

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1931

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

NOEMICS

When editors and those connected with the fourth estate are touring when in a locality where newspapers are printed, to this we are probably indebted for the visit Friday. Of course we would like to be able to say that it was a visit induced by the prestige of The Review, the Greatest Newspaper in Eastern Washington County, but the fact remains that birds of a feather flock together. Editors find congenial associates among editors just as two plumbers (from different localities) find many things in common to talk over.

All of which is a prologue, if you please, to the statement that S. E. Ervin of "The Roanoke Review" published in Roanoke, Indiana. Mr. Ervin was piloted into the Review office by Mr. Haines of Huber, father of Robert (Bob) Haines.

Mr. Ervin left a copy of his Review. It is this that we wish to comment upon a little. The Roanoke Review is a six column eight page paper, half ready printed and half home print. Rather an ambitious four-column spread adorns the top of the front page. To the left is the Church Activities column and to the right is a column headed "Talking things over with the man about town."

Down the column a little way we find something that interests us and perhaps may interest some of our readers.

Better Off Today

"One of our good friends says he was married in 1894. He and his wife set up housekeeping on a little place northwest of Roanoke. They had a pretty bad time that first year. About all they had to sell to begin with was butter and eggs for which the huckster paid six cents a dozen for eggs and six cents a pound for butter. That fall he helped drive a bunch of hogs to Roanoke for a neighbor, twelve miles, an all-day job, and the hogs brought three cents a pound. 1931 will hardly duplicate that story, measured in either price or purchasing power of the returns. Of one thing we can be very sure, the bride and groom of 1931 have infinitely more conveniences and comforts with which to begin married life than this bride and groom of 1894."

The Town Peasimist's prayer—"From rattlesnakes and columnists, O Lord, deliver me."

We know a man who used to walk a mile and a half to work. Now it's only four blocks and he drives his car!

L. L. Myers, just back from his vacation, observes that it is a short road that has no service stations or touring camps.

The stork may not make his rounds so frequently in 1931 as he did in 1891 but his bill is larger than it used to be.

"When Johnnie was a boy," observed Farmer Brown, "he used to cry for the moon. Now he wants the earth."

There's usually a black sheep in every family, with some exceptions, of course, but Dad is always the goat.

Old Lady: "I read here, Hiram, where a man can buy a wife in China for \$4.50."

Old Man: "Well, I reckon a good one would be worth it."

The milk war is on. What do you think now of the Milk of human kindness?

Seriously, though, where are we headed? Are so-called property rights to retain their supremacy over personal rights? Is this to continue a government "Of the people, by the people for the people?"

Is the statement that "Portland authorities... administered the city's milk ordinance with broad tolerance for the distributors," going to get by unchallenged. Printed on the front page of the Northwest's Greatest Newspaper, it is significant. At the one end of the line stand the consumers. There is no mention of tolerance for them. At the other end of the line stand the producers. Tolerance for them? Not mentioned. Tolerance for the malfeasants of great wealth?

"A conflict of country with city and city with country" is it? The distributors having amassed immense wealth are the city, are they? What about the distributors who are part of the Co-op? They are country, too, we suppose. And "local authorities... winked at open violations." But the Portland authorities administered with "broad tolerance."

Just where is the difference? The "Broad Tolerance" favors the men who have amassed wealth. The "Open Violations" were by men who had the audacity to demand a just return for their labor and investment.

Is there any wonder that the very foundations of our Republic are being shaken? Look about you. Listen to the rumblings. You'll get an earful. And it will not take long.

Cimarron



Illustrations by Irwin Myers W.N.O. SERVICE

Yancey waited yet another moment. Then he drew a long breath. "My text is from Proverbs. 'There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.' Friends, there is a lion in the streets of Oange, our fair city, soon to be queen of the Great Southwest. A lion is in the streets. And I have been a liar and a coward and an avaricious knave. For I pretended not to have knowledge which I have; and I went about asking for information of this lion—though I would change the word lion to jackal or dirty skunk if I did not feel it to be sacrilege to take liberties with Holy Writ—when already I had proof positive of his guilt—proof in writing, for which I paid, and about which I said nothing. And the reason for this deceit of mine I am ashamed to confess to you, but I shall confess it. I intended to announce to you all today that I had this knowledge, and I meant to announce to you from this pulpit—"he glanced down at the roulette table—"from this platform—that I would publish this knowledge in the columns of the Oklahoma Wigwag on Thursday, hoping thereby to gain profit and fame because of the circulation which this would gain for my paper, starting it off with a bang!"

At the word "bang," uttered with much vehemence, the congregation of Oange's First Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, etc., church jumped noticeably and nervously. "Friends and fellow citizens, I repent of my greed and of my desire for self-advancement at the expense of this community. I no longer intend to withhold, for my own profit, the name of the jackal in a lion's skin who, by threats of sudden death, has held this town abjectly terrorized. I stand here to announce to you that the name of that skunk, that skulking fiend and soulless murderer who shot down Jack Pegler when his back was turned—that coward and poltroon—"he was gesturing with his Bible in his hand, brandishing it aloft—"was none other than—"

He dropped the Bible to the floor as if by accident, in his rage. As he stooped for it, on that instant, there was the crack of a revolver, a bullet from a six-shooter in the rear of the tent sang past the spot where his head had been, and there appeared in the white surface of the tent a tiny circle of blue that was the Oklahoma sky. But before that dot of blue appeared Yancey Cravat had raised himself halfway from the hips, had fired from the waist without, seemingly, pausing to take aim. His thumb flicked the hammer. That was all. The crack of his six-shooter was, in fact, so close on the heels of that first report that the two seemed almost simultaneous. The congregation was cowed on its feet, on mouse, its back to the roulette table pulpit. Its eyes were on one figure; its breath was suspended. That figure—a man—was seen to perform some curious antics. He looked, first of all, surprised. With his left hand he had gripped one of the tent ropes, and now, with his hand still grasping the hempen line, his fingers slipping gently along it, as though loath to let go, he sank to the floor, sat there a moment, as if in meditation, tossed his hand's hold of the rope, turned slightly, rolled over on one side and lay there, quite still.

"Lon Younts," finished Yancey, neatly concluding his sentence and now holding an ivory-mounted six-shooter in right and left hand.

Screams. Shouts. A stampede for the door. Then the voice of Yancey Cravat, powerful, compelling, above the roar. He sent one shot through the dome of the tent to command attention. "Stop! Stand where you are! The first person who stampedes this crowd gets a bullet. Shut that tent flap, Jesse, like I told you to this morning. Louie Hefner, remove the body and do your duty."

"Okeh, Yancey. It's self-defense and justifiable homicide."

"I know it, Louie. . . . Fellow citizens! We will forego the sermon this morning, but next Sabbath, if requested, I shall be glad to take the pulpit again, unless a suitable and ordained minister of God can be procured. The subject of my sermon for next Sabbath will be from Proverbs XXVI, 27: 'Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein.' This church meeting, brethren and sisters, will now be concluded with prayer." There was a little thudding, scuffling sound as a heavy, inert burden was carried out

through the tent flap into the noonday sunshine. His six-shooter still in his hands, Yancey Cravat bowed his magnificent buffalo head—but not too far—and sent the thrilling tones of his beautiful voice out into the agitated crowd before him.

... bless this community, O Lord. . . .

Mournfully, and in accordance with the custom of the community, Yancey carved a notch in the handsome ivory and silver-mounted butt of his six-shooter. It was then for the first time that Sabra, her eyes widening with horror, noticed that there were five earlier notches cut in the butts of Yancey's two guns—two on one, three on the other. This latest addition brought the number up to six.

"Oh, Yancey, you haven't killed six men!"

"I've never killed a man unless I knew he'd kill me if I didn't."

There seemed nothing more that she could say on this subject. But still another question was consuming her.

"That woman. That woman. I saw you talking to her, right on the street, in broad daylight today, after the meeting. All that horrible shooting—all those people around you—Cim screaming—and then to find that woman smirking and talking. Bad enough if you'd never seen her before. But she stole your hand from you in the Run. You stood there, actually talking to her. Chattering!"

"I know. She said she had made up her mind that day of the Run to get a piece of land, and farm it, and raise cattle. She wanted to give up her way of living. She was desperate."

"What is she doing here, then?"

"Before the month was up, she saw she couldn't make it go. One hundred and sixty acres. Then the other women homesteaders found out about her. It was no use. She sold out for five hundred dollars, added to it whatever money she had saved, and went to Denver. Her business was overcrowded there. She got a tip that the railroad was coming through here. She's a smart girl. She got together her outfit, and down she came."

"You talk as though you admired her! That—that—'Felice Venable's word came to her lips—'that hussy!'"

"She's a smart girl. She's a—"he hesitated, as though embarrassed—"in a way she's a—well, in a way, she's a good girl."

Sabra's voice rose to the pitch of hysteria.

"Don't you quote your Bible at me, Yancey Cravat! You with your Lukes and your Johns and your Magdalenes! I'm sick of them."

The first issue of the Oklahoma Wigwag actually appeared on Thursday, as scheduled. It was a masterly mixture of reticence and indiscretion. A half column, first page, was devoted to the church meeting. The incident of the shooting was not referred to in this account. An outsider, reading it, would have gathered that all had been sweetness and light. On an inside column of the four-page sheet was a brief notice:

"It is to be regretted that an unfortunate and annoying shooting affray somewhat marred the otherwise splendid and truly impressive religious services held in the recreation tent last Sunday, kindness of the genial and popular proprietor, Mr. Grat Gotch, a ruffian, who too long had been infesting the streets of our fair city of Oange, terrorizing innocent citizens, and who was of the contemptible ilk that has done so much toward besmirching the dazzling fame of the magnificent Southwest, took this occasion to create a disturbance, during which he shot, with intent to kill, at the person presiding. It was necessary to reply in kind. The body, unclaimed, was interred in Boot Hill, with only the howling jackals to mourn him, their own kin. It is hoped that his nameless grave will serve as a warning to others of his class."

Having thus modestly contained himself in the matter of the actual shooting, Yancey left himself a little on the editorial page. His editorials, in fact, for a time threatened the paper's news items. Sabra and Jesse Rickey had to convince him that the coming of the Katy was of more interest to prospective subscribers than was the editorial entitled, "Lower Than the Rattlesnake." He was prevailed upon to cut it slightly, though under pro-

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

test. Sabra, reading the damp galley proof, was murmuring with admiration. "It's just wonderful! But, Yancey, don't you think we ought to have more news items? Gossip, sort of, I don't mean gossip, really, but about people, and what they're doing, and so on. Those are the things I like to read in a newspaper. Of course men like editorials and important things like that. But women—"

"That's right, too," agreed Jesse Rickey, looking up, ink smeared from his case. "Get the women folks to reading the paper."

Sabra was emerging slowly from the role of charming little fool. By degrees she was to take more and more of a hand in the assembling of the paper's intimate weekly items, while Yancey was concerned with cosmic affairs.

As the printing plant boasted only a little hand press, the two six-column forms had to be linked with a hand roller. Over this was placed the damp piece of white print paper. Each sheet was run by hand. The first issue of the Oklahoma Wigwag numbered four hundred and fifty copies, and before it was run off, Yancey, Jesse Rickey, Sabra, Louie—every member of the household except little Cim—had taken a run at the roller. Sabra's back and arm muscles ached for a week.

The paper came out on Thursday afternoon, as scheduled. Sabra was astonished and a little terrified to see the occasion treated as an event, with a crowd of cowboys and local citizens in front of the house, pistols fired, whoops and yells; and Yancey himself, aided by Jesse Rickey, handing out copies as if they had cost nothing to print. Perhaps twenty-five of these were distributed, opened eagerly, perused by citizens leaning against the porch posts, and by cowboys on horseback, before Sabra, peeking out of the office window, saw an unmistakable look of surprise—even of shock—on their faces and heard Cass Rixby drawl, "Say, Yancey, that's a h—l of a name for a newspaper."

(continued next week)

Plans are progressing to complete the last gap in Lakeview-Burns highway.

Plans are progressing for the proposed \$25,000 hospital building at McMinnville.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT In the County Court of the State

of Oregon For Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of Theodor Doring, deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administrator of the above named estate, has filed in the above entitled Court and cause, his final account and report as such, and the Court has fixed the eighth day of September, 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 7th day of August, 1931.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the

estate of said deceased. Hare, McAlair, & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator.

RESOLUTION Whereas, 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. Attest—A. E. Wilson, Mayor.

Attest—F. J. Dietsch, Recorder.

Seventh Annual Washington County Fair

DAY AND NIGHT Thursday, Friday, and Saturday

SEPTEMBER 10, 11, 12 Hillsboro, Oregon

\$2,000 CASH PREMIUM

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants Baby Chick Food of all Kinds

CHAS. BERTHOLD PHONE BEAVERTON 3603 Residence Phone, 3602

for Early, Crisp Vegetables feed them this complete, balanced diet

VIGORO

A New Theory

WELL, WHAT YA KNOW ABOUT THAT? I SUPPOSE YOU BELIEVE IN THE DEVIL TOO?

SURE! DON'T YOU?

NAW! I THINK THE DEVIL IS LIKE SANTA CLAUS—IT'S YOUR FATHER

WHERE YOU GOING, MICKIE?

TO CHURCH

GOSH, DO YOU GO TO CHURCH?

Y'BETCHA! EVERY SUNDAY

THE COMIC STRIP JUST BOUT LIES WHY DID YOU BUY FOUR NEW TIRES FOR THAT OLD AUTOMOBILE? 'S'CAUSE IT'S LEGALLY INSURED AND NOW ANYBODY TH'AT AUTO THIEVES WILL NOTICE IT!

Egypt to Beautify Beaches With Houses Made of American Boards

CHICAGO. — Alexandria, Egypt, whose history dates back to the earliest ages of civilization and whose



Prize-Winning Designs

fame as a seaport in world wide, will greet visiting globe trotters with artistic beach houses made of modern American building materials, according to R. G. Wallace, director of sales and advertising of the Masonite Corporation, who recently returned from an extensive trip abroad.

"Prompted by the exceptional possibilities of attracting 'teamship' travelers to Alexandria by enhancing the picturesque of its beaches,

the Egyptian government recently conducted a contest for modern and artistic bathhouses to be built along the shores of the Mediterranean near that city," said Mr. Wallace. "Hundreds of models were entered in the contest. The two prize-winning designs are shown in the accompanying illustrations. These structures were built almost entirely of prewood, which is made at Laurel, Miss., by exploding chips of waste lumber in sawmills under terrific steam pressure and then compressing the shrouded mass into thin, strong, smooth boards. This material is extensively used as panelling in homes, counter and table tops, movie sets, poured

concrete forms, and for a great many other practical purposes. More than 450 similar bathhouses constructed of the same material will be built along the Alexandria beaches by the Egyptian government in the near future."

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

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