# Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton, Oregon,

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager


### NOEMICS

When you do something special, tell us about it. Of course, the best way would be to sit down and write out an account of just what happened, always remembering the five "W's", Who, When, Where, What and Why. But if it is not convenient, just step to the phone and give us a ring, or stop in at the office and give us a verbal account. We will be more than glad to get the story, written, phoned in, or just told to us.

One always has a feeling when making up the paper that there is probably something left out, that there are important happenings that have not been chronicled. And there often is, some of which we knew about, but others beyond our ken. It will help a lot if you will just take the time to make sure that we are appraised of the facts.

### ORIENTAL RUG FABLE

Once upon a time a store owner said, "Oriental rugs can never grow old. We keep a big stock of them. Some of our oriental rugs have been here for years.

"But why should we reduce them to clean them out? Oriental rugs are like diamonds—they aren't like dresses—age doesn't hurt them.

"The more we have on hand, the better our selling chances. A time limit on oriental rugs? Don't be silly."

And so it came to pass that the value of this and that kind of kromen went phifft. And also phooff. And even whooff.

And the market price of oriental rugs went plop, plop, plop.

And the man who had the big stock of orientals went boo-hoo-hoo and wept big tears of red ink all over his ledgers.

As the mother said to her son who followed her advice and became the best merchant in all Afghanistan: "Don't let 'em kid you—the longer you keep anything in a store, the less its worth."

And as Uncle Rufus said to Aunt Nelly that time at the husking bee: "Remember there are a lot of boys in the antique business who can't pay their rent."

### Neither Is Perfect

In America the people make their own laws and their own liquor, and the one is about as imperfect as the other.

### Why Ads Fail

A Pennsylvania department store merchandising specialist has recently given an explanation of the ineffectiveness of much newspaper advertising. Have you ever been made to see how frequently ad failures are not the newspaper's fault?

1. It too often is inspired with the idea of pushing over stocks, tag-ends, and slow-sellers.
2. It fails to concentrate upon the prices most people want to pay.
3. It fails to interest people because it does not feature what is new.
4. It fails to feature departments which are popular.
5. It fails to give specific information about the uses of the merchandise.
6. It lacks the human interest appeal.
7. In appearance, it's often messy, disorganized and difficult to read.
8. It wastes space by both underemphasis and overemphasis.
9. It does not convince as to its fashion authority.
10. It is not backed by promotional effort in the store. The salespeople fail to become enthusiastic about the advertised merchandise.

### You've Met 'Em

People who make an ostentation of telling the truth, don't seem to care for the pleasant, cheerful kind.

No man is suited for friendship who can't be close-mouthed. More people talk themselves into trouble.

### Risk In Politics

There's something in politics after all, as this late milk war has proved. We mean the honest, square useful kind.

Some people go to sleep politically and only wake up around election day; some don't even wake up then, all of which merely shows how foolish they are.

What brought the milk war to a close was political power vested in the City Council and delegated to the city's milk inspectors. The Council controls police power, and when the police act, something happens.

When they began to carry out the part that public duty really calls for, and justly insisted on rigid inspection standards for all milk brought into Portland, and arrest faced the managers of seven large pasteurization plants for misbranding milk and warrants were given to a special policeman to serve, the balking distributors began to make motions of conciliation and agreement with the producers' organization.

Do you realize that 1931 is more than half gone?

She sent Isaiah out to get hold of a copy. He came back with it, grinning. It was a single sheet. The Oklahoma Galoot. Motto: "Take It or Leave It." Beneath this a hastily assembled and somewhat pied collection of very personal items, calculated to reveal the weakness and foibles of certain prominent citizens now engaged in perusing the false sheet.

The practical joke being revealed and the bona fide paper issued, this was considered a superb triumph for Yancey, and he was borne away to receive the congratulatory toasts of his somewhat sheepish associates.

It was a man's town. The men enjoyed it. They rode, gambled, swore, fought, fished, hunted, drank. The antics of many of them seemed like those of little boys playing robber's cave under the porch. The saloon was their club, the brothel their social rendezvous, the town women their sweethearts. Literally there were no other young girls of marriageable age; for the men and women who had come out here were, like Sabra and Yancey, married couples whose ages ranged between twenty and forty. It was no place for the very young, the very old, or even the middle-aged.

Here, then, was the monstrous society in which Sabra Cravat now found herself. For her, and the other respectable women of the town, there was nothing but their housework, their children, their memories of the homes they had left.

And so the woman who was, after all, the most intelligent among them, set about creating some sort of social order for the good wives of the community. Grimly Sabra (and, in time, the other virtuous women of the community) set about making this new frontier town like the old as speedily as possible. Yancey, almost single handed, tried to make the new as unlike the old as possible. He fought a losing fight from the first. He, with his unformed dreams—much less the rolstering play boys of saloon and plain and gambling house—never had a chance against the indomitable materialism of the women.

Sabra's house became a sort of social center following the discovery that she received copies of Harper's Bazar with fair regularity. Her social triumph was complete when she displayed her new draped jars, done by her after minute instructions found in the latest copy of Harper's. She then graciously printed these instructions in the Oklahoma Wigwam, causing a flurry of excitement in a hundred homes and mystifying the local storekeepers by the sudden demand for jars.

Slowly, in Sabra's eyes, the other women of the town began to emerge from a mist of drabness into distinct personalities. There was one who had been a school teacher in Cairo, Ill. Her husband, Tracy Wyatt, ran the spasmodic bus and dray line between Waheo and Osage. They had no children. She was a sparse and simpering woman of thirty-nine, who talked a good deal of former trips to Chicago during which she had reveled in the culture of that effete city. Yancey was heard learnedly discoursing to her on the subject of Etruscan pottery, of which he knew nothing. The ex-school teacher rolled her eyes and tossed her head a good deal.

"You don't know what a privilege it is, Mr. Cravat, to find myself talking to some one whose mind can soar above the sordid life of this horrible town."

It was Sabra who started the Philomathean club. The other women clutched at the idea. It was part of their defense against these wilds. After all, a town that boasted a culture club could not be altogether lost.

Sabra timidly approached Mrs. Wyatt with her plan to form a woman's club, and Mrs. Wyatt snatched at it with such ferocity as almost to make it appear her own idea. Each was to invite four women of the town's elite. Ten, they decided, would be enough as charter members.

"I," began Mrs. Wyatt promptly, "am going to ask Mrs. Louie Hefner, Mrs. Doc Nisbett—"

"Her husband's horrid! I hate him. I don't want her in my club." The ten barrels of water still rankled.

"We're not asking husbands, my dear Mrs. Cravat. This is a ladies' club. Mrs. Nisbett," retorted Mrs. Wyatt, introducing snobbery into that welter of mud, Indians, pine shacks, drought, and semi-barbarism known as Osage, Indian territory, "was a Krumpf, of Ouachita, Ark."

Sabra, descendant of the Marcys and the Venables, lifted her handsome black eyebrows. Privately, she decided to select her four from among the less vertebrate and more ebullient of Osages' matrons. She made up her mind that next day, after the housework was done, she would call on her candidates, beginning with that pretty and stylish Mrs. Evergreen Waltz. At supper that evening she told Yancey of her four prospective members.

"Waltz' wife!" Surprise and amusement, too, were in his voice, but she was too full of her plans to notice. Besides, Yancey often was mystifyingly amused at things that seemed to Sabra quite serious. "Why that's fine, Sabra. That's fine! That's the spirit!"

"She looks kind of babyish and lonely, sitting there by the window sewing all day. And her husband's so much older, and a cripple, too, or almost. I noticed he limps quite badly. What's his trouble?"

"Shot in the leg."

"Oh." She had already learned to accept this form of injury as a matter of course. "I thought I'd ask her to prepare a paper for the third meeting on Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh.' I could lend her yours to read up on, if you don't mind, just in case she hasn't got it."

Yancey thought it unlikely.

The paper on Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" never was written by the pretty Mrs. Evergreen Waltz. Three days later Sabra, chancing to glance out of her sitting room window, saw the crippled and middle-aged gambler passing her house, and in spite of his infirmity he was walking with great speed—running, almost. In his hand was a piece of white paper—a letter, Sabra thought. She hoped it was not bad news. He had looked, she thought, sort of odd and wild.

Evergreen Waltz, after weeks of tireless waiting and watching, had at last intercepted a letter from his young wife's lover. As he now came panting up the street the girl sat at the window, sewing. The single shot went just through the center of the wide white space between her great babyish blue eyes.

"Why didn't you tell me that when she married him she was a girl out of a—out of a—house!" Sabra demanded, between horror and wrath.

"I thought you knew. Women are supposed to have intuition, or whatever they call it, aren't they?"

### CHAPTER VI

Sabra's second child, a girl, was born in June, a little more than a year after their coming to Osage. It was not as dreadful an ordeal there in those crude surroundings as one might have thought. She was tended, during her accouchement, by the best doctor in the county and certainly the most picturesque man of medicine in the whole Southwest, Dr. Don Valliant. Like thousands of others living in this new country, his past was his own secret. It was known that he often vanished for days, leaving the sick to get on as best they could. He would reappear as inexplicably as he had vanished and his horse was jaded. It was no secret that he was often called to attend the bandits when one of their number, wounded in some outlaw raid, had taken to their hiding place in the hills. He was tender and deft with Sabra, though between them he and Yancey consumed an incredible quantity of whisky during the racking hours of her confinement. At the end he held up a enterwauling morsel of flesh torn from Sabra's flesh—a thing perfect of its kind, with an astonishing mop of black hair.

"This is a Spanish beauty you have for a daughter, Yancey. I present to you Senorita Donna Cravat."

And Donna Cravat she remained. The town, somewhat scandalized, thought she had been named after Doctor Don himself. Besides, they did not consider Donna a name at all.

When Sabra Cravat arose from that bed something in her had crystalized. Perhaps it was that, for the first time in a year, she had had hours in which to rest her tired limbs; perhaps the ordeal itself worked a psychic as well as a physical change in her; it might have been that she realized she must cut a new pattern in this Oklahoma life of theirs. The boy Cim might surmount it; the girl Donna never. During the hours through which she had lain in her bed in the stifling wooden shack, mists seemed to have rolled away from before her eyes. She saw clearly. She felt light and terribly capable—so much so that she made the mistake of getting up, dizzily donning slippers and wrapper, and tottering into the newspaper office where Yancey was writing an editorial and shouting choice passages of it into the inattentive ear of Jesse Rickey, who was setting type in the printing shop.

". . . the most stupendous farce ever conceived by the mind of man in a civilized country. . . ."

He looked up to see in the doorway a wraith, all eyes and long black braids. "Why, sugar! What's this? You can't get up!"

She smiled rather feebly. "I'm up. I felt so light, so—"

"I should think you would. All that physic."

"I feel so strong. I'm going to do so many things. You'll see. I'm going to paper the whole house. Rosebuds in the bedroom. I'm going to plant two trees in the front. I'm going to start another club—not like the Philomathean—I think that's silly now—but one to make this town . . . no saloons . . . women like that Dixie Lee . . . going to have a real hired girl as soon as the newspaper begins to . . . feel so queer . . . Yancey. . . ."

As she began to topple, Yancey caught the Osage Joan of Arc in his arms.

Incredibly enough, she actually did paper the entire house, aided by Isaiah and Jesse Rickey. Isaiah's ebony countenance splashed with the white paste mixture made a bizarre effect, a trifle startling to anyone coming upon the scene unawares. Also Jesse Rickey's inebriate eye, which so often resulted in many grotesque pied print lines appearing in unexpected and inconvenient places in the Oklahoma Wigwam columns, was none too dependable in the matching of rosebud patterns. The result, in spots, was Burkanklan, with roses grafted on leaves and tendrils emerging from petals. Still, the effect was gay, even luxurious. The Philomathean club, as one woman, fell upon wall paper and paste pot, as they had upon the covered jars in Sabra's earlier effort at decoration. Within a month Louie Hefner was compelled to install a full line of wall paper to satisfy the local demand.

Slowly, slowly, the life of the community, in the beginning so wild, so unrelated in its parts, began to weave in and out, warp and woof, to make a pattern. It was at first faint, almost undiscernible. But presently the eye could trace here a motif, there a figure, here a motif, there a figure. The shuttle swept back, forward, back, forward

(continued next week)

## LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. M. C. McKercher, Mr. Leonard Adams, and Mr. P. L. Schultz of Beaverton attended the meeting of the County Fair Board in Hillsboro on Tuesday evening.

Mayor A. E. Wilson and son, Reynold, accompanied by J. H. Hulett motored to Yamhill Monday evening of this week to attend a meeting of the Yamhill City Council. Many interesting things were learned of how business is transacted in our neighboring city.

## 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

Choice Canning Peaches. Reasonable. Chas. Eiler's peach orchard. Big red barn. Cross free ferry at Wilsonville. Follow signs. Rt. 3, Aurora, Phone 28. Bring containers. p36-39

For Sale—A-1 Yew-wood fence posts. Very reasonable. Delivered if desired. Ernest Ray, at St. Mary's High School, Huber. p37

For Sale—Sonora phonograph. Cheap. Might trade. Mrs. A. M. Gothard, near Cooper Mt. school. p-37

## SUMMER IS SALAD TIME

MACEDOINE SALAD (BEETS, PEAS, ASPARAGUS, CAULIFLOWER, CUCUMBERS)

By Marye Dahnke—Kraft Cheese Institute

As red as a beet!
As round as a pea!
As cool as a cucumber!

What is it? It's a salad, composed of all three, and with several additions. As a summer serving for particular palates it is unequaled. Colorful, crisp, and cool, it holds the center of the stage at whatever table it graces, whether luncheon or dinner. Choice may be made of a whole gardenful of vegetables for this healthful treat, and thus it readily adapts itself to the time, the place, and the cook.

A fresh vegetable salad, combining the cool green of cucumbers, lettuce and asparagus, with the warm summer lusciousness of tomatoes or beets and with the whole united by a dressing of smooth yellow mayonnaise, is a treat to the eye and the palate.

MACEDOINE SALAD

| | |
|---|---|
| Tiny beets | Lettuce |
| Asparagus tips | Sliced cucumber |
| Cauliflower | Green pepper |
| Peas | Kraft mayonnaise |

Cook vegetables until just tender, not soft. For an individual service, place a few slices of beet, five or six asparagus tips, two small flowerets of cauliflower and a spoonful of peas in separate small nests of lettuce. Garnish the center of the service with thin slices of cucumber. Place two strips of green pepper and a spoonful of mayonnaise across the asparagus, and serve the whole with additional mayonnaise. Almost any other vegetable may be used in this type of salad—green or wax beans, diced carrots, sections of small tomatoes, etc.

GARDEN SALAD

| | |
|---|---|
| Lettuce | Asparagus tips |
| Sliced tomatoes | Kraft mayonnaise |

Cut a slice, crosswise, from a head of lettuce. Place on it a slice of peeled tomato and on the tomato lay four or five stalks of asparagus. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

GREEN BEAN SALAD

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 small white onion | Kraft French Dressing |
| 2 cups cooked green beans | Salt, pepper |

Cut the onion into thin slices and separate the rings. Mix lightly with beans and sufficient Kraft French Dressing to moisten. Season to taste and serve cold on crisp lettuce.

POTATO SALAD

| | |
|---|---|
| 6 cooked potatoes, diced | 1 cup chopped celery |
| 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped | Salt, pepper, cayenne |
| 1 green pepper, chopped | Kraft Mayonnaise, or Boiled Salad Dressing |
| 1 small onion chopped | |

Lightly mix all ingredients, using Kraft Mayonnaise or Boiled Salad Dressing generously. Garnish with strips of green pepper and slices of hard-cooked egg.

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, McAlear, & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator.


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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"Here are the building material people who get talked about favorably by those who deal with them. There ought to be something in this to make you thoughtful. McCready's red trucks will deliver what you want in a hurry."

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## MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
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Save Us a Copy