



**The Boardman Mirror**  
Boardman, Oregon

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**LIVE - AND SOMETIMES LEARN**

A year ago it was generally stated that prices could not drop for from three to five years. Every producer and every workman had it figured out on paper to show that his particular product or his particular wages could not be reduced; and prices were to continue for an indefinite period. If anything dropped, the "other fellow" must make the first concession.

Our whole system of production, including manufacturing, labor and distribution, had been placed on a false basis due to prices established on a non-competitive basis under which service rendered or value delivered for the dollar received was of secondary importance.

The producer of the raw material raised the price of his products, the factories raised the price of the manufactured article, the workman raised his wages, all prices were increased to meet the increased cost of operation, and about this time the article was completed back to the producer, and he made another raise and the game was started over. This process was continued until the card house of inflated prices had reached its peak.

Instead of coming down from the rickety structure to a safe foundation, everyone tried to cling to the top and shove his neighbor off first. The laboring man says: "I can't reduce my wages until the cost of living comes down." The producer says: "I can't cut my prices until wages come down."

To relieve the situation, Old Man Economic Law stepped in and kicked the bottom out of the card house and let the structure of inflated prices and wages down in a heap, and that's about the way things stand today.

The wise ones are getting up and have already shaken the dust off of themselves and are starting ahead on a new basis with a sound foundation.

**ADVANCE GUARDS OF INDUSTRY**

"Wildcatting" is a phrase which is much abused.

It is a phrase which has developed with the oil industry. The individual or company that seeks oil in new places is referred to as a "wildcatter", and in referring to "wildcatting" the practice has become too common of speaking of it in light terms.

There is no question but what much money has been lost in "wildcatting" ventures, and there have undoubtedly been crooked companies who have taken the investors money for "wildcatting" just as there have been crooked companies in any other lines of activity.

But the fact remains that if it were not for "wildcatting" we would not have oil for our needs today. The high price for crude oil during the past year encouraged "wildcatting" in many new localities, and as a result we have oil-producing wells today in sections of the country which never dreamed of oil a year or two ago.

An honest "wildcatter" is a public benefactor, and instead of misconstruing the term which is applied to him, the public should understand that it is these pioneers in any industry, and particularly the oil and mining industries, who are chiefly responsible for the wealth and development of our western states today.

**FARM HELP AVAILABLE**

An opportunity to get farm help from the list of disabled ex-service men is now open to the Oregon farmer. The men are being educated by the government and are required to take farm experience in practical farm work along the lines of their specialties—horticulture, farm crops, dairy, animal and poultry husbandry, and general farming.

Since wages are paid by the government the farmers getting the men have to provide only board and room, together with the opportunity to get real training in their specialties. Some farmers find it profitable to pay a bonus for high quality work. Farmers wanting this help may write to J. Ivan Stewart, supervising officer of the federal board at Corvallis.

**POULTRY DISEASES SPREAD**

Warning that poultry diseases have spread rapidly throughout the country is sounded by the veterinarian department of the O. A. C. Experiment station. Chicken pox is prevalent on the coast, and has lived up to its reputation for fatality. Tuberculosis is next in fatality, 60 per cent of all birds brought to the station for diagnosis being affected with this disease. White diarrhea is mentioned third, with lice and mites as ills from which a large number of the birds suffer. "Some of these troubles are more or less easily remedied by a small amount of perseverance," says the report.

**SYD'S SLY SAYINGS**

Life for some is a fat grunt; for others it is a lean squeal.

Why don't some of those prize fighters challenge old Hi Cost for a few rounds on the mat?

The ladies of this town are still paying a war tax on their faces—we mean those with pretty faces.

Personally we have considerable egotism, but something tells us that if we were a fish we would nab the hook, sinker and all.

That same fellow who complains that the home paper has nothing in it is the first one who hollers when it's a day late in getting to him.

Don't get hot under the collar and stop the paper just because there is something in it that you do not agree with. Remember, you do not have to eat everything in a restaurant whether you like it or not. You don't quit eating because there is something you do not like.

The tramp is a pest that blooms in the backyard only in the summer. When he shows up at the kitchen door, summon old Bruno, inventor of the Bum's Rush, and have him escort the tramp into the alley. If we're unaccompanied to work for our eats, why should tramps coast through the world on their nerve?

Have you ever been bothered with "The-Lady-Who-Had-An-Operation" rehearsing the gruesome details for the 999th time since the interesting event took place some three years ago? Don't you all feel like running every time you see her coming your way? Just ask her to put on a new record the next time she bothers you, and see if she won't quit.

**WHAT'S THE MATTER?**

It was midnight on the ocean; Not a street car was in sight. The sun was shining brightly, For it rained all day that night.

'Twas a summer day in winter, The rain was snowing fast. Alas a barefoot girl with shoes on, Stood sitting on the grass.

It was evening, and the rising sun Was setting in the west, While the little fishes in the trees, Were cuddled in their nest.

The rain was simply pouring down, The sun was shining bright, And everything that you could see Was hidden out of sight.

Then the organ peeled potatoes, Lard was rendered by the choir, While the sexton rang a dish rag, Someone set the church afire.

"Holy Smoke!" the preacher shouted, As he madly tore his hair, Now his head resembles Heaven, For there is no parting there. —An Ut.

**Uncle John's Josh**

I HEAR THEY DON'T NEED STOVES IN RUSSIA ANY MORE. TROTZKEY'S HOT AIR KEEPS THE HOUSES WARM.



**TOLD SOME WEIRD TALES**

Old-Time Prospectors Responsible for Hair-Raising Descriptions of Desert Adventures.

I wonder what has become of that good old character of the Southwest, the mining prospector? I see him no more, either here or in the smaller cities of the desert—only occasionally at the movies, and then not always true to life.

The prospector was given to romancing. And what a field he had to work in. Why, in the good old days there was not a romancer in the entire Southwest but cherished beyond measure the Colorado desert, for no matter how great a story he might unwind, if he located it in the desert, it was safe, for no one lived there to prove it false.

Well do I remember the chagrin of a certain prospector when he was over-reached by two story-tellers in his own field. He told a good one himself, about finding a spring of natural ink in the desert, but another prospector decorated the story still further by describing a mine of natural pens he had run across. That would have been all right if it had been allowed to drop there, but a third prospector dropped into town a few days later and placidly related the incident of his discovering an asbestos mine from

which he could peel sheets of natural blotting paper. That seemed to be too much for the prospector of the first part, who moped around town for a few days and then disappeared for a couple of months. We all knew that something would happen, and sure enough it did.

In due time No. 1 returned to the city, and I hesitate to tell the story that he unraveled. He said he had found a spring of natural gin. According to the prospector, all the animals of the vicinity were given to drinking from the spring, and in consequence there was a merry round of pleasure among them all, except when they occasionally retired from the scene to sleep off the horrors of swollen heads.

Then No. 2 appeared, and he, too, had had an inspiration. Out on the Chocolate mountains, while following a drift of quartz, he had been led into an invisible city, where he could hear all the noises of a busy mart of trade, and occasionally collided with the wall of a sky-scraping building which he could not see. He could hear the rumble of street cars but he could not see them, and he was in mortal terror of being run over, and made his escape as quickly as possible.

That beautiful story, never yet proved to be false, held its own for years, and when No. 3 appeared a little later and related what he thought was a sockdolager the general public apparently did not think it an improvement. The story of the latest arrival was that he had found on the desert an invisible serpent with a glass cup instead of a rattle, and when the serpent was alarmed the cup revolved, producing exquisite music. And that story has never yet been proved false. —E. F. Howe in the Los Angeles Express.

**Insatiable Birds.**

A new story is going around the financial district about an old Southern negro who was asked by the proprietor of a store how he happened to need credit when he'd such a good cotton crop.

"De ducks got 'bout all dat cotton, sah," was the mournful reply.

"What do you mean, de ducks got it?"

"Well, you see," explained the old man, "I sent dat cotton up to Memphis an' dey deducts the freight, an' dey deducts the storage charges, an' dey deducts the commission, an' dey deducts the taxes—yes, sah, de ducks got 'bout all' dat cotton an' dat's why I'm here."—Boston Transcript.

Ball Game at Hermiston Sunday.

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**BOARDMAN:**

The Hub of 33,000 fertile acres under U. S. Reclamation Service. The Gateway to the Great John Day with its 110,000 acres to be made abundantly productive by your governments unequalled engineering skill.

BOARDMAN:—A progressive town of progressive people in a wonderfully progressive community, where everybodys slogan is "DO IT," is situated 170 miles east of Portland, Ore., on the Columbia River, the Columbia Highway and the main line of the Union Pacific Transcontinental Railway.

Have you surveyed our community? If you dream of sunshine, flowers, fertile fields and a comfortable home, "DO IT."

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**Townsite Co.**

E. P. DODD, Pres.

City Lots for Sale at Proper Prices

**Boardman is a New Town But Not a Boom Town**

Ideally located on railroad and Columbia river, far enough away from any large town to naturally become the trading center of a wonderful growing country.