

Clackamas County News

L. D. MEADE, Editor and Publisher

Published weekly on Fridays, at Estacada, Clackamas County, Oregon. Entered in the postoffice at Estacada, Oregon as second-class matter.

ADVERTISING

Rates for advertising made known on application. Advertisers will please take note that to insure insertion of advertisement in the issue of the current week, advertising copy should reach this office not later than Tuesday noon. Assistance cheerfully given in the preparation of copy.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Clackamas County, one year \$1.50; outside of the county and in the State of Oregon, one year \$2.00; outside the State of Oregon, one year \$2.50; foreign \$3.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance.

"Thoroughbreds Don't Cry"

Adapted from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture
By Halsey Raines
Copyright 1937—Loew's Inc.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Roger was badly broken up by the loss of his grandfather but it was the latter's oft-tendered advice that courage is only shown in adversity which kept the lad going. The unforeseen expenses however, coupled with the small budget on which they had made the trip in the first place brot a realization that he could hardly cover the cost of training the Pookah and entering him in the cup race. Had the horse captured the Ridgemore further financing would very likely have been offered by some local sportsman, but the British racer was now considered to have been vastly over-rated. At last Roger decided to sell him and go home.

He had seen neither Cricket nor Mother Ralph for more than a week. It was with surprise mixed with pleasure therefore, that Cricket heard a ring at the door one afternoon and saw his slim form outlined outside. He held out his hand as he stepped inside and Cricket took it with a look of understanding.

"I know why your here," she said. "You've come to say good bye."

"How did you know," asked Roger in a puzzled way. "It was in the papers about your selling your horse." She turned to close the front door. "I suppose I won't see you after you go to England."

"Couldn't you come to visit me sometime?"

"I don't know," said Cricket wistfully. "Would you want me to?"

"I'd be very happy if you would."

"But maybe I'd like it there and want to stay. I might even fall in love with you or something and then what?"

"Why then we'd have to get married," answered Roger soberly.

"That would be terrible wouldn't it,"

"No, I don't think so. I'm sure that when I'm twenty-one I shall want to marry someone like you." Roger had a book under his arm. He handed it to Cricket. She looked at the title, Great Women of the Theatre, just as Mother Ralph stepped into the room.

"It's a farewell present," said Roger rather awkwardly. "I thought you might like it."

"Oh, Roger," was all Cricket could say.

"Roger, you're going away," queried Mother Ralph.

"Yes I'm sorry," replied the boy. "I like it here and everyone I met has been nice but I haven't money to enter the Pookah in the big race. There is nothing else to do but to go home."

"I wish I had it to lend to you," said Mother Ralph.

"It's nice of you to say that," said Roger. He paused for just a moment and looked about uncertainly. "Timmie isn't here."

Mother Ralph and Cricket exchanged glances. Then the former spoke.

"Timmie hasn't been home for a week."

"If you see him will you tell him I'd like to see him before I go."

"Of course," responded Mother Ralph.

"You like Timmie don't you," asked Cricket.

"Of course," replied Roger simply. He picked up his cap to go.

Cricket looked at his, then glanced quickly at Mother Ralph. Both realized that Roger suspected nothing. Both knew too, that they would be the last persons to raise any suspicions in his mind. So far as the matter of the Ridgemore was concerned they had no clearly formulated ideas, they only knew that Timmie had not ridden the race of which he was capable.

When Roger had closed the door

behind him Cricket put a hand on her aunt's arm and look up earnestly at her.

"I've got to find him," she said.

"Who?"

"Timmie." He must say goodbye to Roger before he leaves.

"But where can you look?"

"I don't know. Everyplace. Maybe he's in a poolroom or bowling alley."

Before mother Ralph could restrain her, she had scampered from the room, ready to start out.

Timmie's face was grimy. His shirt was frayed. His suit was covered with crosses as though it hadn't been properly hung up in a week.

The other old men who shared the park bench with him saw the cop coming and rising to their feet made off in opposite directions. His chin rested on his hand. Only when his arm was shaken violently did he realize that a belligerent officer was peering down at him.

"What are you doing here," asked the cop. "Taking this bench for your summer home."

"What if I did."

"Hey, no sass. You been here four three hours, that's long enough for any one guy."

"Why don't you let me alone," asked Timmie resentfully, getting up. "I ain't done nothin' have I."

"How do I know," rejoined the cop. "What's your name."

"Fish," answered Timmie edging of.

"Fish, eh, where do you live."

"In the Aquarium."

The cop lunged for he boy but Timmie was off across the wooded quadrangle and out of sight in a minute.

Having rambled as dusk fell to a totally different quarter of the city Timmie felt in his pocket. Out came a dingy quarter. It wasn't enough for a night's lodging and he was hungry. He looked across the street and his eyes lighted on a sign reading, "Berk's Dining Car. Beans Like Mother Used to Make."

In better days Berk's had been one of his favorite eating places.

It took very little time to make a decision, Timmie crossed the road and entered the car, and appropriated a vacant stool at the counter. He didn't notice anyone else in the place his entire attention being taken up by the irresistible odor of home-baked beans.

"Make it beans and heavy on the pork," he told the counterman.

Timmie started as he felt a pull at his arm. Say the cops couldn't follow a guy in here could they. Quickly he looked around to meet the eager wistful face of Cricket.

"I've been waiting here for hours" she said simply.

"For what?"

"For you. I just had a feeling that you'd come."

"If anybody sent you after me," began Timmie sullenly.

"Nobody sent me," interrupted Cricket. "I like beans. But then I thought I'd wait around."

"I ain't goin' back," said Timmie.

"Listen," replied Cricket. "What'd you think of a fellow who runs out on a friend when he really needs him."

"I'd think he was a heel, why," countered Timmie.

"This is why," went on Cricket in a very low voice "Roger wants to see you Timmie."

"How is he," asked Timmie awkwardly.

"He needs money badly."

"What're you talkin' about. He's got plenty."

"No he hasn't," responded Cricket. "He hasn't anything. Not even enough to enter the Pookah for the cup." He's going to sell him."

Timmie shot up from his seat as though branded with a hot iron.

behind him Cricket put a hand on her aunt's arm and look up earnestly at her.

"I've got to find him," she said.

"Who?"

"Timmie." He must say goodbye to Roger before he leaves.

"But where can you look?"

"I don't know. Everyplace. Maybe he's in a poolroom or bowling alley."

Before mother Ralph could restrain her, she had scampered from the room, ready to start out.

Timmie's face was grimy. His shirt was frayed. His suit was covered with crosses as though it hadn't been properly hung up in a week.

The other old men who shared the park bench with him saw the cop coming and rising to their feet made off in opposite directions. His chin rested on his hand. Only when his arm was shaken violently did he realize that a belligerent officer was peering down at him.

"What are you doing here," asked the cop. "Taking this bench for your summer home."

"What if I did."

"Hey, no sass. You been here four three hours, that's long enough for any one guy."

"Why don't you let me alone," asked Timmie resentfully, getting up. "I ain't done nothin' have I."

"How do I know," rejoined the cop. "What's your name."

"Fish," answered Timmie edging of.

"Fish, eh, where do you live."

"In the Aquarium."

The cop lunged for he boy but Timmie was off across the wooded quadrangle and out of sight in a minute.

Having rambled as dusk fell to a totally different quarter of the city Timmie felt in his pocket. Out came a dingy quarter. It wasn't enough for a night's lodging and he was hungry. He looked across the street and his eyes lighted on a sign reading, "Berk's Dining Car. Beans Like Mother Used to Make."

In better days Berk's had been one of his favorite eating places.

It took very little time to make a decision, Timmie crossed the road and entered the car, and appropriated a vacant stool at the counter. He didn't notice anyone else in the place his entire attention being taken up by the irresistible odor of home-baked beans.

"Make it beans and heavy on the pork," he told the counterman.

Timmie started as he felt a pull at his arm. Say the cops couldn't follow a guy in here could they. Quickly he looked around to meet the eager wistful face of Cricket.

"I've been waiting here for hours" she said simply.

"For what?"

"For you. I just had a feeling that you'd come."

"If anybody sent you after me," began Timmie sullenly.

"Nobody sent me," interrupted Cricket. "I like beans. But then I thought I'd wait around."

"I ain't goin' back," said Timmie.

"Listen," replied Cricket. "What'd you think of a fellow who runs out on a friend when he really needs him."

"I'd think he was a heel, why," countered Timmie.

"This is why," went on Cricket in a very low voice "Roger wants to see you Timmie."

"How is he," asked Timmie awkwardly.

"He needs money badly."

"What're you talkin' about. He's got plenty."

"No he hasn't," responded Cricket. "He hasn't anything. Not even enough to enter the Pookah for the cup." He's going to sell him."

Timmie shot up from his seat as though branded with a hot iron.

behind him Cricket put a hand on her aunt's arm and look up earnestly at her.

"I've got to find him," she said.

"Who?"

"Timmie." He must say goodbye to Roger before he leaves.

"But where can you look?"

"I don't know. Everyplace. Maybe he's in a poolroom or bowling alley."

Before mother Ralph could restrain her, she had scampered from the room, ready to start out.

Timmie's face was grimy. His shirt was frayed. His suit was covered with crosses as though it hadn't been properly hung up in a week.

The other old men who shared the park bench with him saw the cop coming and rising to their feet made off in opposite directions. His chin rested on his hand. Only when his arm was shaken violently did he realize that a belligerent officer was peering down at him.

"What are you doing here," asked the cop. "Taking this bench for your summer home."

"What if I did."

"Hey, no sass. You been here four three hours, that's long enough for any one guy."

"Why don't you let me alone," asked Timmie resentfully, getting up. "I ain't done nothin' have I."

"How do I know," rejoined the cop. "What's your name."

"Fish," answered Timmie edging of.

"Fish, eh, where do you live."

"In the Aquarium."

The cop lunged for he boy but Timmie was off across the wooded quadrangle and out of sight in a minute.

Having rambled as dusk fell to a totally different quarter of the city Timmie felt in his pocket. Out came a dingy quarter. It wasn't enough for a night's lodging and he was hungry. He looked across the street and his eyes lighted on a sign reading, "Berk's Dining Car. Beans Like Mother Used to Make."

In better days Berk's had been one of his favorite eating places.

It took very little time to make a decision, Timmie crossed the road and entered the car, and appropriated a vacant stool at the counter. He didn't notice anyone else in the place his entire attention being taken up by the irresistible odor of home-baked beans.

"Make it beans and heavy on the pork," he told the counterman.

Timmie started as he felt a pull at his arm. Say the cops couldn't follow a guy in here could they. Quickly he looked around to meet the eager wistful face of Cricket.

"I've been waiting here for hours" she said simply.

"For what?"

"For you. I just had a feeling that you'd come."

"If anybody sent you after me," began Timmie sullenly.

"Nobody sent me," interrupted Cricket. "I like beans. But then I thought I'd wait around."

"I ain't goin' back," said Timmie.

"Listen," replied Cricket. "What'd you think of a fellow who runs out on a friend when he really needs him."

"I'd think he was a heel, why," countered Timmie.

"This is why," went on Cricket in a very low voice "Roger wants to see you Timmie."

"How is he," asked Timmie awkwardly.

"He needs money badly."

"What're you talkin' about. He's got plenty."

"No he hasn't," responded Cricket. "He hasn't anything. Not even enough to enter the Pookah for the cup." He's going to sell him."

Timmie shot up from his seat as though branded with a hot iron.

Save Money on Auto Accessories

Our Price Means a Real Saving to You

If there is some accessory you want or need for your car, and you are hesitating about getting it because of the price, just drop in at our store and let us show you how far a little money will go in buying Auto Accessories here. Our prices defy competition anywhere.

ZENITH TIRES

Lead in Economy and Service

Why pay more for tires when you can buy Zeniths at amazingly low prices and get satisfaction and long-life service. We sell Zeniths not only because they are priced within the reach of everyone but because they make satisfied customers.

C. M. Sparks Hardware Co.

"The Personal Service Store" Estacada, Oregon

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

I have resumed management and ownership of

CHANDLER'S CAFE

and all accounts which are due the former owner

OSCAR GOERZ

are now due and payable to me. Early settlement of these accounts will be greatly appreciated.

In again resuming management of Chandler's Cafe, I want to assure the public that every effort will be made to serve you well. Make Chandler's your headquarters. All my old friends and customers will receive a hearty welcome together with all the new friends I hope to make.

William Chandler

Chandler's Cafe - Estacada

DO THAT REPAIR JOB NOW!

We carry a complete stock of
Rasmussen Paint, Shingles and Roofing
Roof Coatings

Let us quote you prices

ESTACADA LUMBER CO.

Tel. Estacada 70-1 Estacada, Ore.

HARVEST HATS

For Men, Women and Children

A very Good Quality Straw Hat

Priced at

15¢ to 25¢

Hepp's Racket Store

218 Main Ave., North Gresham, Ore.
Gresham's Junior Department Store

VOTE 44 X

B. H. STEWART

Democratic Candidate for

COUNTY COMMISSIONER

I assure you of a courteous hearing insofar as it is in my power to do so.

Will cooperate with other members of the county court to get practical results.

I guarantee actual on-the-job supervision of road work planning and construction.

Being in the real estate business here for 18 years has given me a thorough understanding of the county's and people's needs.

41 years a democrat.

No Obligations Courtesy to All

Paid Adv. by B. H. Stewart

E. L. POPE

Candidate for Republican Nomination for

COUNTY JUDGE

Economical Business Administration of County Affairs

PRIMARY ELECTION, MAY 20TH

Paid Advertisement

Professional Cards

S. E. Wooster
Real Estate, Loans, Insurance and Rentals
Tel. 77-3. Estacada, Ore.

W. J. COOPER
Attorney at Law
Telephone Gresham 262
35 E. Powell, Gresham, Ore.

Dr. H. A. Schneider
DENTIST
Phone Sandy 181
Sandy, Oregon

O. D. EBY
Attorney at Law
General Practice, Confidential Adviser.
Oregon City - Oregon

Dr. Thomas B. Carter
Veterinary Surgeon
Phone Gresham 210
Dairy Herd Inspector for Multnomah County
Gresham - Oregon

W. W. SIEMENS
Musical Supplies
Film Developing
EXPERT
Watch Repairing
GRESHAM, OREG.

P. & E. Truck Line
Daily trips between Estacada and Portland
Via Barton
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday
Via Springwater
Monday, Wednesday, Friday
Bonded and Insured Carrier
Order your COAL and COAL-ETTES from us. See this fuel on display at our Broadway office.
Telephones
Portland Ea 9131 Estacada 94-7

Telephone 1913
JASPER L. HEWITT
Dentist
Office in Garfield
Estacada, Oregon

S. E. Lawrence
Licensed Electrical Contractor and General Contractor
House Wiring a Specialty
Estacada, Oregon, Route 2
Tel. Estacada 97-3

Dr. H. M. Kramer
DENTIST
Phone Estacada 3-15
Complete X-Ray Equipment
Masonic Bldg, Estacada, Ore.

L. A. Chapman
MORTICIAN
Estacada - Oregon
Calls attended day or night.
Telephone 56-7 and 56-51

L. L. HEWITT
Physician and Surgeon
Office, former Lovelace Res.
Telephone Estacada 44-7
Estacada - Oregon

DR. H. V. ADIX
Physician and Surgeon
Physiotherapy - X-Ray
Radium
Phone 5961
Gresham, Oregon

DR. C. E. STEWART
Chiropractic Physician
Specializing in chronic and nervous disorders of the Stomach and Intestinal Tract
At Office every day except Wednesday and Sunday
Office hours 10 a.m. to 5 p. m.
Gresham Office, Phone 250
12 W. 1st Street, Gresham

Wildwood Rest Home
For Aged Invalids. Light mental and chronic cases
Doctor's References
Prices Greatly Reduced for Spring and Summer
GRESHAM, OREGON
Tel. Gresham 4374

Mt. Hood Loop Specials
3 1/2 acres, 3 cleared, good 5-room house not quite finished, solid masonry foundation, outside frost proof cellar, woodshed garage, poultry house, workshop barn, about 500 foot frontage on highway, excellent soil, all well fenced with woven wire, bus to both schools, price reduced \$1500 to \$1000 for immediate sale.

At Cherryville
9 1/2 acres on highway, nice stream, nice timber. Very desirable for summer home or auto court. Price reduced to \$1000.
1/2 acre with residence and other buildings, liveable for \$350.00.
2 acres on highway, very desirable location, very cheap to close an estate.

MEYERS SERVICE
S. E. Corner Main and Powell
Murphy Bldg., Upstairs, Gresham, Oregon
Tel. Day 257, Night 256

Your Congressman

