

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

NOEMICS

There seems to be a little movement looking towards making the Beaverton post office a sub-station of Portland. Just what benefits that will bring to Beaverton seems a little vague and undefined. Personally we are a little like Caesar who said he would rather be a tribune in Gaul than consul in Rome, at a time when Rome sat on her throne of glory and from her throne of glory ruled the world. Any rate, that seemed to be the old fellow's idea. He would rather be as close to the top as possible, no matter about the size of his dominion.

Some people would rather wipe up the floor in some big department store in a big town than own a good store in a little place. Seems like they get a kick out of sitting along side of fame and reflecting glory which has nothing to do with them personally.

We guess it's all right, but it somehow does not just gibe with how we are made up.

If we had vocational education in every burg, hamlet, town and city in this great land, perhaps then, the people who know just how to run a newspaper would not always be employed at some other job.

Hot weather for a few days brought this to light in one of the regular visitors to our desk:

Ye Ed's Busy Day
Temperature, 103.
Book agent drops in with the latest history of the Kaiser.

Citizen sticks his head in the front door to know if you think it is going to thaw on the south side during the day.

Woman telephones that you have omitted her name from a list of 200 of "those present" at a reunion held three weeks ago.

Another citizen wants to know if it is hot enough for you.

Young lady 'phones for information concerning the printer's unit of measure—she's working a cross word puzzle or something.

End drops in to start an argument about the Hoover debt policy in Europe.

Temperature runs over the top of the thermometer.

Perils of Publicity
A couple in Forest Grove had twins and received some front-page publicity in the newspapers. The experience they have been having lately with hundreds of curious visitors, who call at all hours of the day and night, wake the babies, and even pull their covers off and pick them up, will make the newly married couple decide not to have triplets.

Troubles of an Editor
To be verbose is inadvisable, to prevaricate is foreign to good taste, to magnify is as bad as to minimize, to elucidate in one syllable words is tedious, to be sacreligious is unwarranted, to assume to be a pedagogue would be far-fetched. To make a mountain out of a mole hill is unwise, to procrastinate we are prone, to emulate great writers we would aspire did we not realize our shortcomings so acutely, to hesitate is fatal, to cogitate produces argument, to emancipate all from unenlightenment would be an Herculean task.

To set down in simple language the events of a rather humdrum existence is all that is left to do even if we could do more. It is not for posterity that we write, but for your present entertainment and satisfaction.—A. P. Gregory.

If All Agreed
I have often said that I would hate to run a paper and have everybody agree with everything I said. Such a paper would not be worth anything. If even your friends do not disagree with you sometimes, you are not getting very far. I do not like harsh criticism and I do not like to make people mad, but the only way I know of to prevent this is to quit the writing business.—William Southern, Jr.

SERVE FRUIT CUPS AT HOME
When we go to a banquet or dine at our favorite hotel, we never refuse a fruit cup. At home many of us seem to forget how we appreciate these little first bites and we fail to serve them except when company is present.

Get into the habit of serving a fruit cup daily. It is delicious and it is very healthful. Then again it may be varied as different berries and fruits are in season. Oranges and lemon juice should be used in all fruit cups for they furnish the necessary tartness and also supply vitamins very liberally. Other fruits of not quite so decided a flavor, may be varied in almost any way you wish. Two or three varieties in addition to the citrus fruits will make a fruit cup fit for any dinner. Cantaloupe and watermelon balls, pineapples, apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries are all popular ingredients and the fruit cup is still a dainty dish.

Cimarron

by Edna Ferber



Illustrations by WNU

"You—laugh! . . . Stop. . . She went in a kind of swoop of rage toward the now halting figure of Isalah. The black face, all eyes now (and those all whites), looked up at her, startled, terrified. She raised her hand in its neat black kid glove to cuff him smartly. But Yancey was too quick for her. Swiftly as she had swooped upon Isalah, Yancey's leap had been quicker. He caught her hand half way in its descent. His fingers closed round her wrist in an iron grip. "Let me go!" For that instant she hated him.

"If you touch him I swear before God I'll not set foot inside the tent. Look at him!" The black face gazed up at him. In it was worship, utter devotion. Yancey, himself a born actor, knew that in Isalah's grotesque costume, in his strutting and swaggering, there had been only that sincerity of flattery, imitation of that which was adored. The eyes were those of a dog, faithful, hurt, bewildered.

Yancey released Sabra's wrist. He turned his brilliant winning smile on Isalah. He put out his hand, removed the man's sombrero from the child's head, and let his fine white hand rest a moment on the woolly poll. Isalah began to blubber, his fright giving way to injury. "Ah didn't go to to fret nobody. You all dress up fine to ch'ch meetin' so I crave to dress myself up Sunday style—" "That's right, Isalah. You look finer than any of us. Now listen to me. Do you want a real suit of Sunday clothes?"

The white teeth now vied with the rolling eyes. "Sunday suit to me to wear! Fo' true!" "Listen close, Isalah. I want you to do something for me. Something big. I don't want you to go to the church meeting. Then, as the black boy's expressive face, all smiles the instant before, became suddenly doleful: "Isalah, listen hard. This is something important. Everybody in town's at the church meeting. Jesse Ricker's drunk. The house and the newspaper office are left alone. There are people in town who'd sooner set fire to the newspaper plant and the house than see the paper come out on Thursday. I want you to go back to the house and into the kitchen, where you can see the back yard and the side entrance, too. Patrol duty, that's what I'm putting you on."

"Yes, sah, Mr. Yancey!" agreed Isalah. "Patrol." His dejected frame now underwent a transformation as it stiffened to fit the new martial role. "Now listen close. If anybody comes up to the house—they won't come the front way, but at the back, probably, or the side—you take this—and shoot." He took from beneath the Prince Albert a gun which, well on the left, under the coat, was not visible as were the two six-shooters that he always carried at his belt. It was a six-shooter of the kind known as the single action. The trigger was dead. It was the deadliest of Southwestern weapons, a six-shooter whose hammer, when pulled back by the thumb, would fall again as soon as released. No need for Isalah's small forefinger to wrestle with the trigger.

"Oh, Yancey!" breathed Sabra, in horror. "Yancey! He's a child!" Now it was she who was protecting the black boy from Yancey. Yancey ignored her.

"You remember what I told you last week," he went on, equably. "When we were shooting at the tin can on the fence post in the yard. Do it just as you did it then—draw, aim, and shoot with the one motion."

"Yes, sah, Mr. Yancey! I kill 'em daild."

"You'll have a brand-new suit of Sunday clothes next week, remember, and boots to go with it. Now, scout!" Isalah flashed a brilliant, a glorified smile at Sabra over his shoulder and was off, a ludicrous black Don Quixote.

All Sabra's pleasurable anticipation in the church meeting had died. "How could you give a gun to a child like that! You'll be giving one to Cim, here, next. Alone in the house, with a gun."

"It isn't loaded. Come on, honey. We're late."

For the first time in their married life she doubted his word absolutely. He strode along towards the tent. She hurried at his side. Cim trotted to keep up with her, his hand in hers.

"What did you mean when you said

there were people who would set fire to the house? I never heard of such . . . Did you really mean that some one . . . or was it an excuse to send Isalah back because of the way he looked?"

"That was it."

For the second time she doubted him. "I don't believe you. There's something going on—something you haven't told me. Yancey, tell me."

"I haven't time now. Don't be foolish. I just don't like the complexion of this meeting."

The idea of somebody who isn't altogether inspired by a desire for a closer communion with God, just occurred to me. I don't know why. Good joke on me, if it's true."

"I'm not going to the meeting. I'm going back to the house." She was desperate. Her house was burning up. Isalah was being murdered.

"You're coming with me." He rarely used this tone toward her.

"Yancey! Yancey, I'm afraid to have you stand up there, before all those people. I'm afraid. Let's go back. Tell them you're sick. Tell them—"

They had reached the tent. The flap was open. A roar of talk came to them from within. The entrance was packed with lean figures smoking and spitting. "Hi, Yancey! How's the preacher? Where's your Bible, Yancey?"

"Right here, boys." And Yancey reached into the capacious skirt of his Prince Albert to produce in triumph the Word of God. "Come in or stay out, boys. No loading in the doorway." With Sabra on his arm he marched through the close-packed tent. "They've saved two seats for you and Cim down front—or should have. Yes, there they are."

Sabra felt faint. She had seen the foxlike face of Lon Yountis in the doorway. "That man," she whispered to Yancey. "He was there. He looked at you as you passed by—he looked at you so—"

"That's fine, honey. Better than I hoped for. Nothing I like better than to have members of my flock right under my eye."

CHAPTER V

Ranged along the rear of the tent were the Indians. Osages, Poncas, Cherokees, Creeks. They viewed the proceedings impassively, their faces bronze masks in which only the eyes moved. Later, on their reservations, with no white man to see and hear, they would gossip like fishwives; they would shake with laughter; they would retail this or that absurdity which, with their own eyes, they had seen the white man perform. They would slap their knees and rock with mirth.

"Great jokers, the Indians," Yancey had once said, offhand, to Sabra. She had felt sure that he was mistaken. They were sullen, taciturn, grave. They did not speak; they grunted. They never laughed.

Holding Cim's hand tightly in her own, Sabra, escorted by Yancey, found that two chairs had been placed for them. Sabra glanced shyly at her. Men—hundreds of men. They were strangely alike, all those faces; young-old, weather-beaten, deeply seamed, and, for the most part, beardless. The Plains had taken them early, had scorched them with her sun, parched them with her drought, buffeted them with her wind, stung them with her dust. Sabra had grown accustomed to these faces during the past two weeks. But the women—she was not prepared for the women. Calico and sunbonnets there were in plenty; but the wives of Osage's citizens had taken this first opportunity to show what they had in the way of finery. Near Sabra, and occupying one of the seats evidently reserved for persons of distinction, was a woman who must be, Sabra thought, about her own age; perhaps twenty or twenty-one, fair, blue eyed, almost childlike in her girlish slenderness and purity of contour. She was very well dressed in a wine-color silk-wrap henrietta, bustled, very tightly basqued, and elaborate with fluting on sleeves and collar. Dress and bonnet were city made and very modish. From Denver, Sabra thought, or Kansas City, or even Chicago. Sabra further decided that the man beside her, who looked old enough to be her father, must be, after all, her husband. It was in the way he spoke to her, gazed at her, touched her. Yancey had pointed him out one day,

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She remembered his name because it had amused her at the time; Walts, Evergreen Walts. He was a notorious Southwest gambler, earned his living by the cards. The girl looked unhappy; and beneath that, rebellious.

Still, the sight of this lovely face, and of the other feminine faces looking out from at least fairly modish and decent straw bonnets and toques, gave Sabra a glow of reassurance. Immediately this was quenched at the late, showy, and dramatic entrance. Just before Yancey took his place, of a group of women of whom Sabra had actually been unaware. As a matter of fact, the leader of this spectacular group had arrived in Osage only the day before, accompanied by a bevy of six young ladies.

Osage, since that first mad day of its beginning, had had its quota of shady ladies, but these had been raddled creatures, driftwood from this or that deserted mining camp or abandoned town site, middle aged, unsavory, and doubtless slightly sub-normal mentally.

These were different. The leader, a handsome black-haired woman of not more than twenty-two or three, had taken for herself and her companions such rooms as they could get in the town. Within an hour it was known that the woman claimed the name of Dixie Lee. That she was a descendant of decayed southern aristocracy. That her blooming companions boasted such fancy nomenclature as "Cherry de St. Maurice," Carmen Brown, Belle Mansero, and the like. That the woman, shrewd as a man and sharp as a knife, had driven a bargain whereby she was to come into possession, at a stiff price, of the building known as the Elite Blooming House and Cafe, situated at the far end of Pawhuska avenue, near the gambling tent; and that she contemplated building a house of her own, planned for her own peculiar needs, if business warranted. Thus harlotry, heretofore sordid enough in a wrapper and curling pins, came to Osage in silks and plumes, with a brain behind it and a promise of prosperity in its gaudy train.

(continued next week)

ON OREGON FARMS

Eugene—It pays to lime soil for the growing of vetch and clover in western Lane county. This fact was emphasized again this year, says County Agent O. S. Fletcher, by results on land limed in former years. Albert Scott of Ada, for instance, reports a heavy yield of vetch on land limed two years ago, and a failure on a check plot not limed. The lime has also proved beneficial to root crops.

Ontario—Malheur farmers growing Baby Lima beans are finding that it is best to delay irrigation of the crop as long as possible without injury to the plants. In fields where watering was done before there was actual need of it, the plants are becoming yellow and weed growth has been encouraged, says R. G. Larson, county agent. The budding and blooming period seems to be the critical time during which the beans need the most water.

Baker—W. O. Christenson of North Powder recently blasted an 800 foot ditch to reclaim 20 acres of swamp land on his farm at a

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house west of Angel street on the south side of Third. p24-33

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ANNOUNCEMENT

You and your friends are cordially invited to attend a card party given by the Ladies' Auxiliary at the Huber Club House, Saturday evening, July 25, 1931 at 8 p.m. Children not playing cards, 6 to 18 years, 10c admission. Prizes and lunch. Entertainment. Admission, 25c. adv.



MARIE DRESSLER and POLLY MORAN in scene from "REDUCING"

Coming to Beaver Theatre, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, July 24, 25, 26

"REDUCING" IS COMING TO THE BEAVER THEATRE

Marie Dressler and Polly Moran will be seen at the Beaver Theatre starting Friday in "Reducing," their second co-starring comedy.

From all reports this picture duplicates the successes of their earlier laugh feature, "Caught Short." The principal scenes are laid in a beauty parlor, which gave Director Charles Riesner all sorts of opportunities to get laughs out of the attempts of obese ladies to get thin and underweight ones to add a few pounds.

Information is that the picture also has its share of dramatic moments built around the double romances of Anita Page and William Bakewell and Sally Eilers and William Collier, Jr. This permits Miss Dressler to give moviegoers another characterization in the vein of her recent success, "Min and Bill."

Dallas—To determine whether super-phosphate will increase the winter-hardiness of kale, 400 pounds per acre of this material has been applied in the drill rows in advance of seeding kale on the farm of Jacob Sears of Bethel. The trial is being made at the suggestion of County Agent J. R. Beck.

cost of less than 10 cents per foot. The ditch is about 4 feet deep and 5 or 6 feet wide at the top. The blasting was done as a demonstration in co-operation with P. T. Fortner, county agent, and Arthur Kig, soils specialist at the Oregon Extension service.

Dairymen!!

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Sound Optimism



Harvey S. Firestone, Sr., noted tire manufacturer, and his eldest son, Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., now visiting West.

Sound optimism over the business outlook is expressed by Harvey S. Firestone, president of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, and one of the world's foremost industrial leaders, who is now visiting the west making a study of business conditions. Mr. Firestone is accompanied on his western tour by his eldest son, Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., vice-president of the Firestone company and head of the great Firestone rubber plantation project in Liberia.

That substantially increased buying is under way throughout the west, says the famous rubber magnate, is very definitely shown by the fact the Western Firestone factory this month stepped up its production to the highest point on record to meet the increased demands of the Western market.

Plans are underway to improve the Woodburn streets.

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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, McAlister & Peters, Attorneys for executor. adv. c-33-37

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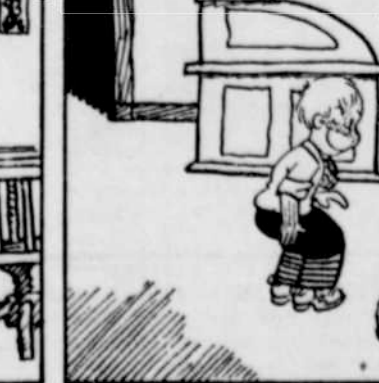
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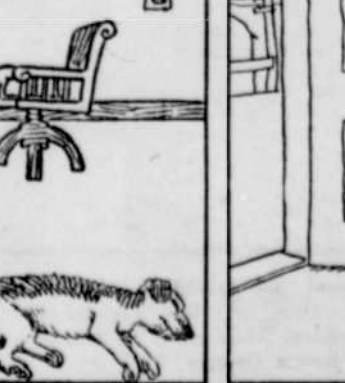
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