

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett, Business Manager

Last week we promised to tell something of the local applications which might be made of the different departments of this form of government under which we find ourselves.

These three different departments interlock in such a manner that at times it becomes difficult to tell exactly under just what branch a particular function should be placed. In this discussion we shall try to steer clear of those conditions which are the author of the texts on civil government does when he gets out his book for the students to peruse.

The marshal being the man who is more in contact with the conditions around about town should be under the Mayor. The Mayor should appoint him, should direct his activities, and should be the one to fire him when he fails to do his duty. They belong to the executive branch. The marshal has power, under the law, to arrest any person he finds breaking any ordinance. His office is somewhat like that of the sheriff of the county, of the state police, and of the United States Marshals. He cannot impose a fine, accept money, or do many things that they are often accused of doing—that is, according to the organization of our system of government, they are not supposed to. But they can, and it is the marshal's duty to arrest and take before the judge (the recorder) who must pronounce sentence.

To digress here for a few lines. Here there was in years past a book much like a justice's docket supplied the Recorder, and away back when C. E. Hedge was Recorder there is an entry of a man being brought before the Recorder and fined for swearing at a woman. If we were to print the names, it might be interesting reading, but the records are available, and those who wish may read them. Since that time, along in 1916, or thereabouts, this entry was made. But none struck. Looks as though—well, maybe you look at it from a different angle than we do.

Could the Council have brought the man in? No, not by any power vested in any or all of them as councilmen. Did they have anything to do with the transaction? They made the ordinance under which he was sentenced.

A councilman said to us just after an ordinance had been passed regarding parking. "There stood a car running without any driver. I had a notion to go out and give him a ticket." Of course we couldn't help asking him by what right he could give the man a ticket. And we thereby got a mighty dirty look and the remark, "Am I not a member of the Council?"

Members do not possess police powers. They have legislative powers. They can legislate, pass ordinances and many other things as resolutions, make appropriations, and within their council chamber do a lot of things that no one else has the power to do. Outside of their council room they are just ordinary citizens, and the alderman who presumes to be more has failed to reckon with his host.

When a municipality like ours finds itself in a muddle, financial, legal, economic or otherwise, it is usually the result of officials who do not fully understand the functions of government, the functions of the different departments to each other and the relation of each to the public. Of course, there are cases, like that one recently in eastern Oregon, not to mention others, there there was a little money needed, and taken with the idea that it might be put back. Then a little more needed before the first was put back, and so on, until the official has lost all power to return the amount appropriated to his own use. But we believe that to be the exception and not the rule. As a rule, officials are those whom the public trusts, in whom the voters have confidence as to honesty and the commoner virtues. The rogue seldom gets into public office. The public official may become a rogue, but his race is run as soon as he is found out by the voters. And we do not mean by this that every official who fails of re-election is a rogue. There may be other reasons making the change desirable, any number of other reasons.

ODE TO AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling.
Striking, fluttering, sprawling.
Striking the scented hay,
Striking the sun-baked clay.
Three strikes—you're out.

Dallas—With a total of 353 sacks of hardy red clover seed harvested from Polk county fields which passed final inspection, of which all but 80 sacks have been graded No. 1, farmers of this county are approaching the goal they have set for themselves—to have only the hardy type of red clover planted in Polk county in 1933. It is hoped by this means to re-establish the reputation of western Oregon seed in the eastern states, according to County Agent J. E. Beck, who is directing the campaign for the change from common to hardy red clover.

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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WNU Service.

Thirtieth Installment

It slowly dawned on Sabra that young Cim was always to be found loitering in the kitchen, talking to Ruby. Ruby, she discovered to her horror, was teaching Cim to speak Ojibwa. A difficult language to the white, he seemed to have a natural aptitude for it. She came upon them, their heads close together over the kitchen table, laughing and talking and singing. Rather, Ruby Big Elk was singing a song with a curious rhythm, and (to Sabra's ear, at least) no melody. Cim was trying to follow the strange guttural, slurs, and accents, his eyes fixed on Ruby's face, his own expression utterly absorbed, rapt.

"What are you doing? What is this?"

The Indian girl's face took on its customary expression of proud disdain. She rose. "Teach me some," she said; which was queer, for she spoke English perfectly.

"Well, I must say, Cimarron Cravat! When you know your father is expecting you down at the office—"

She stopped. Her quick eyes had leaped to the table where lay the little round peyote disk or mesquite button which is the hush of the Indian.

She had heard about it; knew how prevalent among the Indian tribes from Nebraska down to Mexico had become the habit of eating this little buttonlike top of a Mexican cactus plant. In shape a disk about an inch and a half in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick the mesquite or peyote gave the eater a strange feeling of lightness, dispelled pain and fatigue, caused visions of marvellous beauty and grandeur. The use of it had become an Indian religious rite.

Like a fury Sabra advanced to the table, snatched up the round button of soft green.

"Peyote!" She whirled on Cim. "What are you doing with this thing?"

Cim's eyes cast down sullenly. His hands in his pockets, he leaned against the wall, very limp, very bored, very infuriating and insolent.

"Ruby was just teaching me one of the Mesquite ceremony songs. Darned interesting. It's the last song. They sing it at sunrise when they're just about all in. Goes like this."

To Sabra's horror he began an eerie song as he stood there leaning against the kitchen wall, his eyes half closed.

"Stop it!" screamed Sabra. With the gesture of a tragedy queen she motioned him out of the kitchen. He obeyed with very bad grace, his going more annoying, in its manner, than his staying. Sabra followed him, silently. Suddenly she realized she hated his walk, and knew why. He walked with a queer little springing gait, on the very soles of his feet. It came over her that it always had annoyed her. She remembered that some one had laughingly told her what Pete Pitchin, the old Indian scout, loitering on his street corner, had said about young Cim:

"Every time I see that young Cimarron Cravat a-comin' down the street I expect to hear a twig snap. Walks like a story-book Indian."

In the privacy of the sitting room Sabra confronted her son, the bit of peyote still crushed in her hand.

"So you've come to this! I'm ashamed of you!"

"Come to what?"

She opened her hand to show the button of pulpy green crushed in her palm. "Peyote. A son of mine. I'd rather see you dead—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, mom, don't get Biblical, like dad. To hear you a person would think you'd found me, drugged in a Chinese opium den."

"I think I'd almost rather."

"It's nothing but a miserable little piece of cactus. And what was I doing but sitting in the kitchen

listening to Ruby tell how her father—"

"I should think a man of almost eighteen could find something better to do than sit in a kitchen in the middle of the day talking to an Indian girl. Where's your pride?"

Cim's eyes were still cast down. He still lounged idly, his hands in his pockets. "How about these stories you've told me all your life about the love you southerners had for your servants and how old Angles was like a second mother to you?"

"They were different. They knew their place."

He raised his heavy eyelids then and lifted his fine head with the menacing look that she knew so well in his father. "You're right. They are different. In the first place, Ruby isn't an Indian hired girl. She is the daughter of an Ojibwa chief."

"Ojibwa? What of it?"

"Ruby Big Elk, the love you southerners had for your servants and how old Angles was like a second mother to you?"

"Now, listen here, Cimarron Cravat! I've heard about enough. A lot of dirty Indians! Just you march yourself down to the Wigwam office, young man, and don't you ever again let me catch you talking in that disrespectful manner about the daughter of the President of the United States. And if I ever hear that you've eaten a bite of this miserable stuff—"

She held out her hand shaking a little, the mesquite button crushed in her palm—"I'll have your father thrash you within an inch of your life, big as you are. As it is, he shall hear of this."

But Yancey, on being told, only looked thoughtful and a little sad. "It's your own fault, Sabra. You're bound that the boy shall live the life you've planned for him instead of the one he wants. So he's trying to escape into a dream life. Like the Indians. It's all the same thing."

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't think you know, either."

"The Indians started to eat peyote after the whites had taken their religious and spiritual and decent physical life away from them. Man cannot live by bread alone. He has got to have something, a life is unendurable. And Yancey was turned to the peyote. He finds peace and comfort and beauty in his dreams."

A horrible suspicion darted through Sabra. Yancey Cravat, have you ever—"

He nodded his magnificent head slowly, sadly. "Many times. Many times."

CHAPTER XI

CIM was nineteen, Donna fifteen. And now Sabra lived quite alone in the new house on Kibekoh street, except for a colored woman servant sent from Kansas. She ran the paper alone, as she wished it run. She ordered the house as she wished it. She very nearly ran the town of Ojibwa. She was a power in the territory. And Yancey was gone. Sabra had refused to compromise with life, and life had taken matters out of her hands.

Donna was away at an eastern finishing school—Miss Dignam's on the Hudson. Yancey had opposed that, of course. It had been Sabra's idea to send Donna east to school.

"East?" Yancey had said. "Kansas City?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh—Chicago."

"I mean New York."

"You don't expect you to approve. I suppose you'd like her to go to an Indian school. Donna's an unusual girl. She's not a beauty and never will be, but she's brilliant, that's what she is. Brilliant. I don't mean intellectual. You needn't smile. I mean that she's got

the ambition and the insight and the foresight, too, of a woman of twice her age."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"I'm not. She's like mamma in many ways, only she's got intelligence and drive. She doesn't get along with the girls here—Maurine Turker and Gasselle Slaughter and Jewel Rings and Charina McKee, and those of the different. They go switching up and down Pawhuska avenue. They'll marry one of these tobacco-chewing loafers and settle down like vegetables. Well, she won't. I'll see to that."

"Going to marry her off to an eastern potentate—at fifteen?"

"You wait. You'll see. She knows what she wants. She'll get it, too."

"Sure it is, you who know what you want her to want?"

But Sabra had sent her off to Miss Dignam's on a diet of prunes and pears that even her high-and-mighty old grandmother Felice Venuti approved.

Cim, walking the prairie beyond Ojibwa with that peculiar light step of his, his eyes cast down; propping the drawers and sprawling upon the day banks of the rivers that ran so red through the Red Man's territory, said that he wanted to be a geologist. He spoke of the Colorado school of mines. He worked in the Ojibwa office and hated it. He could not type any more quickly and completely than a drunken tramp painter. Even Jesse Itzky, his magnificent mustache more drooping than ever, protested to Yancey.

"Sure, you make a newspaper man out of that kid? Not in a million years. Newspaper men are born, not made. Cim, he just naturally hates news, let alone a newspaper office. He was born without an atom of something you can't grow if you haven't got it."

"I know it," said Yancey, wearily. "He'll find a way out."

For the first time a rival news-scorer flourished in the town of Ojibwa. The town was scarcely large enough to support two daily papers, but Yancey's political attitude so often was at variance with the feeling of the territory politicians that the new daily, simple and dishonest though it was, and owned body and soul by territorial interests, achieved a degree of popularity.

Sabra, unable to dictate the policy of the Wigwam with Yancey at its head, had to content herself with the management of its mechanical workings and with its increasing importance social and club columns. Ojibwa swarmed with meetings, committees, lodges, Knights of This and Sisters of That. The Philomathean and the Twentieth Century clubs began to go in for far-dances and evening dances. No Ojibwa merchant or professional man was safe from enjoining and unattractive females in silks and diamonds, his name signed to this or that petition (with a contribution. Whatever you feel that you can give. Mr. Heffer. Of course, as a leading business man—)

They planned shrubs about the cluttered environs of the Santa Fe and the Katy depots. They satiated for the immediate paving of Pawhuska avenue (it wasn't done). The Ladies of the Eastern Star, The Young Ladies, Sisters of Rebekah, Daughters of the South-west. They came into the Wigwam office with notices to be printed about lodge suppers and church suppers. Strategically enough, they were likely to stay longer and to chat more freely if Yancey and not Sabra were there to receive them. Sabra was polite but businesslike to her own sex, courteous in office hours. But Yancey made himself utterly charming. He could no more help it than he could help breathing. It was almost functional with him. He made the stout, commonplace, middle-aged women feel that they were royal—and seductive. He flattered them with his eyes, he bowed them to the door, their eyes glowed. He was likely, on their departure, to crumple their carefully worded notice and throw it on the floor. Sabra, though she made short work of the visitor, never glowered. He was likely, on their departure, to crumple their carefully worded notice and throw it on the floor. Sabra, though she made short work of the visitor, never glowered.

"God Almighty!" he would growl at noonday dinner. "The office was full of Venuses this morning. Like a swarm of over-stuffed locusts."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

tailor to do that for her! Properly made mince pies—eaten with reasonable discretion—are genuinely "dreamless" but if you prefer, omit the meat and make minced fruit pie. You may still indulge your fondness for the old-timey flavor, and rest secure in the knowledge that you are eating wholesome fruit and fruit pies.

Traditional Mince Meat
1 lb. lean beef
1/2 lb. suet
1/2 pk. seeded raisins
1/2 pk. seedless raisins
1/2 lb. currants
2 pkgs. candied citron
1 pk. orange peel
1 pk. lemon peel
3 cups sweet cider
2 tps. salt
3 lbs. apples chopped
1/2 tsp. allspice
2 tps. cinnamon
1/2 tsp. nutmeg

Chop apples, suet, and raisins and place in large saucepan with the currants, citron, sugar, salt and cider. Simmer for about half an hour. Add the spices, lemon juice and grated rind, and cook slowly until thick. Remove from the heat and add the chopped almonds and wine.

1/3 cup lemon juice
7 oz. can cranberry sauce
1 cup nut meats
1 cup cooking sherry
Run beef and suet through food chopper, place in a deep kettle with the dried and candied fruits, the sugar, salt and cider. Simmer for about 30 minutes. Add all remaining ingredients, except nut meats and thick, add nuts and wine. Pour the cooking wine. Cook slowly until boiling mixture into sterilized glass jars.

Modern Mince Meat

2 lbs. apples
1/2 lb. suet
1 lb. seeded raisins
1/2 lb. currants
2 pkgs. sliced citron
1 lb. brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
1 qt. cider or grape juice
1 tsp. mace or nutmeg
Juice and rind of one lemon
1/2 cup blanched almonds
1/2 cup cooking sherry
Chop apples, suet, and raisins and place in large saucepan with the currants, citron, sugar, salt and cider. Simmer for about half an hour. Add the spices, lemon juice and grated rind, and cook slowly until thick. Remove from the heat and add the chopped almonds and wine.

Mediterranean Mince Fruit

1/2 cup seeded raisins
1 pk. sliced citron
1 pk. sliced candied orange peel
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. nutmeg
2 cups hot water
3 tablespoons cornstarch
1/2 cup cold water
Juice of one lemon
2 tablespoons butter
Cook raisins, peel, sugar, spices and hot water for about five minutes. Add cornstarch mixed with cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, about 10 minutes longer. Cool. When ready to use pour into pie tin lined with rich pie paste.

Meatless Mince Meat

2 lbs. apples
1 cup seeded raisins
1/2 cup seedless raisins
1/2 cup currants
1 pk. candied citron
1 cup brown sugar
2 cups granulated sugar
4 tps. salt
3 cups sweet cider
1/2 cup butter
7-oz. can cranberry sauce
Juice and rind of 1 lemon and orange
2 tps. cinnamon
2 tps. mace
1 tsp. nutmeg
1 tsp. cloves
1 cup almonds
Place apples, dried fruits, citron, sugar, salt, cider and butter in a deep kettle. Simmer for about 30 minutes. Add remaining ingredients (except nut meats) and cook slowly until thick. Add chopped almonds last. Store in a covered jar in a cold place or seal in sterilized glass jars. Two quarts (filling for three pies).

The War Department has allotted \$10,000 for a new dredge for The Dalles-Celilo canal in Oregon.

The Highway Commission has ordered a survey made of the Pacific Highway, north of Salem, with the view of widening it to 40 feet.

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 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

Classified Advertising

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4025 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camen-sind, proprietor. adv. c-39-4f

For Sale—Oats and Blue vetch seeds.
Also cooking apples for 25¢ a sack. D. Shaw, Beaverton, Rt. 1. c46-4f

For Sale—Standard make of piano near Beaverton. Will sacrifice for unasked balance. A snap. Easy terms. Write Tailman Piano Store, Salem, Ore. a-47-4f

For Sale—Hanson Laying White Leghorn pullets, reasonable. Hens, 20¢ a lb. Mrs. Redfield, Rt. 1, Box 33, Beaverton. p-48

For Sale—Potatoes, 75¢ a sack; cabbage, 50¢ to 75¢ a sack; carrots and beets, 35¢ a lug. L. Biggi, Cedar street, Beaverton. c49-50

WANTED

See Me For Cement Work of all kinds. C. M. Haines, Huber. Adv p 49-50

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

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

FOR RENT

Mixer to Rent by day. You run it. C. M. Haines, Huber. Adv p 49-50

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the regular Town Caucus for the Town of Beaverton will be held in the High School building, Wednesday evening, November 18, 1931, at 8:00 o'clock, p.m., to nominate the following named officers:
One Mayor, to serve one year.
Two Councilmen, to serve two years.
One Recorder-Treasurer, to serve one year.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this 4th day of November, 1931.
Lela L. Richey, Recorder,
Albert E. Wilson, Mayor.

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 heard, 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, 1932 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	1,006.58
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	
I. General Control	
Personal service:	
(1) Superintendent	\$ 933.00 \$1,867.00
(2) Clerk	120.00 240.00
(3) Compulsory education and census	25.00 25.00
Supplies (desk copies and indigents)	25.00 25.00
Elections and public notices	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	\$3,635.00
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	1,192.30 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	157.00 943.00
(3) Repair and replacement of busses	928.00 5,157.00
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