Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,

FRIDAY, JULY 17, 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

We'll have to take back the statement made a couple of weeks ago about there not being any flarebacks to this colyum. From that same issue containing that statement comes a request from the Beaver Engraving Co., signed by its president, Walter J. Scott asking permission to use a quotation from "Noemics."

Thank you, Walter, but we hardly see how you can use anything from these nothings when there are many, many much more illustrious writers to quote from and so much of really good stuff to quote that it fairly bowled us over to get such a "request". Parenthetically, let us remark that you can see from the above paragraph that we condescend to slang, at times for N. W. says that "bowled" is "slang or colloquial."

Anyway, Walter, just go ahead and use the quotation, with our compliments, and never mind the credit if it in any way impedes your style. We have been quoted plenty of times without credit, and credited without being correctly quoted, so that is that, and there you are.

Now we are going to quote from Hazel Hoe's "The Duffel Bag" in The Forest Log—"Ex-Kaiser Bill and his extinguished cousin, Ex-King Alphonso, are making it tough for our sawmill boys. As a friendly 'jesture' towards our suffering lumber industry, we lift our voices in protest and demand that a limitation on buck-saws and sawbucks be placed on a par with the proposed limitation of armaments."

Not at all a bad idea, Hazel. With all them ex-kinks and ex-princes and all the other exes bucking up wood from our forests it is easy to see why the wood market in Beaverton is so slow. But as this colyum is a place where we give advice at times (notice last week's issue of The Review) allow us to suggest to Bauer, Kemmer, Kilander, Davis, Schultz and others that they employ a few of these exes. Maybe if they asked these worthy gents to submit bids on a few years' supply, and bring on a little competition, there might be a drastic cut in the price of cutting wood.

This is pre-eminently the age when youth is in the saddle. The cry goes out for the need of young men to fill positions which used to be held only by men well past the half-century mark. The man past fifty has a difficult time getting a job nowadays while the younger man is in demand in many lines.

Among the Indians there was a proverb which ran something like this, "Seek your warriors from the young men, but take only the advice of the mature in years." In other words, the young are full of pep and go, but their advice is not to be taken seriously. We of today youth. We want action, vigor, zest, seem to be taking the counsel of exploitation, bold strokes, achievement. The man who says, "Wait a minute, let's think that over," is rushed past by the fellow who says, "Come on, let's go."

This rushing, speeding, headlong haste has got many a man into what he wishes he were out of. It caused the purchase of automobiles where they were not needed, of houses beyond the means of the purchaser to pay. It has brought ruin, financial, moral, spiritual, where should be only solid foundations, righteous actions, calm satisfaction.

Advice to a printer: Tell your competitor he can make more money selling gin labels. Then set the cops onto him.

Those stock certificates you bought back in 1929—they make good scratch paper if cut into proper shape and kept handy.

According to an Arabian proverb, a man who trusts his own judgment is a fool. Are we, then, to trust some other fool's?

"If I could only undo the errors of the past five years," he said as he signed a ten-year lease on a new location at three times his present rent.

When your competitor catches you cutting prices, you feel like the fellow in the crowded elevator with his arm caught between two women—just a trifle misunderstood.

VINEGAR-DIPPED BOOMERANG

No matter how sour and cynical you get about the outside world, don't let the accusing finger turn upon yourself.

Blame it on the tariff, on prohibition, on Al Smith or Herbert Hoover, or on your competitor, but keep yourself blameless.

If you got sockel in the market, along with other thousands, blame it on Babson, or Brookmire, or Harvard Economic Service; blame it on the investment trusts and the trust affiliates of the big banks.

(Continued on Back Page)

Cimarron

by Edna Ferber

Unfortunately, Yancey could not resist the temptation of dilating to Sabra on this dramatic triumph. The story was, furthermore, told in the presence of Cim and Isaiah, and illustrated—before Sabra could prevent it—with a magnificent rendering of the blood-curdling gobble. They were seated at noonday dinner. Sabra's fork, halfway to her mouth, fell clattering on her plate. Her face blanched. Her appetite was gone.

It was all like a nightmarish game, she thought. The shooting, the carousing, the brawls and high altercations; the sounds of laughter and ribaldry and drinking and song that issued from the flimsy cardboard false-front shacks that lined the preposterous street. Steadfastly she refused to believe that this was to be the accepted order of their existence. Yancey was always talking of a new code, a new day; live and let live.

Sabra refused to believe that this business of the Pegler shooting was as serious as Yancey made it out to be. It was just one of his whims. He would, she told herself, publish something or other about it in the first edition of the Oklahoma Wigwam. Yancey stoutly maintained it was due off the press on Thursday. Privately Sabra thought that this would have to be accomplished by a miracle. This was Friday. A fortnight had gone by. Nothing had been done. Perhaps he was exaggerating the danger as well as the importance of all this Pegler business. Something else would come up to attract his interest, arouse his indignation, or outrage his sense of justice.

She was overjoyed when, that same day, a solemn deputation of citizens, three in number, de rigueur in sombreros and six-shooters, called on Yancey with the amazing request that he conduct divine service the following Sunday morning. Osage was over a month old. The women folks, they said, in effect, thought it high time that some contact be established between the little town sprawled on the prairie and the Power supposedly gazing down upon it from beyond the brilliant steel-blue dome suspended over it. Beneath the calico and sunbonnets despised of Sabra on that first day of her coming to Osage there apparently glowed the same urge for convention, discipline, and the old order that so fired her to revolt. She warmed toward them. She made up her mind that, once the paper had gone to press, she would don the black silk and the hat with the plumes and go calling on such of the wooden shacks as she knew had fostered this meeting. Then she recollected her mother's training and the stern commands of fashion. The sunbonnets had been residents of Osage before she had arrived. They would have the call first.

She got out a plaid silk tie for Cim. "Church meeting!" she exclaimed, joyously. Here, at last, was something familiar; something on which she could get a firm foothold in this quagmire. Yancey temporarily abandoned his journalistic mission in order to make proper arrangements for Sunday's meeting. Born entrepreneur, he took hold with the enthusiasm that he always displayed in the first spurt of a new enterprise. Already news of the prospective meeting had spread by the mysterious means common to isolated settlements. Nesters, homesteaders, rangers, cowboys for miles around somehow got wind of it. Saddles were polished, harnesses shined, calicoes washed and ironed, faces scrubbed. Church meeting.

Yancey turned quite naturally to the one shelter in the town adequate to the size of the crowd expected. It was the gambling tent that stood at the far north end of Pawhuska avenue, flags waving gayly from its top in the brisk Oklahoma wind. For the men it was the social center of Osage. Faro, stud poker, chuckaluck diverted their minds from the stern business of citizenship and saved them the trouble of counting their ready cash on Saturday night. Sunday was, of course, the great day in the gambling tent. It was a question whether the owner and dealer would be willing to sacrifice any portion of Sunday's brisk trade for the furtherance of the Lord's business, even though the good will of the townspeople were to be gained thereby. After all, he might argue, it was not this element that kept a faro game going.

Yancey, because of his professional position and his well known power to charm, was delegated to confer with that citizen du monde, Mr. Grat Gotch, better known as Arkansas Grat, proprietor and dealer of the gambling tent. A little plump man, Grat, with a round and smiling countenance, strangely unlined. He looked like an old baby.

Yancey ordered his drink and invited Gotch to have one with him. Over the whisky Yancey put his case.

"Listen, Grat. The women folks have got it into their heads that there ought to be a church service Sunday, now that Osage is over a month old, with ten thousand inhabitants, and probably the metropolis of the great Southwest in another ten years. They want the thing done right. I'm chosen to conduct the meeting. There's no building in town big enough to hold

"Divine Worship! Why, H—l, Yes, Yancey."

the crowd. What I want to know is, can we have the loan of your tent here for about an hour Sunday morning for the purpose of divine worship?"

Arkansas Grat set down his glass, made a sweeping gesture with his right hand that included all that the tent contained.

"Divine worship! Why, h—l, yes, Yancey," he replied, graciously.

They went to work early Sunday. So as not to mar the numbers they covered the faro and roulette tables with twenty-two foot boards. Such of the prospective congregation as came early would use these for seats. There were, too, a few rude benches on which the players usually sat. The remainder must stand. The meeting was to be from eleven to twelve. As early as nine o'clock they began to arrive. They came from lonely cabins, dugouts, tents. Ox carts, wagons, buggies, horsemen, mule teams. They were starving for company. It wasn't religion they sought; it was the stimulation that comes of meeting their kind in the mass. They brought picnic baskets and boxes, prepared for a holiday.

The town seemed alive with blanketed Indians. They squatted in the shade of the wooden shacks. They walked in from their near-by reservations, or rode their mangy horses, or brought in their entire families—squaw, papoose, two or three children of assorted sizes, dogs.

Sabra, seeing them, told herself sternly that she must remember to have a Christian spirit, and they were all God's children; that these red men had been converted. She didn't believe a word of it.

Rangers, storekeepers, settlers. Lean squatters with their bony wives and their bare-legged, rickety children, as untamed as little wolves.

Sabra superintended the toilettes of her men folk from Yancey to Isaiah.

Yancey chided her, laughing, "My good woman, do you realize that this is no way to titivate for the work of delivering the Word of God? Sackcloth and ashes is, I believe, the prescribed costume." He poured and drank down three fingers of whisky, the third since breakfast.

Cim cavorted excitedly in his best suit, with the bright plaid silk tie and the buttoned shoes, tasseled at the top. The boy, Sabra thought as she dressed him, grew more and more like Yancey, except that he seemed to lack his father's driving force, his ebullience.

Yancey's sure dramatic instinct bade him delay until he could make an effective entrance. A dozen times Sabra called to him, as he sat in the front office busy with paper and pencil. This was, she decided, his sole preparation for the sermon he would be bound to deliver within the next hour. Later she found in the pocket of his sweeping Prince Albert the piece of paper on which he had made notes. One word he had written on it, and then disguised it with meaningless marks—but not quite. Sabra, studying the paper after the events of the morning, made out the word "Yountis."

At last he was ready. Sabra had put on, not her second-best black grosgrain, but her best, and the hat with the plumes. She and Yancey stepped sedately down the street, with Cim's warm wriggling little fingers in her own clasp. Sabra was a slinly elegant little figure in her modish black; Yancey, as always, a dashing one.

They went on their way. It occurred neither to Sabra nor to Yancey that there was anything bizarre or even unusual in their thus proceeding, three well-dressed and reasonably conventional figures, toward a gambling tent and saloon which, packed to suffocation with the worst and the best that a frontier town has to offer, was for one short hour to become a House of God.

"Are you nervous, Yancey dear?"

"No, sugar. Though I will say I'd fifty times rather plead with a jury of Texas Panhandle cattlemen for the life of a professional horse thief than stand up to preach before this gang of—" He broke off abruptly. "What's everybody laughing at and pointing to?" Certainly passers-by were acting strangely. Instinctively Sabra and Yancey turned to look behind them. Down the street, perhaps fifty paces behind them, came Isaiah. He was strutting in an absurd and yet unmistakably recognizable imitation of Yancey's stride and swing. Around his waist was wound a red calico sash, and over that hung a holstered leather belt so large for his small waist that it hung to his knees and bumped against them at every step. Protruding from the holsters one saw the ugly heads of what seemed at first glance to be two six-shooters, but which turned out, on investigation by the infuriated Mrs. Cravat, to be the household monkey wrench and a bar of ink-soaked iron which went to make up one of the printing shop metal forms. On his head was a battered—an unspeakable—sombrero which he must have salvaged from the back yard debris. He managed, by the very power of his dramatic gift, to give to the appreciative onlooker a complete picture of Yancey Cravat in ludicrous—in grotesque miniature. He advanced toward them with an appalling imitation of Yancey's stride. Sabra's face went curiously sallow, so that she was, suddenly, Felice Venable, enraged. Yancey gave a great roar of laughter, and at that Sabra's blazing eyes turned from the ludicrous figure of the black boy to her husband. She was literally panting with fury. Her idol, her god, was being mocked.

(continued next week)

Mrs. Mary Ware and Mrs. Myrtle Hardman were luncheon guests Tuesday of Mrs. J. M. Thompson of Aloha.

Twenty-three members of the local Rebekah lodge attended the installation ceremonies of Tigardville Rebekah lodge Tuesday evening.

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

For Sale—Wedgewood cooker, almost new, $18. Mrs. A. Newton, Hazeldale. p-33

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—Two-pound Red friers, dressed and drawn. Mrs. W. H. Hart, Beaverton, Phone 0415. adv c33-34

For Sale—Cheap, combination "Famous Gas range, also a two-plate gas burner. Phone 2415. Mrs. Edgar Lusby, Aloha. p-33

Give the family a treat for Sunday dinner. Serve fat, juicy squab. 35c each. 3 for $1.00. Beulah Boge. Lake Road, Beaverton. c31-32

WANTED

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 9:20 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.

Kinton Church

Services at the church for this Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10:00 o'clock in the morning; preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11:00 o'clock. All are invited to be present at these services.

Church of Christ

If we are to enjoy a summer boom in the Church and Sunday school as we did last summer it will be necessary for every member to make an effort to be present every Sunday. Bring your vacation company and friends with you.

Tuesday afternoon the Missionary society met at the home of Mrs. Robert Johnson. The st period was exceptionally interesting. Ice cream and cake was served by the hostess. Any ladies in Beaverton who are interested in Missionary work are invited.

The Christian Endeavor Society is reorganizing and adopting a new constitution which it is hoped will make consecrated Christians of our young people.

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

Nazarene Church

Rev. D. Rand Pierce, Pastor

We are glad to announce the coming of Mrs. J. E. Bates, President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the North Pacific District, and wife of Dr. J. E. Bates, District Superintendent and formerly Missionay Superintendent of Nazarene Missions in the Orient, who will give an address on "A First Hand View of China" at the church on Sunday, 8:00 p.m. Mrs. Bates is a very interesting and gifted speaker, and we hope the people of Beaverton, as far as possible, will give her an appreciative hearing.

We are informed that Mrs. Grace Fewless, leading soprano soloist of Portland First Church, will accompany her, and will be programmed for three specials.

Mr. E. Everett and Miss Carolyn S. Everett, brother and sister of Mrs. D. Rand Pierce, who have been visiting at the Nazarene Parsonage for a week and more, are leaving this Friday for Klamath Falls, and will motor to California later. Miss Everett is a public school teacher in Vancouver, B. C.

The pastor's Sunday morning sermon on "Spiritual Rubbish" called forth much favorable comment. The subject for next Sunday morning will be "The Omnipotence of Faith." There will be special music.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Mr. Clarke will take for his subject next Sunday at 11:00 a.m. "The Sea of Glass Mingled with Fire." The Bible School meets at 9:45 with departments for all ages. Bring your children, they will be well looked after, and attend the adult class. There will be no other services this Sunday. Bible Study and prayer meeting Wednesday at 8:00 p.m. Further study of the first missionary journey of St. Paul. Every one cordially invited.

Oregon State News

A city natatorium at Baker has been opened.

Bids have been opened for cleaning and painting various buildings at the Oregon State Hospital at Salem.

The Corbett Investment Co. has purchased the Edison hotel property at Broadway and Taylor streets, Portland.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of John Edward Duggan, deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of said deceased has filed in the above entitled court and cause, his Final Account and Report as such, and the court has fixed and appointed the 15th day of August, 1931, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a.m. of said day, and the court room of the above entitled court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 17th day of July, 1931.

Peter Duggan, Executor of the last Will and Testament of John Edward Duggan, deceased.

Hare, McAlear & Peters, Attorneys for executor.

adv. c-33-37

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