

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet Business Manager

Statements are being made with regard to the conduct of the Town of Beaverton's business which call for reply. Who is to blame for the publication of facts? Who with just ordinary intelligence would ask such a question? In a newspaper, the publisher is to blame, or to be complimented, just as you, the individual chose to blame or compliment.

Should a newspaper print the unvarnished truth? Too often the editor chooses to use a little whitewash. The Review is no exception. But when a statement is made, in black and white, it is true or it is false. When it is true, who should bear the "blame," the people who are responsible for the act or condition, or whatever the case may be, or is it the publisher of a newspaper?

This newspaper has never gone before any individual, corporation, city official, or other person and demanded that certain things be done. We have felt like it many a time, but we do not like it when people tell us what we have "got to do" so we desist. We do not even use the columns of this paper to insist that certain things be done, that is, not here-to-fore.

This editor is known and quoted throughout Oregon. The Review, as we have stated on more than one occasion, has a reputation for earnest, conscientious effort to serve the community. There is a feeling, when an article is printed in the Review, that there is truth in the article.

Now, we say that there have been statements printed in regard to the office of Recorder which are untrue. The recorder is not simply a clerk. He holds a separate and distinct office under the Beaverton Charter, or the charter of any other city or town. He has certain specified powers and duties. If the recorder is only the clerk of the council, let me ask when the council ordered payment on any bond which the town has ever issued? Who has the power to grant licenses? Who is the judge of the municipal court? Who is under bond to the Town for the safe-keeping of its money? Is the Council? Or have they ever been faced with a bill for the payment of bonds, and have they ever ordered them paid?

Now, lest you misunderstand. There is no quarrel with an individual. There is a quarrel with the statement that "any change in the present...city affairs is up to the action of the council and not the recorder." Does the council have to act to arrest a man for violating the city ordinances? Yet when was a fine imposed, or an arrest made? Is it up to the Council to shut off water for non-payment? And is the council to blame that the city has lost so much money because water users have neglected to pay or have refused? Oh! We know of water users who have had their water shut off after having been active in an election. And some other things too. But "Any change in the...present city affairs is up to the action of the Council." Just as much as it is up to President Hoover to order the "leopard to bear figs." Three separate departments of the American government are maintained under every one of the subdivisions subject thereto. The Mayor is the executive department, the Council is the legislative department and the recorder is the judicial department. The action of the council—it is to laugh. Just as much it is the action of the Oregon legislature to order Judge Bagley to hand down a certain decision or order. The legislature passed a tunnel bill. Judge Bagley threw it out. In that case Bagley's relation to the state is identical with the relation of the recorder to the council. The council have passed many good ordinances and worked hard. Why are they not enforced? It is the action of the council? Hear ye, hear ye!

HOME LYRICS

By John Carl Strong (Copyright)
When Maw Makes Cornbread
There's an awful lot of groaning
'Bout the hard times now at hand,
An' the neighbors all a-moanin'
That this great an' mighty land
Is a-headin' for the junk-heap
Jest as sartin as can be—
But this talk don't trouble My sleep
When Maw makes cornbread just
for me.

You can holler all you want 'er
'Bout the way this nation's goin'
An' pull your belt up taunter
's to keep yourself from knowin'
That you can't afford the nice things
'That the table used to see—
But I don't care, when mother
brings
That cornbread jest fer me.
O roasts and sech are mighty nice,
An' the trimmin's surely tasty,
An' the frozen cream right off the ice
An' the puddin's, thick and pasty;
But when I've passed that Golden
Gate
I know I'll shout with glee,
'Cause Peter tells me I must wait
'Cause there's cornbread made fer
me!

The raising of rye grass seed
brings Linn County \$90.00 from
eastern markets.

ODDLY ENOUGH

By Don Winter
All the material in your body
changes each seven years.

Tomatoes have every property of a fruit, but are classed as a vegetable. They were at one time considered a poison.

An animal actually becomes physically stronger when angry or excited.

If the pores of your body were sealed, you would die within a very few minutes.

Bloomers are named for their originator, Amelia Jenks, Bloomer, early crusader for dress reform.

Quakers do not approve of paying taxes to a government that wages war.

A seal will drown if held under water a few minutes. Baby seals must be taught to swim.

It takes almost twice as long to cook food on a high mountain as it does at sea level.

George Washington never chopped down a cherry tree.

The sun shines every day in the year at Telluride, Colorado and Yuma, Arizona.

Honolulu is not situated on the island of Hawaii.

Walking sticks are sometimes made from the spinal column of a shark.

Men, women, and children bathe completely nude at the seashore resorts of Japan. However, kissing is considered immoral there.

Oregon State News

County road work to be done near Svenson.

Altamont streets are being graded and gravelled.

A golf course will be established at Prairie City.

A new fire truck will be purchased by the city of Baker.

The church building at Langells Valley will be improved.

Bids have been received at Jefferson for relining a reservoir.

The DuBois-Kettering mill at Rainier has resumed operations.

Road in District No. 19, starting at Elk City, is being graded.

Santiam Mercantile Company's store at Mill City is being improved and altered.

The first indoor miniature golf course in Hood River will be opened by Charlie Carson.

Rufus Stonefield is preparing to establish an auto camp for tourist trade at Florence.

The salesroom of the New Home Bakery at Springfield has been completely refurnished.

A new culvert has been installed in Corvallis in place of the old and dangerous bridge at the highway end of Park Drive.

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the City Hall, Beaverton, Oregon, Tuesday, December 2, 1930, between the hours of One o'clock, and Seven o'clock p.m. to elect the following officers:

One Mayor to serve one year.
Two Councilmen to serve two years.

One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

The following named persons have been selected by the City Council to act as judges and clerks of the above election:

Judges: C. E. Hedge, Fannie Stock and Mabel Alexander.

Clerks: Anna Hyland, and Mrs. Carrie Summers.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this sixth day of November, 1930.

Otto Erickson, Mayor.

Frank Dietrich, Recorder.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned by an order of the County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 14th day of October 1930, was duly appointed Administratrix of the estate of Wilhelm Serff, late of Beaverton, Oregon, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the office of A. L. Fletcher in the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, to wit: October 24th, 1930.

Gertrude Redfield, Administratrix of the estate of Wilhelm Serff.

A. L. Fletcher, Attorney for said Estate, Beaverton, Oregon.

DIVOT DIGGERS—A Familiar Word



The Mazaroff Mystery

by J.S. Fletcher



"Just so!" said Maythorne. "As you say—Armitrade!"

"A man might have reasons, when a man he knows is murdered under his very nose, for not coming forward to say that he knows him," observed Crole.

"But—I think, considering everything, that if I'd been in Armitrade's position the other day I should have said, 'I know this man—he's so-and-so, and I'll tell you all I know about him.' Eh?"

"I'll tell you what I think," Maythorne said. "Armitrade is the man whom Mazaroff wanted to see at Marrasdale moor! Now then—did he see him? Holt doesn't know—nobody knows—at least, nobody that we've heard of. But—Armitrade's the man! Armitrade, as we've just heard, did all Mazaroff's business at the bank we've just left—it was into Armitrade's hands that the registered letter of which I've got the receipt in my pocket would fall. We must have a little talk with Armitrade. But before that—" he paused and waved his hand to a passing taxicab—"before that we're going to examine Mazaroff's rooms and belongings at the Hotel Cecil."

The three of us were presently in the rooms wherein I had first met the dead man. Maythorne made some discoveries that were of use. If of no great apparent moment. In an old trunk he found some schoolbooks; on the flyleaf of each was written the name Andrew Merchison, with dates: these he handed to Crole.

"There's no doubt whatever that he was Merchison," said Crole, turning these things over. "It's not likely that he'd have kept these books else. These will come in handy to show to Mrs. Elphinstone. But I wish there were more papers."

Maythorne, however, found some papers—in a letter case that lay in a drawer, unlocked, in Mazaroff's writing table. These were letters—private letters, all, with one exception, written recently from Cape Town by a Mr. Herman Klopp, who appeared to be a close personal friend of Mazaroff. There was next to nothing about business affairs in them—they were chiefly filled with gossip, club gossip, personal details, and such matters: the sort of stuff exchanged by old cronies. But they had this value, observed Maythorne—he now had a name and address in Cape Town to which he could cable for certain information about the dead man.

The one letter not written by Mr. Herman Klopp was in the same case that held the Klopp letters, but in an envelope which bore on its flap the impressed seal of the Imperial Banking Corporation of South Africa, with the address of the London branch. Maythorne immediately drew attention to the postmark and date: the letter had been posted in London on the previous 3rd of January.

"From Armitrade to Mazaroff, without doubt," said Maythorne. Then his face fell.

"Written in cipher!" he exclaimed.

The sheet of notepaper was almost filled with writing. But to us it was all so much unmeaning jargon: we could make neither head nor tail of it. There were, however, certain things on the sheet of paper which were plain enough. The paper itself was the ordinary letter paper of the bank, with its title and address engraved at the top of the front page. The letter began in understandable English: "Dear Mr. Mazaroff. And it ended in plain English—Yours faithfully, John Armitrade. But all that went between, a hotch-potch of cabalistic words and figures, was so much double Dutch to all three of us.

"A cipher!" repeated Maythorne.

"Mazaroff, of course, would have a key. In his pocketbook, no doubt, and therefore stolen. Well!—It's more evident than ever that we must have a little conversation with Mr. John Armitrade."

We left the hotel. Maythorne immediately hurried off to the nearest telegraph office; he was keen on cabling to Mr. Herman Klopp for some highly necessary news of past noon. Crole and I turned into Romano's for some lunch.

"This is a queer business, Holt," said Crole as we settled down in a comfortable and quiet corner. "I mean—that we've found out this morning. You've seen this man Armitrade?"

"For a few minutes only," I replied.

"What sort is he?" he asked. "You'd have thought that he'd have come forward and—" that he'd had business

dealings with Mazaroff. Instead—not a word!"

"He looks the sort of man who would probably reply to that that Mazaroff's death was no concern of his," I suggested. "He gives one that impression."

"Aye, well," remarked Crole, "we shall just have to find out a few things—leave it to Maythorne."

I left Crole after lunch and went home to my rooms in Jermy street. I spent a quiet afternoon there, and a quiet evening, and I went to bed early. And at nine o'clock next morning, in came Maythorne.

"I had a cable late last night from Cape Town," he announced. "Mr. Herman Klopp is in London—at the First Avenue hotel. Come along—we'll collect Crole, and interview Klopp, at once."

CHAPTER V

The Diamond World

We found Mr. Klopp at half past ten, busily finishing a late breakfast. A little, dapper, Hebraic looking gentleman.

He appeared to take unusual interest in me as we revealed our separate identities, and I remembered then that the details of Mazaroff's will had come out in Postlethwaite's evidence at the inquest, and that newspaper reporters had been present.

"I only arrived in London last night," he said, as we seated ourselves. "I read about Mazaroff in the paper. A strange affair, gentlemen!—and yet not so strange as it seems. Mazaroff was a careless man. He was too ready—sheer thoughtlessness, you know—to let people see what he had on him. And he carried things that I should have kept under lock and key. However—but tell me—how did you find out that I was here?"

"We found these letters of yours in Mazaroff's rooms at the Hotel Cecil," replied Maythorne, producing the letter case, "and judging from them that you were a very intimate friend of his, I cabled to your address in Cape Town yesterday morning, and received a reply at night that you were here. You have read up the case, Mr. Klopp?"

"All that there is in these papers," replied Klopp. "I see the police suspect some local man—a villager of no very good reputation. May be so—but I should say, knowing what I do of Mazaroff, that there is something deeper in the case than a mere vulgar murder and robbery. Now, as I learn from the newspaper accounts that Mr. Holt was Mazaroff's companion in his north-country excursion, and with him all the time at this Woodcock Inn, I should like to ask Mr. Holt to tell me two or three things—questions that occur to me, you know. Did you ever notice anything to make you think that you—that is to say, that Mazaroff was being followed—tracked?"

"I can't say that I ever did," said I. "You never, for instance, noticed a man, or men, who turned up with some regularity at the hotels you stayed at?" he suggested.

"Well," I answered. "I can only think of this—that seems to have anything to do with your suggestion. We stayed a night at Huntingdon—our first night. I saw Mazaroff talking, evidently confidentially, to a man in the smoking room late that night. Then, one day at York, I saw him in conversation with the same man in York station."

"You'd know the man again?" suggested Klopp.

"Oh, yes—a young, fair-haired, fresh-complexioned man, very smartly dressed," I said. "A man of probably twenty-five, or so."

"Were there any other guests than yourselves at this Woodcock Inn?" inquired Klopp.

"Staying there—no," I replied. "People came in, though, for lunch—people who were motoring north or south."

Klopp folded his hands on the table and looked from one to the other of us.

"What is in my mind," he said, "is that Mazaroff may have been tracked to this place, caught on that moor by the man who had tracked him, and done to death."

"For what he had on him?" suggested Crole.

"That—or something like it," answered Klopp. "I see it's stated in the papers—from Mr. Holt's evidence—that he probably had a lot of money, and his car-bag on him. But—do

you know if he had anything else—anything that would make a man resort to actual murder to gain possession of?"

"We don't," answered Maythorne. "The fact is, Mr. Klopp, we came to you hoping that you, as a close friend of his, could throw a lot of light on Mazaroff. What, now, was he likely to have on him?"

"I will tell you what I know of Mazaroff. It may do some good—but I think the secret of this business will be unearthed only by getting at Mazaroff's own things between the time he arrived here in London and his murder at Marrasdale moor."

"You have read what was said at the inquest about Mazaroff being in reality one Andrew Merchison? Very well—do you know if he was Andrew Merchison?" Maythorne asked.

"I do not," replied Klopp. "But," he added, with a quiet smile, "I dare say he was. In fact, I should conclude he was the Andrew Merchison spoken of at the inquest. He was a bit of a mystery man. But I never knew him as anything else than Salim Mazaroff, and he never said a word to me about his antecedents, during the whole time of our friendship."

"The first Sunday in December we begin our flight over the south pole. The details of this contest will be explained next Sunday. Let us each enter this contest whole heartedly and make it a success. The contest will be conducted in the Sunday School only."

At the Sunday school council meeting held at the home of Brother Smith last Tuesday, the uniting of the boys and girls high school classes was discussed. Next Sunday the classes will vote on the question and all who are interested must make it a point to be present. The election of a teacher was also left up to the classes.

Next Saturday evening at 6:30 the adult young people and young married people will have a pot luck dinner in the church. We are anxious to have a large number present and if you are in this group and are interested in Christian work, an invitation is extended to you. We are anxious to make this a large, active class.

Don't forget, boys and girls, that there is a Junior church every Sunday morning in the basement of the church, with Mrs. Rice in charge. There will be regular church services next Sunday both morning and evening.

The Christian Endeavor enjoyed the fellowship with the Congregational church last Sunday evening in entertaining the Tigris societies. We hope that this fellowship may be repeated frequently.

7:30 p.m. Evening Worship.

M. E. CHURCH

J. J. Patton, Minister

Bible school meets promptly at 10 a.m. You are urged to be present at this hour and assist in the study of the pathway of eternal life. Public worship and pulpit messages at 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Morning theme will be, "God's Peculiar People." Evening subject, "The Way of the Cross." The Ladies' Aid meets for work Wednesday.

Church of Christ

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Nazarene Church

W. B. Tait, Pastor

Beginning Wednesday night, December 3rd, a series of special meetings will be held in the Nazarene Church under the leadership of Rev. E. J. Lord, an evangelist. The church considers itself fortunate in securing the services of this prominent preacher who has had a wide and successful experience in the Gospel ministry, especially in the field of evangelism.

Rev. Lord presents the great truths of the Gospel in a clear and forceful way, his manner being practical and persuasive rather than controversial. The public are cordially invited to embrace this splendid opportunity to hear the old but ever new story of salvation in its simplicity and fulness.

There will be special singing in each service and music by the orchestra. The meetings continue over Sunday, the 14th, each night except Saturday, at 7:30, beginning with a rousing song service. Sunday meetings at the regular hours, 11:00 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 9:45 a.m.; Young People's Meeting at 6:30 p.m.

FARM REMINDERS

Two ounce eggs, with fine, smooth shells are best for hatching purposes. They are turned daily, and kept at a temperature of 50 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit for best results, says the Oregon Experiment station.

More and more farmers throughout Oregon are coming to realize the value of storing and protecting barnyard manure against the loss of plant nutrients caused by leaching, report the Oregon Experiment Station workers, who are continually called upon to furnish plans and information in regard to building pits and tanks. The use of covered pits is considered the most efficient method. The experiment station points out that in the absence of other shelter, the best method is to construct the manure pile so that the nutrients leach to the center and are held there.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

Kinton Church

Services at the church for Sunday are as follows: Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning and preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend these services.

St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., 10:00 a.m., Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m. Saturday Confession: 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m. Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Bethel Church

9:45 a.m. The Church School, R. C. Doty, Superintendent. 11:00 a.m. Morning worship. 6:30 p.m. Senior and Junior C.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Itch and all skin irritations relieved quickly by using Brown's Skin Ointment, \$1.00 a jar, guaranteed. Sample, 25c. Brown's Beaverton Pharmacy. adv. c-50-1f

Beaverton Bohemian Lodge No. 218 meets first and third Tuesdays at 7:30 P. M. in the L. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Marjorie Lewis, Secretary. Mrs. Mary J. Ware, N. G. p-1f

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