Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,

FRIDAY, JULY 31, 1931

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

NOEMICS

Rather strange, isn't it, what the print ship is expected to do? Monday of this week a fellow came into the shop and inquired whether anyone had brought in a plumbing price book. He did not know just where he had lost the book but he thought that should any honest person find it they would bring it in to the printing 'office and leave it. Well, no one had brought in such a book and nothing was known about it, but—

Did he offer to put in an ad to cost two bits in an effort to locate his lost property He did not. Now how do you suppose he thought the printer got things to eat? Perhaps he did not think, that seems to be the mental attitude of a lot of folks. They are like the fellow who said he sat and thought. And sometimes he just sat.

Folks seem to think that a newspaper should take up the cudgel for every Righteous Cause. If there is a wrong to right, they say, "Why doesn't the paper do something about it?" Well, the paper is just another institution which has to live, and to live it must have some sort of sustenance. People who run papers can not just go out on the street and pick out of the air the means to live. There is always the price to pay. If there are hungry to feed, no one blames the grocer or the butcher. If there is a fellow delivering a message, the owners of halls do not offer the use of their buildings without price. But the paper—that is different.

Lots of fellows going fishing these days. Some names of fishermen get into the paper, some do not. A short time ago the writer went fishing way on the other side of the Cascades, caught only two fish, one fourteen inches long, and the other eighteen inches long. Some fish, but not much considering the time and effort expended. But one of the local Nimrods heard of the trip. He got hold of the paper and looked through it to see the report. No report. Immediately, he resolved not to tell of his trips again.

Just a word, friend, just a word. This sheet is not run to supply publicity to any particular person, party, or firm. It is dedicated to the best interests of Beaverton, and the editor gets his name in the paper plenty of times without there being printed any report of a little fishing jaunt though he does catch a big fish or two. So now here is a report of the fishing trip and here is also why it did not get into the news columns before.

On another page, or perhaps in another issue, you will find an account of the disappearance of the old time cigar store advertisement. We remember the little tot who had been brought up on a farm far from the white lights of the big cities. When about eight or nine years of age her parents took her to a city of considerable importance and were walking along the street when the little girl grabbed her mother's skirts and pointing to the wooden statue of the Indian cigar store sign she exclaimed, "Oh, Mama, look at that big doll."

The little tots of today are just as unfamiliar with he Indian sign, though they have travelled far and wide, as the little girl was back in the first decade of the century, so great have been the changes that have taken place even in the signs posted by places of business. No more do we see the three little balls hung out as the sign of Uncle Ikey.

But there are men who pride themselves that they are business men who fail utterly to grasp the trend of the times with regard to modern merchandizing methods. Perhaps these people would not attempt to light their places of business with tallow candles or kerosene lamps. It may be that they have modern equipment for lighting, heating, displaying and yet fail to comprehend what printers' ink does for modern business.

Just a few days ago we heard a successful businessman say, "I've never seen a man who was a consistent newspaper advertiser fail, but I've seen many men fail because they were not advertisers."

What would you think if you saw a wooden Indian standing in front of a store? Or a business place lighted with kerosene lamps, or a man who prides himself on being an up-to-date businessman who never advertises his business in a newspaper?

Maybe we're like the Swede who had asked his girl, "Will you marry me?"

"Yes," she replied. Then after a long pause, "Why don't you say something, Ole "

"Well, I think I said too much already."

PERHAPS IT'S 5%

Talk about your freaks from the depths of the ocean, but how about the 100% American with home brew in his cellar?

The Masonic Temple building a Gresham is nearing completion.

Dixie Lee, shrewd saleswoman, had been quick to learn of Sunday's meeting, and quicker still to see the advantage of this opportunity for a public advertisement of her business. So now, at Osage's first church meeting, in marched the six, with Dixie Lee at their head making a seventh. They rustled in silks. The air of the close-packed tent became as suffocating with scent as a Persian garden at sunset. The hard-working worthy wives of Osage, in their cheviots and their faded bonnets and cotton gloves, suddenly seemed sallow, scrawny, and almost spectacularly unalluring.

All this Sabra beheld in a single glance, as did the entire congregation. Yancey, having lifted Clm into the chair next his mother, looked up at the entrance of this splendid procession.

"God Almighty!" he said. His tone was as irreverent as the words were sacred. A dull flush suffused his face, a thing so rare in him as to startle Sabra more than the words he had uttered or the tone in which he had said them.

"What is it? Yancey! What's wrong?"

"That's the girl."

"What girl?"

"That one—Dixie Lee—she's the girl in the black tights and the skull-cap . . . in the Run . . . on the thoroughbred . . ." he was whispering.

"Oh, no!" cried Sabra, aloud. It was wrung from her. Those near by stared.

So this was the church meeting toward which she had looked with such hope, such happy assurance. Harlots, Indians, heat, glare, her house probably blazing at this moment, Isaiah weltering in his own gore, Lon Yountis' sinister face sneering in the tent entrance. And now this woman, unscrupulous, evil, who had stolen Yancey's quarter section from him by a trick.

Yancey made his way through the close-packed crowd, leaped to the top of the roulette table which was to be his platform and, lifting the great lolling head, swept the expectant congregation with his mysterious, his magnetic eyes.

Probably never in the history of the Christian religion had the Word of God been preached by so romantic and dashing a figure. His long black locks curled on his shoulders; the fine eyes glowed; the Prince Albert swayed with his graceful movements; his six-shooters, one on each side, bulged reassuringly in their holsters.

His thrilling voice sounded through the tent, stilling its buzz and movement.

"Friends and fellow citizens, I have been called on to conduct this opening meeting of the Osage First Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, Catholic, Unitarian church. In the course of my career as a lawyer and an editor I have been required to speak on varied occasions and on many subjects. I have spoken in defense of my country and in criticism of it; I have been called on to defend and to convict horse thieves, harlots, murderers, samples of which professions could doubtless be found in any large gathering in the Indian territory today. I name no names. I point no finger. Whether for good or for evil, the fact remains that any man or woman, for whatever purpose, found in this great Oklahoma country today is here because in his or her veins, actuated by motives lofty or base, there is the spirit of adventure. Though I know the Bible from cover to cover, and while many of its passages and precepts are graven on my heart and in my memory, this, fellow citizens of Osage, is the first time that I have been required to speak the Word of God in his temple." He glanced around the gaudy, glaring tent. "For any shelter, however sordid, however humble—no offense, Grat—becomes, while his word is spoken within it, his temple. Suppose, then, that we unite in spirit by uniting in song. We have, you will notice, no hymn books. We will therefore open this auspicious occasion in the brief but inevitably glorious history of the city of Osage by singing—uh—what do you all know boys, anyway?"

There was a moment's slightly embarrassing pause. Yancey raised an arm in encouragement. "Come on, boys! Name it! Any suggestions, ladies and gentlemen?"

"How about 'Who Were You at Home?' just for a starter," called out a voice belonging to a man with a shining dome-shaped bald head and a flowing silky beard, reddish in color. It was Shanghai Wiley, up from Texas; owner of more than one hundred thousand longhorn cattle and of the Rancho Palacios, on Tres Palacios creek. He was the most famous cattle singer in the whole Southwest, besides being one of its richest cattle and land owners. Possessed of a remarkably high sweet tenor voice that just escaped being a clear soprano, he had been known to quiet a whole herd of restless cattle on the verge of a mad stampede. It was an art he had learned when a cowboy on the range.

Yancey acknowledged this suggestion with a grateful wave of the hand.

"That's right, Shanghai. Thanks for speaking up. A good song, though a little secular for the occasion, perhaps. But anyway, you all know it, and that's the main thing. Kindly favor us with the pitch, will you, Shanghai? Will the ladies kindly join in with their sweet soprano voices? Now, then, all together!"

It was a well known song in the territory where, on coming to this new and wild country, so many settlers with a checkered—not to say plaid—past had found it convenient to change their names.

The congregation took it up feelingly, almost solemnly. Somebody in the rear suddenly produced an accordion, and from the crowd perched on the saloon bar came the sound of jew's harp. The chorus now swelled with all the fervor of song's ecstacy. They might have been singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Through it all, high and clear, sounded Shanghai Wiley's piercing tenor, like brasses in a band, and sustaining it from the roulette table platform the 'cello of Yancey Cravat's powerful, rich baritone.

Sabra had joined in the singing, not a first, but later, timidly. It had seemed, somehow, to relieve her. This, she thought, was better. Perhaps, after all, this new community was about to make a proper beginning. She began to feel prim and good and settled at last.

"Now, then," said Yancey, all aglow, "the next thing in order is to take up the collection before the sermon."

"What for?" yelled Pete De Vargas.

Yancey fixed him with a pitying gray eye. "Because, you Spanish infidel, part of a church service is taking up a collection. Southwest Davis, I appoint you to work this side of the house. Ike Bixler, you take that side. The collection, fellow citizens, ladies and gentlemen—and you, too, Pete—is for the new church organ."

"Why, h—l, Yancey, we ain't got a church!" bawled Pete again, aggrieved.

"That's all right, Pete. Once we buy an organ we'll have to build a church to put it in. Stands to reason. Members of the congregation, anybody putting in less than two bits will be thrown out of the tent by me. Indians not included."

The collection was taken up, in two five-gallon sombreros, the contents of which, as they passed from one hairy sunburned paw to the next, were watched with eagle eyes by Southwest Davis and Ike Bixler, and, in fact, by the entire gathering. The sombreros were then solemnly and with some hesitation brought to the roulette table pulpit for Yancey's inspection.

"Mr. Grat Gotch, being used to lightning calculations in the matter of coins, will kindly count the proceeds of the collection."

Arkansas Grat, red-faced and perspiring, elbowed his way to the pulpit and made his swift and accurate count. He muttered the result to Yancey. Yancey announced it publicly. "Fellow citizens, the sum of the first collection for the new church organ for the Osage church, whose denomination shall be nameless, is the gratifying total of one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and fifty-five cents. Heh, wait a minute, Grat! Fifty-five—did you say fifty-five cents?"

"That's right, Yancey."

Yancey's eye swept his flock. "Some miserable tight-fisted skinflint of a— But maybe it was a Ponca or an Osage, by mistake."

"How about a Cherokee, Yancey!" came a taunting voice from somewhere in the rear.

"No, not a Cherokee, Sid. Recognized your voice by the squeak. A Cherokee—as you'd know if you knew anything at all—you and Yountis and the rest of your outfit—is too smart to put anything in the contribution box of a race that has robbed him of his birthright." He did not pause for the titter that went round. He now took from the rear pocket of the flowing Prince Albert the small and worn little Bible. "Friends! We've come to the sermon. What I have to say is going to take fifteen minutes. The first five minutes are going to be devoted to a confession by me to you, and I didn't expect to make it when I accepted the job of conducting this church meeting. Walt Whitman has a line that has stuck in my memory. It is: 'I say the real and permanent grandeur of these states must be their religion.' That's what Walt says. And that's the text I intended to use for the subject of my sermon, though I know that the Bible should furnish it. And now, at the eleventh hour, I've changed my mind. It's from the Good Book, after all. I'll announce my text, and then I'll make my confession, and following that, any time left will be devoted to the sermon. Any lady or gent wishing to leave the tent will kindly do so now, before the confession, and with my full consent, or remain in his or her seat until the conclusion of the service, on pain of being publicly held up to scorn by me in the first issue of my newspaper, the Oklahoma Wigwam, due off the press next Thursday. Anyone wishing to leave the tent kindly rise now and pass as quietly as may be to the rear. Please make way for all departing—uh—worshipers."

An earthquake might have moved a worshiper from his place in that hushed and expectant gathering: certainly no lesser cataclysm of nature. Yancey wailed, Bible in hand, a sweet

Yancey Waited, Bible in Hand, a Sweet and Brilliant Smile on His Face.

and brilliant smile on his face. He waited quietly, holding the eyes of the throng in that stifling tent. A kind of power seemed to flow from him to them, drawing them, fixing them, enthralling them. Yet in his eyes, and in the great head raised now as it so rarely was, there was that which sent a warning pang of fear through Sabra. She, too, felt his magnetic draw, but mingled with it was a dreadful terror—a stab of premonition. Twice she had seen his eyes look like that.

(continued next week)

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—Seventy-five young geese. Also breeding stock, 22 big fine ones, Almost 100% fertility. Box 164, Beaverton, Oregon. Elsie J. VanRiper. p-35

For Sale—Durham milk cow, to freshen August 9. Three-fourths miles South Tobias Station. Ed Urton. c-adv

For Sale—Fresh Jersey cow, 4 miles south Beaverton. Wm. Willoughby on Scholls-Ferry road. adv p-36

Money to Loan

$1000 to Loan on first mortgage. Beaverton Realty Company. c-34

FOR TRADE

Portland Home $4200 trade for acreage to $2500. Call Beaverton 0430. p-35

Lost and Found.

Lost—Green, "Banker" fountain pen. Erickson Ave., west Allen Ave., or Watson St. Prized as a present. Reward. Karl Wildman. adv. p-35

WANTED

Wanted—Deer rifle, 30-30 or similar character. Walter Cavaness, Prone 3951, Beaverton. c-35

Conchita Montenegro and Leslie Howard in "NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"
Coming to Beaver Theatre
Friday, Saturday, Sunday July 31, August 1 and 2

This Is The Smoker's Code

Dangerous to Smoke
While Traveling
On Forest, Brush or Grass Land
Smoke Only

1. While stopping in a safe place clear of all inflammable material, or
2. Outside of any areas closed to smoking by State law or Federal order, or
3. Inside a vehicle on two-way highways, or
4. Above timber line, and

After Smoking
Put out all lighted material.

TRUE FISH STORY

Whether your fish comes from your own brook, or is bought at the corner market on your mate's way home from the fishing trip, it will taste better, cook easier, and have a beautiful golden color if you cook it in a cooking oil made from corn. Besdes, the frying will be a smokeless procedure because of the high smoking point of this wholesome oil.

Excavation work is nearing completion for the new city library at Corvallis.

RESOLUTION

Whearas, There are many cases in which the annual installments on the liens in local improvement districts number I, II and III have not been paid and said installments are now delinquent, and

Whereas, it is necessary that these delinquent installments be collected, so that the bonds issued against the property in said improvement districts number I, II and III may be paid at maturity and the credit of the Town of Beaverton maintained, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COMMON COUNCIL OF THE TOWN OF BEAVERTON,

That the city recorder be and hereby is directed to forthwith prepare a list of such delinquent installments and proceed to foreclose the lien thereof by sale of the property subject to such lien in the manner provided by chapter 22 of title 56, Oregon Laws 1930, as amended by chapter 282, Oregon Laws, 1931.

Passed the Council July 27, 1931.
Approved by Mayor July 28, 1931.
Approved—A. E. Wilson, Mayor.
Attest—F. J. Dietsch, Recorder.

TRAVELERS CHEQUES AT BEAVERTON BANK

Whenever one leaves home, whether for a week-end, motor trip or a foreign journey, the safe procedure is to exchange all travel money into Travelers Cheques. You can obtain Travelers Cheques at the Bank of Beaverton. adv

We Print Butter Wrappers.

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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"Mickie's Corner"

EDITED BY MICKIE HIMSELF

"HOW TO RAISE PARENTS."

IT IS IMPORTANT, WHEN ASKING A PARENT TO DO A THING, TO SEE THAT YOUR COMMAND IS OBEYED AT ONCE. OTHERWISE THE PARENT IS APT TO BECOME UNRULY AND THINK HE OR SHE IS ENTITLED TO HAVE HIS OR HER OWN WAY. (CONTINUED)

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

By Charles Sughroe
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The Real News