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OCCUPATION TAX IS DUE BEFORE COUNCIL

City Dads Need \$500.—Must Get It Monday or Will Pass Ordinance.—Improvements Ordered.

Beaverton's general fund is nearly depleted and there will be no tax money coming in for nearly six months. The council is in a quandary. Just what to do is puzzling them. They sought some time ago to pass an occupation tax ordinance but it met with opposition and for a time they dropped it. But no other method of financing the town has been brought forward and now the occupation tax is again considered. Monday night the council talked. Some business men were there. Others had been interviewed. The council decided to "pass the buck." They will meet again next Monday night. If a satisfactory method of raising the \$500 is brought before them at that time, they are willing to forget the occupation tax ordinance. If not, they will pass it. One suggested compromise is to pass the ordinance with a repealing clause that will make it in force for just one year. But next Monday night, January 16, they are going to consider it again.

Monday night the old council heard the recorder-treasurer's report which is published in another part of this paper and instructed the recorder to have it published. They paid the bills which had been presented and then adjourned to swear in the new officers. Mayor Erickson and Councilmen Rossi and Alexander were sworn in. Then the Mayor gave the oath to Recorder Thym and the 1922 council came into being. It is the same old council except that it has decided to tear out the partition in the city building, do away with the jail and have more room for the council meetings.

An ordinance to bond the improvement district to take care of the paving done in 1921 was read by the city attorney and passed by the council. Notice of sale of \$17,741.21 of town improvement bonds is advertised elsewhere in this issue.

George Tefft had written a note to the council asking for plank to replace several walks torn out on Second street when the paving was laid, stating that the residents would put down the crossings. The council voted to furnish the plank.

A steel culvert was ordered for Ninth and Lombard streets. It will be 24 feet long.

A protest from Mr. Noble was read by the recorder. He thought that he had been charged for too much paving and that his lawn had been injured. The engineer thought that his claim was not well taken.

The council adjourned to meet again Monday night.

500 AUTOS SHIPPED WEST IN ONE TRAIN

Southern Pacific Handles Remarkable Shipment from New York to Los Angeles.

Speeding from New York to the Pacific Coast is the largest shipment of an commodity ever taken across the continent. It consists of 500 automobiles shipped in a single trainload of 100 steel freight cars from the Durant Motor Co. of New York to Earle C. Anthony Inc., of Los Angeles, Calif. Attention to this unusual shipment was called today by C. E. Allen of the Southern Pacific company, over which the auto train is being routed.

In addition to being a record transcontinental shipment, this "Durant Prosperity Special" is the largest single delivery of automobiles ever made to a retail dealer. The train is routed through Chicago, Council Bluffs, Ogden and Roseville, Calif.

The train is nearly a mile long and the Durant Motor Co. places a value of \$395,560 on the shipment. This is the fourth big trainload shipment from the Durant plant at New York in a month via Southern Pacific in addition to smaller daily shipments that have absorbed the plant's production of 75 cars a day.

The New York plant was the first of five big factories in the Durant Group, organized less than a year ago to get into quantity production. Plants at Lansing, Mich., and Muncie, Ind., went into production in December. Part of the shipment will go to Oakland and the rest to Los Angeles.

SENSATIONS MEET GROVE COUNCIL

Auto Bus Lines Come In for Discussion.—More Individuals Brought Out by Paving Company.

There were sensations galore at the city council meeting Tuesday night. All members were present at roll call, and after the reading and approving of the minutes of the numerous special sessions, Mayor Schultz remarked that as there were a number of citizens and strangers present there was doubtless something on their minds that they desired to discuss and he asked the permission of the council that any might speak.

The first gentleman to be heard was representative of the Southern Pacific and Oregon Electric Railways who stated that they were there for the purpose of raising certain regulations to be established regarding auto bus lines doing business in the city. These representatives of the railroads made it perfectly plain that they were there from a purely selfish standpoint, stating that the auto bus business had reached such a stage that without some restraining regulation the business was going to ruin the business of the railroads and eventually curtail service or put them out of business. They came out plain and stated that their toes were being trampled upon and that they were there to make an effort to secure some relief.

They cited regulatory ordinances that had been passed by the cities of Newberg and Oregon City which had stood the test of the courts and presented to the council an ordinance of like nature for consideration. In defense they stated that the companies they represented were heavy tax payers in the county and employed many men in various capacities, besides the heavy burden of repairs, maintenance, improvements and general up-keep in order that proper service might be maintained for the public benefit. In fact these gentlemen were given unlimited time to present their case and they made out a distressing situation.

In the argument presented it was stated that the city of Newberg was profiting to the amount of \$4,500 per year because of the license fees that had been laid against the bus lines. The prospect appeared bleak, but just here the fire works began. After the railroad men had had their say Mayor Schultz asked if there were any representatives of the bus lines who wished to be heard on the question. Donald Allard, one of the bus operators who has been on the lines here since their inception a couple of years ago, introduced their attorney, B. A. Klinks, of McMinnville, who shyly presented his side of the case. He took occasion to check up a number of alleged mis-statements made by the railroad attorneys, alleging the railroads were endeavoring to fasten such restrictions upon the bus lines as would eventually put them out of business. He held up the idea of the bus companies threatening to make a living by the use of their cars. There was much fiery oratory and hot retorts sent back and forth from one attorney to another until it was necessary for the Mayor to ask for order as a large number of onlookers had gathered in, evidently having sensed the battle afar, and rumblings were heard as the law belligerents waxed warm over their subjects.

The smoke of battle having somewhat cleared away and the two contending forces having exhausted themselves in the strenuous struggle, the mayor asked if there were any re-enforcements to be brought up. We have often heard the slogan "old men for counsel and young men for war," but in this case the old men answered the mayor's call to arms and the white haired veterans were seen straggling into line with eyes straight to the front. Valiantly the lines went forward and the snow-white locks of Dr. D. W. Ward, veteran of 42 summers and as many mild winters in Oregon, were clearly discernible in the now far flung battle front. With gallant demeanor he stepped into the front line trenches and waving the battle scarred flag of the lowly bus lines he flung a gas bomb at the enemy, making a gasping noise before their gas masks could be donned the death-dealing, tear-bringing gases were getting in their ghastrly work and the great corporations' representatives were gasping for breath. Wielding the cudgel of oratory the gallant, white-haired doctor took the railroad forces by storm. He cited the pioneer days when the Southern Pacific ignored this fine town, located its railroad tracks a mile out of the city limits, refused to stop its cars and let people off here, some people had to walk to Cornelius to catch a train. He told how the people here were held up to build the railroad and then the company showed its ingratitude by passing the town up because its citizens could not get a railroad station here. Then after the coming of the Oregon Electric the Southern Pacific was only too glad to seek a franchise to bring its big red cars through the city limits. Falling back for more ammunition, his place in the ranks of the busmen's army was taken by another white-haired war veteran of as many summers as the valiant doctor, in the person of none other than Councilman J. H. Shearer, who drew the saber of irony and waged into the prostrate forces of the corporate legions. He too, remembered the war-ridden days of old when the S. P. defied the common people, and did their bidding to show the community. He said that

The Southern Pacific had always endeavored to retard every forward movement the city had made, that their railroad crossings in the city were such that motor cars and trucks negotiating the crossings were endangering the mechanism. He stated, too, that only the day before the railroad company had just then commenced repairing the crossings after six years of watchful waiting. That we would still be going down to Cornelius for repairs, he said, and he stated that if the Oregon Electric had not intervened and established its line here, his face grew florid and his words soaked on the wings of oratory. The enemy, apparently routed, retired from the field when the clock in the steeple struck ten, and the proposed ordinance later was laid gently on the table there to repose until future generations might bring it to light in a new day.

The smoke of battle and the smell of gases were dispersed as the lines of the contending forces fell back for rest and recuperation. The besieged council since more resumed its sordid, routine duties. But seriously—the auto bus and the auto truck must yet undergo proper regulations, such as depots, schedules, loading, proper housing facilities for the drivers, and the city authorities here and the council all over the State must face the question and solve it intelligently. It is generally conceded that the very franchises proposed here by the railroad people is a just measure and by many supporters of the busmen such a franchise would be considered of great benefit to the bus lines themselves, for after suitable rates were fixed and other regulations carried out, the busmen would be on a safer, saner and sounder base for doing business and their confidence would result and other conditions would be improved. Any attempt to regulate the busmen out of business would be as quickly resented by the traveling public. If the railroads would get the business they have a remedy in competitive rates which they must eventually adopt if they would carry the urban travel to and from the city.

The receipts of the month showed encouraging signs, as the recorder reported the largest collections for water and light in the history of the town. For water there had been turned in to the city office the magnificent sum of \$1117.98 and the light account had leaped to \$2434.02—totaling \$3552.00, an unprecedented total. The treasurer and finance committee reported a considerable amount of sewer pipe had been used and forty sundry small bills for various street repairs of the past year or two, but the totals footed up to \$2192.75, and this was not all. He found that in doing some of the needed drainage on Second Street a considerable amount of sewer pipe had been used and this item had not been charged for. There were other small items of a like nature about town that had been discovered in the final accounting which was made at the close of the year, but these were trifling sums compared with that which Mr. Radcliffe set had to bring to the attention of the council. It seems that something like \$4800 was yet due the company for paving on Second Avenue, which had not been accounted for in warrants or bonds, some of it for intersections and some of it for alley, city property, etc., until finally Mr. Radcliffe's figures astonished the council by footing up something between seven and eight thousand dollars, but Recorder Sparks informs us that all of this but possibly \$1000 to \$1500 has been included in the \$40,000 bond issue just voted by the city. Mr. Radcliffe acknowledged that it had not been very good business to allow this account to run as it had but he insisted that the amounts were coming to the company, and while not wishing to hurry the matter he felt that the company was entitled to warrants for its work.

He suggested, too, that there were a number of properties on which the property owners had failed to sign up for paving, had failed to pay and that some action should be taken promptly. City Attorney Hollis reported that he had this work in mind and was preparing the necessary papers. An ordinance was passed by the council fixing the new charges for paving on Pacific Avenue, and the detailed ordinance is published elsewhere.

An ordinance was also passed granting a rate of 3 cents per kilowatt for electrical energy for bakeries, with a 2 cent rate for any amount over one thousand kilowatts. George G. Pateran proposed to use electricity for baking purposes and this ordinance was passed for his benefit. Long after the clock in the steeple had struck twelve the council adjourned.

Win Out For Debate

Dorothea Huntley, Eloise Barker, Cecil Emmons, Nellie Antrim, and Frances Gothard tried out for debate Thursday at the high school. Prof. Cochran, McGlason, Nash and Miss Johnson were the judges. They chose the four young ladies to represent the school in the high school debating league. Joe Merrill decided to give up debating because of heavy work next semester and Miss Lillian Findley, star debater of last year, was prevented from entering the try-outs because of illness.

CHANGE IN TELEPHONE RINGS DUE SUNDAY

Beginning Sunday, January 15, the ring for the Beaverton exchange of the Scholla Telephone Company will be one long ring. Subscribers on local lines whose ring has been one long will change to a long and two shorts. This will not affect private lines.

With the Poets

Lines composed on the Indian Mounds around Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, whose water supplies the falls of Minnehaha from where Longfellow locates his Hiawatha story.

Our camp was pitched 'neath the shady bows
Of the giant oak on the tufted sod,
Where the rippling waves splashed up
About us,
On the rocky shores where the wild
beast trod.
Unstartled yet by the woodman's blow
That lays the stately forest low,
Our blazing campfire shot its rays
Till it tipped the waves on the other
shores,
And we sat and talked of bygone
days
Of savage tribes that were no more,
Till the night grew black and the
shadows fell
Like the gloomy pall of a funeral veil.
Around our camp on either side
The dusky warriors slumbering lay,
No one could tell us how they died;
No one could trace the mouldering
clay.
Unknown their dreams profound their
sleep,
Still hidden in their blast-recessed
eyes.
But we knew we camped on the very
ground
Where once the savage tent had
stood,
And fancied we could hear the sound
Of the Indian war-dance thru the
wood,
And once we thought we heard the
tramp
Of savage tribes that we knew were
dead.

And with these fancies in my brain
The strange forbodings of ghostly
sight,
I fell asleep but awoke again
As from sudden jar in wild fright
My wife and others slumbered sweet
And the camp was still in profound
slight.
I arose as by some duty bound,
And sought the verge of the rocky
cliff.
Then dusky forms seemed gathering
round
In playful mood in fairy skill,
As sudden o'er the waters plain
They carried as quick returned again.

I saw as the dream like vision led
The ancient scenes of warlike strife,
The mounds at once gave up their
dead
And all stood animate with life
And quick o'er the bay from the other
side
The dusky warriors swiftly glide.
The cliff on which I stood and gazed
By sudden impulse or pent up breeze,
Or some strange power was quickly
raised
To a height that was far above the
trees
And far o'er the waste of waters blue
Came a war-like hand in birch canoe.
They were stealing to another shore
And bent on massacre the while,
Quick sped their barks with muffled
oar,
Like phantoms from the mystic isle.
In one grand sweep my vision drained
Drank all the horrors of the warlike
scene.

By gesture and motion of the hand
By knitted brow and unshathing
knife
I knew the distant savage band
Thirsted for blood and human life,
With stealthy tread and crouching low
With painted spear and right strong
bow.
The warriors from the mounds of clay
Had gathered quick in swift afright,
And all stood armed in wild array
And ready to plunge into the fight.
They knew by the startled hare and
deer
That a savage foe was lurking near.

In crowds they gathered and whis-
pered low,
And nerved by awful frenzied hate,
They glided noiselessly to and fro
In anxious silence seemed to wait
And one tall chief beckoning stood
And martialed them thru the dark-
ening wood.
Like lava pent in its heated cell
Exploding loud in flooding stream,
As deafening was the savage yell,
As starting was the warrior's scream,
The silent shores caught up the sound
From point to point it echoed round.

The ducks started with sudden fear
The owl called on his mighty round,
The hating darts the clashing spear,
All mingled in one common sound.

The strife was quickly o'er
The baffled warriors fled,
Each a bloody trophy bore
Along with their silent dead,
Hurriedly manned their barks o'er
the rippling main
They disappear from sight o'er the
waters whence they came.

In silence dumb and mute
With slow and warlike tread
They return from the wild pursuit
And prepare to bury their dead.

And ought is heard save the lowly
moan
Of some mangled warriors' dying
groan.
Then from out the forest dark
They bring the wounded and dead
On stretchers made of bark
With breasts all a-gory red.
The same tall chieftain I saw before,
Strode restlessly along the quiet
shore.
Slowly they dig their graves
With hatchet and knife and spear.
In rows they place the braves
With groans and shrieks and tears.
The great spirit is summoned down
To guide them to the happy hunting
ground.

Then with leathern aprons wide
They carry the earthy loam
Back to the shores they glide
And bring back heavy stone.
These heavy stones are gently pressed
O'er each sleeping warrior's mangled
breast.
There echoed the wildest song from
braves,
From mother and maiden and wife
That ever awoke these waves
Since first they sprang to life.
They have quitted the mound like
grave,
The last sound dies o'er the chrysal
waves.

Then like true phantoms of the night
In noiseless haste they sped away.
But as quick returned with some new
delight
To chase and pass the time away,
The same tall chieftain strode the
while
And beckoned them from the mystic
isle.
Again they gathered in playful mood,
Preparing for some sacred feast.
Again they glided thru the wood
And all was quietude and peace.
A dusky maid in her childish talk
Paced with the chief in his tireless
walk.

And then as if the passing breeze
Had whispered some most welcome
sound,
The lovers glided thru the trees
In lengthened files they gathered
round;
The dusky maid by the chieftain's
side
Is waiting to become his bride.
'Twas Nature's children that gathered
there,
Simple and few were the words they
said
That bound the maiden, with raven
hair,
To the stalwart chief with feathered
head.
Love sparkled in the chieftain's eyes,
Is waiting to become his bride.

Once more the grand old shores re-
sounded
With boisterous shouts and mirth and
glee.
The dance is rife, they circle round
And all is peace and harmony.
Unconscious were they that the year's
swift pace
Would install the pale face in their
place.
I watched their phantoms ply the oar
In fairy barks they seemed to glide,
And lovers walked along the shore
The dimpled waves distinct and clear
Whispered these scenes in the drum-
mer's ear.
Slowly the vision fades from night
And slowly o'er each grassy mound
Their phantoms vanish into night,
And awful darkness broods around.
Lonely the night owl calls in the
gloom
And their phantoms sleep in their
mossy tomb.

J. W. B.
DOGON THE HOT DOG
Note—In New York recently booze
was discovered in a hot dog.
Right on the spot the dog was hot
inside as well as out
At thirty per they sold the cur
An extreme price no doubt.
We like to see some bologna
Placed in between a bun
With coffee to we soon are through
And dinner—we want none.
At Madison Square conducted there
Eat stands were every place
For men must munch upon some lunch
At a bicycle race.
(Continued on Page 6)

TWO CARS CRASH AT NEW INTERSECTION

Joe Schmitt and Lewis Walker Collided at Second and Watson.—Mrs. Walker Suffered Broken Rib.

Sunday morning a Ford driven by Lewis Walker and a Buick driven by Joe Schmitt, both of Beaverton, collided at the intersection of Second and Watson streets, damaging both cars considerably and injuring the occupants slightly. Mrs. Walker suffered a broken rib. Mrs. Holcomb, Mrs. Walker's mother, suffered a few scratches and was badly shaken up. Others in the two cars escaped with minor bruises and a general shaking up.

Walker was driving south on Watson Street, en route to church. With him were his wife, her mother, and the Walker children. Schmitt was driving east on the newly-paved Second Street. Walker evidently misjudged the distance and sought to beat Schmitt across the crossing. Seeing that he could not do this, he attempted to turn East on Second Street but could not turn in time and the cars collided. The Ford was turned over, pinning the occupants beneath it. In the car with Schmitt was Joe Messing and assisted by Richard Notter, they lifted the overturned car off the victims and hurried them to Dr. Mason's residence. Dr. Mason was out of town and Dr. Smith of Hillsboro was summoned. Dr. Mason soon returned and the injuries of the victims were soon apprised. Mrs. Walker had suffered a broken rib. Otherwise the injuries were slight. The Ford had the top and windshield broken and an axle bent. The Buick had a door and fender bent and a running board torn off.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH MAY BUILD HERE

Site Being Sought by Members and Building May be Ready Before 1922 is Passed.

Between 35 and 40 members of the Christian church in and about Beaverton are planning the erection of a church building here and the employment of a minister. They are now investigating several proposed sites and announcement of the church and the time of construction may be made at any time. There are many church people of other denominations living in Beaverton who do not attend any of the churches now holding services here, said a prominent member of this denomination the other day, and it is our belief that a modern church structure and one of the better ministers of our faith can draw a large attendance in Beaverton. We have faith in our church and we propose to secure a suitable site, build a church and call a minister who will be a credit to any town of this size.

JOSEPH W. McCORMICK OF LAUREL PASSES

The funeral of Joseph W. McCormick, of Laurel, was held from the home there Thursday afternoon, the Reverend Robert Kay, of the Baptist church of Hillsboro officiating. Interment was at the Laurel cemetery. W. E. Pegg having charge of arrangements at the grave.

Mr. McCormick was operated on Sunday at Emmanuel hospital for appendicitis but did not survive the ordeal and passed away Tuesday evening. He was born in Washington County, September 8, 1877, and was a son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. McCormick of Laurel. He was married to Effie P. Herly and is survived by his widow, three children, Viola Grace, Blanche and Virgil; also by his father and the following brothers and sisters: E. L. McCormick, recorder of Hillsboro, C. A. McCormick, of Newberg, Ira McCormick of Laurel, Mrs. John Robinson of Hillsboro, Mrs. W. B. Davis of Laurel, Mrs. D. M. McGinnis of Laurel and Mrs. J. A. Messinger of McMinnville.

ELOPEMENT OF ELLEN DRAWS BIG CROWD

Juniors Well Received in Play and Specialties Tuesday Night at High School Auditorium.

Beaverton, Aloha, Huber, Cedar Mill and the surrounding communities were all well represented in the house that greeted the Juniors at the High School auditorium Tuesday night when members of the third-year class presented "The Elopement of Ellen." And everyone enjoyed the evening. Not only were there many opportunities for surprises in the play which the young actors used to advantage, but the special numbers between the acts were numerous and pleasing.

The "Elopement of Ellen" portrays the difficulties which a young married couple from the city experience when they establish a country home. Their maid sleeps with the coachman on the eve of the arrival of company. A young student of home economics answers the hurried call to the employment agency for a new maid. Her object is to gain some color for a paper on the servant girl question. But when she arrives she discovers that the brother of the bride and one of the house guests are old acquaintances and complications come thick and fast. The young rector of the local parish adds to the fun of the play by his nervousness and embarrassment. The rector, played by Frank Kearns, was really the feature of the play. Bernice Murray and Lloyd Blanton portrayed the parts of the newlyweds. Eloise Barker was their guest. Floyd Troop was the bride's brother. Lillian Findley was the student and pseudo-maid. Henry Quertman was the other guest.

Between the acts Miss Fern Powell rendered vocal solos and Mr. Mather gave a musical trip around the world that pleased the youngsters and proved entertaining to all. Following the second act Miss Elva Ekstrom and Miss Mary Rowe rendered piano solos and Miss Wrenn Nelson and Miss Ellen Johnson gave readings. The high school orchestra furnished delightful music.

Miss Marian Jones ably directed the arrangement of the stage and Gordon Lindsay took care of the curtain. There was probably much other help behind the scenes. Altogether the Juniors are to be congratulated for their offering. If any criticism is to be offered it is the old one about knowing their lines and that some of the actors were too self-conscious—were too much themselves and not enough the character they sought to portray. But that will improve with practice. We hope to see the Juniors in front of the footlights again soon.

LINTON PEOPLE OPPOSE JITNEYS

Unfair Treatment is Alleged.—Exorbitant Rates and Poor Service Given When Competition Failed.

Twenty-five residents of Linton appeared in Portland at the city council meeting Wednesday and poured out their grievances against drivers of jitneys: the run to the city. These grievances, they said, were begun several years ago when the United Railways tore up its tracks to Linton after the people refused to stand a 6-cent fare increase. That came the jitneys.

They, however, took advantage of their monopoly and charged 25 cents. Not only that, the Linton people aver, but they maintained no schedule. This went on, they pointed out, until J. B. Schaefer two months ago applied for a franchise to operate a bus line on schedule at 15 cents one way or 100 tickets for \$10. The jitneys then dropped to 16 cents. Now, to punish the jitneys, the Linton citizens say, they demand that they be abolished by order of city council. It was for this purpose that they sent representatives to the council. They said that Schaefer promised to put on as many buses as traffic warranted and urged that when the council goes over his franchise on its first reading next Wednesday to award it to him. The jitneys will continue to operate until they find patronage—Mayor Baker said, under the ruling governing their operation.