

The Boardman Mirror
Boardman, Oregon

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

We Get a Rise!

Our self-centered, ambitious neighbor, Hermiston, the sprightly little burr with the taking ways, has at last drawn the grand prize as an editor for their weekly paper. The fifth one in less than three years is the charm of all.

This bird they winged has all the country editors beat forty ways from the jack and is in a class by itself, for with very few exceptions, all the editors we know are at least able to spell, have some conception of grammar, and have judgment and reason enough not to misquote nor to tackle a sentence they are unable to handle. But this young genius from Wasco has pinned his name to the masthead and proclaims himself an editor, whether he has any qualifications or not.

In an abortive attempt to gild something smart and answer the article we published showing Hermiston commercial club's selfish and covert action in trying to divert the Wallula cut-off from its natural course, this young, aspiring journalist from the sage and juniper country displays such an utter lack of knowledge of the English language, that in talking to him or in writing for his benefit, we will never use any geometrical expressions—arithmetic even in beyond him. He don't know that 2 and 2 is 4 and it is not to be expected that he knows straight up. We will send him a spelling book and a geography, so he may post himself and be some credit, at least, to the profession. Until he gets the spelling book and geography, he might use a railroad time table and find out how to spell Stanfield and note how Hermiston is located on a branch line, left there thru courtesy of the railroad when it made the short line to Messner. He wants to soil pedal the flagstop stuff.

The same muse that inspired him, prompts us to versify:
Little Raymond Crowder
Fell into the clowder
But being a clam
He cared not a—particle
But "battered" all the ladder.

SPENDING MILLIONS FOR ROADS

While the calamity howlers are enjoying themselves in other parts of the country, the South is making strides in seven-league boots, laying the surest foundation for future development—good roads.

North Carolina has voted \$75,000,000, Alabama \$5,000,000.

South Carolina is trying to get through an expenditure of \$50,000,000 for road work.

Florida tackled the job by counties. Hillsboro county voted \$3,000,000. Duval county voted \$3,000,000, and now enterprising business men are asking \$5,000,000 to build roads and link up the county system.

Tennessee is voting on a \$75,000,000 bond issue, and has spent \$883,000 in the last few months.

Georgia increased its funds \$780,000. Kentucky has contracts estimated at \$900,000, Louisiana \$932,000, and Mississippi \$844,000.

Good roads spell prosperity in capital letters. The trivial amount of extra taxation involved is not worthy of consideration spread out as it always is over so many years.

It would be well if the town and village officials in every community were to get an inspiration from what the southern counties and states are doing.

The attention of Brother Clark Wood of the Weston Leader is called to the picture on the front page of that "speedway" for coyotes and jack rabbits he writes about in last week's Leader. We have another picture we may print which shows the ideal road conditions around Weston in the winter time—so ideal that traffic has to be suspended for weeks at a time.

Governor Pierce delivered a very fine inaugural address, but if the legislator attempts to change all the laws he suggests, enact the proposed measures, and carry out all his recommendations it will certainly have a busy forty days—forty months wouldn't be enough time. But we hope he gets all his reforms and economic plans across, at that. He made a perfectly sane and worthy address.

PERSONALLY WET, POLITICALLY DRY

Self-respecting Americans now have further opportunity to view the further activities of the office-holding hypocrites that infest the Congress, and the line stretches from one end of the House corridor to the other end of the Senate offices, a line composed of that grand army of political cowards who are personally wet but politically dry.

We can feel respect for the politician whether he be for or against prohibition if he be honest in his conviction, even though we may have no respect whatever for his opinion or for the things he stands for, but the politician who puts the birthright of his manhood on the auction block and sells his common decency for a mess of political potage should be booted out of public life.

America never has and never will gain anything from the service of the hypocrite and trimmer whether in the legislative, the judicial or the executive department of our government. Truly the type of which we love to think, the type of men who stood at Valley Forge, has changed when we keep hypocrites in office and depend upon such men to protect and shape the destiny of the nation.

It is common knowledge that our Congress is infested with this hybrid mob of trucklers for "popular endorsement." Dozens if not hundreds of them daily violate the law, taking their "nips" like the most experienced of booze fighters. They raise the glass with one hand and with the other write philippics against "those who would undermine our constitution."

One need think only of the Shipping Board with the holy Lasker at the helm to realize how far hypocrisy can go unless it be lashed into decency by exposure in the public press.

The House and the Senate even yet need just this same kind of house cleaning. Indeed, the dignity of the bench may safely be termed a mockery that might justify recall.

This is not a denunciation of the wets, it is not an exhortation of the moderates, it is not a plea for the prohibition. It is the expression of disgust at the cant that is besmirching our public life and that renders America the object of derision and contempt throughout the world.

GAME A PROFITABLE ASSET

The record made by the Oregon Game Commission in financing its varied activities of 1922 entirely through the sale of hunting and fishing licenses is a notable one. It contains as well, an element of surprise to the layman who does not indulge in any of the outdoor hunting sports which the state of Oregon affords. That hunting and fishing have become self-supporting sports due largely to the wisdom of the Commission's policy of planting trout and liberating pheasants in accessible streams and fields of the state, has probably never occurred to any except the unfortunate poacher when nabbed in the act of enjoying Nature without a license.

The multitude of cares which attend the successful hatching, raising and liberating of over 24,000,000 trout eggs and 4352 Chinese pheasants is abundant proof that the business of propagating game fish and birds is taken seriously in Oregon.

Happily also, this wholesome business of restocking the fields and streams has not lessened the Commission's efforts to enforce the game laws. The number of arrests, increasing from 184 in the lax year of 1918, to 756 in 1922, is evidence that the administration of the law is in good hands.—Oregon Voter.

Versatile as Fred Steiwer is, his weoful picture of the terrible inundation that would be caused when the Umatilla Rapids dam was built and how the railroad tracks and highway would be washed away, didn't seem to stick. Mr. Steiwer was taking the part of Janus, the two-faced god. He is the chief booster for the hydro-electric dam on Umatilla Rapids, but to satisfy the petty greed of Pendleton for a few more nickles and dimes from the sale of gas and hash to the tourist and business man, he goes to Washington and reverses himself by stultifying some of his previous arguments, trying to stop construction of the Wallula cut-off.

The E. O. thinks regular gunner tactics were used on the State Highway Commission by Engineer Purcell to get the Wallula cut-off across. To try to get a special session of the legislature, called for another purpose, to pass on the road was not extraneous, and uncalled for, nor bore no earmarks of the highwayman, we are sure.

30 TO 80 MILES AN HOUR COMMON SPEED FOR BIRDS

Certain species of hawks have a speed of 200 feet a second, or about 136 miles an hour, says the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture. This might be a suitable rate for a racing airplane. The canvasback duck can fly from 130 to 160 feet a second, but its usual rate of 60 to 70 miles an hour would be pretty fast to be enjoyable in a plane making a pleasure trip.

The crow is the least rapid of a list of 22 migratory birds, flying an insignificant average of 45 feet a second, or 30 miles an hour. Of course this speed maintained steadily in an automobile would mean a very fair rate of progress, defying the speed laws in many communities. Most of the birds listed, however, do better than the crow. Curlews and jacksnipes can fly 55 and 65 feet a second, while quails, prairie chickens, and ruffed grouse can make 75 feet. The dove can reach a speed of 100 feet a second, or 68 miles an hour, although its usual rate is less. Redheads, blue-winged teals, green-winged teals, Canada geese, and different varieties of brant can fly over 100 feet per second, ranging in speed from 68 to 98 miles an hour, but usually fly at a much slower rate.

When one recalls the authenticated case of the little blue-winged teal traced by the Biological Survey from Lake Seuzog in Canada, to Trinidad, South America, a distance of over 3,000 miles, it becomes clear that these very high speeds are valuable in enabling the migratory birds to reach their winter homes in warmer climates within a reasonable period of time. In the case of many birds the high speed attainable enables them to escape many natural or human enemies.

Secretary Wallace understands geometry—at least that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. At any rate his message to John B. Yeon that the Wallula cut-off will go as originally surveyed would indicate this.

Hermiston, trying to act as wise as a tree full of owls, didn't slip one over after all. Her star chamber resolutions were uncovered unluckily for her. These behind-your-back moves don't make ardent friends, either.

Engineer Purcell is a bigger man than Ed Aldrich thought. He's even bigger than Eddie thinks Eddie is—and that's going some.

That barren waste the E. O. and Hermiston Herald speak of raises quite a bit of hay. Vide the cut on page 1.

PUNCHETTES

Rev. M. A. Matthews, D. D., L. L. D.

FAITHFUL OFFICERS.
Every citizen is under obligation to a faithful officer.

Men may gather into different groups or parties for the purpose of electing their public officials, but when the official is elected he ceases to be in the administration of office a partisan.

It is equally true that when a man is exalted to a public position he has a right to demand the support and loyalty of every American citizen regardless of his partisan affiliations.

Every good citizen is loyal to his officer and supports him in every way possible.

Behold, the spectacle of an officer of the land, the executive in the judicial department of this nation being criticised, hounded, maligned and abused for the performance of his duty.

If the courts are to be classed, if instruments of abuse are to be used, if men who belong to the courts and follow the procedures of the courts are to be attacked because they invoke the arm of the law, then the last foundation of this government has been destroyed.

Law is supreme. The courts of the land must be respected and their rules observed.

When judges on the federal bench of America render decisions they must be respected and obeyed, or men who choose to disobey and disregard must pay the penalty for such treason and anarchy.

The constitution of the United States shall not be torn to pieces.

The Supreme Court of the United States shall never be lowered to the gutter and become the political football of political anarchists.

Every red-blooded, patriotic citizen in America should rise and speak against all infamous doctrines and blasphemous propaganda. Let every worthy American be loyal to his public officials.

BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—A NEW AND GROWING TOWN

BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—WELL LOCATED

—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—

WHY BOARDMAN?

BECAUSE

THE CLIMATE IS GOOD

THE 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

—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—

BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—A NEW AND GROWING TOWN