

Hillsboro Argus

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An Independent Newspaper, whose services and policies are based on the principle of the Golden Rule—"And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."
 —Matthew 7:12.

Safeguard Children

Hillsboro is liable to awaken some day to the announcement of a serious accident to some young bicycle rider, who neglects to observe the laws of safety and becomes careless. All of us see narrow escapes for some lad on a bicycle nearly every day and occasionally we may be behind the wheel, with the result that we are both-ered with the jitters for hours.

State laws make it necessary to have a light attached to the bicycle as a protection to the rider. Weather and light conditions are such at times on the streets and highways that one cannot see the rider until directly in front. How often we have seen just this sort of thing, which from news reports throughout the country very often ends in a serious injury or perhaps death. Swift moving traffic today is potential death to those who do not use care and judgment.

Mayor J. H. Garrett, school officials and others are doing their best to make people of all ages, particularly school children, safety conscious. Talks will be given before the schools and Mayor Garrett started this splendid work with a talk before the high school Wednesday afternoon.

Many parents prefer to have their children ride their bicycles on the sidewalks, but this is prohibited by a city ordinance of some years standing, which requires bicycle riders to use the streets instead of sidewalks, where the streets are paved. Naturally the child cannot be encouraged to ride on the walks when contrary to law. However, the danger is so great for the child riding in the street and the traffic has increased so much since this law was inaugurated that one wonders if some change could not be made in the ordinance with the safety of the children in mind.

Mayor Garrett and the Argus would appreciate expressions of opinion on this subject by local citizens and particularly the parents. What is the best and safest thing to do for our children on the bicycle and traffic problem?

Only Way Out

Old age pensions were provided by the special legislative session and are to be paid for out of a two per cent sales tax, which will be before the voters of the state in January. This seems like the only possible way to secure the required funds and take over this mounting burden from the counties. Growing relief and old age pensions have so increased the budget burdens in this county that the road system, valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars, has been forced to suffer to the point that this great investment is endangered. For such a humanitarian cause as an old age pension a sales tax should not prove burdensome to anyone. The burden cannot be increased on real estate and the sales tax was only selected after a careful study by the legislators.

Benefits Expected

An agricultural economic conference as called for by farm representatives of the county to make a careful study of the farm situation and to develop recommendations for agricultural development of the county should prove beneficial. When people in any line can get together and swap ideas real benefits are bound to accrue.

Governor Martin did the only logical thing when he sent a vigorous protest to President Roosevelt against any reduction in the present duty on lumber manufactured in British Columbia and coming into competition with products of the Pacific Northwest. The great lumber industry of the northwest needs and must have this protection if it hopes to keep its standards of wages and working conditions. We cannot believe the administration would do anything that would tear down this industry.

Corner of South Second avenue and East Oak street is a dangerous traffic corner on account of shrubbery being planted so close to the street line. A serious accident is likely to occur there unless something is done about it.

Our Yesterdays

Fifteen Years Ago
 Argus, November 4, 1920—William McQuillan, prominent county resident, died here November 28.
 Mrs. E. P. Wunderlich of Centerville dies October 28.
 Hillsboro plant of the Carnation company will take care of the milk supply this winter as the Forest Grove plant has shut down.
 Warren G. Harding elected president. R. N. Stanfield defeated Senator George Chamberlain for U. S. senate. County officials elected: William G. Hare, senator; Earl Fisher, A. B. Flint, A. E. Westcott, representatives; E. B. Tongue, district attorney; J. J. Wismer, John F. Carstens, county commissioners; George Alexander, sheriff; H. A. Kuralt, clerk; W. F. Bokey, assessor; E. B. Sappington, treasurer; E. A. Everett, recorder; N. A. Frost, school superintendent; George J. Limber, coroner, and A. A. Morrill, surveyor.
 Hare, McAlair & Peters offer \$50 prize for winner at Pacific university in local forests.
 J. C. Leedy of Kinton Grange elected master of Washington County Pomona Grange.
 Mrs. S. M. Chapman died here November 3.

Thirty Years Ago
 Argus, November 9, 1905—E. E. Lytle, the railroad builder, announces that he will at once start construction on the Hillsboro-Tillamook railway.
 William Townsend of Bethany killed Tuesday when thrown out of wagon as horses became frightened at speeding automobile.
 J. C. Schulerich, mayor of Banks, reports four new buildings going up there.

CAUGHT IN THE WILD

By Robert Ames Bennett
 (WNU Service—Copyright by Robert Ames Bennett)

(Continued from last week)
 Mr. Ramill curled up from the lean to, stiff, hungry and irritable. But sleep and the open air had whetted all appetites. As with the broiled liver, the three cheebahocs—millionaire, mining engineer and fastidious heiress—went at the hot meat with fingers and teeth. They were down to bedrock—to the fundamentals of living. All the elegancies of civilized eating were absent. Even the supposed necessities—forks, plates, seasonings. Yet the essentials remained. They were hungry, and here was food. It was neither as tender nor as savory as had been the liver. None the less, it was food.

At the end of the meal, Garth said that even the forelegs of moose, Miss Ramill rose with her father and Huxby.

"Sorry," Garth told her. "Your father needs all the walking he can get. Someone must stay to mind the fire. I might mention there's a shallow rock pool a little way along the creek, beyond those alders. You'd find that water pleasantly warm for a dip."

"Really? That's not so bad."
 "Yes. Only be sure to keep the fire going. It will hold off the wolves and Wolverines."

Huxby took Ramill's arm and started off with him after Garth. They kept in the rear all the way to the muskew swamp.

This time, instead of lynx mates, a family of wolves were feasting on the moose meat. At sight of the men, the whole family bristled and growled but started a slow retreat.

"Shoot, Garth!" urged Mr. Ramill. "They're making off."
 "Quite all right," Garth replied. "Good thing they're going. I might have had to waste cartridges to get rid of them. What I'd like to know is why they chase this solid meat, instead of the off."

As if in answer to the question, a snarling growl far deeper than the border of the muskew where Garth had killed the bull moose. Up out of the thicket reared a huge gray head. Massive forelegs stroked apart the willow stems with chisel-like claws eight inches or more long.

It was a grizzly—a full-grown ursus horribilis. Garth believed the beast to be as large as any moose sters of the same breed that ruled over the southern Rockies and the Sierras in the early days when Indians still were armed only with bows and the few white hunters carried only muzzle-loading flintlocks.

The ears of the great she-bear were flattened back. Her little pig eyes glared red. The monstrous jaws gaped to let out a roar of defiance that shook the solid ground.

"Good G—d!" Mr. Ramill gasped. "A—bear!"
 Huxby gripped Garth's shoulder. "Shoot, d—n you! Shoot, or give me that rifle!"

"Shut up!" Garth ordered him. "That roar is only a warning. She'll not charge if we mind our own affairs. You and Mr. Ramill take hold of that nearest upright leg and start off quietly. Don't hurry and don't run."

The cool certainty of Garth's tone compelled belief and obedience even from Huxby. Mr. Ramill was already reaching up for one of the two moose legs that had not been pulled down by the wolves. The engineer hastily turned to help him. As they started off, Garth took the other mangled leg on his shoulder and sauntered after them.

The grizzly mother had not repeated her roar. Had they run or given any sign of hostility, she would have charged. As it was, mass of curiosity, watching their quiet retreat. Her jaws had closed their ferocious yaw, and her ears were no longer flattened back.

Garth's gray eyes twinkled as he glanced back over his shoulder at the huge beast. He could not have asked for a better bugaboo to make his companions believe in his own heroism. Safe out of her sight, he told the two to halt and get the moose leg to tote-pole. Huxby at once started to curse him for not shooting.

"Go try it yourself," Garth replied, and when Huxby drew away from the offered rifle, he nodded approval. "You are wise not to attack a she-grizzly with clubs."
 Spurred on no doubt by the knowledge of that gray monster behind him, Mr. Ramill managed all the way to camp. There he sank down, purple-faced, wheezing that the exertion had killed him.

His daughter sat by the fire brooding. Though refreshed by her bath in the warm pool, she had begun to feel the craving for drink and tobacco. She had done little stitching on the moosehides. But she lived to be horrified. Her eyes when Huxby told about the grizzly.

Garth forestalled an outburst of hysterics. "Keep cool. The old lady will let us alone if we keep clear of her. Keep up the fire, and she will shy of you. She doesn't fancy fire. Burnt her paws trying to rob me of a roasting porcupine."

A look at the gold pan showed

Will Rogers Protects Servant Although Refused Admittance

Mary Pickford recalls the time Will Rogers was refused admittance to her home because a butler did not recognize the humorist who presented himself unannounced and clad in a cowboy uniform. But as usual Rogers was not concerned about his appearance. He thought only of the trouble that might befall the butler after he departed, as a result of the episode.

Mary Pickford tells the story in her own words:
 One day Mr. Rogers came to my house. He was dressed in his cowboy clothes and a new footman we had—not knowing who he was—refused him admittance.

Albert, our major domo who had been with us for years, recognized from the description who it might be and rushed to the rescue just in time.

"I remember so well, we were sitting in the breakfast room and when Mr. Rogers came in instead of being angry and upset at having been kept waiting outside the door and refused admittance, his whole concern was for the footman for fear we might be annoyed with him, all of which is only another example of his sympathetic and understanding nature and his great love for his fellow human beings."

Millions now have an opportunity to contribute to the memory of Will Rogers. Famous friends have organized The Will Rogers Memorial Commission. It is hoped every one who smiled with Rogers will come forward with a subscription. Take it or send it to your bank—or any bank—or use

Garth that the moose muffle had begun to dissolve. He cooled some of the gelatinous broth in the small pot. Mr. Ramill not only gulped down the drink. He smacked his lips and asked for more. At that, both Huxby and the girl were stirred to try the rich drink.

Garth was glad to have all three take their fill of the savory, highly nourishing dish. He knew what was coming. He asked only that the pan be refilled to dissolve more of the muffle.

The three were accustomed to the free drinking of their kind. They had already begun to feel the lack of the usual cocktails, medicinal wines and between-meals whisky. This was aggravated by the lack of tobacco to ease them, as much as possible, he broiled lynx meat on a grating of willow stems, basting it with moose fat.

The tender meat kept them occupied until the muffle broth cooled. They then turned to eating. There was a limit, however, to eating, and once its effect began to pass, their craving returned more intense than before. First Miss Ramill, then Huxby, and last of all Mr. Ramill began to make ironical remarks for some time. He ignored them as more offensively witty and sarcastic. He dropped the moccasins upon which he had been sewing, and picked up his rifle.

"I had enough bitters and sour berries to make you all. Feed them to yourselves. I'll not go to get the sleep I missed last night while acting as guardian angel of your sweet slumbers."

CHAPTER V
 Mate Woman
 Far up the tundra slope, above the trough of his platinum placer, Garth found a dry moss-bedded nook on the sunny side of a boulder. He lay down, pulled his hatbrim over his eyes, and let himself fall asleep.

A full eight hours later the sun swung around its wide circle until the shadow of the rock fell upon Garth. He opened his eyes, and the warm rays, by the passing of his hat and east up. He came down to the camp. Mr. Ramill sat beside the fire between his daughter and Huxby. Two of three pouches that Garth had hidden under the moss in the lean to lay open before the men.

Miss Ramill was emptying the last contents of the sugar pouch into a pot of thick tea. She was first to see Garth's noiseless approach.

"Hail to the chief," she mocked. "My dear Mr. Garth, you are most fashionably late to dinner. Will you not join us in a cup of tea?"

Her father turned to eye the uninvited guest with a shade of uneasiness. You see we found what you were holding out on us, Garth. It's the only trick you failed to put over."

Huxby said nothing. He tensed, ready to spring up and fight.

Garth laid down his rifle and hostile look. He ignored the wary nod to Mr. Ramill, the mining engineer, who nodded to Mr. Ramill, and took off his battered hat to bend low before Miss Ramill in a polite bow.

"You are too kind, my dear lady. I could not deprive any of you of your sweets. Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may recall the rest of the quotation."

Mr. Ramill went red. What if Lillith did happen to find these things you were hogging for private use? We need them as much as you."

"Far more so," Garth amended the statement. "I don't need them at all. Go right ahead and waste what's left. You of course are certain there'll be no emergencies on the way out—no occasions when the difference between life and death for you."

STAYS AT U. O.

The accompanying coupon to send your subscription to this office. Every cent subscribed will be used for memorials to be selected by Henry Ford, Herbert Hoover, Alfred E. Smith, Will H. Hayes, Jesse H. Jones, Owen D. Young, Vice-President John N. Garner and other men and women of national prestige and respect. The memorials will depend on the number of friends who contribute—but they will be used for charitable, educational and humanitarian purposes. There will be no cold shaft of marble to honor the memory of this warm, friendly man. They will be living, continuing memorials.

WILL ROGERS MEMORIAL FUND
 Local Committee for Hillsboro
 Date _____

TO THE EDITOR:
 Wishing to have a part in perpetuating the memory of one of our most beloved and useful citizens, I enclose herewith my contribution _____ to the Will Rogers Memorial Fund. I understand that this gift will be added to others from Hillsboro and will go without any deductions whatsoever to the National Fund to be expended, also without any deduction, as the Memorial Committee may determine.

Name _____
 Address _____

"How frightful," said Huxby. "Quite so. While you're about it, you may as well make a clean sweep. Here," Garth tossed the gold-mounted cigar case to its owner.

"Oh, so that's how Dad lost his smokes," exclaimed Miss Ramill. "Who's the real sneak around here? Steal all those cigars, and the gold case, too. Then come whining because we've kept you from cheating us out of our share of these things you hid under the cigars. Dad, my throat's still rasped from the vile smoke of that willow bark Vivian dried for our cigarettes."

Ramill handed the case back to Garth.

"W-a-wait!" cried his daughter. "He waved her away. 'No. The joke is on us. He knows what is ahead. We do not. We've emptied the sugarbowl and half the tea-bag. Tie up that bag and the salt, Vivian, and hand them to him.'"

"Thank you, no. Miss Ramill has taken charge. As I recall my Anglo-Saxon, 'lady' originally meant bread-cutter. She was the one who rationed out the food. I figure upon at least five weeks before we reach the Mackenzie. Miss Ramill will keep charge of the salt and tea—do with them whatever she thinks best."

"She flared. 'I will not! I'll do no such thing.'"

"As you please. It's a matter of utter indifference to me. More than once I've gone for two months on meat alone. You're quite welcome to throw these pouches into the fire."

He glanced around, taking stock of the camp.

"Everything in keeping, I see. No sewing done on the moccasins, muffle all eaten, woodpile nearly used up. You'd better cook and eat all the meat you can before the rest of the wood is burnt. When the fire goes out, we'll have plenty of four-footed visitors to relieve us of those moose legs—wolves, moosebills. Even Mamma Grizzly and her children may turn up."

There followed a silence, broken at last by Miss Ramill. She repeated her first question, but in a very different tone. "Mr. Garth, may I pour you a cup of the tea?"

"Thank you, I do not need it. The rest of you will. I suggest keeping it for breakfast. You'll have no other taste of sweets for over a month, unless we find a bumblebee nest."

The girl silently covered the top of the pot with the inverted tin cup. Her father heaved up his soft bulk. He beckoned to Huxby.

"Come, Vivian. The agreement was that Garth should be skinner. That wood pile will not last another hour. We can't permit any bear raids on our bull market."

The engineer met the quip with a rather thin smile. However, he set about gathering firewood with quickness and efficiency.

Garth lifted one of the moose quarters from the smoke rack and began to cut off large thin slices. These he laid on the poles for quicker smoke curing and drying. He paid no attention to Miss Ramill.

When the girl saw he did not intend to speak to her, she picked up the salt and tea pouches and went into the lean to. Garth thought she meant to go to bed. Instead, she crawled out again, put one of the freshly cut slices of meat on

Amateurs Give Good Performance

Four amateur harmonica players entered the contest at the Venetian theatre Wednesday night of last week in connection with the "Oregon Radio Pioneers," a well-known group of radio players, featuring a national professional harmonica artist. Seven amateur players signed for the contest but three failed to appear. And say, could those four amateurs play! Mark Blake of North Plains received first prize, Calvin Wilkinson received second, John Hensley of Hillsboro third, and Blaine Wilkinson fourth. The two Wilkinson boys, aged 12 and 9, attend school at North Plains, and though young they certainly know their harmonicas. Mr. Hensley played old time music, which made everyone want to dance, and young Blake played a selection which equaled any professional music. Altogether, it was a fine show.

Marriage Licenses

Sylvester Augustus Van Loo, Forest Grove route 1, and Dorothy Eleanor Porter, Forest Grove route 2, November 7.

Franklin Clay Rosenblatt of Amity and Lillie J. Nelson of Newberg route 3, November 12.
 Archer Heath Roberts and Marguerite B. Smith, Forest Grove, November 12.
 Herbert S. Brax and Joan M. Frithland, Portland, November 14.

Argus classified ads get results.

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Your only Guaranteed Safeguard against loss is Collision Insurance in a strong company who will pay when the time comes. Your insurance agency's service is worth what it costs.
 (Venetian ticket, Axel Pederson, Rt. 2, Banks)

Atorney for City Argus Complaint

Change in the name of the Oregon-Washington Water Service company to the People's Water & Gas company brought an amended complaint in the suit filed in federal court by the company against the city of Hillsboro to collect hydrant rentals alleged due.

The amendment was argued Tuesday with P. L. Patterson, city attorney, appearing before the court. As a result of the argument, an attack upon the newly established hydrant rate of 7 1/2 cents, set up in a recent ordinance, was struck out. In addition to the inclusion of the new name, the amount of damages asked was made to include rentals for the last four months, or a total of \$6814.

The case will come to trial in Portland November 20, Patterson said.

Mercury Continues Around Low Levels

With temperatures hovering near freezing during the nights, relief from the unreasonable cold was manifest during the past week. November 10 the mercury dropped to 27 degrees above zero with the next lowest point November 8 when the mercury stood at 30, according to the records of A. W. Brown, local representative of the biological survey.

Fifty-one degrees on November 9 was the highest point reached and the remainder of the days averaged about 46. Rain was recorded Armistice Day.

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Hillsboro Argus

Red Cross Membership Roll-Call

Red Cross Membership Roll-Call will be conducted from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, and chairmen have been appointed in every section of the county. A large sum of money has been expended by the Red Cross for emergency relief in the county this year, and it is only by the co-operation of our good citizens in the roll-call solicitation that this is possible. Fifty cents of every membership goes to the national chapter for relief and disaster, and on all larger memberships, the remainder of the sum is available for county relief.

Memberships are as follows:

Amount of	For Chapt.	For Nat'l.	
Dues	Local Serv.	Service	
Annual Membership	\$1.00	\$0.50	\$0.50
Contributing Membership	5.00	4.50	5.00
Sustaining Membership	10.00	9.50	10.00
Supporting Membership	25.00	24.50	25.00

Library Space Needed

The special legislative session after days and days of bickering decided on a \$2,500,000 capitol or group of capitol buildings on the original site of the old structure. The sum is \$1,000,000 less than originally planned, a part of which would have been used for a new site.

Word from Salem says that three proposals probably will be considered by the capitol construction commission. One is construction of a 10 or 11-story capitol building on the present site. Another is construction of a smaller capitol building and an additional office structure. The third is construction of three buildings, including a capitol, office building and state library.

Under the third proposal undoubtedly all are needed. A plan that would take in the state library seems particularly important to those who know of the cramped conditions in the present library quarters in the supreme court building. This department, while admirably officered, is seriously hampered in its work by limited space and inadequate shelving arrangements. In any event those who have visited the library fully realize that this department must be taken care of in some manner as early a period as possible.

Improving conditions are clearly shown in deposit reports of banks. The Commercial National bank, particularly, shows a splendid growth in the community with a deposit gain in two years of \$769,618.38 on November 1, 1933, to \$1,274,076.33 on November 1, 1935, an increase of \$504,457.95.