

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1932

The Rhyme of the Kitchener Ham and eggs for breakfast. Fish and things for lunch; Chicken fried at eventide To feed the hungry bunch.

Odds and ends between times, A snack when curfew peals, Then up at dawn to put things on And start the new day's meals.

Salads, meats and veg'tables, Desserts and soups and cheese; Sandwich spreads and fancy breads And "extras" after these.

It's endless, thankless labor, But, after all, it's Fate, And a fate worthwhile, when enters smile And say, "Gee this is great!" —E.H.C.

CANADA TAKES CREDIT

A Canadian editor attempted to compile some of the contributions to world progress made by his fellow citizens, and found that the list is by no means a short one. The first long distance trials of the telephone were made in Canada where the idea of this instrument actually originated.

The idea of standard time which is now used in every civilized country also originated in Canada.

The first compound steam engine which doomed the sailing ship was built and demonstrated in Canada, as was the first submarine telegraph and the first electric stove. The idea of making paper from pulp wood, and building an all-electric radio came from this country. The first steamboat sent across the Atlantic, and the first railway sleeping cars were also Canadian products.

As a contribution to American citizenship Canada presented several hundred thousand of her sons and daughters presented themselves. At any rate, such citizens as Admiral Sims, Wilson of packing house fame, Couzens of Detroit and Mary Pickford of Filmland are welcomed in any country.

Jack, "Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most interesting thing in the world?" Jim: "When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not thinking about anything else."

THE BUILDING WAS SAVED

The wealthy farmer decided one morning to chop down a tall oak tree standing a short distance behind a new poultry house.

His ringing axe brought a group of inquisitive boy scouts from their camp in a nearby grove. One of the boys watched him carefully for a moment and then left the group. He returned very quickly.

"Pardon me," he said to the farmer, "but hadn't you better fell the tree the other way? This way you will crash into the poultry house."

The farmer paused and smiled. "I don't think so, laddie," he remarked. "Where did you get the idea?"

The boy blushed. "I was just testing the height of the tree and pacing the distance to the poultry house," he said, "and although I may not be absolutely correct I think about six feet of the top of the tree will smash the building."

The farmer stepped back and studied the situation very carefully. "You may be right, my lad," he said, finally, and promptly felled the tree out toward the orchard. Ten minutes later he made measurements and found that the boy scout was less than three feet wrong in his estimate. Had the tree dropped as he had intended, considerable damage would have been done.

Once again a boy scout had done his daily good turn and advertised his organization as a very efficient and worth while one.

LET THE CHILDREN DRINK

This time of year mothers begin to complain that their children do not seem to be able to get enough to drink. They may not be eating heavily, but how they do insist upon water, milk, lemonade or anything else that is cold and liquid.

This is very natural, for romping children perspire freely and a desire for drink is merely Mother Nature seeking moisture to take the place of that lost through activity.

Let the children drink as much as they wish, but see to it that the proper beverages are furnished. Much of the "pop" that children secure is by no means desirable in large quantities. If they want something refreshing, give them a fruit drink of some kind. Old fashioned lemonade is always good, and a very wonderful summer beverage may be made by combining 2/3 of a cup of orange juice with 1/3 of a cup of iced water. Sweeten this to taste and the children will have a beverage that is cooling and also healthful. Instead of the water you can use ginger ale if you wish, or any other beverage of similar kind. This combination drink is excellent for children's parties.

"Julia," her father called from the top of the stairs, "Did I hear a smack down there just now?" "If you did," replied Julia, "you're wonderful. I've been waiting to hear one all evening."

The Everlasting Whisper



Jackson Gregory

CHAPTER I

It was springtime in the California Sierra. Never were skies bluer, never did the golden sun-flood steep the endless forest lands in richer life-giving glory. It was early June, and thus far only had the springtime advanced in its vernal progress upward through the timbered solitudes. Down in a hollow at the base of the sunny slope was a round alpine lake of the same deep, perfect blue as the sky, whose color it seemed not to reflect but to absorb.

While sitting with his back against a tawny cedar, the man had been drawing into the entirety of the wilderness to which, obviously, he belonged. The well-worn, tall, laced boots were of brown leather, much scuffed, one in color with the soil dusting them. The khaki trousers gathered into the boot-tops, the soft flannel shirt, were the brown of the tree trunks; skin of hands and face and muscular throat were the bronze of ripe pine-cones and burnished pine-needles. And, in a landscape spotted with light and shadow, the head of black hair might have passed for a bit of such pitch-black shadow as a tuft of thick foliage casts upon the light-smitten ground.

He stood looking out across the ridges and so to the final bulwark against the sky still white with last December. He sought landmarks and measured distance, not in miles but in hours. Then he glanced briefly at the sun. The eyes which had been keen and alert filled suddenly with a shining brightness.

He picked up his hat and a small canvas roll. And yet again, with his hat in his hand, he stood motionless. Already he had marked out the way he planned to go, and still the nearer peaks with the sunshine upon them called to him. Slowly he drew back into the shadows to watch and not to be seen.

For abruptly two figures had appeared upon the rocky head of the mountain across the lake. They had come up from the further side, and when he saw them first stood clear-cut against the sky. They might have been hunters, since each carried a rifle.

The two figures separated, one going along the crest of the ridge, the other climbing downward cautiously until he stood at the edge of the cliffs. He craned his body to look down as though seeking a way to the lake, straightened and stared for a long time toward the snow tops of the more distant altitudes. He turned and must have said something to his companion, who leaped down from a boulder and came to his side. The second man towered over him, head and shoulder.

They talked together, and yet the only sound to carry across the lake and meadow was the rush of air through innumerable tree-tops. The smaller man pointed, his arm outstretched steadily. The other drew nearer, towering above him. He, too, pointed or seemed about to point. From a distance they looked like one man now.

It was with startling abruptness that the two figures were torn apart, each resolved again into an individual. One, the towering man, had drawn suddenly back; the other was falling. And yet the silence was unbroken.

There was never a cry to echo through the gorges from a horror-clutched throat. The falling man plunged straight down a dozen feet, struck against a ragged rock, writhed free, fell again a few feet, and began to roll over and over, plunging down the steep flank of the mountain.

The man who had watched from across the lake had not stirred. The big man on the cliffs came back slowly to the brink and crouched there, looking down, motionless so long that it was hard for the eye to be sure of him, to know if it were really a human being or a poised boulder squatting there.

Then he stood up, holding his rifle. He had done with looking down, now he pivoted slowly, looking off in all other directions. Presently he began climbing back up the few feet to the knife-like crest from which he had descended not five minutes ago. He paused there for hardly more than an instant and then went on, down the further side, out of sight.

The man who had seen all this from his own slope caught up his canvas roll again and hurried down toward the lake. For the first time he spoke aloud, saying:

"Sven Brodie. There's not another man in the mountains brute enough for that."

He hastened on, taking the shortest

way, making nothing of the steepest slopes. He was going straight to the man who had fallen.

The sun was appreciably lower when the man carrying the canvas roll came at last under the cliffs. Before his keen eyes found the man they sought, he heard a voice calling faintly:

"That you, Brodie?"

"No. Brodie's gone."

The voice, though very weak, sharp-eyed perceptibly:

"You, who are you? Not Brodie?"

"No. Not Brodie."

He dropped his roll and began working his way through the bushes. Presently he came to a spot from which he could see a figure propped up against a tree.

"Oh! It's you, is it, King?" The man against the tree did not seem overjoyed; there was a sullen note in his voice.

King came on, breaking his way through the brush.

"Hello," he said, a little taken aback.

"It's you, is it? I thought it would be—"

But he did not say who. He



The Man Against the Tree Did Not Seem Overjoyed.

came on and stood over the man on the ground, stooping for an instant to peer close into his face. "Hurt much?" he asked.

The answer was a long time coming. The face was bloodlessly gray. A long tongue ran back and forth between the colorless lips.

"It's my leg," he said. "I don't know if it's broke. And I'm sort of bunged up." He looked up sharply. "Oh, I'll be all right," he grunted, "and don't you fool yourself."

"Did Brodie—"

The man began to tremble. "Yes, rot his soul." He began to curse, at first softly, then with a strained voice rising into a storm of windy incoherence. Suddenly he broke off, eyeing King with suspicion upon the surface of his shallow eyes. "What are you after?"

"I came to see if I could lend you a hand."

"You know I don't mean that. What are you after, here in the mountains?"

King grew angry and burst out bluntly:

"The devil take you, Andy Parker. I wanted to help you. If you don't take my interference kindly, I'll be on my way."

He turned to be off. If the fellow was able to shift for himself, it suited King well enough. But Parker called to him, and in an altered voice, a whine running through the words.

"Hold on, King. I'm hung up here for the night, anyhow. And I ain't got a bite of grub, and already I'm burning up with thirst. Get me a drink, will you?"

King found where a trickle of clear cold water ran in a narrow rivulet, and presently returned to the injured man with a brimming cup. Parker drank thirstily, and sank back with a long sigh.

"The thing's unlucky, you know, King," he said queerly.

"Is it?" said King coolly. It was like him not to pretend that he did not know to what Andy Parker's thoughts had flown.

Parker jerked his head up and muttered:

"There's been the devil's luck on it for more'n sixty years and maybe a thousand years before that! Oh, you know!" He paused and then spat out venomously: "Oh, I'll get Sven Brodie and I'll get you, too, Mark King. You'll see."

"Another drink before I go?" demanded King. "I got a terrible headache," Parker said. "Aching and singing and sort of dizzy."

King went for more water, this time filling his one canteen. When he returned Parker was trying to stand. He swayed and fell. King, standing over him, thought at first he was dead, so white and still was he. But Parker had only fainted. And, despite all that Mark King could do, the sunset glow had gone and the first star was shining before Andy Parker stirred.

His first call was for water. Thereafter he was never coherent again, though for the most part he babbled like a noisy brook. He spoke of Sven Brodie and old Loony Honeycutt and Gus Ingle all in one breath, and King knew that Gus Ingle was sixty years dead; he dwelt belligerently on the "luck of the unlucky Seven." And when, far on in the night, he at length grew silent and King went to peer into his face by the light of his camp-fire, Andy Parker was dead.

Mark King made the grave in the dawn. He put his own blanket down, laid the quiet figure gently upon it, bringing the ends over to cover him. He marked the spot with a pile of rocks; he blazed the two trees. It was all that he could do; far more than Andy Parker would have done for him or for any other man.

The sun was rising when he made his way to the top of the ridge and came to stand where he had seen Parker and Sven Brodie side by side. Just where had Brodie gone? He wondered. The answer came before the question could have been put into words. He saw the dark of a camp-fire shining bright through the dark of a low-lying flat two miles or more from his vantage point. Brodie would be cooking his breakfast now.

After that King moved along the ridge steadily and swiftly like a man with a definite objective who did not care to be spied on. In twenty minutes he came to the disintegrating ruin of a cabin. The walls had disappeared long ago, save for two or three rotting logs, but a small rectangle of slightly raised ground indicated how they had extended.

Here he made his breakfast from what was ready cooked in his pack, dispensing with the fire, which would inevitably tell Brodie of his presence.

King's first interest was centered on the ground under foot. He went back and forth and about the ruin of the cabin several times seeking any sign that would tell him if Brodie and Andy Parker had been here before him. But there were no tracks in the softer soil, no trodden down grass. It was very likely that no foot had come here since King's own last October. A look of satisfaction shone for an instant in his eyes.

He made sure that he had left no sign of his visit here, not so much as a fallen crust of bread, caught up his pack and found the familiar way down the cliffs, striking off toward the higher mountains and the high pass through which he would travel tonight.

To have followed the pace which King set that day would have broken the heart of any but a seasoned mountaineer. At six o'clock he made a fire in a bleak windy pass, surrounded by a glimmering ghostly waste. He rested by his fire with his canvas drawn up about his shoulders, smoked his pipe, remade his pack, and went on.

(Don't Next Week)

Lotta Lippe—What's more disagreeable than a woman with a crying baby?

Abel Sasse—The baby, of course —Ex.

GOD IS ABLE!

God is strong enough—

And wise and true and kind enough—

To take your case and lift you out; to lead you on and crown you—

But first you must turn from sin and count yourself clear of all guilt on the ground that "Christ died for our sins." God's Say-So—Bible Salvation, Beaverton, Or. adv.

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 c30-34

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Methodist Church

Geo. F. Gordon, Minister During the absence of the pastor, who with his wife will make a trip to Eastern states leaving here Thursday of this week, Mrs. Nellie Curtis, sister of the local pastor will have charge of the morning services in the Methodist church. She will bring musical talent with her and a good spiritual service is assured the members and friends of the local church.

Kinton Church

Services at the church for this Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10 o'clock in the morning to be followed by preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson at 11 o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend these services.

Bethel Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor Mr. Clarke will take for his subject next Sunday morning, "Partakers of His Life." The Bible school meets at 9:45 and the Christian Endeavor at 7 P. M. There will be no evening service this Sunday. Prayer meeting will be held Wednesday at 8 P. M.

Nazarene Church

Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister Phone 10903

Sunday school at 9:45. Mrs. Flora M. Williams, Supt. Classes for all ages.

Morning worship at eleven o'clock. Sermon by the pastor, "The Gift of the Holy Spirit."

Young People's Meeting at seven o'clock. Miss Alma Herr will lead.

Evening service begins at eight. The pastor's subject will be "Abounding Grace." Solo by Miss Adams "The Old Rugged Cross" illustrated with a chalk drawing by Miss Wilylla Bushnell.

Midweek prayer service Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. The Sunday school board meets following prayer meeting.

St. Cecelia 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.

One thing you can say for Mr. Hoover: He hasn't yet claimed that this is a depression to end depressions.

MICKIE SAYS—

MR. BUSINESS MAN, DO YOU LIKE IT WHEN YOUR CUSTOMERS BUY GOODS OUT OF TOWN THAT THEY COULD HAVE JUST AS WELL HAVE BOUGHT OF YOU? THEN YOU KNOW HOW WE FEEL WHEN YOU SEND YOUR PRINTING ORDER AWAY!

If they don't Buy News in the Paper to Put You, Bring in Some!

INK

Classified Advertising

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

er, etc. Very reasonable. Inquire at Review office.

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—15 O.I.C. Feeder Pigs, very reasonable. M. Balocco, one mile northwest of Jacktown school. p33-34

For Sale—Model T ford engine converted into a stationary power plant, suitable for driving any sort of machinery, pump, grind-

store building in Oregon City.

Wülamette—First prize winner in the Oregon label contest conducted in the foods and nutrition meetings under the auspices of Thelma Gaylord, Clackamas county home demonstration agent, presented 154 different labels. Second place went to the holder of 145 labels and third place to a homemaker who had collected 75 labels.

Corvallis—Simple, inexpensive and effective holders for use in the canning season are made from sections cut from an inner tube of an auto tire, according to a Benton county homemaker. The rubber does not absorb moisture or stain yet protects the hands and enables the canner to make a tight seal when screwing on a hot jar lid.

IN OREGON HOMES

Milwaukie—Winter food supplies for unemployed are being canned in a county owned cannery set up in the grammar school building at Milwaukie. Unemployed of Clackamas county collect surplus crops which have been located by J. J. Inskeep, agricultural agent. Unemployed prepare the food and can it in tin cans under the direction of Mrs. E. L. King, assistant to Thelma Gaylord home demonstration agent. Individuals not on the dependent list may use the cannery and cans by paying five cents a can. Canning appointments are made with the employment manager. To date strawberries, peas, cherries and raspberries have been canned. A similar canning center has been established in an old

store building in Oregon City.

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