



**:: A Hobby That Will Pay the Rent. ::**

(By Armstead Carter)

The Norwich Crested canary that was illustrated last week, shows what can be accomplished in bird breeding with loving patience.

Most breeders of exhibition birds are entitled to Job as a second name as it is only by patient effort that the wonderful results are obtained. When one looks at the Roller and the Norwich crest, and then thinks that they both originated from a bird that was in type and size the same as the Roller, we realize what a wonderful thing has been accomplished by careful breeding. In its way it is just as wonderful as the radio and many other modern miracles.

The birds in the illustrations are exact life size. The crest of the Norwich covers both eyes and bill. At a bird show today, all that counts in this breed is crest, and some wonderful crests have been produced.

The Norwich Crested canary used to be called the king of the fancy, and if the prices they sold for when this breed was in its hey day is any criterion, it was entitled to the honor. Mackley Bros. of Norwich, England, sold a crested bird for \$350. This caused a sensation at the time but later \$500 was refused for the same bird. Later Mr. Cooledge of Derby sold to the late Bernard Teel a noted winner of the breed for \$750 and included in the deal were two others, one at \$325 and one at \$250, or \$1325 for three birds.

I call them show hogs that pay these prices and they caused the result that always happens when such insane prices begin to rule, the breed lost popularity. It is not the wealthy that make a breed of birds, or anything else for that matter, that is primarily a hobby, a success. It is the patient plodder, and as soon as the birds that he needs to produce the end that he is trying to attain, reach ridiculous prices, he just simply changes his breed.

There used to be quite a little faking with this breed. The standard of perfection calls for a perfect radiation of the crest. Many times an otherwise perfect bird would have one or two feathers in its crest that would persist in sticking up out of

place, and fanciers would occasionally try and get the best of the judge by gluing them in position. When I was judging if I was a little suspicious, I would remove the birds from the cage for a closer examination, and if there was any faking, would immediately disqualify the bird.

Good crested birds can now be bought for around \$25 per pair. A crested and a crested bred are always paired together, very rarely are two crests paired. A crested bred means a bird from a nest of crests that has long head feathers, but they do not form a crest.

The breeder of crests is hard to please with any other breed, but personally I never admired them except as a wonderful feat of breeding. A good deal of double buffing has been done to produce heavy feather, with the consequence that outside of the crest, they have little to recommend them. I prefer the high colored tight and trim breeds in preference to a bird with untidy plumage. Such a one is the Norwich plainhead sometimes called the bull dog of the breed.

The Norwich plainhead is everything that his crested brother isn't, with the exception that they are both big and chubby. A good Norwich has feathers likelik, tight as wax, every feather exactly in place and a blaze of rich colors. For the showbench they are always colored, this makes them a brilliant orange color; this, and their perfect contour, makes a bird that is a delight to look at.

In recent years a peculiar skin disease has appeared among them. It seems to be something of the nature of an ingrowing feather that causes a tumor. Just when a fancier debating with himself whether he will buy his wife a new fur coat or whether he will invest in a radio with the money his birds are going to win, a lump appears in the middle of the back perhaps, or up close to the wing butt, always in some conspicuous place, and shatters his good intentions. I'mps is the common name of the disease. I have heard it facetiously called the "hush, hush, disease." It is only during the past two years that fanciers would admit they had it in their bird room,

but now that it has come into light, there is some hopes of getting it cured, otherwise it will mean the end of the Norwich plainhead as a fancy.

Any of my readers that are keeping canaries could help these birds in better health if they would plant a little feed for them. I am trying out panish canary seed, sweet rape seed, hemp and millet, to find its commercial possibilities.

All the seed we use for our pots is imported. We hear a lot of farm relief. I wonder if it would not be a little relief if we grew our own canary seed. I believe this district is peculiarly adapted for it. Anyone that wishes to try out a small patch can get the seed from me as I have imported a quantity of the finest panish seed. It has cost me 20 cents a pound. Anyone wishing to plant a small acreage for experiment can have it for the same price.

An average of over 1500 birds a day are being imported into the United States and these with the ever increasing number that are being bred here are going to eat a lot of seed, and if they can grow it successfully on this project we shall have another good way of making money that will heat artichokes all hollow, as the market is not confined to one buyer.

**NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Holsington, deceased, has filed his final account and report in said estate with the clerk of the county court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County; and that the Judge thereof has fixed Saturday, the 25th day of May, 1929, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., as the time, and the county court room in the courthouse at Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, as the place for the hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof.

FLOYD E. HOISINGTON, As executor of the last will and testament of Mary E. Holsington, deceased. Raley, Raley & Warner, John F. Killenny, Attorneys for Executor, Pendleton, Oregon. 34-51c

**MAYAS RETAIN PRIMAL CHARM**

**White Man Never Able to Convert Yucatan's Ancient Tribes.**

Merida, Yucatan.—Life still has charm and romance in the land of the Mayas. There is much that has not changed since the days when Bishop Landi tried his hand at converting the Indians four centuries ago and complained that the Indians instead had converted Geronimo Agullar, the first white man who lived among them. Geronimo, the bishop suspected, had become "an idolatrous as they."

Picturesqueness in the modern Maya village is not destroyed, as it so often is in the Mexican villages on the mainland, by dirt and misery, for the Yucatecan Indian is a luckier creature. He is cleaner, healthier and richer.

The town of Ticul, a dozen miles or so from the famous ruined city of Uxmal, is an interesting example of what has grown out of four centuries of European civilization implanted in the heart of the greatest prehistoric American civilization.

**Native Blood Predominates.** Ticul was a growing town when the white man came, as the native will tell the visitor. Today nearly everyone who speaks Spanish speaks Maya, too, while a large proportion of the people speak the Indian language only. There is no pure-white blood left and native blood far predominates.

In the native sections of the town the Indians still live in their huts of sticks, adobe roofed with fan-palm, much as they did before the conquest. The most notable change is that they use the hammock, introduced from Santo Domingo, instead of the straw rug or "petate," which they used as a bed before, and hammock making has become a Yucatecan art.

Their huts are in gardens, fenced with limestone walls, rich with orange, banana, palm, papaya and sapote trees. Magenta-colored bougainvilleas and fire-red "flamboyanas" add startling color to the picture.

**Women Carry Burdens.**

The handsome Indian or mestiza women, with spotless white cotton gowns, brilliantly embroidered at neck and hem, walk like barefoot queens through the stony streets, swinging jugs of water or naked babies on their hips. Statuesque women, with white-enameled washbasins full of beans or ground corn dough on their heads, stalk out of the spotless market with its crisp green piles of herbs and heaps of seeds and washed vegetables.

Maya potters still ply their ancient trade in Ticul, and the town supplies the surrounding region with earthenware dishes, pitchers and pots. The prehistoric disk or "kabal," which was on the verge of becoming a true potter's wheel, is still used. The potter sits on the dirt floor of his hut, turning the "kabal" with his toe and in-step while he gouges out the wet mass of clay as it slowly turns and changes into graceful shapes under his strong fingers. Ticul yards are full of pleasant round shapes, drying in the sun, waiting for baking day, when they are burned in primitive ovens, such as were used before America was discovered.

**OREGON STATE NEWS**

Removal of electric and telephone poles along the highway between Marshfield and Coquille from nearness to the pavement is believed to indicate an improvement of the 17½ miles by addition of five feet on both sides of the pavement.

Camp Pix, summer playground of Boy Scouts of eastern Oregon, will open in Baker county June 30 for three 10-day periods. A court of honor will be held at the close of each period.

Practically all the independent dairies of the Central Point-Medford district operating milk routes in the valley towns are combining their interests by incorporating a creamery company and establishing the main plant on the Pacific highway in the Berrydale district just north of Medford. A large concrete building is being remodeled for the purpose.

Approximately 125,000 one and two-year-old seedlings were shipped to 275 persons in Oregon from the Oregon forest nursery during the spring distribution of planting stock, according to a report issued by F. A. Elliott, state forester.

In what is known as the Eagle Creek Heights district, near Estacada, 1000 walnut trees have been set out by orchardists this spring. The soil seems adapted to successful walnut growing. A large number of orchards are already thriving well.

**Heaven's Dearest Gifts**

Hearts that feel, and eyes that smile are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies.—Moore

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