

# THE BOARDMAN MIRROR

VOLUME III.

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**Where the Sun Shines Most of the Time**  
and the very air seems to dispel worry and tone up the nerves.

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Boardman, Oregon.

**Merry Christmas 1923**



## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Oscar Koser and son, Everett, were Hermiton visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. Bryce Dillabough and daughter left recently for Portland for several weeks.

Miss Myrtle McNeil and Raymond Clark, one of her pupils, spent the week-end at the Falter home.

Mrs. Calbreth of The Dalles visited this week with her granddaughter, Mrs. Paul Demaro at Messner.

Ald met at Mrs. Warner's Wednesday with only a small attendance. Routine business was transacted.

Mrs. Jack Gorham and daughter, Janet, went to Hermiton Wednesday for a day or so to visit at the Leather home.

Nate Macomber and family moved into their lovely new home on Thursday. This is one of the nicest homes in Boardman.

Mrs. Nate Macomber enjoyed a short visit with her brother, Sid Reynolds of Pilot Rock, who came Wednesday on No. 1.

Mrs. Leo Root and Richard returned last Tuesday from The Dalles. Richard is getting along nicely, but still has his head bandaged.

Mrs. Dan Rangler returned this week from Pendleton, where she has been for several weeks with her sister, who has been seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wicklander entertained Miss Louise Sears and Miss Barbara Hixon and Elmer Marty and wife at a delightful dinner last Sunday.

Mrs. Oscar Beck has again taken charge of the restaurant and will open for the trade on Sunday. Mrs. Ellis has had charge of the restaurant for several months.

Little Janet Gorham tipped a kettle of hot soup over on herself last Tuesday and scalded her face and chest, but fortunately she was not seriously burned.

Mrs. Geo. H. Ellis plans to leave today for a month's visit at Lacrosse, Wash., with her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Bradshaw. Mrs. Bradshaw visited here last summer and met a number of the Boardman people.

J. R. Johnson motored to Pendleton Saturday. Rev. Cornelison, who was an overnight guest at the Johnson home went as far as Pendleton with them, where he spoke at a C.E. rally on Saturday night.

Mrs. Alice Risley of Millwaukie, Ore., mother of Mr. J. Risley of the highway department, and Mrs. Robt. C. Bradshaw of The Dalles, Mr. Risley's sister, were guests at the Risley home on Sunday evening, returning to The Dalles on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson and Mrs. Ingard Skobo drove to Heppner one day last week. At this time Mrs. Skobo received her final citizenship papers. She was highly complimented by the judge upon her accurate answers to the questions propounded.

Boardman friends will be sorry to hear of the death of "Grandma" Spring at her home in Lents last Tuesday at the advanced age of 85. She was the mother of Mrs. Nick Falter and has spent part of each year here with the Falter's since they have been here. She was very active for her age, but the past year

she failed rapidly and the past month has been bedfast at her son's home in Lents. Mrs. Falter has been with her the past two months helping care for her. Boardman friends extend their sympathy to the Falter's at this time.

The past week of continuous fog and mist has caused consternation in the hearts of the Boardman housewives, who, being accustomed to continuous sunshine, find it a difficult matter to dry the family wash, and each day a few more particles of soot settle on the clothes that still hang on the lines.

The Boardman Cheese factory was forced to close down for lack of local support. The farmers would not sell milk enough to the factory to make it a paying proposition. This is unfortunate because the project could so well support a cheese factory and already Boardman cheese was liked wherever it was eaten.

Last Friday the members of the C.E. had a rally at the church and a banquet—a banquet it was, too—salads, sandwiches, baked apples, meat loaf, pickles, and pumpkin pie, topped off with rich whipped cream. About 45 were seated at the tables and enjoyed the talk by Rev. J. Cornelison of Tutuila mission near Pendleton, who was the principal speaker of the evening. Mrs. Effie Ritchey of Freewater was to have been present but owing to the illness of her baby was unable to come, but hopes to visit the Boardman society in January or February. Unfortunately the program had to be greatly shortened because of the basketball games which had been scheduled, but was greatly enjoyed even the brief.

A very interesting letter was received from a former Boardman resident last week—R. Wasmer, who is now in Lake Wales, Florida. He has been spending more or less of his time lately in the hospital at Lakeland, having enjoyed his Thanksgiving dinner there. He had a serious time with his left knee which swelled until he was unable to walk; then the right leg and hip also became affected. An X-ray of his teeth showed an old abscess, so he had some of them removed and finally became able to walk again. Mr. Wasmer said that he had splendid neighbors, who were very kind to him during his illness. He seems very enthusiastic over his new home. We quote: "How would you like to live where the sun shines every day, a deep blue sky dotted over with fleecy, silvery clouds, orange trees, deep green, loaded now with yellow, golden fruit, the mocking bird singing all day long, flowers in full bloom and Christmas at the door," but he also stated that he would like to attend the Christmas program at Boardman.

Money is a commodity that will buy anything but health and happiness, and is a universal transport to every place but heaven.

Merry Christmas—Hotel Dorion.

**Production of Turkeys Decreasing Every Year**  
The production of turkeys seems to decrease yearly. Perhaps this is due to the increase in the production of capons. Certain it is that capons are much easier to raise, and there are many people who will tell you that they like capon meat better than that of the turkey. Little has ever been done in the way of raising turkeys in confinement. When it has been tried the results have been discouraging. Capons, on the other hand, can be raised successfully in this manner.

## OLD SANTA CLAUS ON WHEELS

Union Pacific to Have Christmas Trees on all Observation Cars  
"Mamma, doesn't Santa Claus ever come to a railroad train?"  
The innocent query, made by one of a number of children on the U.P.-Los Angeles Limited last Christmas gave some one a hunch and this year Santa Claus will make good on Childhood's fondest expectations.  
For the announcement is made by William McMurray, General Passenger Agent of the Union Pacific System at Portland that every thru train on its lines is to have a Christmas tree, together with a full complement of candy, toys and all of the fixings necessary for a real Christmas Eve celebration.  
And that means that the venerable saint will have to catch 25 different trains speeding at a mile a minute across widely separated portions of the West, bearing not only a big tree, but a huge pack that contains everything necessary to make it a treasure chest of real Christmas fun. On each pack will be the address:  
"For the kiddies who have to travel on Christmas. With the holiday greetings of the Union Pacific System."  
Both operating and traffic departments of the railroad are co-operating to see that Santa doesn't miss a single train that carries an observation car, and a large staff has been especially assigned to assist in seeing that the huge amount of presents and trimmings necessary are properly distributed and waiting at the various strategic points along the U.P. lines where the many trains can best be caught.  
The Portland Limited will be started from Portland by Santa on the 24th and the other trains will be met at Ogden, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, Portland, Cheyenne, Denver, North Platte, Kansas City and Omaha.

## HUMANITY OF JACK LONDON

"Two Bits" Sought by Derelict Shone  
Yellow Uncs. Bright Street Lights.  
I once walked with Jack London through the tenderloin section of Los Angeles, where the fragments of men were huddled. As we stood on the corner an aged vagrant walked up to us as softly as wind blowing over a grave.  
"Please, mister," he said to Jack, "kin I have the price of a flop?"  
London stood, his white shirt open at the throat, his black Windsor tie knotted low on his breast, a faint, weary smile playing over his hand some face. "Sure," he said, "here's two bits."  
The vagrant's scrawny hand clutched at the coin, which shone yellow under the light. "That isn't a quarter, mister, it's five bucks."  
"No, it isn't," answered Jack, confused; "take it and beat it, or I'll call a cop."  
The derelict tottered quickly down the street in abject fear of the greatest man his own underworld had produced, and whose name he was never to know. The hobo's disappearance brought a temporary stillness. All about us were decrepit figures, the shriveled ghosts that each of us might have been. Jack broke the silence with the title of one of Gorky's books, "creatures that once were men," he said; and then, as if in a pathetic afterthought, he murmured, "Poor devils, they'll never have to go to hell."—Jim Tully in International Book Review.

## The Never-Said.

"Yes, dear; I have been playing poker. I was not detained at the office."  
"That hair you found on my shoulder, love, is from my stenographer's head."  
"Yes, Judge, my home brew has an alcoholic content of six per cent."  
"Your honor, I was driving forty-eight miles an hour because I was in a hurry."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.  
A Little Fun for Himself.  
"Well, Vaughn, how's your sweetheart?"  
"We're not friends any more."  
"Well, you're going to make up, aren't you?"  
"Sure, but I'm going to play insulted for about a week and spend some of my money on myself."  
Merry Christmas—Hotel Dorion.  
**KEEP YOUR EYE on Haylor's window for Jewelry....Heppner, Ore.**

## ADVANCE IN TREE SURGERY

Millions of Dollars Being Spent Annually to Salvage Things of Beauty.  
Tree surgery, as it is practiced today, is less than a quarter of a century old. It was, naturally, crude in its beginnings, and the past ten years have been the era of its greatest development. It may be said that this development has closely paralleled that of the automobile. In both cases the original principle was sound, but it has taken a good many years to bring about the refinements which constitute the efficient gas-driven car and perfected tree surgery of the present day.  
Among Americans no line of commercial or professional endeavor can be expected to thrive or even endure for long unless it has a sound economic justification, says E. A. Quarles. We are a practical people and things impractical make a very limited appeal. American home owners spend yearly not less than \$5,000,000 in the care of their trees, exclusive of work done on them by labor in their own employ. Ten years ago it is doubtful if half that sum was spent. These figures speak forcefully in confirming the acceptance of tree surgery as an important and practical application of science to the preservation of a useful material possession of mankind.  
Shade trees about the home have both an aesthetic and economic value. With many the first named would justify any reasonable care for their preservation. Louis Puertes, the noted painter of birds, said in a recent address that he, for one, was tired of hearing people appeal to for the protection of birds because of their economic value, great as this is. Those of us whose lives are spent with the trees and whose daily endeavors have to do with their preservation sometimes have the same feeling if we must be brutally frank. "Only God can make a tree," in the words of Joyce Kilmer's immortal verse. Do not its majesty, grace, beauty and the suggestion it gives of a link between man and the Creator furnish all the urge that is necessary to give our trees the care they deserve? Short of man himself, few creations of the Almighty so completely fill the eye and satisfy the aesthetic sense as do the trees. In practically all landscaping of any scope trees are the dominating motif. Certainly they deserve better care from man than they receive.—Arts and Decorations.  
New Cadmium-Gallium Lamp.  
The production of light sources from which pure monochromatic light of various wave lengths and great intensity may be obtained is from a practical viewpoint of great importance in the field of optics.  
During the past month, the bureau of standards has constructed an enclosed quartz vacuum lamp using an alloy of gallium and zinc, similar in many respects to the cadmium-gallium lamp previously designed. The design of the new lamp has been so perfected that the lamp operates quite satisfactorily with very little flickering, giving several intense lines, one red and several blue and green.  
Preliminary experiments have been made in connection with the production of a thallium lamp, but the results so far have not been entirely satisfactory owing to the high temperature at which it is necessary to run the lamp to prevent the thallium from depositing on the walls of the light space, thus covering up the arc.—Scientific American.  
Honor Among Chinese.  
It appears that there is a very high sense of honor among Chinese, writes Henry Crosby Emery, LL. D. So is there among the merchants of America, England, Germany and other countries. Again the differences between individuals are infinitely greater than those between nations. To all this must be added that, since China is an older country, her merchants developed a sense of honor long before western countries. At a time when European commerce was half trade and half piracy, China had developed this high commercial morality. It is probably the half-buccaneering traders who first brought news of this strange and honorable custom to lands who as yet knew it not. Today Chinese commercial honor and English or American commercial honor differ little except that China had developed it centuries before it was adopted in foreign lands.—Harper's Magazine.  
As We Progress.  
It was in the year 1925. A New York matron, coming down to breakfast, met her only son ascending the stairs. He was headed for the roof, where his fast airplane awaited him.  
"Where to, Tommy?" asked the matron.  
"Denver for lunch, mother."  
"Well, you have a perfect day for flying."  
"That is what I thought. So from Denver I may hop off to San Francisco for a little golf."  
"Very well, my son. But be home early for dinner."