

OBITUARY

Elmer Ellsworth Hayden was born in Plymouth, Ill., January 31st, 1853. He moved to Missouri when quite young and later came across the plains with his parents to Oregon. His folks were among the early pioneers who came across the plains in the old-fashioned way and settled in eastern Oregon, when he was about nine years of age.

His life in Eastern Oregon was spent in stock raising and merchandising.

He was married in 1881 to Eliza Hoffman and is survived by his wife and six children, fifteen grandchildren and two great-grandsons. Four daughters are all natives of Oregon but are now living in California. The oldest son was born in Idaho and is now ranching there after spending the first twenty-one years of his life in California, and the youngest son was born and still lives in California.

Two sisters, Mrs. Ella Rinehart, and Miss Lissa Hayden, also survive him.

The body will be laid to rest beside that of his oldest brother, W. A. Hayden.

Mr. Hayden's daughters all remember him as a loving father and a deep student of the outdoor world and have many remembrances of happy hours spent with him in fields and woods.

He, and all his family, were always active members of the Christian Church.

The surviving children are as follows: Mrs. Ethel Courtright, Oakland, California; Mrs. Zola Rloom, Oakland, California; Mrs. Myrtle Stayton, Los Olivos, California; Mrs. Vida Stetson, Corvallis, California; Mr. Orland Hayden, Boise, Idaho; Mr. Noel E. Hayden, Oakland, California.

OBITUARY

Kenneth D. Scott, foster son of R. B. and Nerva Scott, passed away at the General Hospital at Los Angeles, Saturday evening, Dec. 19th, with smallpox, age 20 years, two months old.

His mother and step father, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Klendening and son Orval live at St. Helens.

He lived in Beaverton for a number of years, attending the Beaverton school. He later moved with his parents to Cornelius, where he completed his education.

Kenneth was a fine young man and left many friends in Cornelius and Beaverton.

A WELCOMED CHECK CAME AT CHRISTMAS

MARTHA WHITESIDE was a lonely old woman. She lived in a little gray cottage on Bank street. She had no relatives and very few friends. But this fact did not seem to bother her very much—at least the town thought it did not. And gradually even the few friends she had moved away or forgot her, or died, so that often she spent days without seeing a soul. The town felt that she did not want any of it, so the town let her alone; left her to herself and the money she was hoarding so closely. She was voted a miser and a crabbed old woman.

But as it often happens in this world the town misunderstood. Martha was neither a miser nor a crabbed old woman. Instead she craved love and affection and would have given worlds to be able to help in every good and worth while cause that came up. But she couldn't—for contrary to the belief of the town Martha was poor—so poor that she often had to go without the barest necessities so that the tiny income that was hers might stretch over a year. But she was too proud to let this fact ever be known—too loyal to the memory of her erstwhile husband to let the town know he had left her so badly off.

A few days before Christmas Martha answered the postman's ring with astonishment. She seldom got a letter now and a registered letter was something she had not seen for years. With trembling fingers she drew forth a check, made out to the order of Martha Whiteside and the amount was \$500. She stared at it for a moment, then she remembered the contest she had entered. There was so much spare time on her hands she had worked over it many hours. It seemed unbelievable that she had won the first prize, but it must be true.

That Christmas the town became acquainted with the real Martha Whiteside, a woman whose greatest joy in life seemed to be found in giving and serving and from then on the town took her to its heart. Perhaps because understanding dawned upon it—Katherine Edelman.

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When Christmas Comes

When Christmas comes We smartly rush And buy both this and that. In crowds we crush And don't know where we're at—When Christmas comes.

When Christmas comes, We sit us down And take account of stocks; Perhaps we frown At making such a nook—When Christmas comes. —The Jingle, in Town Topics.

LOCAL NEWS

John and Crete Gray are home from Eugene for the holidays.

Beaverton's college students are all home to spend Christmas and New Year's.

Miss Oma Emmons, who is teaching in Rickreall, is home to spend the holidays with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blasser are spending Christmas in Seattle, the guests of Mrs. Blasser's sister, Mrs. Davies.

A large number from Beaver Chapter attended Orenonah Chapter Monday evening, a degree being put on by officers of Beaver Chapter.

Miss Edith Williams of Tigard spent Thursday evening with Mrs. Geo. Blasser, Miss Williams taking a part in the High School Operetta.



A Thanksgiving by Frank H. Sweet

THIS is the brink of winter, But the harvest-home is well. The bounteous yield Of orchard and field The farm stores swell. Heaped in the barn and cellar. Till the bins can hold no more. In crib and in shed, And on rails overhead, And up on the attic floor. Pumpkin and squash and yellow grain. Gold that the farmers find, And safely stored from the cold and rain. Apples of every kind. Tons of hay in the monster mows, Stacks of fodder to feed the cows, Bags of cranberries, red and round, Bushels of nuts the boys have found— Everything to add to the cheer Of Thanksgiving Day drawing near. (Copyright, 1925, Western Newspaper Union)

RECOUNT BLESSINGS AND RETURN THANKS

Well for Nation to Be Reminded of God's Gifts.

THERE is no more important day in our national calendar than that on which we are called upon by our national and state executives to assemble in our accustomed places of worship to render devout thanksgiving to God for our blessings, both collective and individual.

It is well for our entire nation thus emphatically to be reminded of its dependence on God and of its obligation to Him.

It is well for us both as individuals and as a people thus seriously to take account of our blessings and thus for mally and ultimately to express our gratitude.

For we are entirely too much inclined to magnify the ills we suffer, the difficulties we encounter, and the disappointments which befall us that we lose sight of the things which, if received and used in the right way, enrich and ennoble our lives. One need not make a very diligent search in order to discover a vast number of things in this favored land of ours which call for thanksgiving. Nor does it require much further investigation to make clear that the ills which afflict us most deeply are due, not to any failure of divine beneficence, but to our own sins and follies. And what is true in this regard of the nation is true also in large measure of each individual. Our only unbenign troubles are those which we bring upon ourselves through our disregard of the laws of God. So long as we remain in vital union with Him, the real values of life are still left us, whatever sorrows may overtake us.

The occasion which bids us recall our mercies may also be an occasion of repentance. For it not infrequently serves to remind us of blessings squandered and opportunities neglected. It is well to express in words our appreciation of the good gifts that come down from the Father of light, but such expression becomes mere mockery if we use these gifts unworthily. It will be well, therefore, if we make Thanksgiving day a time of heart-searching. Are we as individuals, as a people, seeking to render service to our fellows that is proportionate to our advantages and opportunities? Or are we dishonoring the God whom we praise with our lips by living in Pharisaic self-complacency and selfish disregard of the needs of our less fortunate brothers and sisters?

Rightly observed, Thanksgiving day might mark the beginning of a revival that would revitalize the church and purify our national life.—Sunday School Magazine.

DREAMS THAT NEVER COME TRUE

(By Jim Kimmey)

How many of us have seen Santa Claus? That is not hard to answer for there is only one of us. "Who?" did you ask? Why, it was me. Sure, I will tell you all about it.

You see it was this way. Last night I had a whole pumpkin pie to eat all by myself. I ate it just before retiring, and consequently, I had troublesome dreams.

It seemed I was driving my dog sled over the snows of the far Arctic Regions of the North. It had been three days since I had had anything to eat, but I had lashed to my sleigh, one pumpkin pie. I would not eat it, because I was told that Santa Claus would give me my pick of all his presents for one pumpkin pie. I had been looking for Santa for some time, and my food supply had run out three days back on the trail. I was about all in when I made camp that night under a large spruce tree. I had been asleep for about three hours when I was suddenly awakened by a noise. I jumped up, to find that the wolves had stolen my pumpkin pie.

Now, I felt so downhearted that I just sat down to think. While I was sitting there thinking of what would become of me, alone up here in this wilderness, I spied a light, some distance off to my right. I was so weak that I could not yell for help. My dogs had escaped upon the approach of the band of wolves, and I was left helpless. Finally I started to crawl in the direction from which the light came. I was weak and dizzy, and it seemed a long time before I came to the threshold of a cave of ice. Here I went unconscious, and only remember that I was picked up by someone, and carried into a warm room.

When I regained consciousness I was lying on a pile of polar bear skins in the center of a large room, which was very light and warm. The light

and warmth, I was to discover, came from some three hundred places, which were around the room. It was a very pleasing sight, but just then, over among several hundred Christmas trees, I spied Santa Claus. He was busy fixing a pack, and did not notice that I had come to.

Santa was about as tall as Lawrence Day, and about as fat as Viola McDonald. His age, to my estimation, was near that of Mr. Metzler's and Miss Lanning's combined. His feet were about the size of Pete Bous' and he walked just like Mildred McLeod. His hair was the color that Mrs. Dewhurst's hair will be when she gets to be seventy years of age. His eyes resembled in a way Mr. McGlasson's. His mouth represented that of Lester Gray, and his nose was every bit as long as Myron Gray's. He talked and acted like Curtis Tigard did when he was playing quarterback against Washington team.

About the time I had noticed all these things Santa came over to me where I had been lying, and asked me if I was in any way hungry. I told him that I was very much so, and he invited me into another large room down the hall from where I lay. When we entered this room, I was much surprised, and amazed, to see that the whole room was filled clear to the ceiling with Pumpkin Pie. My eyes went wide, then I woke up.

By the end of this year Chevrolet will have produced more than 524,000 passenger cars and trucks for 1925.

Ella—I wish I had some ice skates.

Phant—Better get some cushions or wear a football uniform if you are anything like a graceful as I am.

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

We wish everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WE PRINT BUTTER WRAPPERS

Advertisement for 'Is It For Sale?' featuring a man pointing and text: 'IF SO--A Classified Advertisement in The Beaverton Review will separate you from it--QUICK!'

Advertisement for 'Happy New Year 20th Century Grocery' with address: BEAVERTON OREGON

Advertisement for 'New Year Greetings' and 'Sprague's, Everybody's Store' with address: 'A Home Store In Your Home Town'

SANTA'S JOURNEY

(From the Beaverton Hummer)

The snow was falling fast. Old Santa leaped out of his igloo, And entered through the front door. As the chimney might make him dizzy.

He saw the stockings in a row, He crammed in all the presents.

He even remembered Nellie's beau And left for dinner a pheasant.

He left the kids oodles of toys, Not forgetting the mischievous boys.

Even Grandpa was left a pipe, And other goodies—delicious and ripe.

"I Miss My Swiss" was heard from afar.

"This time Santa debated in hearing, He slowly gazed at the old North Star, And began doing the Charleston, not fearing

That the noise would wake the family.

Who came a-scrambling in, Nellie and the kids thought him a wonder, But Grandma thought it a sin.

Then Santa hurriedly grabbed his pack And rushed right out to his Lizzy, Not caring for the rest of his sack,

And the Ford started with a sissing.

Now as Santa was modern and fast, He stepped hard on the gas, soiling as he rushed past: "Merry Christmas to all!"

DEBATE TRYOUTS HELD

Debate tryouts for positions on the school team were held this morning before the first and second period assemblies.

The teams in the order in which they tried out were: Georgianna Malarkey and Raymond Harrison, affirmative, vs. Mildred McLeod and Myron Jirpy, negative.

Second: Helen Stiles and Virginia Parks, affirmative, vs. Muriel Taylor and Eugene Bishop, negative.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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B. H. S. QUINTET SUFFERS DEFEAT

(From the Beaverton Hummer)

At Beaverton December 18, the High School Basketball Team went down in defeat at the hands of the Parkrose team. The game started off with a bang, and for the first three quarters there was a splendid exhibition of real basketball. In the fourth quarter the bottom seemed to fall out of Beaverton's attacks, and Parkrose took advantage of this and made more than their quota of baskets. The final score was 10 to 27 in favor of Parkrose.

Bud Sprague, from whom we expected great things, was unable to play, but we hope to see him in the Alumni game December 30.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The Senior Class had two or three meetings in the last couple of weeks for the purpose of choosing a class color. We decided on coral and green. A committee was appointed by the President to make a class motto. There was also some other

discussion on decorations for the Christmas tree. Just wait till you lower classmen see it. It's going to be a humdinger this year. We're all hoping for some good eats from the freshmen.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

The Sophomore Class went over the top first in selling Annual Coupons, and they are still selling them. We were well represented in the Vaudeville, "The Embalming of Ebenezer" could not have been as well carried without the Sophomore representatives, Mark Jones, the Insurance Agent, and George Hemming, the Dr. George Washington Stonewall Jackson. Also we were represented in "The Red Lamp" by Veda Bous and Milton Gorum. The Glee Club production also had a number of Sophomore girls in its cast.

The student body has decided to have a Christmas Tree this year. The Sophomores have the part of supplying the tree. We are looking for a big bushy one. As yet we have not found one to suit the occasion.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

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BEAVER THEATRE

Special Attractions

Sunday and Monday, December 27-28 Gene Stratton Porter's "The Keeper of the Bees"

Tuesday and Wednesday, December 29-30 That Powerful Photo-Play, "Sun Up"

Thursday and Friday, December 31-January 1 Monte Blue and a Big Cast in "The Limited Mail"

Watch Our Lobby for Saturday's Program

Remember Our Big "Midnight Follies"

Extra Special Attractions In Vaudeville

Dancing Between the Aisles, In The Foyer and On The Stage

Balloons, Serpentine, Confetti, Don't Miss It!

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