

Lyle Stillwell had the distinction of being the youngest "stockman" present.

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New Black Kid Oxford, Louis heel. Price	$6.50
New Black Kid Oxford, Military heel. Price	$6.50
New Brown Kid Oxford, Military heel. Price	$6.50
New White Kid Oxford, Louis heel. Price	$8.00
New Black Kid Pump, Louis heel. Price	$6.00
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