

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1932

Potatoes or corn. That is the alternative confronting many farmers just now as they prepare land for spring sown cultivated crops in Oregon, says E. R. Jackman, extension crops specialist at Oregon State college.

Latest outlook reports on probable acreage of these crops this year show that in Oregon the acreage of late potatoes is likely to be about the same as a little less than last year. Reports on intentions to plant potatoes in the country as a whole show about the same to a little more acreage. Of course production will depend greatly on yields.

On the other hand there is prospect of 15 to 17 per cent increase in corn acreage in Oregon, but even this will not come anywhere near supplying the grain corn needs of the state, according to outlook estimates. Corn prices are therefore expected to be, as usual, the price elsewhere plus transportation to Oregon.

"I see no incentive for a man to jump from another crop to potatoes this year, despite the old adage to make money by planting cheap seed," says Jackman. "On the other hand there would be little advantage even at present prices for the farmer equipped to raise his normal acreage of potatoes to abandon that enterprise. The in and out is almost certain to be 'out' in the long run."

But for the man planning as between potatoes or corn for a cultivated cash crop, Jackman is all in favor of corn this year. Acclimated varieties will make good grain crops in the Willamette valley, southern Oregon, Malheur county and in some sections of other counties east of the Cascade mountains.

WHY GRUMBLE?

If we can buy more food and clothing today for \$30 than we could for \$40 two or three years ago, a ten or twenty per cent cut in wages isn't really a cut at all.

That's the worst about human nature. We clap our hands with glee when eggs drop a few cents a dozen or \$4.00 hats are cut to \$2.90, but how like a lone wolf on a barren mountain peak when our income is cut. On the other hand, the poultry man and the hatter are not greatly interested in our wage cut, but they are interested in the price of eggs or hats.

There is a law of supply and demand that cannot be beaten—no matter how hard we try. High wages and high prices go hand in hand, while low wages and low costs are affiliates.

Why grumble? Things are seeking a level where everything will flow smoothly. Give the other fellow all the work you can, spend all the money you can, live as economically as your grand-parents did, and before long wages will begin to rise and work will be plentiful. Food and clothing prices will also ascend, of course, but why grumble when this will help the grocer and the clothing dealer.

HOW MANY ARE HONEST? What do you do, if the conductor on a bus, trolley car, or train, fails to take up your fare? This searching question was recently put up to 517 educators, and the replies were reported to the American Association for Advancement of Science.

Ninety-five per cent of these conscientious educators favored one of various methods by which the over-looked fare should be paid to the conductor or the company. Five per cent of them thought the passenger would be entitled to go away without paying.

It is to be feared that many more than five per cent of the general public, when a conductor fails to collect a fare, will never lift a finger to see that the company gets its money. Yet it seems only right that people who have received service should pay for it. If a merchant neglects to send a bill for goods supplied, the good citizen is expected to walk up to the gentleman's office and ask how much he owes. Too many people conveniently forget all obligations for which they are not dunned. It costs too much to watch all these folks. We need more of that shining honesty that is no happy until it has paid for everything it has had.

Robert Larson of Aloha was in town Thursday morning. When calling at the Review office he stated that he should have been down before, for the place he advertised in the review for trade was traded within a week after the advertisement appeared.

The people who do not dare trust the banks, seem more willing to trust the burglars.

"Advanced legislation" usually means that the taxpayers must advance more cash.

CLUB PAPER TELLS OF INDIAN LEGENDS

The study of legendary history of the American Indian particularly those of the Oregon country is given by many well known students and authors.

It is interesting to note how the tales of these simple American natives explain the origin and beginning of the world. Some of their stories show much similarity to our

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

STORY FROM THE START

Hiram Butterworth, miser, decided to leave his fortune to Elmer Clarke, a poor nephew. Butterworth tells Absalom McPeck, his lawyer, of a deal forty years ago in which he swindled a man out of \$40,000 and arranged for payment with interest. Butterworth dies suddenly. Through a gossiping telegraph operator the town of Pilearctos, including Nellie Cathcart, Elmer's sweetheart, learns of his inheritance before he does. Nellie tells Elmer it amounts to more than \$1,000,000. They confess their love for each other. "Colorado Charley," and his partner, Mae, decide to pluck Elmer. Nellie insists that Elmer see more of the world before the marriage. Unknown to Elmer, she is heiress of the man Butterworth swindled. She agrees that about \$1,000,000 will be due her from the estate. Elmer becomes a candidate for school trustee.

Tenth installment

CHAPTER VII

HAVING nothing else to do that afternoon, Elmer concluded to kill two birds with one stone. He resolved to go fishing. In route to the stream and back he planned to visit half a dozen farmers and solicit their support at the coming school election.

He received assurances of support from every voter upon whom he called, and four out of the six expressed profound satisfaction at this signal evidence of Elmer's intention, despite his recently acquired million, to remain in Pilearctos, take an active interest in civic affairs and grow up with the county. In fact, one of them went so far as to hit him a hearty wad on the back and say: "Elmer, you're all right. No swelled head about you. I'm for you all the way! You're just plain folks like the rest of us and your money hasn't spoiled you a mite."

The accolade brought on a coughing fit, but Elmer did not mind. He was beginning to discover, in these piping times of peace, the true inwardness of something he had gone to war to fight for, and that was the gentle art of making the world safe for democracy. In that moment he caught a glimpse of the class consciousness and class resentment, sleeping perhaps but never dead, even in a free republic. He knew he must be careful not to appear any different hereafter from what he had always been; that jealous minds in lack of keen eyes would be quick to attribute to him now the ideals and impulses which would be their own did they but stand in his shoes.

He was thoughtful and subdued as he drove into his garage late that evening. His newly acquired person of color, Jasper, came out of the kitchen and met Elmer as the latter was locking the garage door. "Hey's a young lady waitin' foh you, suh, in de parlor," he confided. "She done call about foh o'clock an' when I told her you-all had gone fah, she said she'd set aroun' an' wait twel you got back."

"Who is she, Jasper?" Jasper handed him a card, which read: Miss Doris Gatewood, Special Correspondent, The American Weekly, New York City, 245 Rampart Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. Telephone 6678.

"Oh, Lord!" Elmer groaned. "So I'm still news! What sort of person is she, Jasper?" Jasper grinned. "She ain't hard to look at, Mistah Clarke." "Well, you tell the lady I have just returned and will see her as soon as I have had an opportunity to clean up."

Some ten minutes later, when Elmer entered his little parlor, in which no woman had sat since his mother's funeral, he found Miss Doris Gatewood seated at the ancient square piano softly playing a Strauss waltz. At his approach she turned gracefully on the revolving stool and advanced to greet him with outstretched hand and a shy,

embarrassed smile. There was about her a charming combination of frankness and shyness which quite robbed the friendliness of her glance, her smile and her hand shake of a faint note of boldness.

Elmer, who was hypersensitive to first impressions, noted all this and told himself it was, perhaps, characteristic of lady correspondents. He had gathered an impression from his reading that all writers were a bit jolly, unconventional and bohemian.

"So glad to meet you, Mr. Clarke!" the girl announced. Her deep, mellifluous tones seemed to reverberate in the room and challenge the dying voice of the last note she had struck on Elmer's old piano. "I am Doris Gatewood."

Elmer bowed over the outstretched hand. "Jasper gave me your card, Miss Gatewood," contentedly I can guess the reason for your call. Please be seated." He indicated a horsehair sofa and sat down opposite. "I'm sorry you've had to wait so long for me."

"Well, I haven't been a bit lonely, Mr. Clarke! I've been playing with your fox terrier, and when he ran away I played the piano. I found some books and I've been reading 'em."

"You did quite right to make yourself at home, Miss Gatewood." "You're very kind. By the way, Mr. Clarke, if you'll forgive me for mentioning it, your piano has a wonderful tone, but it needs tuning."

"I wasn't aware of that. Nobody has opened the old ruin since my mother passed away over five years ago."

"And you live quite alone?" He nodded, the while he appraised her with the impersonal air of good breeding which was his natural heritage. He decided she was the most dashing young woman he had ever seen. In fact, she was more beautiful than Nellie Cathcart—and Elmer had thought that an impossibility for any woman.

"Perhaps, he told himself, that was due to the undeniable 'air' of her more than to superiority of sheer physical beauty. Nellie, too, had an air, but it was natural, while Miss Doris Gatewood appeared to have acquired hers. She was dressed in a manner which Elmer could not have described; like all of his sex all he knew about women's clothes was that they looked stunning or indifferent. Miss Gatewood's wardrobe then and there in evidence was neither stunning nor indifferent, and Elmer found in his rag bag of a mind a phrase that appeared to describe her and her clothes. She was well groomed.

Her chic little tan hat—it was a Paris model—gave her a snappy air and fitted her face. Her hair was bobbed and as black and glistening as a raven's wing. Her

skin was the kind one loves to touch, but whether her glorious coloring was natural or artificial was beyond Elmer's ability to decide. She wore a smartly tailored suit of brownish tweed and somewhat mannish cut, brown silk stockings with tasseled toes. Her shirt-waist, with a tailored collar, was immaculate white and very plain. She wore Colorado Charley's handsome brown silk tie; her gloves were brown, radiant, challenging, alight with interest.

"She's a durb," thought Elmer Butterworth Clarke. "Brains to spare. Must have to be a special correspondent of the American Weekly. I've heard writers like her make a hundred or two a week, sometimes more. That's why she can afford such nice clothes. But she isn't overdressed either. What Nellie would call good taste is the keynote of her get-up."

Miss Doris Gatewood on her part was, without appearing to do so, making a swift appraisal of Elmer Clarke. "Isn't he nice looking!" she asked herself. "And he has nice manners, too, for a clerk. He must have had a nice mother. He's small town, but not a Reuben, and he's shy and sensitive. Hello, he wears a silver service button in his lapel. He's been to the war and been wounded. Right, leg, doubtless. I notice he favors it just a little. He buys his suits ready-made. Much too much of the collegiate atmosphere to the one he's wearing. His tie is a trifle flamboyant, but that's what they're wearing lately."

"He seems reserved and dignified. Bet he's an old-fashioned boy, takes off his hat in elevators and gives up his seat in street cars to old ladies. Good western type and not fresh. He's taking me in from heels to hair, but his eyes are as innocent and free from desire as a baby's. Elmer, you're a nice boy, and I like you. Now to make you like me!"

She fished a notebook and a short pencil from her pocket and smiled across at him apologetically. "Of course, Mr. Clarke, I know I'm boring you to the point of warm tears," she began. "But really, you look so kind I can't feel as contrite about it as I ought. Besides, I make my living by boring people—making them talk when they do not want to and putting words into their mouths when they refuse to talk."

"What do you want to know?" he challenged.

"Oh, about the fortune that's been left you by the uncle you've never seen! I'm ordered to interview you and get a snappy story on how it feels to be a poor man today and a millionaire tomorrow. I'd like to have your expressed opinion as to your ideas on the obligations of wealth. Does money make for happiness, or vice versa? What do you expect to do with your money and when? Are you going to buy the one girl who has been waiting for you—or is there one girl?"

"That's out," he reminded her. "It's nobody's business whether there's one girl or two dozen—and if there were I should not discuss them."

"Tipped a foul that time," Miss Gatewood went on, flushing prettily. "Still, one never can tell whether the girl will talk on that subject or not, so usually we ask to find out. Pardon, I'll try to stick to my knitting hereafter. Now, then—Mr. Clarke, what is your man Friday cooking for dinner?"

"It smells like corned beef and cabbage to me. This is Thursday, isn't it?" Miss Gatewood nodded brightly. "And potatoes bodded with their jackets on!" she queried with eager curiosity. He nodded. "When you're as picky as I am," she challenged, "I adore plain food and I'm famished."

To himself Elmer said: "I suppose I'd be a dog if I don't invite her to eat some of it. Confound it, I think she expects to be invited, or wants to be. That's just like these bohemian newspaper women." He turned to his visitor. "I should like very much to invite you to dinner, Miss Gatewood, but—"

"I'd adore to come," she interrupted before he could cloak his invitation with more buts. "During dinner we can have a nice, long, comfortable interview."

"Well, Miss Gatewood, if you can manage without a chaperon, I can."

bridge and turned the two braves into two mountains, Hood and Adams, who stood on opposite sides of the great river and threw fire and stones at each other. The maid he also turned into a mountain making her the most beautiful shaped mountain in the northwest, Mt. St. Helens.

An Indian version resembling the story of the flood of Bible times is the tale of Takhoma (Mt. Rainier) accounting for the absence of the snakes on Mt. Takhoma.

When the world was young "Ty-hee da hale," became angry with the people living in the vicinity of Takhoma. He ordered the medicine man to make a chain of arrows from the clouds to the earth by shooting an arrow into a low hanging cloud, then another arrow into the lower end of the first and a third into the end of the second and so on until there was a solid chain of arrows reaching the earth. The medicine man then told the people to climb up the arrow trail to the cloud. The good animals climbed the ladder, followed by the medicine man and when he was about half way up he turned and saw a long line of snakes and bad animals starting to follow him.

cloud he broke the trail letting all the bad animals fall to the base of Takhoma. Then it started to rain and it rained and rained until the water reached halfway up Tak-

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



St. Cecilia Church Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and 10:00 a.m. Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 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.

Nazarene Church Sunday School at 9:45 a.m. Morning worship at 11:00 a.m. Sermon by Miss Ida Veig. N.Y.P.S. at 6:30 p.m. Evening service at 7:30 p.m. Sermon by Rev. Leo Gregory. Mid-week prayer service Wednesday evening at 7:30.

Kinton Church W. E. Simpson, minister Regular services at the church for Sunday will be as follows: session of the Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning with preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Everyone is invited to attend these services.

Bethel Church Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor. Services will be held next Sunday at the customary hours. Church school at 9:45, morning service at 11 with sermon by the pastor on "Stand By". At 7:30 Mr. Clarke's topic will be "Camouflage". The Junior and Senior Endeavor Societies will meet at 6:30. The mid-week Prayer Meeting will be held Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Come, you are very cordially invited.

Methodist Church Rev. L. C. Poor, Minister. Sunday school at 10:00 a.m. Preaching at 11 a.m. Preaching by the minister at 7:30 p.m. Subject, "Elijah". Ladies Aid Wednesday afternoon. Midweek services Wednesday at 8 p.m.

Church of Christ G. W. Springer, Minister. There will be the usual services at the church next Sunday. In the morning Mr. Springer will speak on the topic: "Making Your Calling and Election Sure." The evening topic will be, "A More Sure Word of Prophecy."

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Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE For Sale—Black Jersey Giant Setting hens, four now brooding; and hatching eggs. F. F. Weaver, Beaverton, Spencer Ave. near Farmington road. adv pb

FOR SALE For Sale—Old Newspapers, Generous bundle, 5c. Call Review office.

PIGS Seven Weeks Old—O. I. C. pigs. No reasonable offer refused. Also brood sows, M. Balocco, one mile northwest of Jacktown school. adv c19f

Special on Dudley's leghorn chicks

FOR COUNTY JUDGE FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Donald T. Templeton When the County Court, in keeping with its economy program, became the purchasing agent for all county departments, the savings thus far made far exceeded the original estimates. This is but an example of the economies that have been introduced in the management of county affairs in the past 10 months. A careful conservation of county funds is the surest, safest way in which to reduce taxes. Your vote for DONALD T. TEMPLETON for COUNTY JUDGE will insure a continuation of this program. adv

neighborhood of Takhoma. There are many more interesting stories such as the creation of the Willamette Tum-Tum or falls, Wizard Isle in Crater lake and the visits to the Isle of Memaloose, or Isle of Deean and many others just as interesting.

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

MAPES & SON RESTAURANT SHORT ORDER MEALS Cigars, Tobaccos Confections, Soft Drinks Cady Bldg — Watson St. Phone 6111

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LAMPS EATS KAMBERGER'S CONFECTIONERY EATS CANDY

JOE KEMMER For any Kind of Wood Limb Wood Cut to Order

The Editor Soliloquizes WHILE A DIVORCE—MAYBE MORE—WILL BE NO SURPRISE TO ME. BY GOLLY THE WAY SOME MEN TREAT THEIR WIVES, IT'S A WONDER THEY ANY MORE MURDERERS. WELL, THERE ARE SOME NEWS ITEMS GETTING READY TO HAPPEN—MAYBE A FEW WORDS LIKE THESE WILL NIP 'EM IN THE BUD? WHO KNOWS?

own Christian doctrine but most of their legends are simply fantastic, childish, fairy tales. After reading into the subject one is struck with the abundance of the faith shown by these first Americans, because so many of their stories must be taken on faith only and of course if they were ever doubted would not be retold and thus lost to the reading public.

All America is rich in Indian folk lore and it seems that the Oregon country is particularly so, due, no doubt, to the fact that it was such a short time ago that this country saw Indian life in all its savagery.

A legend that resembles the Biblical story of brotherly jealousy and dissention is told in the tale of the Cascades, and goes as follows: In the beginning everything in the world was harmonious and full

of warmth and sunlight, but the two oldest sons of the first man quarreled over the distribution of the property. During the night the Great Spirit transported the two sons to a high mountain and in the morning each was told to shoot an arrow into the air and to make their separate homes, and Elmer found in his rag bag of a mind a phrase that appeared to describe her and her clothes. She was well groomed.

Her chic little tan hat—it was a Paris model—gave her a snappy air and fitted her face. Her hair was bobbed and as black and glistening as a raven's wing. Her

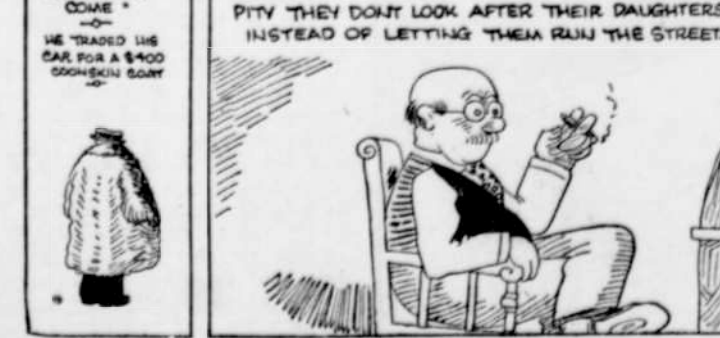
cold that they begged the Great Spirit to give them fire, promising all sorts of things together with good behavior if he would only give it to them.

The Great Spirit relented and told her who had the fire to let the tribes have some, and as a reward to her for keeping the fire forever burning upon the bridge she was to be granted one gift of her own choosing. Being a woman she chose eternal youth and beauty and this was granted as soon as she had the fire burning on the bridge.

It naturally followed that she was wooed by many but, woman-like, she showed no preference. Now there were two braves from opposite sides of the river came to blow the fire for the favor of the maiden. This so greatly angered the Great Spirit that he destroyed the

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

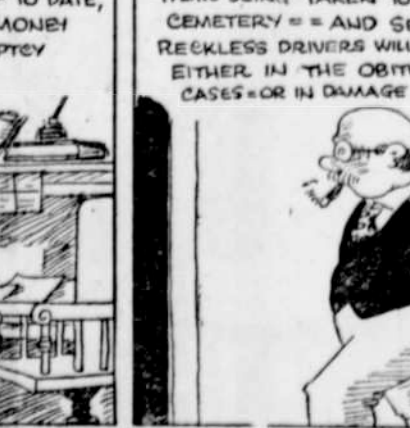
THE YEAR IS YOUNG YET, BUT ALREADY I CAN SEE SEVERAL NEWS ITEMS GETTING READY TO HAPPEN— AN EDITOR GETS PRETTY WISE, STUDYING PEOPLE ALL THE TIME AND I FEEL CERTAIN THAT AT LEAST ONE PAIR OF HEART-BROKEN PARENTS WILL CALL TO ASK THAT NO MENTION BE MADE OF AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR— PITY THEY DON'T LOOK AFTER THEIR DAUGHTERS, INSTEAD OF LETTING THEM RUN THE STREETS!



AND IT WILL BE FUNNY IF A MERCHANT I KNOW DOESN'T GO BUSTED—YET IF HE'D JUST GET BUSY, FIX UP HIS STORE, DECORATE HIS SHOW WINDOWS, BRING HIS STOCK UP TO DATE, AND ADVERTISE, HE COULD MAKE MONEY INSTEAD OF FURNISHING A BANKRUPTCY NOTICE FOR THE PAPER.



AND TWO OR THREE OF OUR TOWNSMEN ARE DRINKING THEMSELVES TO DEATH—UNLESS THEY LET UP, I'LL EITHER BE WRITING OF THEIR BEING TAKEN TO HOSPITALS, OR THE CEMETERY—= AND SEVERAL OF OUR RECKLESS DRIVERS WILL FIGURE IN THE NEWS, EITHER IN THE OBITUARIES, THE HOSPITAL CASES OR IN DAMAGE SUITS— I CAN'T TELL YET.



WHILE A DIVORCE—MAYBE MORE—WILL BE NO SURPRISE TO ME. BY GOLLY THE WAY SOME MEN TREAT THEIR WIVES, IT'S A WONDER THEY ANY MORE MURDERERS. WELL, THERE ARE SOME NEWS ITEMS GETTING READY TO HAPPEN—MAYBE A FEW WORDS LIKE THESE WILL NIP 'EM IN THE BUD? WHO KNOWS?

