

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon.

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

At different times these columns have carried articles on the organization of such governments as we have in this country. When we went to school they called a representative government a republic in form. In later years there has grown up the idea that in America here we have a democratic-republic. This probably comes from the exercise of the referendum and the initiative.

Way back when our forefathers met to form our present government, they placed in the instrument they drew up a clause which guaranteed to every state or political subdivision thereof a republican form of government.

Now, in a republic there are three distinct divisions. While they overlap in places, they are held as separate and distinct as possible under the conditions under which they work. These three divisions or departments are the legislative, the executive, and the judicial departments.

Rather simple lessons in civil government, these statements seem to be, but they appear to have been forgotten since learning them back in the days when we went to the little log schoolhouse. We seem to think that law and lawyers are the solution of the personal relationships between man and man, and between the local government and the citizens of the community.

Let us see how these simple lessons are applied to the City government. First we have the Council—they are the legislative branch, law-making pure and simple, yet they seem to have many other functions in Beaverton. They do, but it is because of that other big legal similitude, precedent. In the first instance their function was legislative, not executive, and certainly not judicial.

Then we have the executive department, the law-enforcing, whose function it is to see that the rules and regulations as made and laid down by the legislative branch are carried out. That function is properly the duty of the Mayor. To him belongs the duty of enforcing the ordinances of the town, the regulations of the county, the laws of the state and nation. Some job!

Let's forget, there is a judicial branch, the recorder, who represents as separate and distinct a branch of the local government as does the council or the mayor. Judicial proceedings must arise in the office of the recorder. No right to go out and arrest a man for a misdemeanor, but the sole right to pass judgment on the fellow who is charged with breaking any ordinance, regulation, or law rests with the recorder.

Next week we will attempt to relate something of the local application of these different departments, their relation to our municipality, meaning our city government, and some of the little misconceptions, the matters that are handled day after day, and the relation of these matters to the larger problems of the county, the state, and the nation of which we are a part, the glorious American Republic, represented by the flag to which every school child must every day pledge allegiance.

Grants Pass—Taking the lead in Hoover's unemployment relief program are the two extension agents in Joseph county. Thousands of pounds of fruit and vegetables have been distributed already this fall through the Josephine county food conservation organization. This is headed by Sara Wertz, home demonstration agent, and Herbert Howell, agricultural agent. During August alone their organization distributed to needy families 1300 pounds of beans, 200 pounds of beets, six crates of strawberries, four sacks of corn, 30 gallons of blackberries, 500 winter cabbages, 1000 pounds of tomatoes and 1100 boxes of pears. A system of extension was worked out by these two economists through which, for instance, one family exchanges potatoes with another family with a surplus of peaches. The extension service office serves as a clearing house.

MICKIE SAYS—

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO THE MONEY MAKERS IN THIS TOWN ARE, LOOK FOR THE NAMES SIGNED TO THE ADS—THESE FELLOWS ARE CONTENTED TO DRIFT ALONG—THEY'RE DOING THEIR BEST, AND WE'RE HELPING EM

Advertise and Strike Out All Competition

HAVE YOU A MONEY GRAB IN YOUR TOWN? NO TOWN COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE!

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

Twenty-Ninth Installment

He was obsessed by it. He traveled to Washington in the hope of lobbying for it. Roosevelt was characteristically cordial to his old campaign comrade, Washington ladies were captivated by the flowery speeches of this romantic, this story-book swarmer out of the Southwest.

It was rumored on good authority that he was to be appointed the next governor of the Oklahoma territory.

"Oh, Yancey," Sabra said, "do be careful. Governor of the territory! It would mean so much. It would help him in the future. Donna, too. Their father a governor." She thought, "Perhaps all that I've gone through in the last ten years will be worth it, now. Perhaps it will be this. He'll settle down. . . . Mamma can't say now. . . . and all the Venables and the Vians and the Goforths and the Greenwoods. . . ." She had had to endure their pity, even from a distance, all these years.

The rumor took on substance. My husband, Yancey Cravat, governor of the territory of Oklahoma. And then, when statehood came, as it must in the next few years, perhaps governor of the state of Oklahoma. Why not?

At which point Yancey blasted any possibility of his appointment to the governorship by hurling a red-hot editorial into the columns of the Wigwam. The gist of it was that the hundreds of thousands of Indians now living on reservations throughout the United States should be allowed to live where they pleased, at liberty. The whites of the Oklahoma territory and the Indian territory, with an Indian population of about one hundred and twenty thousand of various tribes—Poncas, Cheyennes, Chickasaws, Creeks, Osages, Kiowas, Comanches, Kaws, Choctaws, Seminoles, and a score of others—read, emitted a roar of rage, and brandishing the paper ran screaming into the streets, cursing the name of Yancey Cravat.

Much that he wrote was true, perhaps. Yet the plight of the Indian was not as pitiable as Yancey painted it. He cast over them the glamour of his own romantic nature. The truth was that they themselves cared little—except a few of their tribal leaders, more intelligent than the rest. They hunted a little, fished, slept, visited from tribe to tribe, the Poncas visiting the Osages, the Osages the Poncas, gossiping, eating, holding pow-wows.

Sabra picked up the proof sheet of the editorial, still damp from the press, and walked into Yancey's office. Her face was white, set.

"You're going to run this, Yancey?"

"Yes."

"You'll never be governor of the territory."

"Never."

She stood a moment, her face working. She crushed the guilty proof in her hand so that her knuckles stood out, white.

"I've forgiven you many, many things, God knows, in the last ten years. I'll never forgive you for this, Yancey."

"Yes, you will, honey. Never is a long time. Not while I'm alive, maybe. But some day, a long time from now—though not so very long, maybe—you'll be able to turn back to the old files of the Oklahoma Wigwam and lift this editorial of mine right out of it, word for word, and run it as your own."

"Never. . . . Donna. . . . Gim. . . ."

"I can't live my children's lives for them, Sabra honey. They've got to live their own. I believe what I believe. This town is rotten—the territory—the whole country. Rotten."

"You're a fine one to say what is or isn't rotten. You with your whiskey and your Indians and your women. I despise you. So does every one in the town—in the territory."

"A prophet is not without honor in his own country and in his own house." A trifle sonorously.

She never really knew whether he had done this thing with the very purpose of making his governorship impossible. It was like him.

Curiously enough, the editorial, while it maddened the white population of the territory, gained the paper many readers. The Wigwam prospered. Osage blossomed. It was no longer a camp; it was a town. It began to build schools, churches, halls.

Sol Levy's store—the Levy Mercantile company—had two women ladies in the window, their features only slightly affected by the burning southwest sun. Yancey boomed Levy for mayor of Osage, but he never had a chance. It was remarkable how the Oklahoma Wigwam persisted, though its position in most public questions was violently unpopular. Perhaps it, like Yancey, had a vitality and a charm that no one could withstand.

Although Sol Levy was still the town Jew, respected, prosperous, the town had never quite absorbed this Oriental. A citizen of years' standing, he still was a stranger. He mingled little with his fellow townsmen outside business hours. He was shy of the town women though the women of the town found him kindly, passionate and generous. The business men liked him. They put him on committees. Occasionally Sabra or some other woman who knew him well enough would say, half playfully, half seriously, "Why don't you get married, Sol? A nice fellow like you. You'd make some girl happy."

Sometimes he thought vaguely of going to Wichita or Kansas City or even Chicago to meet some nice Jewish girl there, but he never did. It never entered his head to marry a gentile.

Between him and Yancey there existed a deep sympathy and understanding. Yancey campaigned for Sol Levy in the majority race—if a thing so one-sided could be called a race. The Wigwam extolled him.

"Why, the very idea!" snorted the redoubtable virago, Mrs. Wyatt, whose husband was the opposing candidate. "A Jew for mayor of Osage? They'll be having an Indian mayor next. Mr. Wyatt's folks are real Americans. They helped settle Arkansas. And as for me, why, I can trace my ancestry right back to William Whipple, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence."

Sol Levy never had a chance for public honor. He, in fact, did practically nothing to further his own possible election. He seemed to regard the whole matter with a remoteness slightly tinged with irony. Yancey dropped into Sol's store to bring him this latest pronouncement of the bristling Mrs. Wyatt.

"Declaration of Independence!" Sol exclaimed, thoughtfully. "Tell her one of my ancestors wrote the Ten Commandments. Fella name of Moses."

Yancey, roaring with laughter, used this in the Wigwam, and it naturally helped as much as anything to defeat the already defeated candidate.

The town went by—Indians, cowboys up from Texas, plainsmen, ranchers. They still squatted at the curb, as in the early days, they chewed tobacco and spat. The big sombrero persisted, and even the boots and spurs.

There was talk of paving Pawhuska avenue, but this did not come for years. The town actually boasted a waterworks. The Wigwam office still stood on Pawhuska, but it now occupied the entire house. Two years after Yancey's return they had decided to build a home on Kiehekah street, where there actually were trees now almost ten years old.

Sabra built a white frame house in the style of the day, with towers, minarets, cupolas, and scroll work. There was a stained glass window in the hall, in purple and red and green and yellow, which, confronting the entering caller, gave him the look of being suddenly stricken with bubonic plague. There were parlor, sitting room, dining room, kitchen on the first floor; four bedrooms on the second floor, and a bathroom, actually, with a full-size bathtub, a toilet, and a marble washstand with varicose veins. In the cellar there was a hot air furnace.

"As long as we're building and furnishing," Sabra said, "it might as well be the best." She went about planning the house, and furnishing it, with her customary energy and enthusiasm. With it all she found time to do her work on



They Chewed Tobacco and Spat.

The Wigwam—for without her the paper would have been run to the ground in six months. Osage had long since ceased to consider it queer that she a woman, and the wife of one of its most prominent citizens, should go to work every morning like a man.

Between him and the other well-to-do housewives of the community, Sabra was measured as a house servant. There was no other kind of help available. After her hideous experience with Arisa she had been careful to get Indian girls older, more settled, though this was difficult. She got through Osage girls. These married young, often before they had finished their studies at the Indian school.

Ruby Big Elk had been with Sabra now for three years. A curly, big, silent girl of about twenty-two—almost handsome—one of six children—a large family for an Osage. Sabra was somewhat taken aback and for some inexplicable reason, she had been twice married.

"What became of your husband, Ruby?"

"Died."

"She had a manner that bordered on the insolent. Sabra put it down to Indian dignity. When she walked she scuffed her feet over so little, store for some inexplicable reason, seemed to add insolence to her bearing. "Oh, do lift your feet, Ruby! Don't scuffle when you walk!" The girl made no reply.

Went on scuffling. Sabra discovered that she was lame; the left leg was slightly shorter than the right. She did not limp—or, rather, she hid the tendency to limp by the irritating sliding sound. Her walk was straight. This, measured, Sabra was terribly embarrassed; apologized to the Indian girl. The girl only looked at her and said nothing. Sabra repressed a little shiver. Sabra had never got accustomed to the Indians.

Ruby's father, Big Elk, had been chief of the Osage tribe by election for ten years, and though he no longer held this highest office, he was much loved up to in the Osage nation. He had sent his six children and actually his fat wife to the Indian school, but he himself steadfastly refused to speak a word of English, though he knew enough of the language.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A chimney fire at Alderman Alexander's home Sunday caused the neighbors a little anxiety, but no damage was done.

NOTICE OF DISTRICT ROAD MEETING TO VOTE SPECIAL ROAD TAX IN ROAD DISTRICT NO. 1, WITHIN WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a meeting of the resident tax payers of Road District No. 1, Washington County, Oregon, is hereby called, and will be held in the Circuit Court Room, in the court house, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, on Tuesday the 3rd day of November, 1931, at the hour of 2:00 o'clock P. M. of said day, to discuss the advisability of levying a special or additional road tax in said Road District to determine what, if any, county roads or portions thereof in said district shall be improved, in any special manner, and the character and extent of such improvement or improvements they shall make thereon, and to levy such special or additional tax, not to exceed ten mills on the dollar, on all taxable real and personal property in said road district, a majority of said resident tax payers of said road district shall deem advisable for the purpose of raising money with which to defray the expense of such special improvement or improvements in said Road District No. 1, Washington County, Oregon.

Dated this 16th day of October, 1931.

Donald T. Templeton, County Judge. adv c47-48

CALL FOR BONDS

Notice is hereby given that the Town of Beaverton will redeem the following numbered "Improvement Bonds of the Town of Beaverton, Series of 1912", on the first day of November, 1931, the same being the regular semi-annual interest-paying date—Bonds numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25.

On the above mentioned date, interest will cease.

These bonds were issued to provide funds for the building of a water system and are dated November 1, 1912. Funds are available for the payment of the above mentioned bonds on presentation at the Bank of Beaverton or at the office of the Recorder-Treasurer of the Town of Beaverton.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this fifteenth day of November, 1931.

Lela Richey, Recorder, Town of Beaverton, Oregon. adv c46-48

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of Herman Trebas, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of an order, decree and license of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, made, rendered and entered on the 13th day of October, 1931, in the matter of the estate of Herman Trebas, deceased, I will from and after Saturday, the 14th day of November, 1931, sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand, subject to confirmation of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, all of the following described real property situated in Washington County, Oregon, to-wit:

All of Lot 147, and the South half of Lot 146 of Beaverton-Reedville Acreage, according to the duly recorded plat thereof on file in said County and State, containing 5.53 acres of land, more or less.

Said property will be sold at the offices of Hare, McAlair & Peters in the Shute Savings Bank Building in Hillsboro, Oregon, and bids will be received at said offices for the whole of said property on and after the 14th day of November, 1931.

Dated this 16th day of October, 1931.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the Estate of Herman Trebas, deceased.

Hare, McAlair & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator. adv

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

In the Matter of the Estate of Alfred Stohler, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that I, undersigned has filed in the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, his final account as administrator of the estate of Alfred Stohler, deceased, and that the said Court has set November 30, 1931, at the hour of 10:00 a.m. at the County Court Room in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to such final account and the settlement of said estate.

Henri A. Stohler, Administrator.

G. Russell Morgan, Attorney for Adv c 48-52 Administrator.

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4325 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-4f

For Sale—Oats and Blue vetch seeds. Also cooking apples for 25¢ a sack D. Shaw. Beaverton, Rt. 1. c46,47

For Sale—Standard make of piano near Beaverton. Will sacrifice for unpaid balance. A snap. Easy terms. Write Tailman Piano Store, Salem, Ore. a-47-49

For Sale Reasonable—Young Jersey cow, very rich milk. St. Mawes strain. W. J. Alexander, Rt. 1, Beaverton. Adv p 48

For Sale or Trade—Electric washing machine, electric radio, vacuum cleaner. Have no "juice". Will trade for cow, lumber, or what have you. M. K. Emmons, Hyland Road, Rt. 3, Beaverton. p-47

For Sale—Jersey family cow, gentle. Also heifer. Phone 4652, Beaverton. Adv p48

WANTED

For Plastering Work or Stucco call Beaverton 3003 or address Rt. 1, Box 29. Mr. E. Jacobsen. Adv p 45-48

The Review will carry free of charge listings of situations wanted, in order to help the unemployment situation.

Employment Wanted—Rough carpenter, electrical work, driver, truck, or common labor. Will accept groceries, feed, lumber, or anything of value. M. K. Emmons, Rt. 3, Hyland road, Beaverton.

NOTICE

The regular annual meeting of the Beaverton Chamber of Commerce, is to be held Wednesday, November 4, at 8:00 p.m. Reserve this date. The election of officers, and annual report of committees and officers will take up the entire evening. A president, vice-president, and three members of the board of directors will be elected. All members are requested to attend.

P. L. Schultz, president.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL MEETING

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the legal voters of School District No. 48, of Washington County, State of Oregon, that a SCHOOL MEETING of said district will be held at the High School on the 16th day of November, 1931, at 8:00 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of discussing the budget hereinafter set out with the levying board, and to vote on the proposition of levying a special district tax. The total amount of money needed by the said school district during the fiscal year beginning on June 16, 1931, and ending June 30, 1931 is estimated in the following budget and includes the amounts to be received from the county school fund, state school fund, elementary school fund, special district tax, and all other moneys of the district.

Budget

ESTIMATED RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand at beginning of school year (third Monday in June) for which this budget is made	\$ 28.16
From county school fund	5,391.61
From state school fund	1,066.58
From elementary school fund	3,126.51
From tuition for pupils below high school	100.00
From county high school tuition fund for tuition and transportation	30,465.57
Receipts from all other sources	300.00
Total estimated receipts	\$40,418.43

ESTIMATED EXPENDITURES	
Elementary High School	
I. General Control	
Personal service:	
(1) Superintendent	\$ 923.00 \$1,867.00
(2) Clerk	120.00 240.00
(3) Compulsory education and Census	25.00 25.00
Supplies	25.00 25.00
Elections and publicity	25.00 50.00
Legal service (clerk's bond, audit, etc.)	33.00 67.00
Other expenses of general control:	
(1) Printing and phone	50.00 150.00
Total Expense of General Control	\$3,635.09

II. Instruction—Supervision	
Personal service:	
(1) Principals	1,395.00
(2) Stenographers and other office assistants	157.50
Total Expense, Supervision	\$1,552.50

III. Instruction—Teaching	
Personal service:	
(1) Teachers	8,460.00 16,155.00
Supplies (chalk, paper, etc.)	200.00 400.00
Textbooks (desk copies and indigents)	450.00
Total Expense of Teaching	\$25,665.00

IV. OPERATION OF PLANT	
Personal service:	
(1) Janitors and other employees	1,102.20 1,342.00
Janitors' supplies	110.00 130.00
Fuel	300.00 485.00
Light and power	125.00 240.00
Water	150.00 175.00
Total Expense of Operation	\$4159.00

V. Maintenance and Repairs	
Repair and replacement of furniture and equipment	100.00 650.00
Repair and maintenance of buildings and grounds	400.00 600.00
Total Expense of Maintenance and Repairs	\$1750.00

VI. Auxiliary Agencies	
Library:	
(1) Personal service (librarian, etc.)	157.50
(2) Library books	100.00 300.00
Transportation of pupils:	
(1) Personal service	315.00 2,295.00
(2) Insurance, supplies and other expenses	125.00 240.00
(3) Repair and replacement of busses	157.00 943.00
Total Expense of Auxiliary Agencies	\$10,352.50

VII. Fixed Charges	
Insurance	77.22 231.66
Total Fixed Charges	\$308.88

VIII. Capital Outlays	
New furniture and equipment	100.00 400.00
Assessments for betterments	79.70 201.22
Total Capital Outlays	\$780.92

IX. Debt Service	
Principal on bonds	\$3,000.00
Principal on warrants	6,100.00
Interest on bonds	2,003.65
Interest on warrants	146.41
Total Debt Service	\$11,250.06

RECAPITULATION	
Total estimated expenses for the year	\$59,454.46
Total estimated receipts, not including proposed tax	40,418.43
Balance, amount to be raised by district tax	\$19,036.03

Indebtedness	
Amount of bonded indebtedness (includes all warrants issued by vote of electors)	\$33,000.00
Total Indebtedness	\$33,000.00

Dated this 22nd day of October, 1931. C. E. Mason, Chairman Board of Directors. Attest. F. W. Livermore Jr., District Clerk.



The Cook's Nook

Keep Sweet, Sweet Maid—With Healthful Fruit Confections! As good for us as they are good—and that is, to slang phrase, saying a delectable mouthful—are the confections made of fruit. We always welcome recipes for such healthful sweets.

Mothers, especially, are in favor of dried fruit confections, for they realize that they may eliminate a child-minding vocabulary, and allow the children to eat appreciable amounts without anxiety.

Stuffed Dates
Stuff pitted dates with any of the

fillings suggested below. It is usually desirable to have the stuffing visible, although the date may be wrapped entirely around stuffing. Jumbo Dates are prepared by pressing the edges of two dates together and stuffing as one. Dates may be rolled in granulated sugar after stuffing.

Orange Peanut: To one-third cup peanut butter, add slowly 5 tablespoons of orange juice and a tablespoon chopped candied orange peel. Sprinkle with chopped salted peanuts.

Brazil Nut Fondant: To one-third cups confectioner's sugar, add one-eighth teaspoon vanilla, 2 table-

spoons thin cream, and two-thirds cup chopped Brazil nuts. Place only a small quantity of the fondant in each date so that filling may be completely enclosed by the date and kept moist.

Marketing and grading of potatoes will hold the most prominent place on the program of the Oregon Potato Growers at their meeting in the banquet room above the Henry Thiele restaurant, at the Pacific International. This meeting will be called to order at 2:00 p.m. Friday, October 30, according to W. F. Cyrus, county agent.

W. H. Zivney will give a report of the progress of the marketing organization recently organized in this section. Rowell brothers will discuss the possibilities of seed marketing in California, and give some of the highlights of their recent trip to the potato-producing sections of California.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



What Could Be Softer?



By Charles Sughroe



What Could Be Softer?

