

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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We are constrained to again approach the subject of the refunding bond issue that is being sponsored by the present city officials. This is somewhat of an intricate matter and possibly we may not be able to give a clear and understandable account of the whole procedure, but we have exhausted all the means available for securing information on the subject that are open to us. There may be information of which we know nothing, but if so it has been withheld from us by those having custody of the documents that may contain the information.

We asked permission to read a letter that was passed around to the council at their last meeting, but were told that the communication asked for was personal and not a part of the city records. Whether that is true or not will be shown by future developments.

The refunding of the total present debt of Beaverton has been in motion for some months. The suggestion, we believe, that the bonds be refunded came from the City Auditor and the City Attorney. The plan suggested was to float refunding bonds that would bear a lower rate of interest than the present obligations bear. The new bonds were to bear five percent while the present bonds bear five and three quarters on some, and six percent on others. Five percent bonds would mean a saving to the city of quite a sum.

A blank agreement was drawn up and left with the bank in Portland which agreed to handle the matter. Owners of Beaverton bonds could deposit their bonds with the bank, sign the agreement to take the five percent refunding bonds, and when the latter were issued, accept these bonds in payment for their present holdings. Naturally some of the present holders did not wish to exchange six percent bonds or even five and three quarters percent bonds for five percent bonds. So Attorney Patterson recommended that the city default in payment of interest and principal, and thus force in the outstanding bonds and compel the signing of the trade agreement. This was done and the city is now in default, an interest and principal.

The last auditor's report says that there is a "total cash on hand and in bank, \$10,167.27." Whether or not the city has defaulted to that extent is not known, nor was the information forthcoming when the question was asked.

Clients and friends of our officials went into the market and began to buy Beaverton bonds to place them in deposit on the trade proposition. There are still a few outstanding that have not been sold nor been turned in to the Portland bank with the agreement to exchange.

In February enough of the outstanding bonds had been deposited for exchange so that Mr. Patterson advised the printing of the refunding bonds. The ordinance was drawn up by him and he also brought down a printer from Hillsboro with him to print the bonds. Mayor Wilson did not object to the ordinance but he, and some others, perhaps, decided that the printing should be let out on bids. So they proceeded to get bids. The Review bid was the lowest, but the Hillsboro man the highest. But the job was let to the Aloha-Beaverton-Multnomah-Tigard-Portland-Jeffries. The Review protested the letting of the job under those conditions and the printing is still not done.

And perhaps it is well that it is not. At the time the five percent proposition came up interest rates were dropping. Washington county had been paying 6% on unpaid warrants. Now it pays three percent. The Federal Government is borrowing on two percent and less. It was paying four and three quarters percent. Portland bonds were selling at 84% of their face value, now they bring 114. But our bonds are to be exchanged without being offered for sale.

According to some authorities, bonds of a municipality which has defaulted cannot be bought by depositors of public funds. Beaverton has defaulted on the recommendation of our city attorney, Mr. Patterson. Perhaps he just made a mistake but his friends are offering to buy our bonds, at a price. The question is whether Mr. Patterson is working for Beaverton's interest or for the interest of his friends who are offering to buy Beaverton bonds. By Patterson's advice the market for our bonds has been narrowed.

Why not offer the refunding bonds for sale? Those who deposited their bonds for exchange might be better pleased to take the cash. And if the bonds still must be offered

at five percent and no offer is received above par, then the present holders can still have what they agreed to take, the five percent refunding bonds in place of present holdings.

DAD'S STORY

We think we have some poor roads here in Washington county. When I travelled the twenty miles of plank road that lay between Hoquiam and Moclaps I thought it fierce. As a boy I waded in sand two miles to school day after weary day. When the automobile first came to northern Michigan the chief obstacle to travelling with it was the depth of sand. On the Walton plains the sand used to roll in and cover the fellow of the wagon. The revolving wheel carried the fine dirt up half the height of the wheel. But I never saw such roads as we encountered between Wilbur and Nespelem.

For some distance out of Wilbur the ground was solid and the going what one might expect of an unimproved dirt road. But when we began to drop down Price's canyon we came to some of the bad going. The road was just a trail wide enough for the truck to pass if the wheels were held sedulously to the well worn ruts. These ruts were a sight. The steep mountainside along which we crept was a sheep pasture and the small sharp cornered rocks were continually rolling down and lodging in the ruts. It was a place for cast iron tires, but auto trucks do not have iron tires.

Once down the canyon and across the ferry that carried us to the north side of the Columbia we encountered something that can be found nowhere else that I have ever visited. The soil is a fine volcanic ash formation. This ash has been sifted among rocks and practically covers them. When the wheel struck a rock it would rebound clear of the dust but just beyond the rock would be a hole into which the wheel would plunge. This hole would be filled with dust that is finer than flour, dry as husks and as easily displaced as water. Down the wheel would sink until the running board touched ground and it could drop no farther. While the one wheel was going down another would be coming up to pass over another rock. Five or six miles an hour was good speed. And with every descent of a wheel spouting up dust, at times we could hardly see the person sitting in the seat with us. Phooey. Such going.

I had tramped the gumbo mud when the horses played out and could take us no farther in the spring wagon towards the Jicarilla boarding school, but that mud was good going beside the dust of the Colville Indian Reservation as encountered along the road between Seton's ferry and the Agency. It is forty miles from Wilbur to the Agency. We left the former place at seven in the morning by auto truck and it was one o'clock when we arrived at the Agency.

Mrs. Van, I've forgotten her full name, the dear old soul, was mess manager. She rustled us some dinner and after signing up, Sept. J. M. Johnson introduced us to Mr. Humphries, the Day school inspector, who drove us to Nespelem, where our day school, No. 2, was located.

This school is right at the edge of the village. There had been a sub agent in charge, the principal Agency being at Fort Spokane, but a few years before we arrived there. The engineer and sawyer lived in the former sub agent's house. There was also a forester, Jack Sanders, a blacksmith, Lucian Gray, a laborer or two, and an engineer.

These were all quartered in Government buildings which skirted the village on the north and west. We were on the north and the road leading to Omak ran past the north end of the school grounds.

The village lay in a little valley, small and narrow, but extending some four or five miles south to the Columbia and nine or ten miles north to the head waters of Nespelem river. The river crossed the school ground just a little west of the buildings. The road had formerly run between the school buildings and the river, but the summer before we came that part had been closed up and after the

fence was built the travel passed east and north of the buildings. There were the usual medley of school buildings, more here than at any other place where we had been quartered for the Government had been running a saw mill and lumber could be had for the asking to put up any sort of a building on Government property. There was a hen house, a pig pen, a work shop, some outdoor toilets, and a wood shed between the road and the school. They were there because the course of the road had been changed to the other side of the school buildings. Aside from our school work, one of our jobs was to move those buildings to the other side of the school.

I had about forty pupils, half of whom were boys, and could have the help of a team from the Agency whenever we requisitioned it. We moved most of those buildings before spring, and only employed a team once in getting the woodshed placed where we wanted it. Planks and rollers were easily available, with poles for poles. Also blocks for braking or building up bites to pry over. We raised those buildings, the boys and I, put skids under them and ran them on rollers, some of them a distance of fifty yards. Some job, but we liked it. We had no mishap, though the workshop, some fifty feet long, by twenty wide, presented quite a problem.

We had a fine underground cellar outside the house and that we did not have to move. It was to the south of the house in a side hill, about the most appropriate place for it, and there it stayed.

Hardly had we arrived the evening after signing up, than over came Dave Williams, the claimant of the citizenship left when Chief Joseph died. He was a stocky built Nez Perce and we watched his approach with funny feelings at the pit of the stomach. However, we stood our ground. We were out in the yard when we watched his approach, and we straightened up and looked at him squarely in the eye. He came up, looked us up, and down, and growled, "You come, stay here!" At my statement that I had, he extended his hand, smiled and solemnly stated, "I come see you. You and I be good friends."

And so it proved. His home was just across the road north of the school and he stayed there all the five years we lived there.

Old Dave told us many tales of his tribe, of his boys, of his march with Chief Joseph from the old home in the Blue Mountains across Idaho and Montana into Canada. He never mentioned the time he spent as a prisoner of war in Oklahoma. That seemed to be a closed book. He had his illustrious chief's war bonnet, and one day he called me over to take a picture of him dressed out in his war regalia. There were seventeen scalp locks hanging from the girdle. But Dave never told me where they came from, only that they were those of his chief.

The old man had two sons living. I never knew how many he had lost but they had been numerous. His youngest, "My boy, George Williams," was the apple of the old chief's eye. He thought George could do no wrong. In that he seems to resemble some white fathers. Old Dave used to inquire, "My boy, George Williams, mind you? If he don't you whup him. I always tell my boy George to mind his teacher." George was a good lad but I was mighty pleased that the older boy, Eliza, did not come to school.

I think that I've related a time or two that this story is written without notes of any sort. I wish, now, that I had had my mother-in-law's habit of keeping a diary. It would make the writing of this narrative much simpler. Unity and sequence must suffer in the narration of this sort wholly from memory. I pride myself that I have rather a retentive memory for some things, but for the sort of experiences that are interesting to the casual reader, I fear there is too little of the drama of life, too few climaxes or anti-climaxes.

Shortly after arriving at the school, children were notified that a teacher had arrived and the first day of school was the next Monday after we got settled. Nothing of that school work for some time is in my mind. About the first thing I remember was my visit to the blacksmith.

Lou Gray lived and had his shop

across the river from the school. I went over to his shop one day and inquired if he had such a thing as a hollow belt punch. I wanted a tool of that sort to punch some holes in paper for some of the more advanced grades' note books. He said he did not know just what I meant by a hollow belt punch, but would I show him and give him some idea what the thing would look like when finished. I did the best I could thinking it strange he did not understand as there had been a saw mill right under his nose, so to speak, for some time, though it had burned a week or two before our arrival.

We visited awhile and I learned that he had been in Washington and we related to each other some of the beauties of that wonderful city. It got supper time and I was leaving when he said "I'll see if I can find anything like what you want around." I thought no more of it until next day he came across the river and offered me a belt punch shaped out of a piece of a wood rasp and inquired if I thought that would do the work. "So you found one," I remarked. "Oh, no," he said, "I had a little time this morning and I worked that out. It's a little rough but you can use it, and some day I'll get it and finish it." Think of easily shaping a hollow punch to cut out a hole an eighth of an inch in diameter with only a blacksmith's anvil and a hammer! But Lou had shaped guns for the navy where the thickness of a ten-thousandth of an inch made the difference between success and failure! I learned that he had transferred from the gun factory where they make the big guns for the navy to the Indian Service, with much the same thought I had when I joined the service, that of seeing the country.

Lou and I were to have many enjoyable times together. We fished and hunted, we roamed and ranged that section over. We bought cattle, rode, drove cars, did most everything imaginable. He is still at Nespelem.

Real Estate Transfers

W. B. Curtis to Anna R. Curtis, 7.73 acres T1S R1W.

J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to Marian Petricevich, 90 acres Sec. 35, T2N R2W.

Ida Homan to Charles M. Homan, 17.82 acres Sec. 32 E1S R2W. Glenn S. Ehle et al to Jacob E. Stauffer, Lots 17, 18, Bk. 29, W. Portland Heights.

J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to Evelyn Yates et al, 4.73 Acres Sec. 11 T2S R1W.

Ruby H. Madden et vir to Elmer A. Ellefsen et ux, Lots 1-5, 7, Bk. 12, Oreco.

Ellen D. Smith to Ethel M. Smith, 27 acres T1S R2W.

Benj. Franklin Savings & Loan Ass'n. to Benj. Franklin Sav. & L'n. Ass'n. of Portland, Part Theodore Pointer D1C 62 T1S R1W.

J. W. Connell (Sheriff) to Gus Frederickson, Part Sec. 34, T2S R1W.

Citizens Bank of Sherwood to Union High School District 9 J1, 6.45 acres Sec. 32 T2S R1W.

L. C. Markwart et ux to L. R. Pearson et ux, 40 acres T1S R2W. Glenn S. Ehle et ux to Clifford L. May et ux, Lots 9 and 10 Bk. 15 West Port. Hgts. 1

Wheat Strips Control Blowing

Lakeview—Wind erosion was controlled well by ten strips of wheat drilled 60 to 80 feet apart on rolling summer fallow hill land on the N. K. Lanteburger farm at West Side, report's Vic Johnson, County Agent. The strips kept the soil from blowing, and Mr. Lanteburger has also noticed that they are keeping the snow from blowing off the hills, thus conserving moisture for the land.

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Direct-Action Quartette

On the platform at the Mission that night sat the Direct-Action Quartette, Direct Action? Yes; able, alert Christian business men who demand results in their own affairs and intend to get action for the Lord.

God was at work from the first song. The Mission converts caught the spirit of the hour in their testimonies. (Always have what God is doing to hold them up.) The Quartette gave chapters out of the book of their own lives and after the last song, these workers went into direct action by stepping down among the men finishing their coffee and sandwiches. Brought on by this human touch, three men came up front to talk things over.

Number One was not ready. He did not feel religious. But he was receiving Christ as his own Saviour from the guilt and power of sin within a few minutes. The "feeling religious" business was brushed aside and the living truth as to what God says and the terms of salvation being made known and pressed home. This man is of middle age, old church family; three years plus in U. of Pennsylvania and downed by drink for years.

How he prayed through in the days following and came into a good paying job is a chapter in itself.

Number Two—A young fellow with a letter from the wife telling how she and the small boy were waiting for daddy to get a job and send for them. Had been wandering a year. He made a good confession and next day hailed us in passing. He already had work, just as our business man said he would if he got right with God. And he was sending for his wife and boy.

The bedless we have always with by.

Note: Shall we have a long course in Christian Culture leading

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us. One of the business men gave us a flyer to use for beds and emergency meals. And out of this came rooms for bed and ten cents for a meal does it, if you want to know how the North-End gets up to conversion—maybe? Or shall our churchmen roll up their sleeves and go to work; give the Gospel to the vast masses of the unsaved in America as does the Direct Action Quartette?

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Pd. adv.

"Have you any references?" inquired the lady of the house.

"Yes, mum, lots of 'em," answered the prospective maid.

"Then why did you not bring them with you?"

"Well, mum, to tell the truth, they're just like me photographs. None of them does me justice."



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