

Mt. Scott Herald

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5512 Ninety-second Street

SHOULD CARRY

Defeat of the special two mill levy for the city of Portland, to be voted upon at the special city election November 12, would cost the taxpayers far more in many ways than the three cents per week which will be added to the tax charge of the average home owner.

Failure to approve the proposed measure would mean a reduction in the already small police force; would mean no new arc lights for the poorly lighted sections, such as Lents and the Mt. Scott district; would mean the postponement of a \$3,500,000 improvement program to be paid for by the property benefited, but on which the city must pay approximately \$220,000 for engineering and supervision; would mean the impossibility of giving several thousand men employment during the winter and spring on this work; would mean the closing of the federal employment bureau at a time when it is sorely needed to find employment for both men and women; would result in further reduction in fire protection; would make impossible further improvement of parks and playgrounds which in addition to furnishing recreation for kiddies and grown-ups alike also furnish employment to large numbers of men, and would reduce other municipal services which give protection and comfort to the residents of the city of Portland.

The meaning of the election to the average taxpayer is perhaps best explained in the following words of City Commissioner Pier:

"The two mill tax measure is for but one year. Its passage will not prove an added burden to the small taxpayers as it will add less than two dollars a year to the average taxpayer's bill. Is it not worth three cents a week to provide added employment, to avert a serious calamity such as would be certain to exist with a municipality unable to cope with emergencies which might arise at any time because of the lack of a few dollars?"

"At no time in the history of the city of Portland have the people been confronted with as serious a measure as the present. The seriousness lies in the apathy usually displayed by the average voter who does not take the trouble to go to the polls. Every 100 per cent citizen of Portland should do his or her duty on November 12 by voting ballot No. 500 yes."

If this measure carries it will mean an additional tax of \$2 on each \$1000 of assessed value of property. Taxpayers now paying \$80 a year taxes will pay \$2 additional under the new schedule. The additional tax will give the city sufficient revenue to handle the improvements proposed as well as to meet the increased cost of running the city through the period of vastly increased prices of labor and material.

Get Dog Licenses Before 15th

Vigorous prosecution of all owners who fail to purchase dog licenses by November 15 is promised by Mrs. Frank W. Swanton, temporary general manager of the Oregon Humane society.

TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN HARDY BY A FRIEND

Glimpses of Remarkable Life of Portland's "Ancient Mariner" Given by H. A. White, a Personal Friend.

November 1, 1919, one of Portland's famous characters passed to that "Bourne from which no traveler e're returns," and thereby our city lost one of the old type of seamen who are fast becoming extinct.

I had the pleasure of being quite well acquainted with him and have spent many pleasant hours listening to his anecdotes and tales of the sea as he knew it. His memory was wonderful and he could relate time and dates of all his trips which took place so many years ago and these were told to me after he passed the age of eighty years. He was well worth watching as he related these deep sea yarns, for his eyes would sparkle and his form would tense as he lived over again the mutiny on his ship or told of the strenuous life he lived as a "Bucko Mate." He served in the "Texas Rangers" when this splendid body of men were ridding Texas of the outlaws which made Texas almost unlivable at that time, and he was finally made captain and shortly after this was surprised away from his men by outlaws and tortured by them; found later by his own men and spent many months disabled from the inhuman treatment accorded him by this gang, but, as he told me with a sparkle in his eye, he had the pleasure of per-

KELLOGG PARENT-TEACHER MET OCT. 28

Tuesday, October 28, the Parent-Teacher association of Kellogg school was addressed by Mrs. Helen Eakin Starett on parent-teacher work. A splendid special musical number, a vocal duet, was given by Mr. and Mrs. J. MacMillan Muir, the former the tenor soloist at the First Presbyterian church. Mr. Muir accompanied. Mrs. J. MacGregor spoke on the Girl Reserves, and two rooms, those of the Misses Snooks and Woods, gave a good calisthenic drill, with Miss Snooks at the piano and Miss Woods as director.

MASKED PARTY AT THE BLAKESLEE HOME 31ST

Last Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Blakeslee, 7521 59th avenue S. E., a group of masked people met and gave themselves up to the spirit of Halloween. Mr. Blakeslee, who had been moving about the rooms in one incognito, left for a few minutes and, presto change, a policeman appeared on the scene. He intercepted two of the guests who were out on the street on a peaceful and eminently respectable errand and demanded their reason for being on the street at that time of night. The culprits, one of whom was disguised as Mephisto, hastened to explain. Mr. Blakeslee's risibles getting the better of him, the encounter ended in a roar of laughter. The victims of Mr. Blakeslee's timely joke were Messrs. George Morrison and Ned Curtiss.

Those present were Messdames George Stoner, George Morrison, George Douglas, Tom Malloy, Jack Edwards, Harry Phillips Sr., G. C. Griffith, Dave Malloy, Edward Epton, Grace Curtiss, Ned Curtiss and H. T. Blakeslee; Miss Mabel Malloy; Messrs. George Stoner, George Morrison, George Douglas, Tom Malloy, Jack Edwards, Harry Phillips Sr., Dave Malloy, Edward Epton, Ned Curtiss and H. T. Blakeslee.

sonally executing eighteen of them later.

He was bowed by his age and hard physical life he had led but his body was strong and vigorous and his spirit he kept young and his mind keenly alert. He was a familiar figure during the recent war in his sailor suit which he had kept from his own experiences in the Navy in the early 50s. He became of great assistance in the Navy recruiting office and was well liked there and he became a great friend of Lieut. Blackburn, the officer in charge of recruiting during the early part of our participation in the great war. Lieut. Blackburn later became commander of the transport named Leviathan, formerly the German steamer Vaterland, the largest ship afloat. Captain Hardy corresponded frequently with Commander Blackburn and he treasured his letters and often referred to the many pleasant times he had with him when he was stationed in Portland.

Captain Hardy was a poet of no mean ability and this phase of his nature surprised me as it is seldom that a man who has led a hard physical life for so many years duration has that gift of letters. I quote one poem which he gave me with his personal autograph attached and which he wrote when he was over seventy-eight years old:

A BATTERED HULK
On a summer eve when the tide was low
An old sailor sat in the golden glow;
The waves were washing the sandy shore,
And calm and sweet were their languid tones.
He looked and listened and softly sighed

As he heard the voice of the ebbing tide.

Were passed his three score years and ten;
He'd smiled and wept like other men;
Brother and parent, friend and wife
Had drifted over the sea of life
To the peaceful shore where saints abide,
But he was left by the ebbing tide.
Left all alone with the dreamy past,
A battered hulk on the shingle cast,
No more to ride on the seething main
Nor feel the shock of the storm again,
He lay at peace by the ocean side
To wait the coming-of-death's great tide.

That solemn tide with its voiceless roll
Shall bear on its waves that weary soul
To the blessed land where angels throng;
Will hail its coming with holy song,
And the home of that faithful heart shall be
A place of rest by the dark blue sea.

I wonder how many of us when we have passed seventy will be able to do as well as Captain Hardy, but the old days bred a hardier race, and I am afraid that in these days of luxury and ease but few of us will be able to reach even the ripe years of the old captain, and still fewer will be able to maintain the vigorous mind and personality with which Portland's "seafarer" was so well endowed.

Many of us will mourn the old captain, but I feel that he can well say in the words of the poem:

"Today the journey is ended—
I have worked out the mandates of fate;
Naked, alone, undefended,
I knock at the Uttermost Gate.

Lo, the gate swings wide at my knocking;
Across endless reaches I see
Lost friends, with laughter, come flocking
To give a glad welcome to me.

Farewell, the maze has been threaded,
This is the ending of strife;
Say not that death should be dreaded,
'Tis but the beginning of life."

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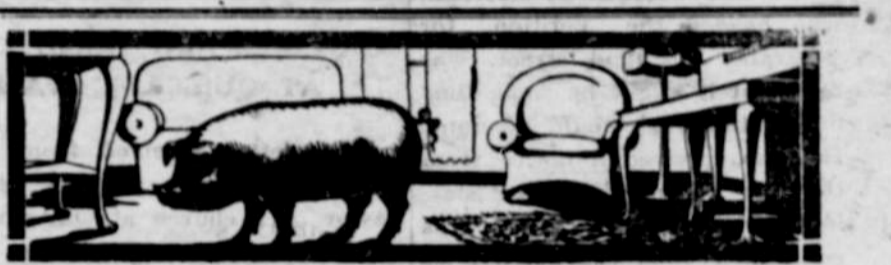
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