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Boardman, Oregon

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

NEW RURAL CREDIT BILL
AND THE SMALL FARMER

(Article by Oregon Cooperative Hay Growers)

The advocates of the rural credit legislation which has just been approved by the president have said great things for it. This was true of the War Finance corporation, which gave little if any relief to small farmers. The new bill, however, was framed with the idea of providing cheaper money for agricultural expense, cheaper money to finance livestock operations and to offer marketing organizations certain finances at reasonable interest rates. The farmers of the irrigated districts have been giving this bill considerable study and have built a certain amount of hope thereon.

The Hay Growers association have also been studying the problem presented by this bill, with the hope of securing better finances for their members than they at present enjoy. Business men feel that if it is possible to obtain cheaper money for the small farmer, that every reasonable effort should be put forth to forward the movement.

Just how desirable and just how accessible is this federal money, and what must be done to secure it? And is this within the reach of the irrigation farmer?

In answer to these questions it seems possible to state with reasonable accuracy that the interest rate which will be charged by the federal government will be 5 1/2 per cent.

This money must either be handled by a local bank or by a credit organization for and for this particular purpose; and inasmuch as the allowance of 1 1/2 per cent is not sufficient to justify banks in taking care of the matter, it seems almost certain that if any cheap money is to be secured for the small farmer in this district a credit association must be established.

Such an agricultural credit corporation must have a minimum capital stock of \$10,000. The subscribers to this stock could be assured an annual interest upon same in the early years of the corporation, as it would seem advisable for their protection that the full 1 1/2 per cent be charged and that any earnings from this source be thrown into a reserve fund. This corporation would have a redemptive privilege with the federal intermediate credit banks of 10 times its capital stock.

Farmers desiring loans through this association would be entitled to three years time upon paper properly secured for the purchase of livestock. It would make funds readily accessible for the purchase of livestock for winter feeding. There also seems to be no question but that it would provide money for farm operations within reasonable amounts, and funds for cooperative marketing associations. The saving would be found in the difference between 7 per cent and the rates now paid.

This subject should have considerable further study by every interested farmer, and if it shall prove to be as desirable as it now appears, there should be no real difficulty in financing such a corporation.

VETERANS' BUREAU THINS TO
PLACE REHABILITATED MEN

The veterans' bureau is asking the cooperation of the public to assist in placing ex-service men rehabilitated by vocational training. The government has done its best by these men to overcome all handicaps and equip them for life. The public now owes them the right to prove their mettle, states a letter received by the local Red Cross from the Portland office of the Veterans' bureau.

One hundred fully trained men in many different lines are now being turned out monthly in the northwest, and this supply will continue for several years. The largest firms in industry have realized that these graduates are no longer sub-standard, but on a productive par with able bodied men. The Portland Chamber of Commerce is putting forth its efforts to absorb a fair proportion of the trainees in the city. If other parts of Oregon will respond in utilizing their share of these men, the public will have paid its debt to the man who offered himself to his country. He does not ask charity, he seeks only the chance to prove himself.

The local Red Cross receives a monthly list of graduates who are ready for employment. If you have an opening, will you not try out the man who sacrificed and suffered and who, having overcome his handicap now wants the opportunity to make good?

Phone or send News to Leo Root
If you will phone or send in any news or other matter you wish to publish in the Mirror to Leo Root at the postoffice he will forward it to the office.
Anything he gets before Wednesday noon will be in time.

Indian
Lodge Tales

By
Ford C. Frick

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

IN THE nesting vales and on the grassy plains which lie at the foot of the Great White mountain that points the way to heaven lived the Chosen People. Here they dwelt in happiness together. And above them, on the summit of the mighty peak, where stands the western gates to heaven, dwelt the Manitou.

In order that the Chosen People might know of his love, the Manitou stamped upon the peak the image of his face, that all might see and worship him. And there each day the Chosen People came to pray and worship, where the first bright rays of the rising sun embossed the image in their golden glow. There in happiness they dwelt, their realm extending just as far as they might see the face of Manitou over hill and plain. And the land was fair and the chosen tribe was envied by all the dwellers of the plains who knew not Manitou.

But one day, as the storm clouds played about the Peak, the image of the Manitou was hid. Low-hanging clouds swept down from out the sky and crept to earth in mist and fog and rain, and the happy, smiling face of Manitou was hid, and none could see it. And down from the north swept a barbaric host of giants, taller than the spruce which grew upon the mountain side and so great that they shook the earth with their strides.

With the invading hosts came terrible beasts, unknown and awful in their mightiness, monstrous beasts that would devour the earth and tread it down. And as they came on the Chosen People were frightened, and in their fear they fled to the Holy Mount, for in the sight of their titanic foes they were as grasshoppers.

As the invading tribes came on, the Chosen People fell on their faces and prayed to Manitou for aid. Then came to pass a wondrous miracle. The clouds broke away and sunshine smote the peak. And from the very summit, looking down upon the valley and the plains appeared the Manitou himself. Sternly he looked upon the invaders, and as he looked the giants and the beasts turned into stone.

As then they stood, the giants stand today. Their scattered bands, now rock of red and brown, are found to east and north, time-worn and scarred, with legs deep buried in the drifting sands. Some bolder than the rest are near the mount, and some are far away in sheltered canons as if they sought to hide. Some hold their shields uplifted as if to meet the stony gaze of Manitou, while others, crouched in horror, were struck dumb and turned to stone there where they stood. The beasts the giants drove are stranger still—big, clumsy elephants with clumsy trunks; camels and massive bears and timid deer; smooth, glossy beaver with flat, scaly tails; huge frogs and timid turtles. All were changed and stand today as they stood then when, living, they defied the Manitou.

They covered all the valley—these living men and beasts now turned to stone. And if you doubt this story, go and see them standing there today as they stood then. Time worn and gray they are from countless storms, half-buried in the sweeping sands, and yet if you look closely you can see their forms, the giants and the beasts that hoped to steal the land where dwelt the tribesmen who were our fathers.

When the white men came they called the spot the Garden of the Gods, because, they say, the rocks are great and odd; but we who know the story of the race still call it "Valley of the Miracle," for here it was that Manitou gave aid to save his chosen people and left there these rocks and forms of men all turned to stone, as warning to all of us who may some time attempt defiance to him and his commands.

Note—The Utes for years lived on the eastern slope of the Rockies, with their big town situated near what is now the city of Colorado Springs. This legend refers to the Garden of the Gods, just outside the city of Manitou—a spot that has become world famous for the unique beauty of its rock formations.

Hearst's Son Elopes With Idaho Girl. Martinez, Cal.—George Hearst, son of William Randolph Hearst, and Miss Blanche Wilbur, daughter of O. K. Wilbur of Idaho Falls, Idaho, eloped from the University of California at Berkeley and were married here. Both have been prominent in college activities.

One million or more feet of fir timber in the Sluslaw forest on the Alsea river 12 miles from Waldport has been sold to the Lawson Logging company at \$1.25 per 1000 feet, according to announcement at the office of Ralph S. Shelley, supervisor of this forest, at Eugene. This company will cut the timber, drag it to the Alsea, raft it down that stream to the logging railway and then haul it to the Yaquina river, where it will again be rafted to the mill at Toledo.

HOOTS! WHO-O!



By
O. W. L.
(On With Laughter)

Who's Yours?

My hero is
The Sultan of Swat,
For five and twenty
Wives he's got.

An opportunity is a good deal like a wasp, it takes a lot of experience to know how to grasp it without getting stung.

It's Old Stuff.

"That young man stays to an uncanny hour every night, Gladys," said an irate father to his youngest daughter. "What does your mother say about it?"
"Well dad," Gladys replied, as she turned to go upstairs, "she says that men haven't changed a bit."

The wages of sin have not yet increased. There is evidently a surplus of labor in this particular field of endeavor.

A man must be all right when his small son admits that "dad's a good scout."

When the minister begins to tell about the luck he had fishing he descends to the level of the ordinary lay angler.

A Fifth Avenue, New York, waiter has been arrested for failing to report the finding of a \$1,000 bill which he picked off the floor, but it will be hard to convict him. He can say he thought it was a tip.

The scarcity of girls on the street is due to the fact that many of them are sitting a home waiting for their hair to grow out again.

In speaking of husbands, it was the homely girl who said, "Money isn't everything."

Why Not Broadcast an Alarm Clock?

A radio fan has his set located near his bed. The other night he climbed in bed, put his head set on and turned on the juice, and then he went to sleep. The next morning the headset was still on his head when he awoke and the radio was giving the market quotations.

One of nature's saddest sights is a Smart Aleck of 18 trying to give an impression that he is a Hard Boiled Egg.

A formula for success:—More bone in the back and less in the head.

When a motor knocks all the time there is something wrong with it. And it is the same with a man.

If Franklin caught the lightning! The fact should cause no wonder; For scores of married men Have long been catching thunder.

When a little boy discovered a cucumber growing out in the garden it was something new to him so he rushed into the house and exclaimed: "Mamma, mamma, there's a pickle growing on our squash vine."

The man who can bottle up his wrah in all times is a corker.

Travelling will become higher when airplanes displace trains and automobiles.

The newlywed that expects to be the master of his house soon finds out that he is only the paymaster.

The new Hudson River bridge will be the most costly one in the world, excepting, of course, Auction Bridge.

Wanted—Young woman for hanging up, shaking out and folding. Wages twelve dollars weekly, with bonus to start. Apply Tabor Laundry Works, 446 Bathurst street.—Toronto Evening Telegram.

It is wise never to make friends of fools or fools of friends.

Petulant Wife—I cook for you all day and what do I get? Nothing!
Husband—You're lucky! I get indigestion!

The modern maid hasn't failed to notice that after Dad is through growling about rouge, lipsticks, and eyebrow stuff he beats it to the mirror to comb the hair over his bald spot.

Motto for Married Men
You must not throw upon the floor
The wife you cannot stand,
For many a single man might love
That wife to beat the band.

Recalling the happy days, some people can't recognize national prosperity because so many associated it with the time when the silk shirt was the national flag.

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

—BOARDMAN—MORROW COUNTY, OREGON—

WHY
BOARDMAN?

Because

THE CLIMATE IS GOOD

THE PEOPLE ARE
SOCIAL
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

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