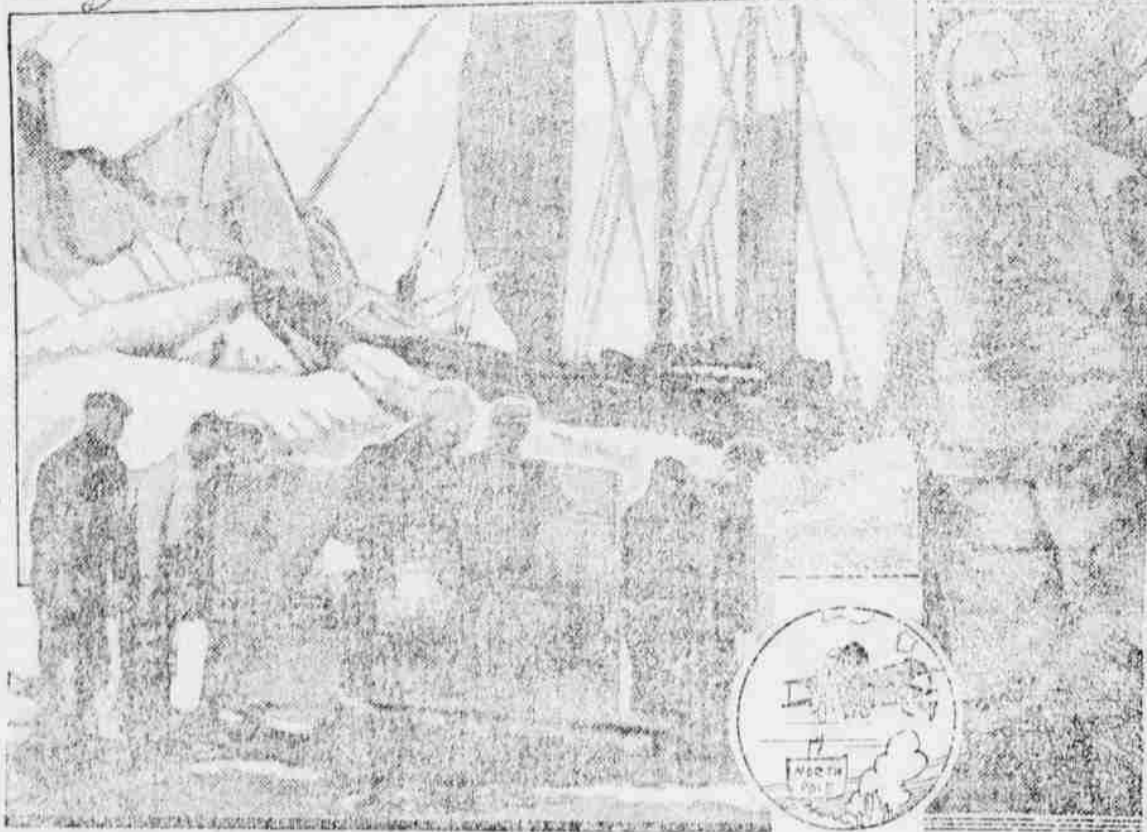


Exclusive Pictures of Amundsen in Arctic Snows Making Ready for Air Trip to North Pole.



In a door of a little hut 80 miles from Point Barrow, in the Arctic wastes, stands the grizzled and gray explorer, Capt. Amundsen, awaiting what seems an opportune hour during the long Polar night for the first airplane flight over the Top of the World—to the North Pole. These exclusive photographs are the first brought back of the hearty Norwegian explorer since his ship "Maud" anchored off Point Hope. Lower picture shows Capt. Amundsen helping his crew unload the motors for his airplane. To the right, Capt. Amundsen in the door of his hut at Wainwright. Amundsen will fly an American-built plane.

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Printing is the inseparable companion of achievement.—R. T. Porte

Drill Night

Drill Captain—"Right shoulder a-rms! Left shoulder a-rms! Present a-rms! Right shoulder a-rms! Left shoulder a-rms!"

Mildie Rook (putting gun down) "Fr' Heaven's sake, man—MAKE UP YOUR MIND!"

We've Been It

"Hey, Pop, what's the ul-ti-mate con-sum-er?"

"Oh, the last one—the last one to eat. Why?"

"Well, Maw says I'm that Sunday, when company comes."

Spends \$2000 to see Football Game



Mrs. D. H. Richardson, 86, of Davenport, Ia., spent \$2,000 to see a football game and "it was worth it" she says. She chartered a special car and took 25 relatives from Iowa to New Haven, Conn., to see their team beat Yale, 6-0.

Mrs. Richardson happy and confident that her "Hawkeye Boys" are going to be declared the national champions this year, posed for this picture as her "special" started its triumphant return from the Yale Bowl.



"What's the penalty for stealing a man's daughter?" "Hard labor for life."

DUMB DAN

He's so stupid he thinks—that repuls is a tall silk hat, that tam o'shanter is an Irish Rebel.

that "Null and Void" is a vaudeville team, that Yuletide is part of the ocean, that Atlantic City boardwalk is a new dance step, that Major cement is an army officer. Do you know a Dumb Dan? Tell us what he thinks—we'll print it.

Richard Lloyd Jones tells

About Our New Crop, Culture.



IN 1847 a play by an American author was produced in a New York theatre. It was the custom then, as long since, for Americans themselves to believe that that which represented purest culture must come from overseas.

Before the curtain rose on this new play, the leading actor stepped before the footlights and read a poem-prologue which scoffed at the idea that an American could write a drama, and then rebuked the sneer by emphatically declaring that an American can. The audience greeted the patriotic plea and the play with cheers.

Since that day many Americans have written many great plays. An American culture has expressed itself as well in the field of fiction, poetry and philosophy; in art, music and in science.

Culture is just as much a crop as corn. It is the refinement of the product of the cultivated field. Growing great crops, producing great bulk, we have refined our output into the best makes of food and clothes the world has ever known. From the earth we dig both gold and iron ore, and through the refining processes we produce the delicately intricate watch.

The genius that can dig out the hillside and convert it into a watch can find the melody of the brook in the string of the violin.

An American pianist who had acquired international note went abroad to play. With the skill of 1922 she had the frail faith of 1847, and had to go abroad to discover America.

In her first performance only once, and then for an encore, did she play a composition penned by an American composer. The critics rebuked her.

"We know what European music is," they said. "We came to get your message. We came to rejoice over the harvest of your crop of culture. Give us not that which is ours; give us that which is yours."

America is developing an architecture as distinct and as secure as that of Ancient Greece or Rome. One of our greatest sculptors found his art on the parched plains of Utah. One of our greatest painters came from a little town hidden in the foothills of the Adirondacks. He has pictured for the future historian the romance of the opening West.

O. Henry, the master artist of short-story writing in the English language, found his fiction in the ranch life of Texas.

When a \$10,000 prize was recently offered for the best contributed movie scenario, it went to an unknown writer from Appalachicola, a small town with a big name. Brains are found on Main Street as well as on Broadway.

The phonograph, the radio and the moving picture screens are building, not only appreciation, but the creative genius to which appreciation responds.

We need no longer look east for the finer things. That east is looking westward for that which we have to give.

We are ripening a crop of culture just as surely as we are ripening a crop of corn.

poem by UNCLE JOHN



I love to talk with fellers, with a glitter in their eye, in defiance of the panic that is slowly passin' by. . . I love to see 'em swagger, an' to elevate their chin—an' to hear 'em speak of pluggin' till their ship comes in. . .

I like to run acrost 'em, as we travel on ROUGH SEA our way. . . I take a lot of stock in what they do, an' what they say. . . I get my inspiration, and the firm desire to win, from the feller that's a-pluggin' till his ship comes in.

I ain't got time to listen at the bird of grim despair,—that cotes on disappointments, till they get him by the hair,—but you'll see my spirit quicken, like you'd stuck me with a pin—when my neighbor speaks of pluggin' till his ship comes in!

Yr. own Uncle John.

HOMER PHILOSOPHY for 1922

WHAT a wonderful boy they say he is—David Gladstone, fifteen years old, four feet tall, and yet a freshman in the College of Arts and Pure Sciences of New York University. He plans to enter law school as soon as he has completed his college requirements. Education? A prodigy, one of the seven wonders of the world. Ain't it a funny idea when those who see the setting of the sun know that a boy of seven—the age of reason—always has a much better education than Gladstone when he is ten—and really learns that happiness comes from making the other fellow funny. That's the meat. Why fuss over the trimmings?

WHY BOARDMAN?

Because the

Climate is Good,

People are

Sociable
Intelligent
Enterprising

Town is New and Growing

Location Well Chosen

Half way between The Dalles and Pendleton
On O-W Railroad
On Columbia River

Soil Will Raise Anything

Water for Irrigation from West Extension of Umatilla Project

McKay Creek Dam

Will be built, assuring more acreage under water.

Boardman is a New Town But Not a Boom Town

Write Secretary of Commercial Club