

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



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.

Methodist Church

Our church is here to serve you George F. Gordon, pastor

The Methodist church has one major task in this community: that of ministering to the spiritual life of man. If this is overlooked our church has no place in a community. We are here to preach and apply the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We may have very little of this world's goods but we have the privilege of being "Sons of God". It is not necessary to neglect the church because of depression. We are not evaluating our constituency according to their financial holdings. Our church will not make it embarrassing for you. Come to our services Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. The sermon subject will be "What is a Bible Christian?" You will enjoy this service. Special music.

Our Sunday school is well organized and able to take care of all ages. The worth of this institution is seen in what it does for young and old. Time of service ten o'clock.

Our mid-week service will be conducted Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock at the church. A service of song prayer and Bible study. You will greatly enjoy this service

Nazarene Church

Miss Ava S. Adams, Minister Phone 10903

Sunday school at 9:5. Mrs. Flora Williams Supt. Classes for every age.

Morning worship at eleven o'clock. Sermon by the pastor "The Palm Tree Christian."

Young People's Meeting at seven o'clock. Reports of the District Convention held at First Church Seattle.

Evening service at eight o'clock. Sermon by the pastor "The Broad Way".

Midweek prayer service Wednesday evening at eight o'clock.

Bethel Church

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, pastor

Mr. Clarke will conduct the service and preach the sermon next Sunday morning. His topic will be "The Good Earth." There will be no evening services until September 11. The Bible School meets as usual at 9:45 A. M. and the Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P.M. Prayer meetings are held Wednesday at 8 o'clock. We extend to you a very cordial invitation.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, Minister

We appreciate the large number of young people who have formed the habit of attending the Mid-week prayer service. Next week the examinations on "Expert Endeavor" will be given at Turner. We are hoping that a large number will be prepared to take examinations. Details will be given Sunday evening. All who have an opportunity will have to do some home work in order to complete the course before the examinations will be given. Regular services next Sunday. Sunday school at 9:45. Morning worship at 11:00 o'clock. Christian Endeavor is at 7:00 o'clock and evening services at 8 o'clock.

Real Estate Transfers

Samuel J. Haffety et ux to Walter K. Arnold, 1 acre Sec. 27 T2N R3W. L. D. Fay to Chris H. Luton, Lot 1 Blk. 57 Metzger Acre Trs. Emma Heister to Wm. R. Heister et al. Tracts in Sec. 7 and 8 T1N R4W. Franklin E. Heister et ux to Wm. R. Heister et al. Tracts in Sec. 7 and 8, T1N R4W. Grace Fluke et ux to Dewey D. Drorbaugh et ux Part lot 10 Steel's Add. to Beaverton. Ruth Realty Co. to George Cypher, Lot 11 Blk. 44, North Plains. Comte & Kohlman Co. to James A. Bryce et ux, Tract 39 Comte & Kohlman's Little Homes No. 1. Clarence B. May et ux to Winifred H. Ring et ux, 12.08 acres, Wm. H. Bennett Cl. No. 47 T1N R2W.

The Everlasting Whisper, By Jackson Gregory

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SYNOPSIS

In the California sierra Mark King, prospector, sees Andy Park, killed by Sven Brodie, Park's outlaw companion, both known to King. He is on his way to the home of his friend, Ben Gaylor, King and Gaylor share with Brodie and his crowd knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold. King meets Mrs. Gaylor and is impressed by her daughter Gloria's youthful beauty. He instinctively thinks a house visitor named Gratton. With Gloria, King rides to the village of Coloma, intending to "sound" Honeycutt. He finds Brodie with the old prospector, and ultimately forces. Their ride to Coloma and their companionship for a day, draw King closer to Gloria.

CHAPTER IV

That night when King and Gloria said "good night" an odd constraint lay over them. To Gloria, King seemed stiff and preoccupied; she herself had red spots in her cheeks and was nervously tense. The abrupt approach of Brodie with his repulsive face—at a moment when the world swirled away from her underfoot and a divine madness was in her blood—the reaction and revulsion—all this and the resultant conflict of emotions had worn her out. She knew that King was going back to the mountains; she knew when he left, going swiftly and silently, like a shadow; she knew that this time he went armed, carrying her father's rifle.

For Mark King knew that it was inevitable that his path and Sven Brodie's should run closer and closer; that trails made by two men like King and Brodie could never converge harmoniously; that there was too much at stake; that it was well to be ready for Brodie in an ugly mood in an encounter so far removed from the habitations of men that a deed done would pass without human commentary.

A week passed and Gloria went back to San Francisco, leaving a little note for Mark King.

King did not return to the log house. He knew that long ago Gloria would have gone; there was nothing to draw him in her absence. These were strenuous days during which King penetrated the most out-of-the-way corners of the mountains. He held that when Baldy Winch had made him a cabin in so inaccessible and distant a spot as the crest of Lookout ridge, it had been because Winch, the sole survivor of those hardy spirits who had been of Gus Ingle's party, was of a mind to make sure, day after day, that no other men went where he had been. A man like Baldy Winch, as King envisioned him, would do that. Hence, from Lookout ridge one should be able to see the very point, or a peak standing over the very point, where Gus Ingle's men had gone. But always the one difficulty: that point might be a mile away, or ten, twenty, thirty miles away. There was nothing to do but seek—and he knew that that always Sven Brodie, too, was seeking.

So King spent day after day in the canyons and on the ridges, and yet through Ben Gaylor, thought to keep an eye on old Loony Honeycutt.

But there were hours that King thought very little of Brodie, Gus Ingle, or Honeycutt. There were times when the solitudes were empty. At such moments he fancied that a girl came stealing through the trees to him; that she slipped her hand into his own; that she lifted to his her soft eyes; that something within the soul of him spoke to her and that she answered. His pulses quickened; a great yearning as of infinite hunger possessed him. He saw virtually nothing of Brodie. Now and then smoke from a campfire; once or twice the charred coils where Brodie's men had been before him. One day he came upon signs of a killing made the day before; by one of Brodie's outfit, he assumed. Some one had batted for a bear and had killed. The mother bear, he discovered the following morning. For he came upon a little brown cub, whimpering dully. King made the rebellious little fellow an unwilling captive—and smiled as he thought of Gloria. Gloria had talked of bear cubs. If she but had one for a pet! Well, here was Gloria's pet. King that day turned toward the log house. And thus he received at last Gloria's note at Jim Spalding's hands:

Dear Mark: Mama and I have to go back to town tomorrow. I am so sorry that I can't stay up here always and always. Do you realize that I have never seen you in the city? I wonder if you would come down—if I asked you to? I'll say it very nicely and properly like this. Love Gloria Gaylor requests

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He understood, too, by that sixth sense of man which is so keen at certain moments of mental distress that all of Gloria's friends were wondering about him, where he came from, "what his business was." He was tanned, rugged. He was not of them. As he sat with Gloria and found little to say, he was conscious of her eyes probing at him when she thought that he did not see. He looked away, a shadow in his eyes, and chanced to see Gratton. Gratton, who had struck him as contemptible in the woods, a misfit and a poor sort of man at best, was here on his own health. He carried himself well, he talked well; he bore himself with a certain distinction.

When couples were seeking each other to the lazy invitation of the musicians, King slipped away and went outside. He stood in the shadows of the porch seeking to get a grip on himself. In a moment he would go in and say good night to Mrs. Gaylor; he would go good night to Gloria; he would go and put an end to a hideous nightmare. He held himself very much of a fool, and he knew that he was fanciful. But he was of no mind to stay.

Two or three couples came out; he remained unnoticed in the darkness. He heard a girl's voice: "But who is he? I think he's terribly handsome. And distinguished-looking. Superior to our kind of nonsense."

"Who are you talking about, Betty?" Her dancing partner pretended to be in doubt. "Me?"

A whirlwind of girls' laughter. Then one of them saying: "You distinguished-looking! Or handsome! She means the sixty-nine-dollar serge suit."

Heavens! Was there a price tag on him?

"Oh, the animal trainer!" They laughed again. Then Gloria came and they came to her, demanding: "Who is he?"

"Oh," said Gloria carelessly, "he is an old friend of papa's and his name is King."

They went in, two of the girls lingering a little behind the others. Gloria and another. The other, bantering and yet curious, said: "Georgia told me all about a Mr. King up in the mountains this spring. And that it looked like love at first sight to her. 'Fook up, Glory, my dear.'"

King reddened and stirred uneasily. "Georgia's crazy!" Gloria said emphatically. "Why, the man is impossible!"

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"Not going so soon?" "Good-by, Gloria," he said briefly. "Good-by, Gloria."

"Good night, you mean, don't you?" "I mean good-by," he said quietly. "Gratton thrust forward. King left abruptly, leaving them together, conscious of the quick look of pleasure on the face of Gloria's mother."

Always Gloria, yielding to the heady impulses of youth, was ready for High Adventure. Therein lay the explanation of many things which Gloria did. Time went scurrying on. Mark King had returned to the Sierra; no word came from him, and Gloria told herself with an exaggerated air of indifference that she had just about forgotten him. Autumn came, the city grew gay as the season advanced; dinners, dances and theater parties made life a gloriously joyful affair for Gloria. She had hardly the time to ask herself: "Just where am I going?"

It was so much easier to laugh and cry lightly, in the phrase of the day, "I am on my way." She knew that her father was beset by some sort of financial troubles; for the first time in her life he had not come to her birthday party, and her mother had explained, rather soberly, that it was because of a business crisis. Weeks and weeks had gone and still she knew from a look which her mother could not hide that the money troubles were still stalking her father, and coming so close that for the first time in history they cast a shadow into the top of the Sierra down into her mother's heart in San Francisco.

Now Gratton became the man of the hour. He had studied Gloria with infinite patience and he never displeased her. "He understood her," as she comfortingly assured herself. And about the same time fate had it that by two entirely unassociated trends of circumstances he should draw to the dregs of Gloria's lively and romantic interest. In the first place, he began to become a prominent figure in San Francisco. And, of far greater import to Gloria, he became what she liked to consider "a Man of Mystery."

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Gloria never suspected any such condition of affairs; she was too sure of Gratton's attentions. But, being Gloria, she wondered.

One night she and Gratton were having a late supper together at the Palace. Gloria saw the page as he came to the doorway; he stood, an envelope in his hand, looking up and down the room. When at last his eyes rested on her and her companion, the boy came to the table. "Telegram, Mr. Gratton."

the pleasure of Mr. Mark King's presence at her little birthday party, on the evening of August twelfth, at eight o'clock." Just the four of us, Mark, mamma and papa, you and

GLORIA. "August twelfth," said King. "I'll go."

He didn't write, as the necessity of an answer did not suggest itself to him. He took it for granted that she would know that he would come. He chuckled as he thought of the birthday gift he would bring her. There was still a week; he remained with Spalding at the Gaylor mountain home and devoted hour after hour to taming the cub. On the eleventh he was in San Francisco.

He was hustled for an hour or so, finding quarters for his cub, getting a shave and hair cut.

Later he telephoned to the Gaylor home. A maid answered and informed him that Mr. Gaylor had not arrived yet, though he was expected this afternoon or in the morning; that both Mrs. Gaylor and Miss Gaylor were out. King hung up without leaving his name.

The next evening he got a taxi, called for his bear cub, stopped at a



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night in the garage. But Gloria, discovering that she could pat and fondle the little creature, and that he was of friendly disposition, insisted on having him brought into the house for all to see.

"It's the most delightful present of all!" she whispered to King.

In the hallway they were surrounded by a crowd of the curious. Girls in pretty dresses, young fellows in black suits, all very exact as to the proper evening appointments. At first they were disposed to look on King as "the man who brought the cub," and it was only when Gloria began a string of introductions that they understood. One and all, they regarded Mark King curiously.

Mrs. Gaylor appeared and was "very glad indeed to see Mr. King again." Gratton, whom King remembered with small liking, came up and shook hands, and looked at King in a way which did nothing to increase the liking. Ben, it appeared, had been unable to come this year. King was sorry for that as he looked about him.

The evening was anything but that to which he had looked forward. He was out of place and felt more out of place than he was. He was conspicuous because he was different; outwardly in garb, inwardly in much else. There was no one here whom he knew; he had never felt that he knew Gloria's mother, and tonight Gloria's self, puzzling him, baffling him, was an Unknown. Not that she was not delightful to him; she was just as delightful to every other man there, and in the same way. His days with her in the forest blurred and faded.

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New England Accorded High Place in History

After the terrible drubbing she has taken in the last few years at the hands of authors, traveling salesmen and economists, there is a laurel wreath for New England in an article in Harper's Magazine by Bernard de Voto.

"New England is a finished place," declares the writer. "Its destiny is that of Florence, of Venice, not Milan, while the American empire careers onward toward its unpredictable end."

"It is the first American section to be finished, to achieve stability in the conditions of its life. It is the first old civilization, the first permanent civilization in America.

"If the world indeed faces into darkness, New England has the re-

sources of the Yankee nature. They are not only the will to tighten one's belt and hang on. They contain the wisdom of three centuries whose teaching was, finally, defeat.

"The Yankee has experienced nothing but what he was taught to expect. Out of this wisdom, in his frigid climate, against the resistance of his granite fields, he built his commonwealth. It was a superb equipment for his past; it may not be a futile one for our future."

Body Changes No person possesses the same body for more than seven years, every part being replaced within that period.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton Oregon

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hubert, Business Manager

FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1932

cows tested with only 91 reactors and 36 suspects. The campaign was made possible by the county agent obtaining the co-operation of the division of animal industry of the state department of agriculture.

Prairie City—"Our alfalfa, where it was sulfured, yielded three times what it did last year," is but one of the many similar enthusiastic comments of local farmers who have been using this treatment on their hay lands. In most cases the results of the treatment did not show up to best advantage for a full year after the sulfur was applied, reports R. G. Johnson, Grant county agent.

Lakeview—Ten acres of crested wheat grass planted on dry land by H. M. Parks on his ranch at

Fort Rock is producing a lot of forage this year and has remained green after other vegetation has dried up. Mr. Parks has one of the best stands in the county and the grass varies from 6 to 28 inches tall and has stood out well. This field was planted in 1930 at the suggestion of the county agent. He reports that this grass is proving to be a great dough resistant forage plant in many other sections of eastern Oregon.

CALL FOR BONDS

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at a meeting of the Common Council of the Town of Beaverton, Washington County, State of Oregon, the following bonds were ordered paid, October 1, 1932.

Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 of the WATER BONDS OF BEAVERTON, OREGON, issued April 1, 1915 and due April 1, 1932.

These bonds will be paid on presentation to the Bank of Beaverton, Beaverton, Oregon, that being the designated fiscal agent for the Town of Beaverton, or they may be presented directly to the Recorder's office where they will be taken up and cancelled. Interest will cease on October 1, 1932.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, August 1, 1932.

Lela L. Richey, Recorder.

SAFeway STORES