

**The Boardman Mirror**  
Boardman, Oregon

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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MARK A. CLEVELAND, Publisher

\$2.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered as second-class matter Feb. 11, 1921, at the post office at Boardman, Ore., under act of Mar. 3, 1879.

**Quakes and Quacks**

Just when a feller gets a new spring grip on himself along comes a quake savant and mentally jars you loose from your real estate. If this chap really slips the equator through Boardman (which his calculations denote) it means we will have to switch from dill pickles to ripe bananas. This inward fermentation is scheduled to begin March 21st. Along in July we will be under a full head of steam. Most of Europe will be so sagged that marine fish will have to dive a mile to seek the shade of Eiffel tower. This savant holds that the equator formerly followed the Rocky Mountains. It is now due to return to its first love. That woman's intuition, sixth sense, has sensed this coming climatic change by abbreviating her costume. The change to date is mild compared with what is to follow. To gather the cocoon, pick the manilla bean, husk the "dotted" in peekabo waists and half way socks. The present inhabitants of the equator do their best work wearing a full expression, minus frills or flouts. That tall buildings will be unsafe. However the United States will not be wholly wrecked. Those portions of the earth which have been "farmed out" are doomed. New reclamation projects such as the John Day and the Umatilla Rapids will become new Kingdoms taking the place of the doomed. Blessed is life though death be in our midst.

Down in South America they have found the trial of a plesiosaurian monster. This may be a little deep and to enlighten we will state that a plesiosaurian is a working model of the mammiferous amphibian "Stewing" this into plain English we have a 12X12 goose with a giraffe neck. A buddy suggests that we propagate the species that the hay crop may form an association with the appetite of this bird, thus cutting down the overhead. It is our honest opinion that when the trial is traced they will find a retired Umatilla County bootlegger.

Commercial aviation is in full swing in Europe. Five passenger planes leave daily from Paris for London. Compare these planes with the one that made us a visit last summer. They are of 12 passenger capacity. Twin engines of 450 H. P. each. The plane is 75 feet wide by 60 feet long. It stands 20 feet high. Compare this plane to one of the wings of the school house. The wing is 35 feet wide by 80 feet long. About 20 feet to the eaves. The above plane weighs 12,000 pounds. It will be quite interesting when we have an hourly plane drifting over the project, say the size of a school wing. It will be more interesting to have a landing field that they may visit in our midst. Let's go.

Chicago reports upward wheat prices due to high winds drying up the moisture in Kansas. If a feller could only work the "wind racket" in the alfalfa we would all be millionaires.

Figures show that the government has under bond (and a regiment of soldiers) 38 million gallons of rum. It is estimated that this supply will last 16 years as medicine. We would like to know where they get that 16 years. Who can forecast the snake condition of 1925 or the production of yeast cakes in 1930. The Christening of ships in 1935 and running through these 16 years, a bootlegger leak from the bottom of the caak.

Maximilian Harden writes the clearest cut prescription for the Worlds distemper to date. "Let manufacturers, farmers, tradesmen and bankers from great and small lands meet somewhere without reference to victory or vanquishment, guilt, punishment, treaties and national prejudice and take council of the most practical business methods to restore the World quickly to a lasting order." A prescription issued through the above pestil and mortar will outcure a million political "quacks."

**THE FORTY THIEVES OUTDONE**

Cold figures strip the mask from the telephone trust so completely that it is impossible for this multiple wire tentacled octopus longer to hoodwink the people. During the past few years public service commissions in every state from Maine to California have been begged and wheeled by highly paid telephone company attorneys and special pleaders to grant increases in toll charges. When the war ended, though the wires seemed to have functioned with efficiency under government control, according to the company officials nothing but wreckage and a shattered personnel was handed back to them. The result was a service so shocking, so exasperating, that it became a public disgrace, and the condition was seized as a first excuse for higher rates. Then followed arguments of financial pressure, impossibly high wages, imperative demands on the pocket book of the organization. The poor little shivering trust was in extremis—it must die unless relief were afforded. "Relief" was afforded. The public purse was tapped as usual, tapped to the limit. Now the inevitable hour of accounting has come. We learn that in 1921 the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made the unconscionable profit of \$54,022,703 out of a gross business of \$110,742,722. The dollars were picked up directly from the pockets of the people, particularly the country folks, until the small town people and farmers staggered under the load. Farmers by the thousands were compelled to discontinue their telephones because they found it impossible to pay the extortionate prices exacted. While the prices for farm products were being battered downward, the telephone hard with raising rates that he had no option but to cut off his contact with the outside world and go back to the days of silence and drudgery. Adding impertinence to its stagnant conscience, the company's report now tells us that "while our gross earnings did not increase as might have been expected had business been normal, our net earnings more than held its own." The Fortune. They are outclassed—mere advanced position in standard literary Thieves should retire from their pickers living on a past reputation gained when banditry such as that of the telephone trust was an unknown art.

**BLACK DIAMOND BUCCANERS**

Now the cold weather has passed and the public has been successfully gouged thru the winter without let up we may expect the cherubic wings of the coal barons to spread a little and word reach us of a slight reduction in the price of coal, but even so only as a result of agitation on the part of the miners. The anthracite union tells us the retail price of coal is \$12 above the labor cost of \$3.92 a ton. With the public purse emptied, undoubtedly an appeal will be made for the purchase of coal during the summer, coupled of course with the usual warning, so unnecessary to issue, that prices are likely to rise when the next cold snap comes. This is the routine. The operators and all the rest of the parasitic crew that has the coal between the miner and the consumer, anxious to hang on to their unearned gains, cut from the housetops for deflation, particularly in wages which have been held to be the crux of the coal situation, but the figures speak for themselves. People in New York have been paying as high as \$16 a ton for coal. Who gets the money? It is time we had a bill of particulars stripped of all the confusing economic terms and ipatitudes. The people want to know how that \$16 is divided—who gets it and why. The miners very properly point out that the labor cost of anthracite never can be figured in dollars and cents because there must be added to the labor cost the loss of 500 lives snuffed out each year, men who meet death that their fellow human beings may be kept warm and comfortable. Exacting from the peoples \$12 above the labor cost for a ton of coal robs the people beyond a question of doubt, but worse than that it fattens bank accounts founded on the misery of widows and children.

**PLAY BALL**

Morrow and Gilliam counties have formed an inter-county base ball league. For reasons unknown we are not extended an invitation to join. Whether it was fear of our ability or just an oversight we do not know, but to show that there is no hard feelings we extend an invitation to Heppner to do its pre-season training in Banana land. With your hills snow covered, your valleys frost bound you "fan" without hope. Our

boys have been discarding rusty hinges and knotted muscles and accumulating "charley horses" and "glass arms" the past three weeks. We played our first game the 10th. We offer a fine field, a training table of unexcelled quality, the warm medicinal waters of the Columbia River. A hospitality of such warmth that all Highway travel melts before it. And further be it resolved that we challenge the winner of this self-appointed league to a series of three games for a purse of \$1000, and \$1000 to be donated to delinquent tax payers for the years of 1922 and 1923. If there is red blood in your veins, put up. If it is tepid, remain as you have, silent.

**BONUS AND THE DEAD**

A bit of humor is noted in an amendment on the soldier bonus presented by Repr. Andrews of Massachusetts. It reads as follows: "To provide for the issuance of adjusted compensation certificates to the heirs or estates of service men who died during the war or who may die before the act may become effective." With Mellon self-adjusted for non-compensation and Pres. Harding gas attacking through a sale tax, its doubtful if there will be a service man alive when the act becomes effective.

New York is sponsoring a new dance law. They are to dance by the minute. You are entitled to 66 one steps or 40 fox trots per minute. If you make it 67 or 41 you are set back fifty bucks. If you repeat, it will be \$250. I defy any Judge or set of Judges to "clock" a ball room full of moving ankles. His counter would stutter and his heart so flutter that his reason would be deft and daff. It can't be did. We are so sure of ourselves that we will offer a prize of \$500 dollars to a committee of Judges comprising Judge Richards of Stanfield, Judge McKenzie of Umatilla and Judge Warner of Boardman. You are to correctly tally through 240 minutes. (An evening's dancing.) It's a "dutch" book with us for we are betting \$500 that the wives of these Judges will not be content to lead blind men the rest of their lives.

We would suggest that the Polar Bear be provided with a stick similar to the all day sucker for the heated term.

Plant those trees, don't wait till next year. Plant to protect the "sassa" and berries, when you plow up the alfalfa.

Batten down the hatches and pin on your bonnet for a March 21st is the equinox.

The Only Restaurant in Pendleton Employing a full crew of white help.  
**THE FRENCH RESTAURANT**  
HOHRACH BROS., PROPS.  
Elegant Furnished Rooms  
in Connection.

**GARDEN "SASS" AND CASH**

That the refrigerator ship is joining Summer to Winter consider the following: "Watermelons on the West Indies are on the New York market." Twenty five pound melons sell for \$5.00. (Could you enthruse for melon with ice on the pumpkin) Honey dew melons from South Africa. Plums, grapes and peaches from Buenos Aires. Endive and grapes from Belgium. Grapes selling at a \$1.00 a pound. There is a lesson in the above. The early "stuff" gets the money. There is not a section in the Northwest earlier than our project. Lettuce, asparagus, rhubarb, corn, "cucks," potatoes, strawberries, raspberries, early apples and cherries. In the fall domestic and foreign grapes. Five acres of any one of the above produce more net money than the best forty acre alfalfa ranch on the project. You know it and I know it and still we flirt with a heart and back breaker, alfalfa. We weave our market basket with the stems that produce the leaves that fill the basket. A market flurry whirlpools our efforts into thin air. Why not a bedding of leaves in the bottom of the basket that a crop of eggs, asparagus, grapes, etc. will prevent the bruising of our pocket books and distemper our tempers. Let's make a start this year. Root up an acre of alfalfa. Go any of the above and it will not be long before you will be thumbing your nose at the Federal Reserve. You may ship in the evening and have your product on the Spokane market in the morning. You have the mining camps of the Coeur D'Alenes. Butte is not too far away. They get their Spring sass from California. Outside of the grapes the above mentioned products will be mature and marketed before the Fourth of July. Why not clean up early and "Seaside" through July and August.

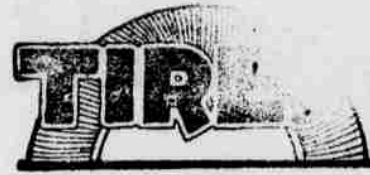
Sounds sort of dreamy and on the other hand isn't it just hell to wrangle hay through July and August and borrow money in October to pay your taxes. (This is no dream) The Rhine or California has nothing on us when it comes to grapes. At Blalock forty miles West of here is a thirty year old vineyard. (For twenty years has not been irrigated) Flame tokays, muscats and black hamburgs are the varieties. They competed at Lewis & Clarke Fair with California grapes and received first prize. The Oregon grape has more sugar content and a firmer shipper. The Eastern markets are at your door. Refrigerator ships call at Portland and Astoria.

Isn't it a fact that we just sort of stumble along through life. We get in a rut, sort of indifferent and hook wormy. Are we not a little more so this Spring. Let's mix up a little T. N. T. with our sulphur and molasses and swat this "blue fuck awdships. If we live in the "breaks" above Hardman or the hills of Joseph we would be entitled to fold our hands and cuss the government, but living in the hot house of the Northwest with a chill in our hearts and an alfalfa deficit in our "pokes" there is only one solution. Let the County Agent transfer "his squirrel" drive to the North End. Let's be up and doing.

**Excuse Our Dust.**

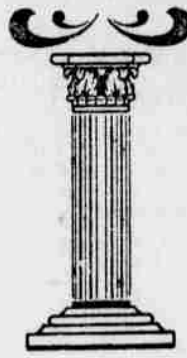


**DIAMOND**



**and Tubes**

Mighty Easy Riding



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A. B. C.  
ALWAYS BE  
CAREFUL!

Loose Wheels  
Tightened  
While You  
Wait.

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**BOARDMAN**

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