

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon.
THE REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1931

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulett... Business Manager

TREMEDEOUS TRIFLES

Comparatively few automobile accidents are caused by criminal recklessness or flagrant errors on the part of the driver.

Most of them are caused by little mistakes—by allowing attention to stray from what you are doing; by forgetting to slow up, or neglecting to look both ways at a busy intersection; by being in just a little more of a hurry to get somewhere than the occasion really demands; by becoming irritated or impatient at the actions of another driver.

These are the kind of things which drivers are doing all the time. In most cases, nothing happens. But sooner or later the right combination of circumstances arises, so that just a few seconds' inattention, or just a little too much speed in the wrong place, puts you into the path of another machine.

The careful driver controls himself as well as his car. He refuses to allow scenery, conversation, a wrecked car by the roadside or the person in the back seat to distract his attention from the road. He governs his speed according to traffic, weather, and highway conditions, curbing his impatience to get there, or his irritation at the poor driving of the man ahead. He is actually safer under the most dangerous traffic, weather or highway conditions than is the inattentive or irritated driver under the safest driving conditions.

Horses have always been used during the eras of cheap farm produce, and unless prices advance unquestionably many farmers will go back to horses. Before the advent of the tractor, the truck, and the automobile, one-fourth of our total farm acreage was devoted to the raising of horse feed. Gas motorization is really part of what is wrong with agriculture. Some day we will have a farm tractor or motor that will run with some product that comes from the distillation of our farm surplus or wastes. Unless we have a machine that will render power from what we raise or unless we have a market that will pay us a profit on what we raise, we must go back to a form of farm motor power that will consume our excess products and help us rebalance our agriculture.

Annual June Bride Joke

Groom: "Goodness, dear, what a long pie! It's too big for two!"
Bride: "Sorry, dear, but I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb anywhere!"

And then there's the original groom, Adam, who said to his bride: "Eve! You've gone and put my dress suit in the salad again!"

And there is the bride who says her new husband reminds her of an airplane because he's no good on earth!

ON OREGON FARMS

A number of Douglas county farmers are planting small acreages of alfalfa to provide green feed for their poultry flocks. This year, reports County Agent J. C. Leedy, Monroe Nance of Winchester has planted an acre for his flock of 3000 hens. Others are C. J. Lundeen and C. R. Holmquist, Melrose; F. G. Albro, Ten Mile; H. E. Gurney, Winchester, and H. G. Mellon, Sutherlin.

Hillsboro—George Biersdorf of Washington county recently reported to County Agent W. F. Cyrus that by using alfalfa as pasture, supplemented by skim milk from his dairy herd, he is producing pork at less than half the usual cost.

Pendleton—Approximately 1000 cows are already signed up in the most extensive tuberculosis testing campaign ever carried on in Milton-Freewater, and more herds are being signed up in the county agents' office daily. It is expected that the test will include practically all the herds in the district.

Dallas—A delegation of 82 Polk county farmers visited the Oregon Experiment station at Corvallis recently under the leadership of J. R. Beck, county agent. This, according to experiment station men, was the largest group of farmers from any one county to visit the station in recent years. In addition to inspecting seed, cereal and forage crops and irrigation, they showed particular interest in the station in which methods of controlling downy mildew are being studied and attempts made to develop resistant strains.

Mosford—Demonstration meetings are being held in Jackson county by County Agent L. P. Wilcox to show growers the best methods of thinning apples and pears. Thinning will be an important factor in orchard management in the county this year due to the limited amount of irrigation water, Wilcox believes.

Red raspberries of good quality, but limited in quantity, are being harvested here and at other Valley points.



"This is it. Safe that fire, Isiah. Sabra, get that moving on. Because we're moving on."

"Now? Tonight? But it's late. I thought we were camping here for the night."

"We'll eat and get going. Moonlight tonight. I don't just like it here. There's been a lot of time lost this afternoon. We'll push on. In another day or so, with luck, we'll be in Osaage, snug and safe."

They ate hurriedly. Yancey seemed restless, anxious to be off.

They jolted on. Cim slept, a little bit of weariness in the back of the wagon. Isiah drowsed beside Sabra. She must have dozed off, for suddenly the sun's rays were sharply slanted, and she shivered with the cool of the prairie night air. Voices had awakened her. Three horsemen had dashed out of a little copse and stood in the path of Yancey's lead wagon. They were heavily armed. Their hands rested on their guns. Their faces were grim. All three wore the badge of United States marshals, but there was about them something that announced this even before the eye was caught by their badge of office. The leader addressed Yancey, his voice mild, even gentle.

"Howdy."

"Howdy."

"Where you bound for, pardner?"

"Osaage."

The questioner's hand rested lightly on the butt of the six-shooter at his waist. "What might your name be?"

"Cravat—Yancey Cravat."

The spokesman's face lighted up with the slow, incredulous smile of a delighted child. "I'll be doggoned!"

He turned his slow grin on the man at his right, on the man at his left. "Yancey Cravat!" he said again, as though they had not heard. "I sure am pleased to make your acquaintance. Heard about you till I feel like I knew you."

"Why, thanks," replied Yancey, unusually modest and laconic. Sabra knew then that Yancey was playing one of his roles. He would talk as they talked. Be one of them.

"Alm'n't to make quite a stay in Osaage?"

"Ain't I live a notion."

"Go on! I've a notion to swear you in as deputy marshal right now, darned if I ain't. Citizens like you is what we need, and no mistake. Lawdy'n'!"

"I'm planning to take up my law practice in Osaage, yes," Yancey answered, "and start a newspaper as well."

The three looked a little perturbed at this. They glanced at each other, then at Yancey, then away, uncomfortably. "Oh, newspaper, huh?" There was little enthusiasm in the marshal's voice. "Well, we did have a newspaper there for a little while in Osaage, 'bout a week."

"A dailly?"

"A weekly."

"There was something shulster in this. 'What became of it?"

"Well, seems the editor—name of Pegler—died."

"Who killed him?"

A little shadow of pained surprise passed over the features of the marshal. "He was just found dead one morning on the banks of the Canadian. Bullet wounds. But bullets is all pretty much alike, out here. He might 'a' killed himself, plumb discouraged."

The silence fell again. Yancey broke it. "The first edition of the Oklahoma Whizzer will be off the press two weeks from tomorrow."

He gathered up the reins as though to end this chance meeting, however agreeable. "Well, gentlemen, good-evening. Glad to have met you."

The three did not budge. "What we stopped to ask you," said the spokesman, in his gentle drawl, "was, did you happen to glimpse four men anywhere on the road? They're nesting somewhere in here, the Kid and his gang. Stole four horses, robbed the bank at Red Fork, shot the cashier, and hit out for this prairie. Light completed, all of 'em. The Kid is a slim young fella, light hair, red handkerchief, soft spoken, and rides with gloves on. But then you know what he's like, Cravat, well's I do."

Yancey nodded in agreement. "Everybody's heard of the Kid. No, sir, I haven't seen him. Haven't seen anybody the last three days but a Kaw on a pony and a bunch of dirty Cheyennes in a wagon. Funny thing. I never yet knew a bad man who wasn't light colored—or, anyway, blue or gray eyes."

"Oh, say, now!" protested the marshal, stroking his sandy mustache. "Fact. You take the Kid, and the James boys, and Tom O'Phallard, and the whole Mullins gang."

"How about yourself? You're pretty good with the gun, from all accounts. And black as a crow."

Yancey lifted his great head and the heavy lids that usually drooped over the gray eyes and looked at the marshal. "That's so," said the other, as though in agreement at the end of an argument. "I reckon it goes fur killers and fur killers of killers. . . . Well, boys, we'll be hopin'. Good luck to you."

"Good luck to you!" responded Yancey, politely.

The three whirled their steeds spectacularly, raised their right hands in salute; the horses pivoted on their hind legs prettily; Cim crowed with delight. They were off in a cloud of red dust made redder by the last rays of the setting sun.

Yancey gathered up his reins. Sabra stared at him in bewildered indignation. "But the person who shields a criminal is just as bad as the criminal himself, isn't he?"

Yancey looked back at her around the side of his wagon top. His smile was mischievous, sparkling, irresistible. "Don't be righteous, Sabra. It's middle class—and a terrible trait in a woman."

Late next day, just before sunset, after pushing on relentlessly through the blistering sun of midday, Yancey pointed with his wagon whip to something that looked like a willow of mud dotted with crazy shanties and tents. Theoretically he picked Cim up in his arms so that the child, too, might see. But he spoke to Sabra.

"There it is," he said. "That's our future home."

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
WNU
SERVICE

Gray eyes.

"Oh, say, now!" protested the marshal, stroking his sandy mustache.

"Fact. You take the Kid, and the James boys, and Tom O'Phallard, and the whole Mullins gang."

"How about yourself? You're pretty good with the gun, from all accounts. And black as a crow."

Yancey lifted his great head and the heavy lids that usually drooped over the gray eyes and looked at the marshal.

"That's so," said the other, as though in agreement at the end of an argument.

"I reckon it goes fur killers and fur killers of killers. . . . Well, boys, we'll be hopin'. Good luck to you."

"Good luck to you!" responded Yancey, politely.

The three whirled their steeds spectacularly, raised their right hands in salute; the horses pivoted on their hind legs prettily; Cim crowed with delight.

They were off in a cloud of red dust made redder by the last rays of the setting sun.

Yancey gathered up his reins. Sabra stared at him in bewildered indignation.

"But the person who shields a criminal is just as bad as the criminal himself, isn't he?"

Yancey looked back at her around the side of his wagon top. His smile was mischievous, sparkling, irresistible.

"Don't be righteous, Sabra. It's middle class—and a terrible trait in a woman."

Late next day, just before sunset, after pushing on relentlessly through the blistering sun of midday, Yancey pointed with his wagon whip to something that looked like a willow of mud dotted with crazy shanties and tents.

Theoretically he picked Cim up in his arms so that the child, too, might see. But he spoke to Sabra.

"There it is," he said. "That's our future home."

CHAPTER III

Long before the end of that first nightmarish day in Osaage, Sabra had confronted her husband with blazing eyes. "I won't bring up my boy in a town like this!"

It had been a night and a day fantastic with untoward happenings. Their wagon had rumbled securely down the broad main street of the settlement—a raw gash in the prairie. All about, on either side, were wooden shacks, and Indians and dried mud and hitching posts and dogs and crude wagons like their own. It looked like pictures Sabra had seen of California in '49. They had spent that first night in a rooming house above one of the score of saloons that enlivened

the main street—Pawhuska Avenue. It was called. The street stopped abruptly at either end and became suddenly prairie.

The greasy food set before them in the eating house sickened Sabra. She shrank from the shatteringly bold-faced girl who slammed the dishes down in front of them on the Elliott-covered table. At this same table with them—there was only one, a long board accommodating perhaps twenty—sat red-faced men talking in great rough voices, eating with a mechanical and absent-minded thoroughness, shoveling potatoes, canned vegetables, pie into their mouths with knives. Cim was terribly wide awake and noisily unruly, excited by the sounds and

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

strengthened about him.

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Sabra had taken him up to the bare and clean enough little room which was to be their shelter for the night. From wide-eyed wakefulness Cim had become suddenly limp with sleep. Yancey had gone out to see to the horses, to get what information he could about renting a house, and a shack for the newspaper. A score of plans were teeming in his mind.

"You'll be all right," he had said. "A good night's sleep and everything'll look rosy in the morning. Don't look so down in the mouth, honey. You're going to like it."

"It's horrible! It's—and those men! Those dreadful men."

"For my part, I had rather be the first man among these fellows than the second man in Rome." He kissed her; was gone with a great flirt of his coat tails. She heard his light step clattering down the flimsy wooden stairs. She could distinguish his beautiful vibrant voice among the raucous speech of the other men below.

The boy was asleep in a rude box bed drawn up beside theirs. Black Isiah was bedded down somewhere in a little kennel outside. Sabra sank suspiciously down on the doubtful mattress. The wares of the room were wares thin; mere pine slats with cracks between. From the street below came women's shrill laughter, the sound of a piano hammered horribly. Horses clattered by. Voices came up in jocular greeting; there were conversations and arguments exuberantly prolonged beneath her window.

(continued next week)

HITEON CLUB HAS LAST MEET OF YEAR

Hiteon Club held their last meeting of the year, last Wednesday, at the home of Mrs. Ruth Anderson. There were fourteen members and four visitors present.

The program for the coming year was read and adopted. The first fall meeting will be held September 16 at the home of Zell Struthers.

BETTY BARCLAY'S HELPFUL HINTS

Today Betty Says:

ONCE we ordered oranges by the dozen, but today many women secure a box or half a box at a time. Others buy three, or four dozen at a time, particularly when merchants give special rates on quantity purchases.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

Wedding Bell Salad

6 pear halves
6 pasteurized dates
¼ pkg. cream cheese
1 tsp. minced candied ginger
6 maraschino cherries
Lettuce and Mayonnaise

Stuff dates with cream cheese which has been moistened with pear syrup. Sprinkle surface of cheese with candied ginger. Line each salad plate with lettuce. Lay stuffed date on plate, surround with mayonnaise. Place pear-half on top (the date will fill cavity in pear) with cavity turned to plate. Cut thin slice off large end of pear to make edge straight and form bottom of

dozen, but today many women secure a box or half a box at a time. Others buy three, or four dozen at a time, particularly when merchants give special rates on quantity purchases.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

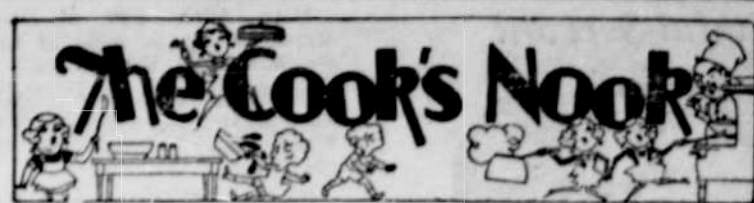
There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.

There are plenty of small and medium-sized oranges on the market today—at moderate prices, too. It's an ideal time to increase your salad dishes, your fruit cups and your fruit desserts.



Honor June Brides of Yesterday With Anniversary Parties

Once a June bride—always a June bride! Since June has been the month of weddings since "way back when," it is obvious that, likewise, there must be a great many wedding anniversaries this month. Yesterday's brides should not languish in the shadows while the '31 crop of blunders monopolize the spotlight. Give a thought—and a party—to them, too, or remind your friends that you once said "yes" under the orange blossoms by giving a celebration to commemorate your own wedding day.

For purposes of your party, you may want to know what the wedding anniversaries are: first, paper; second, calico; third, muslin; fourth, silk; fifth, wood; sixth, iron; seventh, copper; eighth, bronze; ninth, pottery; tenth, tin; fifteenth, pearl; twentieth, china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth, pearl; fortieth, ruby; forty-fifth, sapphire; fiftieth, gold; fifty-fifth, emerald; and all later ones, diamond.

The party, including the all-important refreshments, must be in keeping with the particular anniversary. One couple went so far, in giving a party on their golden wedding anniversary, to request the guests to bring five dollar gold pieces, to be sure the gifts were in keeping. Nothing of the sort is suggested, if you want your guests to have a happy time, but you can carry out the idea in the decorations and the food.

A simple menu for the anniversary dinner has been served with success by some clever hostesses:

Grapefruit Juice Cocktail
Roast Chicken with Dressing and Pimiento Potatoes
New Peas in Cream Carrot Balls
Brides Biscuit
Wedding Bell Salad
Ice Cream Molds Anniversary Cake

Demi Tasse
The Grapefruit Cocktail in which the happy couples' health may be toasted, is easily prepared by chilling canned grapefruit juice and serving in slender glasses with a maraschino cherry.

The Pimiento Potatoes are simply well seasoned mashed potatoes, to which a beaten egg and finely chopped pimientos have been added, the whole then piled in a casserole and reheated.

Advertising Doesn't Jerk—IT PULLS!

Meats and Groceries