

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton Oregon

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J. H. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1932

Vacation and Touring Season

This is the time of year when most people begin to plan long or short trips by automobile. The touring fan will seek the out-of-the-way road in order to discover for himself the more beautiful spots of Nature. This is particularly true if a person is planning to camp out.

In preparation for a trip of this kind, careful forethought is usually given to the necessary spare parts of the car, the kind of clothing to take along, or the fishing equipment needed; but often little thought is given to the safeguarding of one's health on the trip.

This latter point cannot be too strongly emphasized, because, on such a trip living conditions are often changed so much by exposure to inclement weather, lack of sleep, irregular hours and other factors, that the body may become more susceptible to attack from disease than it would be under the normal home conditions.

Another hazard which might affect the automobile traveller is the roadside drinking water supply. On a hot and dusty drive a drink of cool water from "The Old Oaken Bucket" type of well, looks attractive, but from a sanitary viewpoint such open and exposed water supplies are the ones to be avoided.

Careful attention should be given to the source of the milk supply, particularly if there are children in the party. A swimming place should be selected with care also, in order to avoid the use of streams carrying sewage from communities located up stream from the camp.

If your vacation takes you into localities infested with malaria bearing mosquitoes, mosquito netting should be included in your luggage.

Therefore it devolves upon the tourist himself to see that all sanitary precautions are taken to safeguard his health while on a vacation.

The Story of the Kid Who Made Good (A Fable)

Once upon a Time there were Three Sons in College. And after a sufficient number of Years they all Commenced. After Prexy had said his Piece and the Sheepskins had been dishd out, and the Boys had rid themselves of their Monkey Hats, they all adjourned to the College Hangout for a couple of Quick Ones.

"Well, it looks to me like a Tough World!" wailed one of the Boys. "I'm going Home, Sweet Home and work for the Old Man. There's no sense in my starting from the Bottom somewhere else when the Pater's rolling in Gravy!" So he packed his Saxophone and his Book and started for Home.

"It's too Soon to dust off the Office Chair," complained the Second Young Hopeful. "I'm going to take the next Floating Bar for the Other Side, get me a Higher Education in some foreign School, and let Dad charge K to Profit and Loss." So he sent a Farewell Letter to Mary, carbon Copies to Sally, Flo, Gerty and Ruth, and sailed for Europ.

"My Dad wouldn't hire me if I were anyone else," thought the Third. "So there's no use Gypping him. I think I'll see what makes this Old World tick before I go home." So he got a Job in a Local Concern, and worked in his Shirt-sleeves for a year or so. At the end of that time the Head of the Concern called him in.

"You have a Bright Future ahead of you, Young Man," said the Boss. "I can offer you a Position as Sales Manager at a Salary double that you're making now."

"Put it in Writing," said the Kid. So he took home the new Offer and laid it in front of Dad. "Read it and Weep!" he said. "It'll cost you That Much to Hire me!" And the Old Man squirmed and grunted—but he Liked it. Which was one case where the Boss' Son amounted to something beside a good Catch for the Steno.

MORAL: You can't make a Sow's Ear out of a Silk Purse, either!

ON OREGON FARMS

Grants Pass—Use of the California zinc chloride method of controlling pear blight has apparently proved successful on the H. G. Hoffmaster place where he has used it in his orchard for three years. County Agent Herb Howell reports the treatment unusually effective in checking blight on both limbs and roots. He is convinced of its value and is recommending it to other pear growers in his county.

Corvallis—Curious to know how much plant food he was turning under when plowing down a cover-crop of vetch and oats, Gilmore Hector, a farmer near here, had the elements in the heavy crop estimated and discovered that he was plowing under 65 pounds of nitrogen per acre alone, equivalent to the amount in 400 pounds of ammonium sulfate. In addition to the fertilizing value, Mr. Hector hopes to gain much from the added or-

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

© by Peter B. Kyne.

WNU Service

Twenty-second installment "You're an even dirtier little rat than I gave you credit for being. So unless I give you ninety thousand dollars you will put the experts from the internal revenue department on the trail of the estate, and they'll collect so much taxes illegally withheld—"

"They'll fine the estate—you know they will," Bunker screamed. "They can't do anything to your uncle, but they can fine his estate up to one hundred per cent. They won't have any pity on you."

"They ought to fine the estate. I would if I were the collector of internal revenue. Now look here, Bunker—I ought to go to the collector of internal revenue, turn you over to him and have him put you in jail."

"You can't. You can't prove anything, and I've got those books hidden where nobody can find them. Better accept my proposition. You'll get out with something, then. If you won't play the game I'll see to it that you get out with exactly what I get—nothing!"

"You forget that you are an accessory before the fact. In the eyes of the law you have committed a felony by aiding and abetting my uncle to defraud the government."

"I know. But when I turn state's evidence they won't do anything to me." Bunker laughed mirthlessly. "That's what immunity baths are for. They pay me for my information."

"Bunker, you're leathsome. Get out of my room. Quick. I don't like you, but if you're still standing there leaning triumphantly at me thirty seconds from now I'll manhandle you. Scat, you pollock!"

Following Bunker's unceremonious departure, Elmer Clarke sat down to do some solid thinking. He had need to, for if Bunker's threat should not prove to be an idle one, he was liable to find himself in a most unenviable position.

"Well, one thing is certain," he decided. "If the collector of internal revenue, egged on by Bunker, should levy on the total residue of the estate, I'll be back financially, where I was before Uncle Hiram died, but with this exception—I'll be out of a job. Well, I'll soon find another. My health is A-one again, so what the devil do I care for the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, provided I do not have to wait too long to marry Nellie?"

"Why, I almost forgot that I am mayor. I have got a job, after all, and it pays me one hundred dollars a month. Well, I've existed on less. Elmer, old settler, you're not licked at all, but oh, boy, when you get back to Pilarcitos your sense of humor is certainly going to be tested! They're going to tell this joke on you while anybody lives to remember it."

"Yes, indeed, Elmer Clarke, you're right! Pilarcitos isn't going to be a pleasant place for you to live in hereafter, but—you're going to live there because Nellie lives there, because you're the mayor and also a high school trustee, and you can't resign from either job just because you're a public joke. That would be hauling down your flag which is alien to your nature—besides which, it would be the very finest way of losing Nellie. Guess I'll sing the national anthem of Slam!"

He decided to await developments. It occurred to him that if Bunker really had such a cinch to swing he would have swung it most profitably on Uncle Hiram before the latter departed for that mysterious land where income taxes are not. He certainly would not swing it until he had collected his own legacy from the estate, for Bunker was too cunning to make such a maladroit move. Perhaps his threat had been a monumental bluff.

"I think this is a matter I should take up with McPeake," he decided, and forthwith called upon the lawyer. McPeake listened to the incredible tale with a growing disgust manifesting itself on his features.

"You're a shrewd judge of human nature, Mr. Clarke," he declared when Elmer had finished his recital. "Bunker is a rat. I am positive, however, that he is bluffing you. If he had had such a weapon to use on your uncle, he would have used it. Consequently, I think that the best thing to do is to ignore him and proceed with the distribution of the estate."

"Well, I'll not accept any money that doesn't belong to me, Mr. McPeake."

"That's all very fine, but wait until you know for a certainty that it doesn't belong to you. A black-mailing charge is not sufficient grounds upon which to base an action of this kind; you cannot pos-

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sibly be charged with being an accessory after the fact. I think this whole affair is a mare's nest and I advise you to run along to New York, enjoy yourself and return here in about six weeks. I'm certain that nothing will happen until the decree of final distribution is signed; if it doesn't happen then, it will never happen. I have no apprehensions on the matter, Mr. Clarke. Remember, Bunker is an arrant coward."

"Well, perhaps you're right, but I do not think he is bluffing. I don't think he has the courage to bluff. I confess I'm afraid of him."

"Well, I'm not, and the next day he comes in here I'll have him on the carpet and shake him down. I'll write you the results of my inquiry."

So Elmer went on to New York. Five weeks later McPeake wrote him that the real estate had been sold, that all the debts of the estate had been paid and that a final decree of distribution had been signed by the judge of the probate court. McPeake added that Elmer's share of the estate would amount to approximately \$235,000.

Immediately upon receipt of this information Elmer came on to Muscatine and the day after his arrival he was to meet McPeake in the latter's office. "Not a peep out of our friend Bunker," he announced, "has come in on the subject closest to Elmer's heart. 'I had him in my office and gave him a bad half hour, but could not get any admission from him. He talked vaguely of things he could do, but seemed disinclined to do them. I think he was bluffing.'"

"Has he received his legacy, Mr. McPeake?"

"I handed him his check ten minutes ago. Thought I might as well get rid of him before you arrived." McPeake reached into his

coat and drew out a formal typewritten receipt with a check for \$235,000 attached to it. "Sign here," he ordered—and Elmer signed and pouched the check.

You will now doubtless desire to look over my accounts," the lawyer continued, and spread before Elmer the final accounting he had prepared for the probate judge. "Here is the statement of the appraised valuation of the estate, with an inventory, and here are all of the vouchers that go with the final accounting. However, I have a client calling in ten minutes, so I suggest that you take all of these papers back to your hotel and study them at your leisure. You might drop in at the bank on your way and have that check certified."

Elmer gathered up all of the papers and took his departure. The check he had received was on the First National bank, downstairs, so Elmer went into the bank first and approached the paying teller's window. "I wish you'd have this check certified," he said and handed it through the grill work.

The paying teller took it and departed. Five minutes later he returned and handed the check back to Elmer uncertified. "Sorry," he said, "but a distraint warrant has been served on the bank by the local collector of internal revenue, and we are debarred from honoring any further checks on this account."

"I thank you," said Elmer politely and walked out. Up to McPeake's office he went, and the latter had been expecting had not yet arrived and Elmer went at once into the lawyer's private office.

"Well, Bunker has made good," he announced. "I told you I thought he wasn't bluffing. He planned his coup so cleverly that he got his own check, rushed downstairs and cashed it just before the collector of internal revenue served warrant on the bank. The funds of the estate are all tied up until the government experts have gone over the books."

"Holy Jumped-up Jehosaphat! yelled Absolom McPeake. "No!"

"But yes!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Go downstairs and ask the paying teller of the First National bank. He'll enlighten you. I went down there and he enlightened me."

"The dirty dog!" McPeake raved. "The dirty little snake in the grass to do a thing like this! I'll be damned! All I'm hoping is that the collector of internal revenue leaves me enough to pay my few debts. I owe the Pilarcitos Commercial Trust and Savings bank twenty thousand. If I get that much, I'll be able to buy back where I started and in a month or two I'll be just as happy as if I had never been a millionaire."

"You see I haven't got terribly accustomed to being a millionaire," Elmer admitted. "I'm a fine art and I have never learned it. Cheer up, Mac. If I'd collected all of this inheritance and had got accustomed to living on a million-dollar scale, Bunker's action would have broken my heart."

"You are game," McPeake declared admiringly, and called for his secretary. "Get the collector of internal revenue on the line for me," he ordered.

Thereafter for five minutes he listened on the line while the collector of internal revenue talked Silly McPeake hung up.

"Licked!" he croaked. "Licked to a frazzle!"

"All right, I'm licked," Elmer retorted calmly. "What interests me is to know how I was licked." Elmer phoned the collector of internal revenue directly after you gave him your ultimatum and turned the real set of books and vouchers over to them, and for five weeks a corps of expert accountants has been expediting them. The statute of limitations on the return against the income tax returns for 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917, but they have you called on the returns for those years. They should have been made up had your uncle made an honest return, and the collector informs me that the estate owes the government two hundred and thirty-one thousand, nine hundred and four dollars and eight cents."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LINER TWO

It's perfectly all right for a woman to hang on to her youth, but not while he's at the steering wheel.

"You say you knew her when she was a mere slip of a girl?"

"Yeh! But she slipped a lot since then!"

Judge: "But, madam, how could you marry a man you knew to be a burglar?"

Witness: "Oh, I thought he'd be so quiet around the house!"

The following correction appeared in a small town paper: "Our paper carried the notice last week that Mr. John Doe is a defective in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force!"

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Nazarene Church

Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister Phone 10903

Sunday school at 9:45. Mrs. Flora Williams, Supt. Classes for all ages. Miss Wilylla Bushnell of Eugene, who is here to conduct the Daily Vacation Bible school, will speak to the children at 10:45. Morning worship at eleven o'clock. Duet by Miss Esther Porter and Miss Alma Herr.

Young People's meeting at seven o'clock. Missionary committee in charge.

Evening service at eight o'clock. Solo by Miss Adams. "The Homeland in the Sky," illustrated with a chalk drawing by Miss Bushnell. Louise, the converted Indian, will preach both morning and evening. Mid-week prayer service, Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Kinton Church

Regular preaching service at the church this Sunday at 2 o'clock in the afternoon by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson. Bible school at 10 o'clock. Everyone is invited to be present.

Children's Day will be observed by the Kinton Sunday school with a program during the Sunday school hour at 10 o'clock. Sunday school at 10 o'clock, Sunday, July 3rd to be followed by a basket lunch at noon. All attending are requested to bring basket lunch and dishes to serve dinner in, as it will be held in the church grove.

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.

Methodist Church

Rev. L. C. Poor, Minister

Sunday school at 10 a.m.

Worship Service at 8 p.m.

Preaching at 11 a.m.

Midweek service at 8 p.m. Wednesday.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, Minister

The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society enjoyed a splendid fellowship with the Congregational young people at the ice cream social to which they

MICKIE SAYS—

A LOT OF ADVERTISING FOR A LITTLE MONEY IN OUR WANT AD SECTION—THESE WAD ADS GET THE BENEFIT OF OUR FULL CIRCULATION, SAME AS A PAGE AD, AND THEY KNOW HOW TO GET RESULTS



NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY

In the Matter of the Estate of Harrison M. Hughson, Deceased NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court as the Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such:

NOW, THEREFORE, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law offices of Hare, McAlear & Peters, in the Shute Savings Bank Bldg., in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 18th day of June, 1932. Doy Gray, Administrator of said Estate. Hare, McAlear & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator. adv e30-34

Classified Advertising

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

FOR SALE

If You Want a Real Treat TRY STASSEN'S HOMEMADE ICECREAM One-Half Mile West of Beaverton On Highway

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-39-1f

For Sale—Royal Anne and black cherries. W. C. Matske, 1 mile south on Lombard. Phone 0235. p-31

160 cu. ft.	Load
12 inch block	\$5.50
16 inch slab	\$4.50
Dry Planers	\$5.50
Green	\$5.00
Small Green	\$4.50
Cord Wood and Coal	
Phone 5225	
F. R. ZASTROW	
Corner Second and Angel	

TRADES

For Sale or Trade—Going hotel in good town in Willamette valley for acreage or other property or business in this vicinity. P. O. Box 530, Carlton, Ore. p-31

WANTED

Wanted—Used silo in good condition. For cash. A. E. Andrews, Boring, Oregon. R. F. D. No. 1. adv p-31-32

were invited Tuesday evening. They plan to return the courtesy in the near future.

The Sunday school rejoices in an attendance which has kept them in the lead in the Attendance contest with Hillsboro.

Next Tuesday is Missionary meeting and Aid combined. Every lady interested in missionary work is invited. It is not necessary that you be a member of the church. A pot luck dinner will be served. There will be regular services next Sunday, both morning and evening.

SEE 1 TO MYSELF, SEE 1, SEE 1.

"THE REVIEW'S THE PAPER FOR ME TO BUY." SEE 1.

SAFEGWAY STORES

DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT WASTE

BUY FOR THE 4th Do Your Shopping Friday and Saturday Store Closed All Day MONDAY, JULY 4th.

Friday - Saturday Features, July 1 - 2

SUGAR Pure Cane 10 lbs. 37c

MILK Maximum 100-lb. Sack, \$3.99 can 4c

COFFEE Airway Blend lb. 23c

Potato Chips Fresh, Crisp Regular 25c Package

Ripe Olives Delicious for Picnic Tall Cans

Pkg. 10c Can 10c

CRACKERS Snowflakes 2-LB BOX 21c

Mayonnaise Best Foods Jar 25c

PICKLES Columbia All Varieties pint jar 19c

BREAD The New 2-in-1 Variety Loaf Everother slice Wholewheat Note the Price

CHEESE Krafts Assorted Kinds The Ideal Sandwich Cheese

Large Loaf.08 1/2-lb. pkg. .15

Wesson Oil Quality Vegetable Oil Quart Cans qt. 39c

CATSUP Van Camps Large Bottle Bottle 12c

Carrots, Beets, Onions, Radishes, 1c bunch

See Thursday evening and Friday Morning Portland Papers for Our BIG SALE

STEAKS BABY BEEF

BEEF ROASTS

pound 18c pound, 12 1/2c

SPRING FRYS Colored PURE LARD

lb. 20c 4 lb. 25c

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



THIS HERE'S YER NEW HOME, DOGGIE IS FINE BIG BACK, YARD TO BURY BONES IN, ONLY PER PRETS SAME, STAY OUT OF TH' FLOWER BED IS NICE DOG TO PLAY WITH NEXT DOOR, BUT DONT CHASE THEIR CAT ER WE'LL BOTH GIT IN BAD

Pretty Soft, Dog



DONT YOU DARE BRING THAT DIRTY DOG INTO THIS HOUSE IS IN NO GOING TO HAVE ANY FLOORS TRACKED UP

EVERY BOY SHOULD HAVE A DOG



EVERY BOY SHOULD HAVE A DOG AND THERE ARE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS THAN CLEAN FLOORS! LET HIM KEEP THE DOG! WHAT DO YOU SAY, MOM?

AND WHEN YA GIT TIRE EATING, DOGGIE, OVER IN TH' CORNER IS A NICE STRAW BED IN A BARREL, WHERE YOU KIN REST— THIS WILL BE YER HEADQUARTERS, DOWN IN TH' BASEMENT IS DOG IN TH' GUMMER AND VARRIA IN TH' WHITTER— YESSIR, YOU BETTER WAS YER TAIL



ALL RIGHT, PAPA!