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## "Bucky" Looks Like Winner



Stanley Harris, more popularly known as "Bucky," has had wonderful success with the Washington Nationals this year and it would not be surprising if he landed his team a winner. Harris is the youngest manager in the major leagues.

## FAITH

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

AND though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, I used to think about this removing of mountains a good deal when I was a child and I was finally convinced that it couldn't be done, but I was wrong. I took it all literally then, but there are other mountains which faith can remove which are quite as high and impassable as those reared by earthquakes or formed by erosion and which stop our progress as completely.

There are mountains of discouragement, mountains of difficulty, mountains of temptation and sorrow which faith in ourselves, faith in other men, or faith in higher and unseen things can make as easy of traversing as a paved highway.

Garver has brains, an excellent preliminary training and a healthy body, but he is doing badly. He distrusts himself and his ability, he is easily discouraged, and will admit without argument that he is going to fail. He has no self-confidence, no faith in himself. If someone could get him to stand solidly upon his feet, to believe sincerely in his own power of accomplishment, to develop personal faith in his business and intellectual salvation would be assured.

Strikeman is one of the most brilliant young fellows with whom I am acquainted. He is handsome physically; in college he was among the best in his class, but as a professional man he is neither happy nor successful. He has faith in himself, but little or none in anybody or anything else. He is cynical and supercritical of people, and he trusts very few. He laughs at religion and considers those who find help and comfort in its teachings weakly and superstitious. His own character is guided largely by expedient rather than principle. He has nothing higher than his own selfish interests to guide him or hold him in the path of rectitude. He is, of course, discreet, for he has no desire to come under the ban either of the law or of public opinion, but whatever can be done sub rosa is in his mind legitimate. He has his ups and downs, he has his periods of elation followed by the deepest depression, he is pretty largely what the people are with whom he associates. People do not believe in him because he does not believe in people. They do not trust him; they do not bring him their business. His character is a weak character because it is not founded upon any definite moral or religious principles. He has no faith in man; he has no belief in God. The "evidence of things not seen" makes no appeal to him. He has virtually failed.

But to him who has faith in himself in his fellow men and in the Creator of all things, the mountains are quite likely to disappear.

## An Ode to The China Pheasant

Written for the Anti-Gun Club by Mrs. F. B. Pennock

Here's an ode to the China, that grim seed of hate,  
Twixt the farm and the gun club,  
The Devil's own mate.  
How the hunters adore him, with all of his sin;

But the weary old "Hayseed," lozes his grin,  
As he strolls down the trail where the China has been.

Alas for the melons he hoed with such care,  
For the law armored china has beaten him there,  
He tightens his belt, and strolls on to the corn,  
When he tilled with high hopes in the young dewy morn,  
But here to the china has finished the job;  
And left for the farmer the stark naked cob.

He ruined the grapes and the straw berries too,  
Of what he has missed, not one thing meets our view.

He has scratched up the turnips, and bit all the spuds,  
Pecked into the squashes, and then mused the duds,  
Which he loaned to the scare-crow, to keep him at bay.

The duds we shall need on our cold "rainy day,"  
We bubble and simmer down under the vest,  
For we know we're the goat as has long been confessed.

We give him our gardens, and give him our fruit,  
And fat him up fine for the nimrods to shoot,  
And if a stray bullet should slaughter a cow,  
Tis a small thing to "holler about" anyhow.

The game wardens warn us of prison and fine,  
If we should dare on his carcass to dine.  
But we gaze on the wrecks of our labors and pains,  
With grim satisfaction, we munch the remains.

And should the game lovers once venture our way,  
We have all clubbed together to see that they stay,  
On the safe public highway, nor venture to pass,  
Over one tiny blade of "old tassels" grass.

We too can get warrants, and trespassers fine,  
And we don't have to post every fence with a sign.  
The peace loving farmer is forced to the fray,  
For the china must go, if the farmer should stay.

He looks on the flag that unfurls to the breeze,  
And then on the game warden, skulking at ease,  
In the cool restful shade of his hand planted trees,  
He thinks of vain toil in the sweltering sun.

He thinks of the license he pays on his gun,  
He mops off his forehead, and murmurs by heck,  
It's time to take that D-Mn law by the neck.

So now Mr. Warden, come if you dare,  
We will show you a long list of men who declare,  
That the season will open when e're this old sinner,  
Drops down in our garden to pilfer a dinner.

And also the court room will open to those,  
Who trespass upon us to succor our foes.

We will test out the power of these laws of the great,  
To confiscate our farms to grow game for the state,  
Or to be more exact, as the truth stands to date,  
To grow game for the Gun Clubs in the name of the state.

And this is no bluff, but a bonified warning,  
We'll arrest you as sure as the dawn of the morning.

We'll not take the trouble to warn you with signs,  
But will pinch every man who steps over our lines.

## Child Who Chats With Monkeys



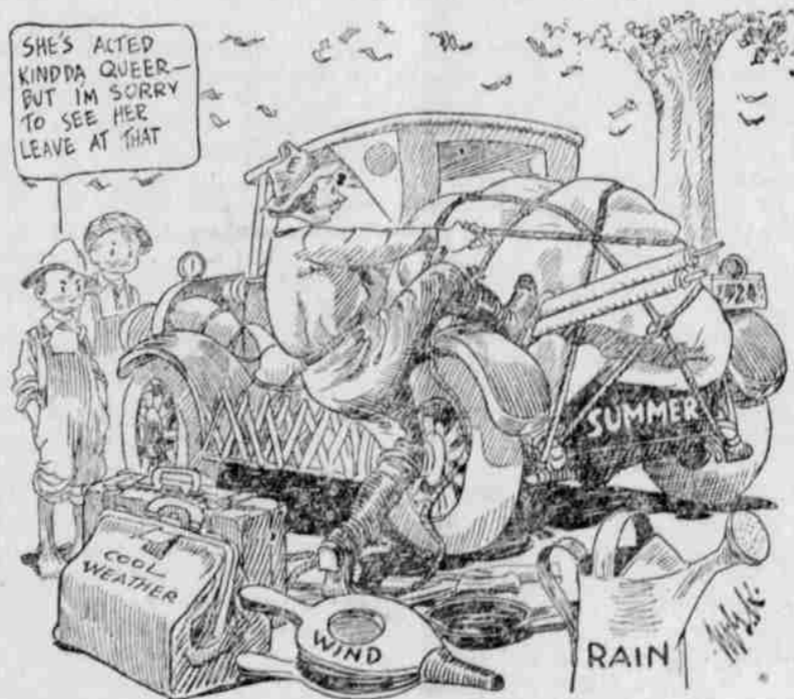
Little Helen Erickson (left), shown here with her sister Marion, is a puzzle to scientists. The girls, who recently arrived in San Francisco, are the daughters of Frederick Erickson, a mining engineer of Ecuador. Born in a mountain village of Ecuador near an ape-infested forest, the five-year-old Helen has proved from the time she was able to toddle that through peculiar guttural sounds she is able to make monkeys understand her language and obey her commands. She gave an impressive demonstration on board the steamer with a brown monkey owned by the chief steward.

## ONE MAN'S SECRET OF BUSINESS SUCCESS

A 14-year-old boy, George Black, built himself a wagon out of four wheels, an egg crate and some material, then went to peddling merchandise for eggs among farm folks around the town of Pigeon, Mich. He became known to every farmer for miles around. A few years later he opened a store. The business outgrew it and he got a big factory building. Recently he built a three-story addition to that. Black now does a business of \$350,000 a year in his town of 800 population. People for miles around trade with him. Salesman in his store work on commission; his hardware clerk averages \$250 a month and the woman at his notion counter makes \$30 a week. His business nets about \$1000 a day not long ago a merchant in a larger town took a day off and went to Pigeon solely to ask George Black if he cared to divulge the secret of his success. Black smilingly said he was glad to tell the world his secret; and he told it in words we want every merchant in and around here to read and commit to memory. He said:

"I offer nothing but real bargains—and I advertise in the newspapers in small towns around Pigeon. There's no secret to it—advertising has done it for me."

## Breaking Up Camp



SHE'S ACTED KINDA QUEER— BUT IM SORRY TO SEE HER LEAVE AT THAT

## SUCH IS LIFE

By Van Zelm

POP COULDN'T SEE THAT BUTTER

