

The Boardman Mirror Boardman, Oregon

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

INFLUENZA

We are staging a ten round combat with a bird name Flu Germanicites. We are seconded in our corner by the expert Coue. It is stated that to properly "coue" with Coue the body must be tepid, limpid dish-raggy. We are all of that, in fact insipid. We have "Coued" that we are better until breath has left us. The lips continue to twitch in the nervous formula. We are now stimulating the "groggy theme" with quinine, mustard plaster, vapo rub and straight vinegar. We compare our pain only with the birth of our first born. We create self-inflicted pains to Coue ourselves from the original. Our head reels in a 2000 degree Fahrenheit furnace. Our back is supported by the ice blocks of a North Pole hut. Snuffles continually drip into relayed linen. Our feet are as cold and clammy as a member of the third house. There isn't a bone in our body but what is creaking for a lubricant. The hum of a humming bird sends chills through our being. It is the first time that Castor oil contains the taste and scent of Lilies of the Valley. Quinine is as palatable as "hootch" is to a filibusterer. We might as well be "munching" the fluid they dolled Kink Tut up in as far as getting any kick out of our tobacco. Food should be taken in metal suits for all is tasteless. We are a "homey" bunch. We always manage to sextette our flue. It is really a better way than to string it out. There is always some one handy to work a grievance out on. It is a survival of the fittest with no one being fit. The boys are on the "peck", the girls are on the "giggle" and the old folks can't even raise a cheerful jingle. Hope is gone and we only lip "death, where is thy sting?"

P. S.—The above misery is lovingly dedicated to our Messner sufferers.

OREGON ALFALFA

MENACED BY WEEVIL

In the inaugural address of the new governor attention was called to the danger of the alfalfa weevil and an appropriation of \$5000 a year was asked to combat this pest. During the past few years it has been making steady progress over Idaho, Utah, Nevada and other states and Malheur county in Oregon has already suffered enormous losses. Quarantine has been established against all hay or hay products coming from infected districts and passing through this state in the hope that at least a part of the northwest could be saved the scourge.

During the past 10 days several Portland hay dealers have been reported as active in trying to secure the raising of this embargo, and some hay has actually been reported shipped. Railroad officials are being importuned to assist.

The great hay production centers of the state are menaced by this action as the hay must move by rail through the very fields themselves. The loss that is likely to be caused the local haygrowers if this pest is once started would be a heavy blow to fall on top of the last few years of deflated prices.

The Oregon Cooperative haygrowers have made emphatic protest to the lifting of this embargo and every person interested in the development of the irrigated sections of the state should see that this is not permitted.

The excuse given is that there is a shortage of hay. So far there is still a fair supply of hay in the northwest and California has an ample supply; prices there are very reasonable. Hay can even now be laid down from California at Portland prices. There is no emergency that in any way justifies the inoculating Oregon's remaining hay districts with the seed of disease.

An ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure when it comes to alfalfa weevil.

Submitted for consideration by
OREGON COOP. HAY GROWERS
By L. A. HUNT, Mgr.

Hotel Dorion in Pendleton is still under the management of Dr. Temple and you will still find it a real house of welcome.

2-16-23

Indian Lodge Tales

By
Ford C. Frick

THE LEGEND OF FATHER SUN

WHEN the Navajos came up out of the world of twilight into the world of sunshine and light they were very happy, and with one accord they fell on their knees and made sacrifice to the Father Sun who brightened the heavens and made the world warm and comfortable for the tribesmen.

When they had become settled in their new world and had builded their homes and made their fires, then they planted their crops in order that they might live in comfort. Round about them they planted golden maize, and grain and many foods. Their flocks they took into the green fields to eat of the grass, and their horses and their cattle they turned loose to roam in the beautiful valley where they had come.

But as the days went on the crops failed, and the grass turned brown and the streams dried up and the Navajos were much perturbed, for they knew not what to do. For the sun, sweeping through the sky, had come close to earth, and the heat, which at first had seemed pleasant, became unbearable—and even the tribesmen themselves were made sick by the brightness of its rays. Many there were among the tribesmen who wished themselves back in the world of twilight, but the road had been closed and only a great mountain remained to mark where the roadway had been.

As the summer came on many of the tribesmen became sick unto death, for the heat was terrific—but there was no place to go and no place to turn, for all the world was a vast desert, burned by the rays of the Father Sun.

As matters became worse and worse the tribesmen became desperate and finally, one day, called a great council of the chief and the head men and the witch doctors. For ten days and ten nights these men sat in solemn conclave to determine what best might be done to relieve their oppressed people.

Finally, at the end of the ten days and the ten nights they called the tribe together, and the whole tribe, even the women and the children, went to the top of a high hill and there they built altars and offered up sacrifices, and prayed to the Father Sun that he might move back into the heaven so his rays would not be so hot.

When they had prayed for a long time then the Father Sun sent down to them a lesser god from the sky, and the lesser god came up to the chiefs and the medicine men and told them that the sun had heard their prayer.

"And so long as you remain faithful to the Father Sun, who provides you with heat and with light, so long will he protect you," the messenger said. "And when another day comes then will the sun move back in the heavens and the grass will grow green, and water will flow through the streams, and flowers will bloom, and the land will be a land of happiness and prosperity for the Navajos."

When he had finished speaking the messenger disappeared in a great cloud and the people marveled much and fell on their faces and gave thanks.

When another day came it was as the messenger had said, for the sun had moved back into the sky, and the air was cool and the trees grew leaves and the corn sprouted and flowers bloomed and the world was a world of happiness.

So it has been to this day. And the sun who is the father who protects the Navajos, has ever warmed the earth with his rays and caused the corn to grow and the flowers to bloom.

Nor have the Navajos forgotten the promise they made many years ago, on the great hilltop, when the world was young. Each morning when they arise they face toward the east and give thanks to the Father Sun who gives them warmth and light, and each night they face toward the west and give thanks for the day that has gone.

Here in our village, if you will look, you will see that every house faces the east and each morning we are awakened by the early rays of the sun which come in through the doors and the windows—for that is as it should be, and even as it was promised by the great chiefs ages and ages ago when the Navajos came out of the world of twilight into the world of sunshine and light.

Note—To this day the Navajo tribes of Arizona and New Mexico continue to build their houses facing the east. Even in the large villages the houses are built on one side of the street only, in order that the time-honored tradition may not be broken.

Old Fashioned.

"Betty is such a conscientious little goose," said one summer girl to another. "She thinks she must go to the trouble of breaking one engagement before contracting another."—Boston Transcript.

FUR FARMING PROBLEMS SOLVED BY BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

The rapid development within the United States of the industry of raising silver and cross foxes has necessitated particular efforts on the part of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture to work out practical methods of handling the problems constantly confronting the fur farmer regarding the health of animals in captivity. During the year past a large percentage of the fox farms in this country and Canada were visited by representatives of the bureau for the purpose of studying practices of feeding and management employed and conditions affecting the health and fecundity of the animals, and conferring with fox ranchers regarding problems requiring solution.

Returns from a questionnaire sent out to persons engaged in the fur-farming industry in this country were incomplete, but is estimated that at least 500 ranchers are raising silver foxes in the United States, that they have between 12,000 and 15,000 foxes in captivity, and that the value of the investment is about \$8,000,000.

There is indication that internal parasites of foxes are prevalent, and studies are being made to determine effective agents for their removal and improved methods of administering remedies. The most important parasites found are hookworms, roundworms, lungworms, flukes, tapeworms and coccidia. Valuable information has been obtained as to the occurrence of such parasites among wild foxes, and investigations have been made with regard to the susceptibility of fox pups at various ages to infestation as compared with adults. Numerous other subjects relating to the health of foxes have been studied.

FARM BLACKSMITH SHOP OF MUCH PRACTICAL USE

Any farmer with a blacksmith shop can make many of the smaller tools he needs in repairing farm implements, thinks W. H. Horning, instructor in forging at Oregon agricultural college.

"Punches, cold chisels, screw drivers, wrecking bars, and other small tools can be made in the farm shop," says Mr. Horning. "Use crucible steel, known as ordinary tool steel. Care is needed not to get alloy steels intended for some other purpose.

"Use blacksmith coal, keeping a clean, deep fire. The oxygen must be all burned out of the hot gasses to keep from burning it.

FARM FLOCK SHEEP OWNER MAY CULL WITH PROFIT

Culling out of low producers and careful record keeping of individuals as practiced by poultry raisers and dairymen of western Oregon to increase production can be applied by the farm flock sheep owner, says H. A. Lindgren, Oregon agricultural college extension specialist. Experience has shown that the average fleece weight can be increased one and one-half to four pounds in four years time by this method.

Culling for weight of fleece requires keen judgment. The ability to raise a good lamb or off year conditions may justify the retention of some ewes with low weight fleeces. The individuals which shear a light fleece and yet possess no other good qualifications are the ones to cull out.

STUDENTS TAKE PULPITS

Services Conducted Within Radius of 20 Miles of Corvallis.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Feb. 17.—(Special)—The appeal of the "little church in the wildwood" for workers versed in Christianity is being met by 50 men and women at the college who are banded in a Christian workers' group. This group of students sends out teams every Sunday to churches within a radius of 20 miles from Corvallis which ask for assistance.

In some communities entire services are conducted by the students, several members giving brief talks on a central topic, one leading the choir, one leading the devotions and others giving special music. Many of these communities would be without Sunday services but for the students doing this work. Not a Sunday has been missed at the Plymouth church since college opened.

Philip Fancett, who is a student at O. A. C., is a member of the above band of Y. M. C. A. Christian workers.

The motor fiend who's dodged by men

When he goes rushing 'round the town

Has nothing on the gossip when it comes to running people down.

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

—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—

WHY BOARDMAN?

BECAUSE

THE CLIMATE IS GOOD

THE PEOPLE ARE
SOCIALE
INTELLIGENT
ENTERPRISING

TOWN IS NEW AND GROWING

LOCATION WELL CHOSEN
HALF WAY BETWEEN THE DALLES
AND PENDLETON ON O.W. RAIL-
ROAD 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

—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—WELL LOCATED—