

Hillsboro Argus

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A Hearty Welcome Awaits You

An interesting program has been arranged for local people and visitors to the annual Fourth of July celebration here today, Friday and Saturday by the Hillsboro firemen.

The setting in the improved Shute park should make the visit to the park more enjoyable than in other years and a complete change has been made in the location of various attractions. Rocked roadways will eliminate the dust of other years and the plantings of shrubbery, etc., should make everything more attractive for Hillsboro's annual celebration and homecoming event.

The entire community joins in extending an invitation to their friends and neighbors in nearby communities and from a distance to join us on this happy occasion. All who can possibly arrange to do so should make Shute park and Hillsboro their playground and meeting place with old friends during the celebration. Lots of free entertainment and a welcome await everyone.

Rev. Charles M. Reed, Methodist pastor, made many friends during his two brief years here and they will all regret that he has been transferred to a different field. He was active in the affairs of the community, could always be depended upon to do his part or more, and in his many contacts was a great influence for good. Rev. Reed is a genuine individual. We hope that some day he will come back to Hillsboro. In the meantime the best wishes of the community go with him and a hand of welcome is extended to his successor, Rev. Alexander Hawthorne.

Knot Hole Views And Interviews

(By Leon S. Davis)
Farmers, offering \$2 plus meals per day, in the haying, declare that they are finding no takers and seem to be doing much grumbling about the many men getting out of buildings, roads on federal pay while the farm, rush is on. Apparently there is no particular complaint against work for relief purposes otherwise.

There are so many claims and counter claims, so much propaganda from all sources, that the average man is becoming confused. From news on this confusion probably will increase and it is because of this confusion that dangerous men manage to wiggle into places of power.

"What's the use of hard work" said the youth in disgust. "I worked when the rest of them demanded that I take my time; that I must not, when working by the day, move too fast. Those who gave me that advice so many men again and I have to seek another job. And the only answer to this point is that this is a situation peculiar to life. The rewards do not always seem to go to the diligent. Too many times the fellow who has made a study of deception wins the laurels. This is a human weakness."

Sometimes we wonder if the radio will not do more harm than good. For instance, the music appreciation of the individual can be warped by the type of musical program broadcast. This also is true of the type of speeches, news, etc., broadcast. Then again, the fact must be considered that the radio dominates the home in a majority of instances to the point where individual thought nearly is impossible and concentrated reading improbable.

Apparently the majority of World War veterans have learned a useful lesson during the depression years for there is report after report that the men who are settling old debts with the proceeds of the adjusted compensation bonds. In many instances the money not only means security against want, but means the capital necessary to purchase the necessities needed to assure the family against the uncertainty in the future. The payment of old debts is as good a way as any to speed up the movement of money that all comes back to the dollar. I pay you, you pay another to someone else, who pays another debt, and so into infinity.

Honeymoon Mountain

(By Frances Shelley Wees)
(Continued from last week)
She looked up, startled, her eyes wide and dark.
"Good morning," Bryn offered cheerfully. "Did something happen to your clock or do you usually get up at half-past five?"
"I usually get up," she replied. "I usually dropped down comfortably on the grass a yard away."
She gathered her skirts together around her knees, rose, and moved farther away. "I don't think there are any more girls, where you are," she remarked. "But you ought to look before you get down on the ground."
"I did look," Bryn replied. "You must have seen me, Deborah, but I looked. My eyes were very quick. I pride myself on it. To see one of nature's jewels shining among the dank and ugly grasses is one of the things I'm best at."
"You're right," she said, regarding him steadily. "It sounds very poetic."
"Deborah," Bryn began. "The color flashed back into her cheeks. "Must you call me that?" she demanded. "I didn't ask you to call me that. You haven't any right."
"I was about to discuss that very question myself," Bryn replied. "I was about to ask you if we couldn't come to some sort of compromise."
"Compromise?"
"We got on very well on the trip up here. You didn't seem to mind yesterday. But after we got here—yesterday at lunch, and last night when you were in your drawing room—later—you must admit it was difficult."
"I didn't like it. I won't have it. It's bad enough to . . . to deceive her at all, but I have to do that for her own good. I have to do what I've done. I'm a married man now. . . . him, then we'd have had to tell her everything. How poor we were, and how desperate. And she would worry so much about me it would kill her. There wouldn't be anything ahead. This year, there's at least the money, and by the end of the year . . . but I won't take advantage of her. I can't bear to have you making so much of her when you don't mean it, when you're not honest."
"Don't you believe in love at first sight, Deborah?"
She sprang up and faced him. "That's what Gary said you'd start talking about next," she accused. "I think you might have better taste, if nothing else."
"I suppose he compared me to a leech. I suppose he couldn't understand that a young man could enter into a business agreement with a young lady on an equal, clear and straightforward ground, the emotion having no part thereof."
She raised her eyes. "Just a minute ago you started talking about 'love at first sight.'"
"My child, I was speaking of your grandmother. I intended to explain that my feeling for her was, in spite of my assumption to the contrary, honest. I was about to mention her name, and her delicacy, and a few other qualities which would win the heart of a stone image, and to explain to

The Great American Home



you that any feeling of tenderness which I displayed toward her was quite sincere."
She was gazing into his face. A slow wave of color, quite unlike the angry flush of a short time ago, began to spread up from her throat over her face. She dropped her eyes.

"As for you," Bryn went on calmly, "it would be most presumptuous for me to have any feeling for you whatever. You are, in a sense, my employer. I recognize that. I have no idea of presuming on that relationship. Nothing could be farther from my mind. However—it might be easier for both of us, under the circumstances, if we came to a definite agreement as to my duties and my attitude. Obviously we cannot go on as we began yesterday, or all our plans and sacrifices so far are wasted."
She faced him. "Did you make sacrifices to do this for me?" she demanded.

"Nothing of any particular importance," he replied calmly. "Nothing that will not be far outweighed by the benefits I will receive from it. However, a year is a year."
She considered. "I'm afraid I was very thoughtful."
She began to smile. "I suppose there's even another girl, somewhere out in the world," she said with a breath of relief. "I am a stupid creature. I might have guessed it's because we're so self-centered here. To put it perfectly plainly, you have been exerting yourself to the utmost to live up to your bargain, and I've been ridiculous about it. Haven't I? I'm sorry. It's going to be . . . she bent hastily and lifted her bowl. "I think I have enough," she went on.
Bryn took the bowl. They walked along leisurely toward the house. The sun had suddenly thrown off its veils of cloud and emerged in glory.
Entering the kitchen together, they found Gary there. "This is certainly an early-rising household," remarked Bryn. "Up with the birds, must be his motto."
Bryn put down his coffee cup. Gary having been there, exerting himself in the sitting room, he reached into his pocket mechanically for his cigarette case. "Mind if I smoke?"
Across the low, round table, Deborah shook her head.
"Tell me, is it a disgraceful thing to be divorced? Does it . . . mark one?" she asked.
"We can manage it so quietly that no one will know you've been married, Deborah."
She looked at him. "I'm not sure of myself," she said, faint color in her cheeks. "Nobody knows me. It wouldn't matter. I was thinking of you. I was wondering if . . . girl you . . . that is, the girl you . . . Tell me, is it a disgraceful thing to be divorced? Does it . . . mark one?" she asked.
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Argus Vagabond

(By the Vagabond)
Timberland is valuable property, declares Lem Hackett, World War veteran, who manages a living for his family and something besides by cutting wool in the hills north of Hillsboro and delivering it in Portland. Hackett has a wife and eight children to support and if everything goes as expected he will own the farm he is living on soon.

Ed F. Miller, Pumpkin Ridge, is recovering from an injury received while firing a donkey engine on logging operations near his home. During the interval, while waiting for word from the doctor that he is fit to go back to work, he manages to keep the weeds out of an excellent garden at his farm home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Tonnissen, who live near Mountaineer, and who were former residents of Tobias, east of Hillsboro, like their home against the hills. Tonnissen is a sheep shearer by occupation and does each season to eastern Oregon. Mrs. Tonnissen lived all her life in the Yakima valley, but wouldn't trade the place here for all of the Washington location. Her pride is in her big spring which furnishes the household with an abundance of water, and "No body reads the meter," she boasts.

On one of those side roads which winds in and out of the hills to connect Pumpkin Ridge with the Dairy creek valley, live Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huber, who bought their place in Portland last year promising. They have ten acres of their farm cleared and make their living from chickens. A few additional hens, Huber believes, would make a substantial increase in their income.

It's a long jump from the things that were happening back in 1917, but Peter Krautschied seems to have successfully made it. He came to America from Germany in 1921 from near Cologne, where his parents operated a grocery store and where his mother now is. With his family he is carrying out a farm from the forest near Mountaineer and so far has succeeded in putting 10 acres into crops. He feels that he is far better off as a citizen of the United States than he would have been in his native country. Despite the hard times he has been able to take care of his family and go ahead with his plans for a home. A flock of goats are being used to trim away the brush.

Among the folk on the rim of the Dairy creek valley lives Fred Schaber, native son of this county, who was born near Cedar Mill, and moved with his father to the Mountaineer country when he was 10 years old. Here he has lived since. This year he produced \$46 worth of strawberries from a patch less than a quarter of an acre in size. He plans to increase his patch in the future to make a sizeable income.

S. A. Hutchison is part of the Hutchison settlement on Pumpkin Ridge. Hutchison is producer of fine shakes which cover many a barn on the ridge and in the valley. In his life so far, it is said, he probably has produced enough shakes to floor the valley.

One of the very excellent hill farms is that of Roland Hornecker, who lives near the end of the gravel on the Pumpkin Ridge road. Roland raises some of the best strawberries on the hills, besides farming a considerable area of ground.

Setting out to whip the depression, E. Meyer, former resident in Hillsboro, purchased 40 acres of land northwest of North Plains in the hills. Here he has succeeded in constructing a first class road to connect with the county highway and clearing a considerable area of land. If things go along at the present pace, he will make the grade in good shape, he thinks.

What Other Editors Say

And They Say There's Romance in the Newspaper Business
About a year ago we received a letter from a woman subscriber who told us how much she liked the paper, especially the editorials. In her effusiveness, she even went so far as to compare the editor with Sherwood Anderson, which certainly was no compliment to the writing ability of Mr. Anderson.

The other day she refused to renew her subscription because she didn't approve of an editorial we wrote about the Hauptmann case. That was her only objection to the paper in the year and one-half that it has been under the management of the present owners.

Of course, we felt that she was unfair. So we got out our pencil and paper and started figuring. For seventy-eight weeks, with an average of four editorials a week, there had appeared in this newspaper 312 editorials.

Something that appeared in ONE of the 312 editorials offended our reader. So she refused to renew her subscription for that reason.
Which leads us to wonder if we wouldn't get a little more satisfaction out of life by operating a hot dog stand—or perhaps going into the real estate business.—Park Ridge, N. J., Local.

Two Good Newspapermen

Two Oregon newspaper editors, Merle R. Chessman of the Astoria Astorian-Budget and Hugh Ball of the Hood River News, merit special congratulations from their fellow newspapermen. Chessman, at the annual Oregon meeting, was awarded honors for his newspaper having performed the greatest community service during the year in his efforts to secure adequate defenses for the Columbia river and the Oregon coast.

This award was followed two days later by word from the east that first honors had been won in community service for daily newspapers in the United States. This and other newspaper contests are conducted by the National Editorial Association. Such an honor is truly deserved. The Astorian-Budget has performed a great service in its steady fight for providing adequate Columbia defenses and Editor Chessman for two different years has taken months away from his busy work on his paper to go to Washington and fight it out, face to face, with the bigwigs of the congress and the army and navy.

The fight he and his paper have made, together with the co-operation of many others, deserves recognition in the way of action by the government to provide the needed defenses.

Permanent possession of the Paul R. Kely cup for the best weekly editorial page went to Hugh Ball because of the excellence of his editorials, which would be outstanding in any newspaper in any place in the world. His editorials show careful study and knowledge of the subjects covered, sympathy with the average man and woman, and a spirit of fairness to everything that is right and above board.

Justifiable Move

There should be little criticism of the milk control board order to establish uniform milk prices throughout the state, which in some instances will mean a slightly higher scale to the consumer and at the same time give the producer greater returns. The dairymen have had to increase their investments by adding equipment in order to meet the requirements of new milk laws and have had to contend with rising costs of labor, feed and other needs. This is particularly important in Washington county, where dairying is such a big factor.

Easy to be Friendly

I am interested in Robert Quillen's view that almost anybody of ordinary intelligence can be popular. All you have to do, he explains, "is to like people."
"Did you ever see a charming person with cold and unfriendly eyes?" he inquires. "I am sure you haven't. Those who seem charming are the ones who seem to like you."
"As a general rule, you will find people willing to meet you half way and treat you as well as you treat them. They are willing to like you if you give no offense, and thus you begin with the seed of popularity already planted. All you need to do is encourage it a little bit and let it develop by natural processes."
"Most people spoil things by talking too much. In thoughtful conversation with one friend, they make rather catty remarks about another. And the person talked about eventually hears what was said and feels hurt. It may not make an enemy of him, but he never again will like you. That ends your popularity so far as he is concerned."
"Everybody wishes to be liked. And most people will repay you generously if you like them and prove it by not making nasty cracks about them."
—Mason City, Ia., Globe-Gazette.

Public Forum

Thanks Friends
Dear Mr. McKinney—I have just arrived at Berea, Kentucky, completing the first half of a most wonderful trip. I have seen sights of which I have dreamed, but hardly hoped to realize. I am very much indebted to my Hi-Y club and to their many friends, who have made this trip possible. It is an honor and privilege deeply felt. I hope to bring back from the congress and trip something which will make it worth their while sending me.
On Sunday morning, June 14, we climbed aboard our private car in Portland and started out for San Francisco, our first long stop. We enjoyed the sights of San Francisco, such as the Golden Gate park, the San Francisco-Oakland bridge and the new Golden Gate bridge. From there we went to Los Angeles, where we had the most interesting day of our trip. We saw the homes of many of the movie actors and actresses, Forest Lawn mortuary, Griffith memorial observatory and many other sights of interest. From there we went through the great desert of Arizona, New Mexico, and then we went through the plains of Texas to New Orleans, the gateway to the deep, deep south. Here we saw the old French markets, Canal street, the bridge finished by Huey Long, his airport, and many other sights of interest.
At 5-45 Saturday evening we arrived at the first national Hi-Y congress in Berea, Kentucky, where we were welcomed by addresses by Branch Ritchey, the chairman of the congress, and by Mr. Chandler, governor of Kentucky, and Dr. Hutchins, president of Berea college. The next day we went into discussion groups to iron out our problems.
Again may I thank my friends and friends of Hi-Y for a wonderful inspiration and thoroughly enjoyable three weeks.

Very truly yours,
TOM STRETCHER.
Let the advertisements help you make your shopping plans.

Overhead Costs of Relief Cited

(By A. L. Lindbeck)
SALEM—Overhead costs absorb \$2.25 cents out of every dollar spent in Oregon, according to Wallace S. Wharton, executive secretary to Governor Martin and head of the state budget department. In a report on the administration of relief in this state Wharton attacked the overhead costs as excessive, pointing out that the State Industrial Accident Commission, whose activities he declared to be comparable to those of the state relief committee, operated on an overhead cost of only 3.5 per cent.

During the five months ending May 31, Wharton pointed out, a total of \$12,820,730 was spent on direct relief in Oregon including \$292,277.90 in administrative expenses. The cost of administering relief in the various counties range from 2.14 per cent as high as 60.1 per cent in Jefferson county. Overhead costs of relief in other counties are shown in Wharton's reports as follows: Baker, 12.44; Benton, 19.21; Clackamas, 12.49; Clatsop, 17.99; Coos, 25.08; Deschutes, 13.47; Gilliam, 21.04; Jackson, 11.49; Josephine, 21.84; Lake, 15.89; Lane, 14.54; Lincoln, 19.99; Linn, 14.67; Marion, 13.97; Morrow, 20.619; Multnomah, 21.485; Polk, 10.774; Sherman, 12.5; Umatilla, 16.73; Union, 16.9; Wasco, 11.559; Washington, 20.916; Yamhill, 15.194.

Expenditures for relief in the various counties, including administrative costs, are shown as follows: Baker, \$24,801.10; Benton, \$13,043.73; Clackamas, \$67,031.67; Clatsop, \$19,389.23; Coos, \$24,520.47; Deschutes, \$17,391.86; Gilliam, \$3,643.93; Hood River, \$14,758.68; Jackson, \$33,765.57; Josephine, \$13,260.99; Lane, \$64,622.23; Lane, \$62,569.09; Linn, \$12,293.27; Linn, \$33,204.86; Marion, \$53,664.98; Morrow, \$13,348.22; Multnomah, \$58,933.53; Polk, \$14,719.93; Sherman, \$19,810.14; Umatilla, \$26,160.63; Union, \$17,371.69; Wasco, \$22,697.63; Washington, \$22,607.84; Yamhill, \$28,348.99.

State Treasurer Holman this week served notice that he proposes to renew his fight for the pooling of state owned automobiles at the next legislative session. Under his plan all state-owned cars would be kept in a central garage and sent out on call from state employees and officials.

Sponsors of peoples' utility districts in Oregon have until midnight of September 12 to file their completed petitions in order to put their proposals on the November ballot, according to C. E. Stricklin, state engineer. Information received here is to the effect that petitions are being circulated in both Marion and other counties. No indication has been received that sponsors of the proposed super-district comprising seven counties of northwestern Oregon, are pushing their proposal.

Now that the floor plans of the new capital have been revised to the satisfaction of all concerned, drafting of the building plans are expected to go forward rapidly.

Records of the state prison show that of the 62 minor felons now incarcerated in that institution four are serving life terms—two for murder and two for other crimes. Six other youthful convicts are serving long terms for crimes of violence. Thirty-one of the young felons had prison records before their conviction in other penitentiaries. Sixteen of them had served terms in county jails—some as many as three. Seventeen had been inmates of training schools. Two had done time in reformatories and ten had served in other penitentiaries. At least two of the young criminals had been the inside of county jails, training schools and other penitentiaries before entering the big house at the end of State street. One of the youngsters, under a two-year sentence, is only 15 years of age. Five of the boys are 17 years of age, 15 are 18 years of age, 19 are 19 years of age, and 21 have passed their 20th birthday.

Only three boys have been transferred from the state prison to the boys' training school at Woodburn so far under the order issued by Governor Martin a week ago. Selection of the boys for transfer was made by Warden Lewis of the prison, Superintendent Laughlin of the boys' school and E. M. Duffy, state parole officer. All admit that the plan is in the nature of an experiment. Additional transfers will probably be made soon although it is not expected that many of the young criminals now in the penitentiary will be sent to the Woodburn school.

Dr. R. E. Lee Steiner, superintendent of the state hospital, was wearing a plaster on his nose this week as the result of an attack by Dr. R. Bywater, formerly of the Pass, now confined in the criminal insane ward of the Salem institution. Bywater struck Steiner in the face as the superintendent was talking to him while making his rounds of the hospital. Bywater, who was committed to the institution three years ago, has been confined in the criminal ward for the past two years and is regarded as one of the most dangerous wards in the custody of the institution.
Acquisition of the four residential blocks bordering on Shimmer street at the corner of the site of the new capital would cost the state more than \$500,000 it is estimated here based upon the assessed valuation of this property. The capitol architects have recommended acquisition of this property as necessary to a well rounded construction program.
A total of \$218,436.67 has been spent on Oregon highways under the authority of the state highway department since that department was created in 1917. Of his total \$169,809.96 came out of state funds, \$32,359.836 was provided by the federal government, \$15,500,541 was contributed by the several counties and \$67,570 came from miscellaneous sources.
The right of counties and cities to retain traffic fines growing out of arrests by state police is to be determined in a friendly suit to be instituted by State Treasurer Holman against Multnomah County.

Our Yesterdays

Fifteen Years Ago

Argus, June 30, 1921.—Mrs. J. W. Hartrampf, resident here many years, dies June 26.
Miss Pauline Gaetter of Hillsboro dies in Los Angeles June 25.
Opening ball in Shute park auditorium Saturday night one of finest social functions ever held in Hillsboro. Paid admissions were 1069.
Candidates for Goddess of Liberty are Misses Vivian Rasmussen, Ethel Sample, Florence Garrett, and Anna Morrissey.

Thirty Years Ago

Argus, June 28, 1906.—P. R. & N. building big oil tank in new yards here.
E. B. Tongue, R. H. Green and Sheriff J. W. Connell place horses in Portland Fourth of July races.
Superintendent W. H. Ringle of the local light plant turns down offer to take charge of the Astoria plant at larger salary. He preferred to remain in Hillsboro.
S. P. being petitioned to put on Sunday train between Forest Grove, Hillsboro and Portland.
Westly W. Boscow and Miss Maude Wilson married here June 27.
Theodore VanDyke of Verboort loses barn and stock in fire early Tuesday.
Joseph T. Ross, Civil War veteran, dies at home of sister, Mrs. Sarah Baker, at Laurel.
Richard Wiley and Edwin Morgan home from Portland military school for summer vacation.