

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet .. Business Manager

SHRINES OF A NATION By Clinton F. Blake CHAMPEE

May 2, 1843 to May 2, 1931
Bathed in baptismal flood of shot and shell, undaunted, marching on to the rattle of musket and the thundering roar of cannon, our forebears stormed the heights of Bunker Hill. There, with supreme sacrifice, they consecrated a national shrine of freedom, won in blood.

From off those crimson slopes, our forebears came, freemen forever.

Across the plains those freemen tracked in pioneering cavalcade. Sons of liberty, daughters of freedom. No despot knew that weary trail. Girding a continent from sea to sea, they blazed a trail of wonderous heritage, a trail of sacred altars, rich in story and in deed. A trail we still but tread in reverence, and awe. Across sun-baked plains, over snow capped range, down through a river gorge, ever twisting, turning, but with never a backward look, sons of heroism, daughters of sacrifice, they came to Champee. There, with quiet words and righteous prayers, they consecrated a national shrine of freedom, won in peace.

From sea to sea across that trail of wonderous heritage, a shrine that was achieved in peace, gives hand-clasp to a shrine that was achieved in strife, each marking an end of a

PROFESSIONAL

Oh land—the realms our forebears won
From despot ranks that marched upon
Thy sacred sod;
When down the slope of Bunker Hill
A crimson stream began to spill,
The heroes heard, their sons hear still,
The call of freemen's God.
At eastern shrine they fought and bled
That from beneath that despot's tread
A land of freedom rise instead,
Where tyranny once trod,
Triumphant, then, rolled hoards of fate
Across thy plains, insatiate
With rampant lust adventure brings;
Nomads, with minioned pawns of kings,
Contending who should plant their crest
First on the shores of "farthest west."

At far Champee gathered then
A roughclad band of frontier men,
Their very hearts and souls aflame
With love for the altars whence they came;
And to those altars, their bequest,
They left a shrine in the "farthest west."

The Asparagus acreage has increased in the United States over 300 percent during the last decade. Damage to truck crops in Western Oregon by the recent high winds was considerable in spotted areas—probably 5 percent as a whole. Cheap corn accounts for large stocks of pork in storage, now. Last year 10,000 barrels of Royal Anne cherries were packed in Oregon. This amount, with the new cherry tariff in effect, will, it is estimated, be increased this year. Locally grown rhubarb is on the market. Cannery operations were scheduled for about May 1, in western Oregon on this product. A considerable area is devoted to it in the Willamette Valley, including Salem, Eugene, Lebanon, and Hillsboro districts.

ON OREGON FARMS

Klamath Falls—Reports received at the county agent's office indicate that considerable land will be planted to both yellow and white blossomed sweet clover this year, to build up the soil for future potato production.

Oregon City—Winter barley and gray vetch proved to be the best cover crop in a demonstration trial conducted on the Hilbert orchard of C. A. Vonderahe south of Oregon City by County Agent J. J. Inskeep. Other crops included in the trial were rye and common gray vetch, gray oats and hairy vetch, and gray oats and Austrian Winter field peas. Complete fertilizer gave the greatest return in yields.

Tillamook—In 1929 A. G. Feals of Tillamook, in co-operation with County Agent W. D. Pine, grew a small plot of Danish Bortfield turnips. Mr. Feals increased his planting to 10 acres. Yields checked in 1930 by the county agent showed an average of 26.4 tons per acre on prairie bench land, and 40 tons per acre on bottom land. Two hundred pounds of Bortfields are about equal to one ton of grain in the dairy ration.

Hillsboro—Five Washington county farmers will seed Ladino clover under irrigation for a pasture crop this year, reports W. S. Averill, assistant county agent.

A new weekly newspaper is being published at Eugene. It is called the "Record."

Bids have been advertised for grading two miles of the Terminal City-Klamath Falls section of The Dalles-California Highway.

Cimarron



Copyright by Edna Ferber

Cravat, standing behind his wife's chair, looked down at her; at the fine white line that marked the parting of her thick black hair. With one forefinger he touched her cheek, gently. "Dead sure, Jonet, I left out one thing, though." Cousin Jonet made a sound signifying, ah, I thought so. "Her teeth," Yancey Cravat went on thoughtfully. "Broken and discolored like those of a woman of seventy. And most of them gone at the side."

Here Yancey could not resist charging up and down, flitting his coat tails and generally rubbing the fine flavor of his victory over the Venable mind. The Venable mind for the prospect of escaping it had been one of the reasons for his dash into the wild meadow of the Run in the first place. Now he stood surveying these handsome little faces, and a great impatience shook him, and a flame of rage shot through him, and a tongue of malice flicked him. With these to goad him, and the knowledge of how he had failed, he plunged again into his story to the end.

"I had planned to try and get a place on the Santa Fe train that was standing, steam up, ready to run into the Nation. But you couldn't get on. There wasn't room for a flea. They were hanging on the cow-catcher and swarming all over the engine, and sitting on top of the cars. It was keyed down to make no more speed than a horse. It turned out they didn't even do that. They went twenty miles in ninety minutes. I decided I'd use my Indian pony. I knew I'd get endurance, anyway, if not speed. And that's what counted in the end."

"There we stood, by the thousands, all night. Morning, and we began to line up at the border, as near as they'd let us go. Millions all along to keep us back. They had burned the prairie ahead for miles into the Nation, so as to keep the grass down and make the way clearer. To smoke out the sooner, too, who had sneaked in and were hiding in the scrub oaks, in the draws, wherever they could. Most of the killing was due to them. They had crawled in and staked the land and stood ready to shoot those of us who came in, fair and square, in the Run. I knew the piece I wanted. A little creek ran through the land, and the prairie rolled a little there, too. Nothing but blackjacks for miles around it, but on that section, because of the water, I suppose, there were elms and persimmons and cottonwoods and even a grove of pecans. I had noticed it many a time, riding the range."

"(H'm! Riding the range! All the Venables made a quick mental note of that. It was thus, by stray bits and snatches, that they managed to piece together something of Yancey Cravat's past.)

"Ten o'clock, and the crowd was nervous and restless. Thousands from all parts of the country had waited ten years for this day when the land-hungry would be fed. They were like people starving. I've seen the same look exactly on the faces of men who were ravenous for food.

"Well, eleven o'clock, and they were crowding and cursing and fighting for places near the line. They shouted and sang and yelled and argued, and the sound they made wasn't human at all, but like thousands of wild animals penned up. The sun blazed down. It was cruel. The dust hung over everything in a thick cloud, blinding you and choking you. The black dust of the burned prairie was over everything. We were like a horde of fiends with our red eyes and our cracked lips and our blackened faces. Eleven-thirty. It was a picture straight out of hell. The roar grew louder. People fought for an inch of gain on the border. Just next to me was a girl who looked about eighteen—she turned out to be twenty-five—and a boy who was, too—on a coal-black thoroughbred."

"Ah!" said Cousin Jonet Goforth. He was the kind of man who says, "Ah."

"On the other side was an old fellow with a long gray beard—a plainsman, he was—a six-shooter in his belt, one wooden leg, and a flask of whisky. He took a pull out of that every minute or two. He was mounted on an Indian pony like mine. As we waited we fell to talking, the three of us, though you couldn't hear much in that uproar. The girl said she had trained her thoroughbred for the race. He was from Kentucky, and so was she."

She was bound to get her hundred and sixty acres, she said. She had to have it. She didn't say why, and I didn't ask her. We were all too keyed up, anyway, to make sense. Oh, I forgot. She had on a get-up that took the attention of anyone that saw her, even in that crazy mob. The better to cut the wind, she had shortened sail and wore a short skirt, black tights, and a skullcap."

Here there was quite a bombardment of sound as silver spoons and knives and forks were dropped from shocked and nervous feminine Venable fingers.

"It turned out that the three of us, there in the front line, were headed down the old freighter's trail towards the creek land. I said, 'I'll be the first in the Run to reach Little Bear.' That was the name of the creek on the section. The girl pulled her cap down tight over her ears. 'Follow me,' she laughed. 'I'll show you the way.' Then the old fellow with the wooden leg and the whiskers yelled out, 'Whoop-ee! I'll tell 'em along the Little Bear you're both a-comin'."

"There we were, the girl on my left, the old plainsman on my right. Eleven forty-five. Along the border were the

transfired to death in the mad mob that charged over him. Crazy. They couldn't stop for a one-legged old whippersnapper with a quart flask."

Out of the well-bred murmur of horror that now arose about the Venable horse there emerged the voice of Felice Venable, sharp-edged with disapproval. "And the girl. The girl with the black—!" Unable to say it. Southern.

"The girl and I—funny, I never did learn her name—were in the lead because we had stuck to the old trail. The girl was close behind me. That thoroughbred she rode was built for speed, not distance. A race horse, blooded. I could hear him blowing. He was trained to short bursts. My Indian pony was just getting his second wind as her horse slackened into a trot. We had come nearly sixteen miles. I was well in the lead by that time, with the girl following. We had left the others behind, hundreds going this way, hundreds that, scattering for miles over the prairie. Then I saw that the prairie ahead was alive. The tall grass was blazing. Only the narrow trail down which we were galloping was open. On either side of it was a wall of flame. Some skunk of a sooner, sneaking in ahead of the Run, had set the blaze to keep the boomers off, saving the land for himself. The dry grass burned like oil on paper. I turned around. The girl was there, her racer stumbling, breaking and going on, his head lolling now. I saw her motion with her hand. She was coming. I whipped off my hat and clapped it over Whitefoot's eyes, gave him the spur, crouched down low and tight, shut my own eyes, and down the trail we went into the furnace. Hot! It was h—l. I could smell the singed hair on the flanks of the mustang. My own hair was singeing. I could feel the flames licking my legs and back. Another hundred yards and neither the horse nor I could have come through it. But we broke out into the open, choking and blinded and half suffocated. I looked down the lane of flame. The girl hung on her horse's neck. Her skullcap was pulled down over her eyes. She was coming through gaunt. I knew that my land—the place that I had come through hell for—was not more than a mile ahead. I knew that hanging around here would probably get me a shot through the head, for the sooner that started that fire must be lurking somewhere in the high grass ready to kill anybody that tried to lay claim to his land. I began to wonder, too, if that girl wasn't headed for the same section that I was bound for. I made up my mind that, woman or no woman, this was a race, and devil take the hindmost. My poor little pony was coughing and sneezing and trembling. Her racer must have been ready to drop. I wheeled and went on. I kept thinking how, when I came to Little Bear creek, I'd bathe my little mustang's nose and face and his poor heaving flanks, and how I mustn't let him drink too much, once he got his muzzle in the water.

(Continued next week)

The Park Hotel at Lone has opened for business. Hill's Department store at La Grande has been purchased by F. B. Connor from A. T. Hill.

Contracts will be let soon for the grading of six miles of the Burdard Creek-Paradise school section of the Umpqua Highway.

It was like water going over a broken dam.

soldiers, their guns in one hand, their watches in the other. The last five minutes seemed years long; and funny, they'd quieted till there wasn't a sound. Listening. The last minute was an eternity. Twelve o'clock. There went up a roar that drowned the crack of the soldiers' musketry as they fired in the air as the signal of noon and the start of the Run. You could see the puffs of smoke from their guns, but you couldn't hear a sound. The thousands surged over the line. It was like water going over a broken dam. We swept across the prairie in a cloud of black and red dust that covered our faces and hands in a minute, so that we looked like black demons from hell. The old man on his pony kept in one rut, the girl on her thoroughbred in the other, and I on my Whitefoot on the raised place in the middle. That first half mile was almost a neck-and-neck race. The old fellow was yelling and waving one arm and hanging on somehow. He was beating his pony with the flask on his flank. Then he began to drop behind. Next thing I heard a terrible scream and a great shouting behind me. I threw a quick glance over my shoulder. The old plainsman's pony had stumbled and fallen. His bottle smashed into his, his six-shooter flew to another direction, and he lay sprawling full length in the rut of the trail. The next instant he was hidden in a welter of pounding hoofs and flying dirt and clatters and wagon wheels. A dramatic pause. The faces around the table were hushed, pulled by a single string. They swung this way and that with Yancey Cravat's pace as he strode the room, his Prince Albert coat tails billowing. This way—the faces turned toward the sideboard. That way—they turned toward the windows. Yancey held the little moment of silence like a jewel in the circle of faces. Sabra Cravat's voice, high and sharp with suspense, cut the stillness.

"What happened? What happened to the old man?"

Yancey's plant hands flew up in a gesture of inevitability. "Oh, he was

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The Cook's Nook

Buffet-Style Lunch Lets Mother Have a "Perfect Picnic" Too!

Some one of these springtime days, the old cry of "let's have a picnic" will soar on the torture household air, and be taken up by the family, big and little. A picnic is inevitable, and since wise men say we must accept the inevitable, let's do so gracefully, get out the hampers and the paper plates (cheerfully including the first-aid kit and insect lotion!) and take the brood to the woods.

But, let's go the soothsayers one better and make this inevitable jaunt a perfect picnic for mother and cook too! Usually, while the rest of the party spin their picnic plans, mother spends hours in the kitchen preparing the lunch. When the chosen spot is reached, Junior promptly falls into the wading pool, Dad makes off for his favorite fishing spot, Betty and Sarah Ann dash off for wildflowers—but mother stays by to set out the lunch!

Let's change all that this year! The lunch needn't be a joykiller if taken "buffet" style, preparing the makings and allowing the picnicers to prepare their own. Instead of pots of salad, pans of cake, let's take some packaged delicacies, jars of homemade sandwich spread, fruit, some chewy cookie made in a leisure hour, and for the outdoor motif, sliced bacon and potatoes to cook over the open fire. If children go along—and they always do!—be sure to include some packages of pasteurized dates to provide the sweet and fruit in one wholesome unit, and to give them something to nibble on in their rambles.

Even the picnic-fiend does not really relish smashed-in pie, crumpled cake or dusty sandwiches. This type of lunch prevents these casualties, permits the unseasoned food to be taken home—still fresh—in the containers. But most of all, it means that mother can have a good time at her own picnic for once in her life!

The Sandwiches
To avoid the thankless task of trying to butter thin slices of bread, try buttering the loaf itself before slicing. To do this, remove the "heel", butter exposed end with softened butter, then slice. Repeat until the loaf is used, sticking the slices together in original shape. Rewrap in waxed paper and it is ready for the picnic basket.

Put the fillings in jelly glasses or small jars; if lids are missing, tie waxed paper over the top.

Butterscotch Squares
1/4 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1/4 pkg. pasteurized dates
1/4 cup nut meats
1/2 cup flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 tsp. vanilla
Cook butter and sugar together until smooth and well blended. Cool. Add eggs, unbeaten, and beat well.

MAPES & SON
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SALE
Evergreen Shrubs
Fruit Trees
Nut Trees
OELRICH NURSERY
Orencia, Ore.

Flower & Cabbage Plants
Baby Chick Feed of all Kinds
CHAS. BERTHOLD
PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

for Early, Crisp Vegetables
feed them this complete, balanced diet
VIGORO
Complete plant food

THE BEAVER THEATRE
Friday, Saturday, Sunday
May 8, 9, 10

Facing Facts on Mother's Day

MATERNITY DEATH RATES
(PER 1,000 LIVE BIRTHS)
UNITED STATES.....6.5
CANADA.....5.6
ENGLAND-WALES.....4.1
DENMARK.....3.1
NETHERLANDS.....2.9

UNCLE SAM is troubled—sixteen thousand mothers every year fail to answer roll call on Mother's Day. They lost their lives performing woman's greatest duty, maternity. Of these sixteen thousand, two-thirds could be saved by adequate maternity care, according to leading health authorities. The

Maternity Center Ass'n., N. Y. C.

Maternity Center Association, a philanthropic organization supported by voluntary private contributions, located in New York City, supplies information without cost on the subject of maternity care. Public spirited citizens are trying to make Mother's Day mean a better chance for expectant mothers everywhere.

HOOT
GIBSON
ROARING RANCH

By DICK DORGAN

DIVOT DIGGERS—It Must Have Been A Mistake

"I'M GOIN' UP TONIGHT AND PROPOSE TO THE LITTLE GIRL ONCE MORE. SHE'S REFUSED ME SO OFTEN IT'S BECOME A HABIT WITH HER"

"WELL, JIM, ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT"

"SAY, DID YOUR WIFE ACCEPT YOU THE FIRST TIME YOU PROPOSED TO HER?"

"YEAH!"

"BUT SHE'S REJECTED EVERY PROPOSAL I'VE MADE SINCE"

A new weekly newspaper is being published at Eugene. It is called the "Record."

Bids have been advertised for grading two miles of the Terminal City-Klamath Falls section of The Dalles-California Highway.

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