

INDEPENDENCE MONITOR

"THE PAPER THAT EVERYBODY READS"

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THE RHYMING SUMMARIST

East and West and North and South,
The Christmas spirit's humming,
Those who had no one to eat with them,
Went themselves a bumming;
Today, thruout this land of ours,
Because of Christmas baking,
All ate too much
And gorging such
Started stomachs aching.

Sadie Shucks received a babe
In her Christmas stocking,
It was black and cost two bits,
Now wasn't that just shocking;
Yes, and while we loaf around,
Our holiday discretions summing,
What will we stop?
What will we drop?
Swear off time is coming.

A report that the paving 's soft
On the highway near the city,
Lets Roy DeArmond in on this.
And he has our heartfelt pity;
"Say for me," he said today,
"No axe yet made will dent it,
For when I lit
It didn't split,
But then, by gum, I bent it."

Reports from over all the land,
Tell of zero breezes,
Somebody mussed it up for us,
We've got the same dang freezes;
Sadie, put on your bearskin gloves
And go down and fix the furnace,
For you could
With a cord of wood
Perhaps next summer burn us.

TO FINISH V. & S.

It is the intention of the Valley & Siletz owners to push the railroad to completion just as soon as possible. There are two more bridges to be completed and a number of "feeders" yet to be built in the timber besides nearly a mile of construction within the city limits of Independence. In a statement published in a lumber paper, Mr. Cobb, president of the company, says that just as soon as the railroad is completed, cutting will be commenced. The building of the mill in Independence this fall is a possibility.

W. W. PERCIVAL DIES

William W. Percival, after many weeks of suffering from cancer of stomach, passed away Saturday night. He was 59 years and is survived by a widow and a son and daughter, Carl and Pearl. As evidence of the many friends he had, the Presbyterian church, where the funeral services were held, was crowded to the doors. Dr. H. C. Dunsmore conducted the services after which interment took place in the Monmouth cemetery.

Mr. Percival lived in Independence and Polk county for many years and took an active interest in political affairs as a Republican. As a grower of hops his judgment of conditions made him a leader among the hop men. He was a member of the Elks lodge in Salem and of the A. O. U. W.

MCCALL MURDERS

M. H. McCall, former resident of Independence, shot and killed W. A. Shaner in the Morgan building barber shop in Portland Christmas morning.

McCall entered the shop, where he had been employed until recently, accompanied by his 7-year old son. He got a shave and hair cut and after paying his bill, stepped over to where Shaner was shaving a customer and after asking Shaner if he had a gun with him, whipped out a revolver and fired three times, Shaner falling to the floor dead. Then with revolver leveled, McCall shouted to Phelps, a colored porter: "I'll get you, too" but Phelps got out of the door and was gone. McCall chased him up Washington street but the scared negro was too swift for him and in front of the Pantages theatre, McCall stopped and requested some one to escort him to the police station and was accommodated. At the police station, McCall calmly recited his reasons for killing Shaner and his attempt to shoot Phelps. "I told Shaner to lay offa me. He said he'd get me and he went and got my job. So I killed him. I ought to have got the damned nigger first. He knew he had it coming and so when I opened with the artillery, the damned nigger liked. I chased him a block and I didn't like to shoot in the crowded street for fear I'd hit some innocent person."

"In 1915 some one started some scandal about me in Independence," McCall continued. "I'm not positive who and I won't tell what it was. It followed me from place to place. Shaner delighted to speak of things pertaining to this scandal. He wouldn't say anything to me directly but he always knew I was within hearing distance when he made his remarks. I shot in self-defense. No, I'm not going to claim he attacked me but I claim self-defense because he said those things and got my job. I gave him warning, but he ought to have had sense enough to lay offa me without being told."

Asked why he took his son with him to witness the murder, tears filled McCall's eyes and he replied: "That scandal was reflecting on my boy. I killed the man to protect my boy's name and I took the boy with me because I wanted him to know that his father had done something for him not many fathers would do. Chances are that if the little boy was not named after me I would not have done this. But this thing would have followed him through life. There's no law against shooting people if they deserve it."

The police, after some search, located the porter at his home, and requested him to come down to the police station and give his version of the affair. "No, sah," replied the negro, "yu don' ketch me 'way from dis heah house nohow, an' if anyone wants t' see me dey can come heah well recommended 'cus Ahm loaded an' Ah aint runnin' no risks gettin' shot by no crazy babbah."

Mrs. Edna McCall, his divorced wife, visited him in the jail. "I know, nothing of the trouble," she said. "Since our separation two years ago my husband's life has been almost a blank to me. I have seen him seldom and then merely to talk over our boy's prospects. I have the custody of the child. Marcus is a great, big-hearted man. I can't understand why he should have done

1917 AND INDEPENDENCE

1917 should be Independence's best year. Opportunity is knocking at our door. We have but to open up and let it in. Perhaps we have lost our hop industry. It is a bad blow if we have, but it won't bring it back to sit and mourn. If we get a setback in one place, we have got to break out in another. Keep a coming all the time. Up and at 'em.

The Monitor at this time knows of three valuable assets that we have a chance for. Each is a builder. One is almost a certainty, one is very probable and one is possible.

In the course of events and in the interest of a larger Independence, the live ones and the dead ones may have to be divided and classified. We fear so but believe after all that it will be for the best to learn as soon as we can those who are builders and those who are not.

Of course, we are nothing to each other any more, but I am willing to do what little things I can to help him for the sake of our child. That is a tie not easily broken. I don't see how he could have thought he was doing something for the sake of the child. An insanity defense is his only possible hope, but from what I know of the man he will resist that sort of defense."

Mr. and Mrs. McCall were well known in Independence. He operated a barber shop on Main street for nearly two years. Mrs. McCall in partnership with Miss Leona Hanna owned the Leader millinery store for a few months. Soon after his wife went into the millinery business, McCall very suddenly left the city, going to Spokane or Seattle. After his departure, his wife applied for and received a divorce. Soon afterwards she sold her business interests and moved to Portland.

The Monitor has received a number of letters from McCall in the past two years regarding the so-called "chicken scandal." At the time of the murder the Monitor had the "copy" of an ad he wished inserted for a month and it was to have been published for the first time this week. It reads: "\$25 Reward for the parties' name that started the chicken scandal about me March 14th, 1915. M. H. McCall, No. 221 10th St., Portland, Oreg." It was written on the stationery of the Morgan Bldg. barber shop where the murder took place. What McCall means by the "chicken scandal" is an enigma to Independence acquaintances. The most reasonable version is that it pertains to a slight difficulty with a neighbor over the trespassing of a few hens, belonging to one or the other, upon the property of the other.

It is the belief of those in Independence who knew McCall the most intimately that he was "not right in the head." He brooded over imaginary enemies who he said were "out to get him." In the barber shop he always worked with his face to the door, giving as his reason that he didn't intend to have somebody come in and "shoot him in the back" as he wanted "an even chance for his life."



COOPER-WILLIAMS NUPTIALS

Charming simplicity and modest beauty marked the wedding of Miss Mabel Cooper and Mr. George Miller Williams which was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Cooper, at high noon last Wednesday, December 27.

The home was handsomely and artistically decorated for the event with Oregon grape, holly and poinsettias, making a cheerful Christmas setting for the large assemblage of relatives and intimate friends.

Just as the chimes sounded 12, the wedding march, played by Mrs. Allen Chase on the violin, accompanied by Miss Madeline Chase on the piano, softly sounded over the rooms. Miss Genievie Cooper, her sister's only attendant, descended the stairs and was followed by the bride who was given in marriage by her father to the waiting groom. Dr. D. V. Boling of Dallas read the nuptial vows, using the impressive ring service. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white Georgette crepe, strikingly becoming. Following the ceremony an elaborate wedding breakfast was presided over by the Misses Arleta Krause of Portland, Constance Cartwright of Salem and Irene Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams left at 5 o'clock for a wedding trip, the destination of which they kept a secret from their friends.

Mrs. Williams is a graduate from the U. of O. where she was a social favorite. Later she specialized in library work at Columbia University and has recently been connected with the Portland libraries. Mr. Williams is associated with his father in the lumber business at Centralia, where they will make their home after Jan. 5.

JURORS

The following from this section of the county have been drawn for jury service at the January term of court: J. O. Anderson, S. L. Burk, W. E. Bevens, J. S. Bohannon, W. A. Bressler, Lewis Edwards, J. J. Fenton, Frank Fluke, C. C. Marks, M. W. Mix, R. H. McCarter, Peter Peterson, W. A. Seaman, D. N. Turner, Asa B. Taylor.



SPECIAL EXTRA U. S. A. SUNRISE EDITION

A MISUNDERSTANDING.
ROARING SAM came to town the other day, met us on the street in front of our office and roared in our face rather defiant like.
We reached into our hip pocket for our handkerchief, and Sam immediately pulled his gun and started to shoot. But roaring makes the hand unsteady, and Sam sent his bullets into the door on either side of us.
We were astonished and taken back, but only for a second or two. Then we pulled our gun from the other hand pocket, and Roaring Sam had roared for the last time.
When it was over we bitterly regretted his demise. We found out that he had roared around the country for several years, but he had done no great harm.
Our action in searching for the handkerchief misled him. Too had he made the mistake.

OUR CLIMATE.
Plenty of people in the east write to ask us if this climate is good for a lunged man.
It may help him some if he stays long enough and does not steal too many horses, but we shall not hold ourselves responsible if the lung he comes here with suddenly gives out.
It is rather a queer climate, and you can't always depend upon it.

POKER POINTER.
THERE is a paragraph going around the press that the governor of this state is the best poker player in the United States.
Shucks! We can hold four aces five times as often as he can.
We have tried it, and we know whereof we speak.
He lacks only as a bluffer, and he can't fill a flush in twenty times.

ROUGH ON THE BEARS.
James Hepworth, one of the most truthful citizens, came in from Bill Williams mountain the other day and reported that there was an epidemic among the grizzly bears.
He found the dead bodies of eighteen in one day.
All had died seemingly very happy, for all had been on the grin when they drew their last breath.
The state department at Washington has been asked to investigate this curious matter.

NO GAS WORKS.
Alderman Phineas of the common council tried to get a resolution through at the last meeting to close the contract with a Chicago firm to erect gas works.
It transpired, however, that the alderman wanted the gas for use only when playing poker, and his resolution was killed.
He must now resort to stronger specialties. M. QUAD.



Christmas morning, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves was the scene of another pretty wedding when their daughter, Gladys Ruth, became the bride of Mr. Leonard Todd of Buena Vista.

The ceremony was solemnized by the Rev. Yarnes, pastor of the Methodist church.
The out of town guests were Miss Flora Todd of Rickreall, Mrs. Calena Odell of Whiteson, Mr. Ray S. Reeves of Portland, Mrs. B. L. Croft and sons, Edward and Donald, and Mrs. W. W. Croft and daughter, Cleo, from near Portland.

The happy couple will make their home on a farm near Buena Vista. They have the congratulations and best wishes of the community. C

STOP THE LEAK

County Superintendent Crowley should not be swerved from his determination to use his influence in abolishing the superfluous office of school supervisor because the father and uncles of the system recently met and passed resolutions favoring its perpetuation. This gathering represented only those present—a very small portion of public sentiment. It's an old trick to rise and declare that some expenditure will only cost each taxpayer a few pennies. Using the same argument, somebody could propose that the county hire a man at \$1200 a year to stand on the banks of the Willamette and prevent people from jumping into the river because the cost would be trivial to each taxpayer. If Mr. Crowley can do the work of the supervisor and thus save the county \$1500 a year, he should be permitted to do it.

The Falls City News arrived at this office last Saturday night. It looked natural. There was nothing suspicious about it. A place of honor was given it and it was placed on top of a pile of papers for the editor's perusal long about Tuesday morning. Monday morning chance brought a member of the editorial staff into the editorial office. Something had happened to the Falls City News. It had enlarged. It looked bulky. Suspicion was aroused and the Falls City News was investigated. Shades of the Dark Ages! Inside the pages of this same Falls City News and next to pure reading matter was a life size bottle of beer. Beer—genuine beer—not cold tea! Can you beat it?