

THE BOARDMAN MIRROR

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 44

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Dale Albright was a Portland visitor last week.

Miss Ethel Broyles was a Portland visitor Tuesday.

J. Risley and family motored to Portland Saturday evening, returning Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murchie returned to Wasco Tuesday after several days' visit at the J. C. Ballenger home.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Dingman have purchased the corner lot adjoining their place from J. C. Ballenger and plan to build a new home later on.

Lee Mead writes from his new location at Grass Valley that he has a better job but "can't say I like the country any better than down your way."

J. C. Ballenger and wife entertained the Ralph Davis family at a "chick dinner" last Thursday evening. The evening was spent playing "Michigan."

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Albright were shocked to hear the sad news of the sudden death of Walter Davis of Everett, Wash., a brother-in-law, who died following an operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Albright and daughter, Marjorie, left Sunday on

No. 17 for Everett. Mrs. Albright's sister, Mrs. Davis, was in the hospital at the same time and was unaware of her husband's illness and suffered a nervous shock when informed of her husband's death.

CALL FOR WARRANTS

All school warrants of School District, No. 25, Morrow County, Oregon, from No. 427 (May 25, 1922) to No. 487 (October 28, 1922) both numbers inclusive will be paid on presentation. Interest stops on this date. Dated this 8th day of December, 1923.

MRS. GLADYS GIBBONS,
Boardman, Oregon. Clerk.

No man ever had genius who did not aim to execute more than he was able.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

For there is nothing good nor bad but thinking makes it so.—Shakespeare.

A flow of artesian water has been struck in the oil well being drilled at Hamilton, we are told, and if there is sufficient pressure an effort will be made to supply the city of Hamilton from this source.

Hotel Lorton, Pendleton, is still the house of welcome.

WANTED—Fresh eggs and chickens, French Cafe, Pendleton. au31f

Let us print those butter wrappers.

Boardman Utellem

THIRD YEAR Edited by the High School Students NUMBER 13

Truman Messenger, '24, Editor Katherine Brown, '26, Assistant Editor Clara Marcus, Joke Editor

School will close Friday, Dec. 21st for the holidays and open Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1924.

Roy and Ray Dempsey returned last week from a visit to Longview, Wash.

Have you noticed the "Sophie strut" of late? It is because of wearing arm bands recently purchased. Colors are cerise and black.

Carl Wicklander and Lawrence Beck of the manual training class have built and put in place a window box in the 5th and 6th grade room.

Each of the rooms has drawn names for Christmas presents and will place them on the school tree in the auditorium next Friday. In this way no one will be left out.

The English classes are at the present time studying classics. First and second year classes have chosen "The Lady of the Lake" by Scott. Third and fourth classes are at work on Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

It is desirable that every high school student will write a theme which will appear in these columns before the close of the year. Several have already done this and a good beginning has been made.

Friday, Dec. 21st, at 1:30 p.m. the school will have Christmas exercises in the auditorium. There will be a tree and a program and the entire school will take part. Patrons and friends are cordially invited.

Preliminaries for Christmas are now in progress. The signs and sounds of preparation indicate that Santa Claus will not pass Boardman by. The rooms are being adorned and made ready for the king that shall rule all hearts.

Linoleum has been put down in the Cafeteria kitchen and adds much to the appearance, comfort and convenience of the room. No longer will the women folk who work there complain of tired feet and aching backs incident to labor on a solid cement floor. Many thanks to the school board.

Seventh and Eighth Grades
The grades for the third month of school gave Helen Boardman of the 7th grade, Rank 1; Iyve Olson, Rank 2, and Kenneth Boardman, Rank 3. In the 8th grade Mabel Brown was first in rank, Violet Gilbreth, Edna Reinhardt and Helen Chaffee tied for second place, and Robert Berger was third.

The boys of the Manual Training department are making a table for the 7th and 8th grade room. When it is completed it will be used on stormy days as a game table. The teacher and pupils have made quite a collection of games and puzzles that can be quietly played inside when the elements will not allow playing outside.

Both the grade and the high school girls have organized a "basket ball team." The line-up for both of the teams is:

HIGH SCHOOL—
Zoe Hadley (captain), guard.
Nellie Messenger, guard.
Louise Klages, side center.
Ema Broyles, forward.
Marie Messenger, forward.
Mildred Duncan, center.
GRADE SCHOOL—
Violet Gilbreth (captain), forward.
Thelma Beck, forward.
Helen Chaffee, guard.
Thyra Beck, guard.
Edna Reinhardt, center.
Rachel Johnson, center.

Boardman Needs a Gymnasium

By IDA MEFFORD

When the subject of the gymnasium is brought before the people they wonder why Boardman wants a gym, and if they really need one. Let's pause and consider. Yes, they need one. The students are working harder in their classes so they may play in the games given by the school. If they do not get a good average in their grades they are not allowed to take part in such games.

Do the children of today have less or more knowledge granted them in school than they did when you were in school? Yes, they have. It takes physical strength as well as mental to work their way thru school.

Aren't the people of today going ahead, or are they remaining the same and playing the old games, as dare-base, blackman, etc. Of course these are good games and are strength-builders as long as the weather is agreeable for them to be played outdoors, but just pause and think again, winter comes once a year and is it very strengthening to get wet and cold throwing snow balls until one's hands are almost frozen?

During the winter the children need a more comfortable place to play. I wonder what a neighboring school would say if we ask them to come here and play basket ball in the snow? Answer this question for yourself.

It is said by many people that schools are going too much for athletics, but aren't we sending away from our schools higher educated minds than those of the days gone by.

Your child would be ashamed to think he could attend a game but wouldn't because he didn't know anything about it.

It is said that the world is growing weaker and wiser. So let's build a gymnasium and give the children a chance to develop their muscles as well as their brain.

Let's all get behind a gym., push it forward and put up a good one to compare favorably with the school building and make it last.

Electricity and Steam

By ALTON KLITZ

For the last ten years electricity has gradually taken the place of steam in large factories, ocean-going vessels and battleships.

Not long ago in a test conducted by the railroads, one electric locomotive was connected with two huge Moguls, a large type of steam locomotive.

These were given the start and pushed the electric engine for several hundred feet, then the engineer turned on the current and the Moguls began to puff. As the speed decreased the engineers opened the throttles and the exhausts of the steam engines grew louder until they seemed to split the air.

This strange, silent monster had the engines to a standstill and was forcing them both back against the pressure of their own steam.

This test proved that electricity is more powerful than steam, and as soon as the hydro-electric plant is completed at Umatilla you will see engines running on the Union Pacific that will look like that one used in that historic contest.

Small Boy on the Hog

A hog is an animal. He has four legs, one on each corner to stand on and to walk with and a tale. He has two eyes to see with on each side of his head. A hog can see only on one side at a time. If a eye on that side is knocked out he can't see on that side. If the eye is knocked out on the other side he can't see on that side either. If both eyes are knocked



McKay Reservoir and Umatilla Project Get \$940,000 Appropriation

For construction and maintenance work an appropriation of \$940,000 has been recommended to congress for the Umatilla project. Of this \$750,000 is for continuation of the work on McKay creek. The total is \$40,000 more than last year.

BODY FOUND IN COLUMBIA NOT THAT OF EDNA PITMAN

Pictures of Edna Rogers Pitman have been received at the sheriff's office and Mr. Rogers, her father has received word from her. She is still alive and living in Los Angeles with her husband, thus leaving the identification of the body found in the Columbia near Wallula in doubt.

Of all monarchs Nature is the most just in enactment of laws, and the most rigorous in punishing the violation of them.—Wilkins

We ourselves die, but the fair fame never dies of him who has earned it.—Odin.

Knowledge advances by steps and not by leaps.—Macaulay.

out he can't see on either side and is the same as blind.

A hog has a nose to root dirt with. A hog can run a squeal. He is a peccable feller unless he is a razer back and has big teeth, then he will bite and jump the fence to git out.

A hog is a pig until he gets big enuff to be a hog then he is a reel hog. A hog is a peccoliar artical. He will git his feet into the troff and keep the pigs and other hogs from eting if he is a big enuf hog. A hog will waller in the mud.

Some peepul act like hogs. There are sevral kinds of hogs, hedge hogs, tame hogs, wild hogs, ground hogs, and rode hogs. All hogs move on the ground, the wildest hog nown to man is the rode hog. He is dangerous and hard to ketch. Sometimes he kills peepul. I dont no eny more about hogs.

JOKES

PROF.—"Tell what you know of the cotton gin?"
SENIOR—"Never tasted it, sir."

Coach Griggs told us not to smoke—we don't.

Nor listen to a naughty joke—we don't.

He made it clear we must not wink At pretty girls, nor even think About intoxicating drink—we don't. To flirt and dance is very wrong—we don't.

We kiss no girls, not even one, We don't know even how 'tis done— You wouldn't think we had much fun—we don't. —Basket Ball Boys.

MRS. CROWDER—"You know I always speak just what I think."
HOWARD—"Yes, only oftener."

FRESHIE—"My sweetheart's birthday is next week and I want to give her a surprise."
JUNIOR—"Why not tell her your right age?"

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Ford touring car in good condition for cattle or hogs.

PROF.—"Wake that fellow up next to you."
STUDENT—"Aw, do it yourself, you put him to sleep."

EDITOR—"Milly, have you any news?"
MILLY—"I haven't my cooking."

MISS MARVIN—"You don't call that news, do you?"

KEEP YOUR EYE on Haylor's window for Jewelry....Heppner, Ore.

COLOR IN HOMES

Too Much White in Rooms Causes Nervousness.

Writer Tells of Experiment He Made in Friend's Home and the Result.

Are homes too "white"? I ask the question, and give the reply—a most emphatic "Yes!" says a writer.

A few weeks ago I was invited to stay for a few days with a friend. My mission—I am credited with being of the "happy-and-bright" type—was to cheer her up. She wasn't exactly ill, but she was nervous and depressed. Life seemed not to hold the slightest attraction for her. Yet she was well off, and was in the enviable position of being able to gratify any reasonable wish or want.

I did my best to cheer her, but after a day or two I not only knew that I was not succeeding, but felt I was getting in the dumps myself! Thereupon, faced with an effect, I determined to find the cause. And quite suddenly I knew what it was. White!

My bedroom was white—furniture, curtains, toilet ware, wall paper. The floor was linoleum and the dominant color was white. The two rugs were white. The only thing in the room that wasn't white was my own special piece of soap.

The bathroom was all white. And downstairs, in the dining room, there were white curtains, and a white breakfast service on a white tablecloth. And before the fire was spread a beautiful white rug.

It was the breakfast service that gave me the key to my growing depression. Generally, I thoroughly enjoy my breakfast, but white cups and saucers, white plates, white jam-jars, white teapot, white cream-jug put me completely "off."

My friend was in her usual sad, resigned, depressed state. Remembering my "cheer-up" mission, I asked if I might, on the morrow, make a few alterations. She didn't mind what I did; she had no curiosity, even, as to my intentions.

I was obliged to take her cook into my confidence, and was lucky enough to gain her as an ally.

Next morning I was down first. I wanted to watch my friend's face when she came to breakfast. It lit up. Some of the depression lifted, and her eyes shone as she said that one word, "Oh!"

A breakfast service of blue and gold blazed on the table, the white muslin window curtains had gone, and apple-green casements were in their place; a ghastly aspidistra that had stood for years and years and years before one of the windows had been displaced in favor of a gorgeous azalea; the white rug had been replaced by a warm-colored Axminster. And for breakfast there were no eggs and no bacon. Instead, there were rissoles, cold salmon and a lovely sole.

My friend, for once, ate a breakfast. And she laughed several times. "It does make a difference, my dear, doesn't it?" she said. And I agreed. Then I told her the truth—that she had been suffering from too much white and too much sameness in food. Eggs and bacon for breakfast 313 times a year, and sausages and bacon 52 times—on Sundays! Eaten off white plates, too!

Now my friend is cured. I pushed her on relentlessly, to make her home colored and cheerful, and when I came away she was as happy as a sandhog. The last touch had been to have her white-painted stairs redone a warm and rich mahogany. No more of the tyranny of white for her!—London Answers.

Advance Copy.

It is well known that orators whose speeches are in demand by the press frequently send copies for publication before the scheduled event. This innocent dodge bespeaks an optimistic trust in fate but it isn't in the same class with the orator who sent 30 pages of typewritten "report" on his coming speech. On page 30 occurred the timely suggestion: "But it is growing late and I must close." His typed report bore this legend in brackets: (Cries of "No, no! Go on! Go on!")

Taking It Out in Trade.

The minister went to the village barber, with whom he was at loggerheads, for a shave. When it was finished he proffered the usual dime.

"I'll take it in preaching!" replied the barber, refusing the coin.

"My friend," rejoined the minister, with dignity, "I haven't 10-cent sermons."

"That's all right, sir!" retorted the barber. "I'll come twice!"

"In short, ladies and gentlemen," said the orator. "I only say—I beg to assure you—that I wish I had a window in my bosom, that you might see the emotions of my heart."

Vulgar Boy—Wouldn't a pane in your tummy do?—London Tit-Bits.

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