

THE GATE CITY JOURNAL

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LOVING OWYHEE

So proud is Dr. Elwood Mead, federal commissioner of reclamation, of the Owyhee dam that he has a miniature of that project parked upon the flat topped desk in his office in the interior department building, a Washington correspondent tells us. He says the deskpiece looks as though it weighs about ten pounds and is wrought from lead or some similar metal. The rough canyon walls, so picturesque and beautiful in their natural state, the smooth exterior surface of the great concrete dam and even the walk and handrail at the crest of the dam are all depicted with minute detail.

Commissioner Mead is especially gratified with the Owyhee project, which is eclipsed in size only by the dam at Boulder canyon, for the project came into being and has

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progressed during his tenure of office. We hope he will see the day when it becomes a paradise of farms such as now beautify the valleys below Owyhee dam.

It isn't generally known but Dr. Mead was to have been let out when the democratic administration went into office. So active has Dr. Mead been in the development of the reclamation program that western senators, irrespective of party, went to bat for him. We are also told that it was largely through the efforts of our friend Marshall Dana, one of the most esteemed democrats of the west, that Dr. Mead retained the office which he loves.

Somehow when one looks at Owyhee dam, which will stand through the ages in the service of mankind, mere party affiliation fades into the background. It is service to one's fellow men that really counts. In all truth we can add that this sentiment also guides the work of the long serving board of directors of the Owyhee and others who help on the ground floor.

PIONEERING YESTERDAY AND TODAY

We connect ox teams and Indian warfare with pioneering but at the annual Malheur county pioneer picnic in Vale Friday, Rev. S. P. Hagler, the speaker of the day, reminded those present of a pertinent thought. That is, days of pioneering are not over. With a new frontier facing us, we are pioneers again. Many thinkers are convinced that a folk movement to the land, comparable in some respects to pioneering in the last century, is now in process. They believe it heralds a new day and a new scheme in our social organization.

The first of these pioneers of the present age have gone out from the cities and have bought tracts of land in the country. This is proved beyond a doubt by the latest figures from the department of agriculture which shows that on January 1, 1933, there was a farm population in this country of 32,242,000—the highest peak in history. The previous peak was 32,076,000 in 1910.

Millions of our people through necessity will combine industry and agriculture to gain a livelihood. Some available work will provide a sum of money for clothes, certain groceries and a few luxuries. Small farms will provide the bulk of the food. A family with a cow or two, a pig to kill of the winter, a flock of hens, a small garden, can raise most of its food. This with a day or two of work a week will keep the family in comfort. Life on the soil offers a satisfaction not to be measured in dollars.

Sustenance farms on the Owyhee project may be a part of this new pioneering. Again, man is learning that his most faithful ally is the soil.

GET READY FOR SCHOOL

Many children, ranging from near-graduates to kindergartners, will convene on our streets and highways this September, all approaching central points. Through the summer they have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land; now they are to be mobilized, crossing our city thoroughfares or country lanes in long lines going to school or coming home.

It is the solemn duty of every motorist to see to it that these youngsters have a safe passage. By following a few simple rules, he can help cut down the toll of 3,400 children killed in 1932. Every motorist should remember to approach a school zone with care; slow down at all intersections; to watch his speed on curves in the country. Above all, he should look out for the unexpected. Children who meet after two months' separation, become so absorbed that they forget about the danger of dashing into the roadway, darting from behind parked cars, or trying to retrieve a ball from under the fender of a moving vehicle. The motorists must do their thinking for them.

The reduction in motor accidents to children of school age is the brightest picture in the safety movement, but there still remains much to be done to further reduce the number of tragedies—90 per cent of which are avoidable. Educators, school authorities and teachers constantly emphasize the dangers of modern traffic conditions, to the children. The one person able to bring about great improvement is the motorist. He should drive at all times as he would if his child were out in that crowd ahead.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS BY CLARK WOOD

Hope the promised prosperity wave will be a permanent.

Whenever a chap gets peeved enough to break something, it's too often a commandment.

Somnolent Sam says the sleeping sickness wouldn't be so bad if a chap could wake up often enough to eat.

Government's plan to buy five million swine for the block does not, alas, include the road hog.

The importance of a C. C. S. recruit is best exemplified when he's lost in the woods.

The way Roosevelt "talks turkey" to the big guys, there may be more for John Public's Thanksgiving.

A good friend remarked to us yesterday that he never allows his wife to boss him. But she was not present.

Attention!

To Users of Electricity—

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Voice of the Press

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Has anyone ever calculated what the dog—sheep dog, cow dog, cattle dog—is worth to farming? His services are unpaid; he may even be unfed, or at any rate but half fed. He does what neither man nor machine can do. A collie "Glen," that regularly rounded up the cows on a dairy farm, one day also rounded up the dozen or so sheep kept on the place. Wondering why, and being attracted by the excited manner of the dog, his owner (after counting the flock and finding one missing) followed "Glen's" lead to an open drain where he rescued the missing sheep. The conclusion he arrived at was that "Glen," with a dog's sense of reasoning brought the sheep together—a thing he had never done before—so that the fact of one missing could be detected.—Wellington.

Salem Journal, edited by brilliant George Putnam, criticizes Baltimore Sun for signing NRA code and then ridiculing it. "The enormity of the recovery task and its almost insuperable difficulties, as well as the necessity of making good, suggests a better way for newspapers to do their part than by caustic criticism of sincere endeavor."—Oregon Voter.

NOTE: The following poem written by County Engineer J. Edwin Johnson for the Malheur pioneer picnic Friday, concerns a true incident.

JOHNNY'S RIDE

We sat one night by the camp fire's glow.
And told hair raising tales
Of mining camps and cowboy champs
And long nights on the trails,
Of riding outlaw horses
And stopping w/d stampedes.
Of stormy nights and grizzly fights
And wild and wooly deeds.

And then the talk got shifted round
To the funny sights we'd seen,
Of cowboy spills out in the hills,
Fit stuff for the movie screen.
Then old Jim lit his cornucop
And asked by any chance,
If we'd heard the tale of Johnny Gale
And the ride that tore his pants.

This Johnny Gale was an awkward boy
The friend of every one.
With his rugged face he was shy of
grace

But bubbling full of fun.
His one and great ambition
Was to ride 'em as they came,
The raw range colt or the thunderbolt
The outlaw known to fame.

But, though he was long on the nerve
to try,
He was short on the knowing how.
A green ranch hand, you will understand

Though a famous buster now,
He begged for a chance to learn the game
Just to let him have a try,
The boys looked sad for they liked the
lad,
And heaved a doleful sigh.

They roped the colt and saddled him,
He stood with lowered blind,
There was deep suspense, all nerves
were tense,
And doubt filled every mind
As Johnny sauntered forward
And commenced to climb aboard,
Plumb full of pluck he would trust to
luck

And take what the fates afford.
And then the blind was lifted while
The herder waited there,
The bronco looked mean, chock full of
spleen,
Looked fit to do or dare.
While Johnny sat as graceful
As a goodized bale of hay,
He ro'led the steels, knew how it feels,
To sense the earthquake's sway.

The bronc went into action like
A great big hurricane,
A mass of fight and dynamite
And flying tail and mane.
The first jump started Johnny
On a headlong flying trip,
Right on he sped, sailed straight
ahead,



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NYSSA OREGON

And then they heard a rip.
It seems that Johnny's overalls,
When he had climbed a fence,
Somehow had torn, this caught the
horn,
And here the fun commenced.
Like some great giant bullfrog,
Starting on a mighty leap,
Suspended there, he pawed the air
And tried his polse to keep.
Straddled 'cross the broncho's shoulders,
Trousers seat hung on the horn,
He swung aloft, not on nor off,
He surely looked forlorn.
As the bronco plunged and twisted
Each jump brought another rip,
His Levis strong kept holding on
Yet each bulk saw him slip.
As the best and strongest trousers
Were not made to stand such strain,
At last they slipped, the inseam ripped,
And Johnny hit earth again.
At the bottom of each pant leg
Still the hem band held intact,
With all between ripped slick and
clean
A melancholy fact.

Now, Johnny, as the years have passed,
Has learned the riding game,
The frontier show and the rodeo
Have added to his fame.
But all the old time buckaroos,
Where'er they have the chance
They like to jest with gleeful zest
Of the ride that tore his pants.

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