Beaverton Review

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

FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 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

NOEMICS

Like "honest Injun", "plugged nickel" and "So's your old man", "a dog's life" has come to have a special meaning in the vocabulary of Young America. So when a little book came in the other day labeled "A Dog's Life", it got little attention from the so-called head of the family. But The Missus most always has special messages in the mail and she gobbled it up and started in, "Where did this come from?"

Not being sure just what "this" meant and having learned from sad experience not to say too much unless absolutely carried away with our subject, silence seemed the proper procedure for us. "Wonder they'd let this go through the mails," in a big snort. Of course anything that Uncle Sam frowns on must have some interest. We looked up and noted the eyes glued to a yellow covered volume. "Never saw anything like it," but still it was held with a firm grip.

Casting another glance in the direction from which came the exclamations, we noted that ripples of something pleasant would creep over the face of the intent reader. Not until that time did we become aware that it was "A Dog's Life", which was calling forth all this varied evidences of emotion.

Finally The Missus sat down and actually gave herself up to gales of laughter, interspersed with "Where did it come from?" "Who wrote it?" and a number of other similar inquiries in tones indicating intense disgust, but at the same time hanging on and devouring the little volume with eyes which never left the pages until it was finished though we edged around and sought to look over the left shoulder and see what all the mirth and the disgust were about.

Finally a neighbor came in and he grabbed it and sat down. "Well, I must go," he muttered but still clung to the little volume. "Gee, I've got to get going," but the eyes failed to leave the page though the face smiled, and finally a guffaw burst forth. Well, well, we'll never attempt to describe the contents but will say that if you want a good laugh and then have the eyes water with tears, get hold of "A Dog's Life" written by Jo Anderson (Young Publishing Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.)

As these words are penned, there lies on our desk a copy of the "Sunday Mercury" of that village to the northeast. The information required to be published by the postoffice department would indicate that this publication has been printed every week for a matter of more than sixty years. Just where they get their dates, we do not know for in a little print just to one side of the Vol. LXI, No. 4, is a statement "Entered as second-class matter March 25, 1930, at the Portland, Oregon postoffice, under the Act of March 3, 1879." Just a little while ago entered as second class matter, but claiming a good old age.

In their front page spread, under "LIES WRECK" in type more than three inches high (bigger, let us pause to remark, than most self-respecting periodicals allow on their front pages) under such big type, they make grave charges against some of our recently appointed state officials though if memory serves us correctly, the Mercury was very vehement in support of Meier when a candidate. Now his officers have taken over, or attempted to take over, the "Guardian Savings & Loan" association.

We know little of the operations of the Guardian, enough to make us skeptical of their good faith, and to cause a feeling of sympathy for Aloha when the Guardian established a branch there. But if Mott and Callahan, State Corporation commissioner and assistant, are to protect the interests of the small savings investors of the state of Oregon, they are taking the right course in investigating any corporation which operates under the policy as laid down in the contracts of the Guardian Savings & Loan. More power to Mott and Callahan.

Just now has come to our attention the per capita taxes of the spring of 1931. This per capita is arrived at by division the total tax of each incorporated city by the number of inhabitants, according to the 1930 census. Beaverton shows up quite favorably with only a $28.05 each while Orenco with $143.23 looks not so good. When the "Old Grouch" starts in to tell you next time how high the taxes are in Beaverton, just ask him how much property he has in Orenco, and what the taxes are there. Or it might do to ask him about Gearhart with its $227.04 of taxes per capita or Banks with $36.84 per capita or Hillsboro with $33.25. Beaverton taxes are not so high when given a comparison with other places.

Time was when a feller could kiss his best girl's hand without getting burned with a cigarette.

There should be holes in those fifteen-dollar hats in the show window for no one but a jackass would pay that much for a hat.
—Zythum

Sabra stood there. Seeing her, it would have been almost impossible to believe that anyone so bravely decked out in silk and plumes and pink roses could present a figure so bewildered, so disconsolate, so defeated. Literally, she did not know what to do. She had met and surmounted many strange experiences in these last ten days. But she had been born of generations of women to whom men had paid homage. Perhaps in all her life she had never encountered the slightest discourtesy in a man, much less this abysmal boorishness.

She looked at him, her face white, shocked. She looked up, in embarrassment, at the glaring steel sky; she looked down at the blinding red dust, she looked helplessly in the direction that Yancey had so blithely taken. She glanced again at Doc Nisbett, propped so woodenly against the wall of his hateful house. She should, of course, have gone straight up to him and said, "Do you mean that ten barrels are too much? I didn't know. I am new to all this. Whatever you say."

But she was young, and inexperienced, and full of pride, and terribly offended. So without another word she turned and marched down the dusty street. Her head in its plumed hat was high. On either cheek burned a scarlet patch. Her eyes, in her effort to keep back the hot tears, were blazing, liquid, enormous. She saw nothing.

From Doc Nisbett, Yancey received laconic information to the effect that the house had been rented by a family whose aquatic demands were more modest than Sabra's. Sabra was inconsolable, but Yancey did not once reproach her for her mistake. It was characteristic of him that he was most charming and considerate in crises which might have been expected to infuriate him. "Never mind, sugar. Don't take on like that. We'll find a house. And, anyway, we're here. That's the main thing.

He stretched his mighty arms, shook himself like a great shaggy lion. In all this welter of red clay and Indians and shirt sleeves and tobacco juice and drought he seemed to find a beauty and an exhilaration that eluded Sabra quite. But then Sabra, after those first two days, had ceased to search for a reason for anything. She met and accepted the most grotesque, the most fantastic happenings. When she looked back on the things she had done and the things she had said in the first few hours of her Oklahoma experience it was as though she were tolerantly regarding the naivetes of a child. Ten barrels of water a day! She knew now that water, in this burning land, was a precious thing. Life here was an anachronism, a great crude joke. It was hard to realize that while the rest of the United States, in this year of 1889, was living a conventionally civilized and primly Victorian existence, in which plumbing, gaslight, trees, gardens, books, laws, millinery, Sunday churchgoing, were taken for granted, here in this Oklahoma country life had been set back according to the frontier standards of half a century earlier. Literally she was pioneering in a wilderness surrounded but untouched by civilization.

Yancey had reverted. Always—even in his staidest Wichita incarnation—a somewhat incredibly romantic figure, he now was remarkable even in this town of fantastic humans gathered from every corner of the brilliantly picturesque Southwest. His towering form, his curling locks, his massive head, his vibrant voice, his dashing dress, his florid speech, his magnetic personality drew attention wherever he went. On the day following their arrival Yancey had taken from his trunk a pair of silver-mounted ivory-handled six-shooters and a belt and holster studded with silver. She had never before seen them. His white sombrero he had banded with a rattlesnake skin of gold and silver, with glass eyes, a treasure also produced from the secret trunk, as well as a pair of gold-mounted spurs which further enhanced the Texas star boots. Thus bedecked for his legal and editorial pursuits he was by far the best dressed and most spectacular male in all the cycloramic Oklahoma country.

Sabra learned many astounding things in these first few days, and among the most terrifying were the things she learned about the husband to whom she had been happily married for more than five years. She learned, for example, that this Yancey Cravat was famed as the deadliest shot in all the deadly shooting Southwest. He had the gift of being able to point his six-shooters without sighting, as one would point with a finger. He was one of the few who could draw and fire two six-shooters at once with equal speed and accuracy. His hands would go to his hips with a lightning gesture that yet was so smooth, so economical that the onlooker's eye scarcely followed it. He could hit his mark as he walked, as he ran, as he rode his horse. Sabra was vaguely uneasy. Wichita had not been exactly effete, and Dodge City, Kan., was notoriously a gun-play town. But here no man walked without his six-shooters strapped to his body. On the very day of her harrowing encounter with Doc Nisbett, Sabra, her composure regained, had gone with Yancey to see still another house owner about the possible renting of his treasure. The man was found in his crude one-room shack which he used as a combination dwelling and land office. He glanced up at them from the rough pine table at which he was writing.

"Howdy, Yancey!"

"Howdy, Cass!"

Yancey, all grace, performed an introduction. This lean, leather-skinned house owner wiped his palms on his pants' seat in courtly fashion and, thus purified, extended a hospitable hand to Sabra. Yancey revealed to him their plight.

"Well, now, say, that's plumb terr'ble, that is. Might be I can help you out—you and your good lady here. But say, Yancey, just let me step out, will you, to the corner, and mail this here letter. The bag's goin' any minute now."

He licked and stamped the envelope, rose, and took from the table beside him his broad leather belt with its pair of holstered six-shooters, evidently temporarily laid aside for comfort while writing. This he now strapped quickly about his waist with the same unconcern that another man would use in slipping into his coat. He merely was donning conventional street attire for the well-dressed man of the locality. He picked up his sheaf of envelopes and stepped out. In three minutes he was back, and affably ready to talk terms with them.

It was, perhaps, this simple and sinister act, more than anything she had hitherto witnessed, that impressed Sabra with the utter lawlessness of this new land to which her husband had brought her.

This house, so dearly held by the man called Cass, turned out to be a four-room dwelling inadequate to their needs, and they were in despair at the thought of being obliged to wait until a house could be built. Then Yancey had a brilliant idea. He found a two-room cabin made of rough boards. This was hauled to the site of the main house, plastered, and—added to it—provided them with a six-room combination dwelling, newspaper plant, and law office. There was all the splendor of sitting room, dining room, bedroom, and kitchen to live in. One room of the small attached cabin was a combination law and newspaper office. The other served as composing room and print shop. The Hefner Furniture and Undertaking Parlors provided them with furniture—a large wooden bedstead to fit Sabra's mattress and spring; a small bed for Cim; tables, chairs—the plainest of everything. In two days Sabra was a housewife established in her routine as though she had been at it for years.

Setting up the newspaper plant and law office was not so simple. Yancey, for example, was inclined to write his first editorial entitled "Whither Oklahoma?" before the hand press had been put together. He was more absorbed in the effect of the sign tacked up over the front of the shop than he was in the proper mechanical arrangement of the necessary appliances inside. THE OKLAHOMA WIGWAM, read the sign in block letters two feet high, so that the little cabin itself was almost obscured. Then, beneath, in letters scarcely less impressive: YANCEY CRAVAT, PROP. AND EDITOR. ATTORNEY AT LAW. NOTARY.

The placing of this sign took the better part of a day, during which

The Placing of This Sign Took the Better Part of a Day.

time all other work was suspended. While the operation was in progress Yancey crossed the road fifty times, ostensibly to direct matters from a proper vantage point of criticism, but really to bask in the dazzling effect of the bold fat black letters. As always in the course of such proceedings on the part of the laboring male there was much hoarse shouting, gesticulation, and general rumpus.

It was Sabra's first realization that the male of the species might be fallible. A product of southern training, even though a daily witness, during her girlhood, to the dominance of her matriarchal mother over her weak and war-shattered father, she had been bred to the tradition that the male was always right, always to be deferred to. Yancey, still her passionate lover, had always treated her, tenderly, as a charming little fool, and this role she had meekly—even gratefully—accepted. But now suspicion began to rear its ugly head. These last three weeks had shown her that the male was often mistaken, as a sex, and that Yancey was almost always wrong as an individual. But these frightening discoveries she would not yet admit even to herself.

"Yancey, this case of type's badly pied." Jesse Rickey, journeyman printer and periodic drunkard, was responsible for this misfortune, having dropped a case, face down, in the dust of the road while assisting Yancey in the moving. "It'll have to be sorted before you can get out a paper."

(continued next week)

A LINE'R TWO

Walnut and filbert crop prospects in Oregon and Washington are considered more favorable than last year, and the bearing acreage is larger. The out put may be a record one.

You and your friends are cordially invited to attend a card party given by the Ladies' Auxiliary at the Huber club House, Saturday evening, June 27, at 8:00 p.m. Children not playing cards, 6 to 18 years. 10¢ admission. Admission, 25¢. Prizes and Lunch. Entertainment. Cleo E. Beckett, Secretary.

The Paisley National Bank has merged with the Commercial National Bank of Lakeview.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-tf

FIR WOOD

Good wood, full cord. 16-inch or 4-foot. Priced right. Get your wood worries over early. Order now. Perry L. Kilander, first house west of Angel street on the south side of Third. p24-33

For Sale—Team, wagon, and harness. Unable to use them. Will sell cheap. D. C. Tallman, Beaverton. adv.

WANTED

Wanted—Wheat for August delivery. Chas. Berthold. Adv tf

Unemployed Laborers—Please Register. Men supporting families and living in Washington County, please register at Richey's Hardware and Furniture Co. Beaverton Chamber of Commerce welfare committee. L. R. Richey, Chairman. adv.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS

St. Cecelia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and 10:00 a.m.

Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m.

Saturday Confession, 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m.

Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Methodist Church

Sunday school meets promptly at 10:00 a.m. At 11 a.m., Mrs. Mabel Peterson of Portland, Ore., will deliver the pulpit message. Mrs. Peterson is an able speaker and comes highly recommended by those who have heard her speak in various cities in both California and Oregon. For some years this noted church worker was a deaconess in San Francisco, Cal. The public is cordially invited to all services of the church.

Church of Christ

Teddy Leavitt is holding an evangelistic meeting at the Spokane Ave. Church of Christ in Sellwood. A Beaverton delegation was present last Tuesday evening. Due to the preparation for the coming minstrel given by the Christian Endeavor. It was not as large as it would have been otherwise. We are hoping that a large group may visit the meetings next week.

For the information of those who may not know it, we have a splendid male quartet. This quartet sings nearly every Sunday at either the morning or evening service. We know you will enjoy it.

Next week from July 1-5 will the Christian Church convention at Turner, Ore. All who possibly can should plan to attend at least some of the sessions. It is good to keep in touch with the work of the Churches of Christ as a whole.

There will be regular services next Sunday both morning and evening.

The Christian Endeavor is giving a negro minstrel in the basement of the church Friday evening at eight o'clock. The admission will be 25¢ for adults and 15¢ for children. The proceeds from this are to help send a delegate to the C. E. convention at San Francisco.

Bethel Church

Several of our number will be in Seattle at the convention over the week-end, but services will be held as usual. In the absence of Mr. Clark, morning service will be in charge of Chester Scott, a Gideon of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Boswell will sing a request number.

Mid-week service Wednesday, at 8:00 p.m.

Beaverton Realty Company have rented the Whiteside Farm, near Tobias to Jay Frost, a new arrival from Iowa.

Miss Freda Helmholtz and friends from Washington visited at the J. H. Hulett home Sunday evening. Miss Helmholtz is a cousin of Mrs. Hulett.

MAPES & SON
RESTAURANT
MEALS SHORT ORDER
Cigars, Tobaccos
Confections, Soft Drinks
Cady Bldg —:— Watson St.

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
PLUMBING and HEATING
Hardware, Paints
Phone, 2603 Beaverton

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER
Grange Building —:— Beaverton

Phone 0411
JOE KEMMER
For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order
Adv. c-26-tf

A. E. HANSON
WOOD and COAL
Cord Wood or Slab—any length
any kind
Prompt Delivery.. Phone 4504

DEWEY
THE PLUMBER
Our work speaks for itself
Beaverton, Oregon Phone 7702

ROBINSON LUMBER COMPANY
Mill at Scholls
Rough and Planed Lumber
at the right prices
WE DELIVER
Telephone Scholls 0718 or 0710

LOANS
on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details.
WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.

Meats and Groceries
Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants
Baby Chick Food of all Kinds
for Early, Crisp Vegetables
feed them this complete, balanced diet
VIGORO
CHAS. BERTHOLD
PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

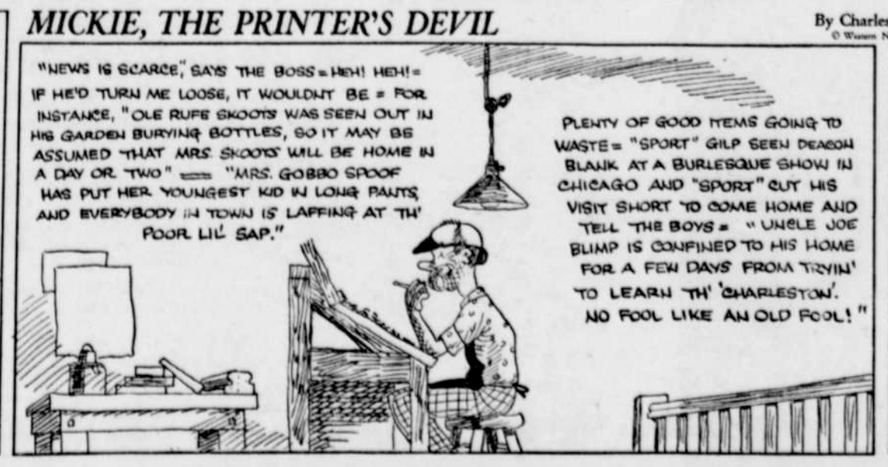
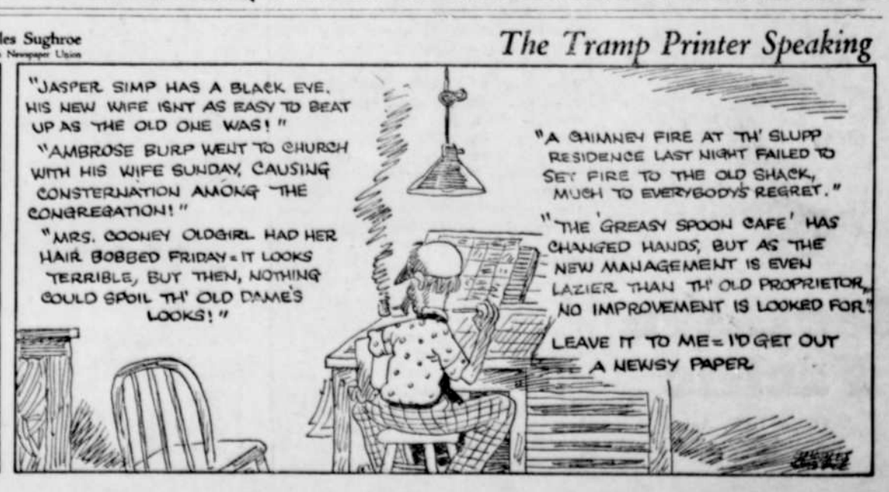
"Is it plans you are making? Or wishes? No plan is worth a cent more than the kind af action that follows it. All kinds of lumber from a board to a car-load, prompt service and helpful buildinf suggestions, at McCready's,"
—says Practy Cal

"Our Red Trucks Deliver"
W. J. McCready Lumber Company
F. D. Peck, Sales Agent Phone 4603
BEAVERTON -::- OREGON

Beaver Theatre
Friday-Saturday-Sunday
June 26 - 27 - 28
Free Firecrackers
On Friday night, all children coming to see "Defenders ofthe Law," will receive FREE FIRECRACKERS!

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
© Western Newspaper Union



The Tramp Printer Speaking