

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Interesting Little Notes from the Surrounding Country as Told by Our Active Special Correspondents Weekly

KINTON. Mrs. E. L. Cox.

S. H. Pomeroy spent Christmas day with his sister, Mrs. W. A. Kirts of Portland.

Albert Dallmann spent a few days last week with his sister, Mrs. Lydia Ohrist, in Gresham.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Anicker spent a few days with friends and relatives in Gresham last week.

Mrs. Robert Pomeroy and three daughters spent Christmas day with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Sparks of Portland.

Henry Bowne, who is employed in Bend, spent the Christmas and New Year's holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bowne, on the Cutting place. Mr. Bowne returned to Bend Tuesday.

Mrs. Warren Wilson went to Bellevue, Oregon, Thursday, where she spent a few days visiting with her daughter and other relatives and friends there. She returned home the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bierly and children attended the Christmas tree and program at the Odd Fellows' hall in Tigard, Tuesday evening. It was children's night and some of the Bierly children took part in the program.

Ivan Bierly and Amos Bierly attended a Beaverton high school program and social held at the high school building last Tuesday evening. Their father, Floyd Bierly, attended the Odd Fellows meeting in Tigard during the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hemrich entertained a large number of their neighbors and friends at their home on Scholls-Portland road, Wednesday evening. The evening was spent playing progressive "500". Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Beulah Boyles and brother Freddy Boyles, who make their home with their grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Daniels, spent the holiday season with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Boyles, of Molalla. They returned to their school duties the first of the week.

Monday, Christmas day, there were a number of large family gatherings. Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Richards entertained most of their children and their families. Mr. and Mrs. August H. Dallmann entertained their children and families, also. Due to the condition of the roads, some could not get through.

HULETT'S FINALLY REACH MICHIGAN

It was between Perham and Richdale that we ran out of gas. In the woods a ways back we had noticed a house but when starting out for the town back of us to get a little gas we noticed automobile tracks on a road coming out of the woods—a road that seemed to angle off toward the house. A hunch induced us to follow that road. As we got near the house, a big police dog bounded out and made as if to devour us. But dogs seem to know the difference between tramps and respectable folks, and it allowed us to keep on. Soon a boy sprang out of the brush, and called to the dog. We inquired of the boy if we could get a little gas as the tracks in the road indicated that an auto had gone into the yard, and not yet come out.

"I'll see what Dad says," he droned and started towards the barn. Soon an angular mustached native made his appearance and inquired what he could do for us. After we had made our wants known he said that he would see if there was any gas in the can. He advanced towards a pump, which, we now realized, was operated by gasoline engine. Picking up a red can, he shook it. "Not much in that," he said "but maybe I can spare you a little. He produced a tin can that would hold possibly three-quarters of a gallon and filled it. "Think that'll do?" And when we asked him how much it was, he stated, "O about ten cents I guess. We buy it for fifteen cents here on the ranch." I gave him a quarter, told him to keep the change, which judging from his actions he had already made up his mind to do.

When we got back to the bus the women had the lunch spread out, and told us that two motorists had stopped and proffered their services and a fuel supply, if it was not obtained.

That day we passed a red and green car three times. This Ford was occupied by a lone lad who got into the most grotesque driving positions imaginable. Once he was lying on his back in the front seat with his feet hanging out over the right front door. Another

HITEON. Zell G. Struthers.

Mr. Vernon Meats of San Francisco spent the holidays with his parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson were New Year's day guests at the C. W. Struthers home.

Miss Harriet Campbell and Mr. Joseph Campbell entertained friends from Silverton during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Holland and children of Beaverton had New Year's dinner at the E. D. Hite home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Struthers and family were dinner guests Tuesday at the N. P. Nielsen home in Tigard.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Carlstedt and son, and Mr. Carlstedt's father were New Year's day guests at the L. M. Davies home.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Struthers and family and Mr. Paul Langer were guests Thursday evening of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Davies and boys and Mrs. Sophia Olson were dinner guests Wednesday at the Wm. Carlstedt home in Powell Valley.

The Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Ferris and Mr. Robert Ferris of Portland were dinner guests New Year's day at the Wm. F. Campbell home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Hite and son Ernest and Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Struthers and son Kenneth spent Saturday evening at the Wm. F. Campbell home.

time he was curled down under the wheel with only his head showing.

By this time we had noticed the different colors of the posts supporting the guard fences. In North Dakota they had been white and green, but here they were taller and painted a sort of silver color and black.

There we crossed the lordly Mississippi, the young folks thought it just a creek, hardly as big as Rock Creek near Hillsboro; that is, as big as Rock Creek is normally not so big as it is now. Here in Minnesota they were very patriotic, the flags flying and little work being done, for it was Labor Day.

The woods had begun to take on their vivid fall dress red, purple, yellow brown with now and then a dark green pine or fir. The lakes were almost too many to count. Surely this is the "land of a thousand lakes" some of which were a deep blue, some dark green, some clear for many fathoms and some not so clear. The rain had been falling the day before and some were quite chocolate colored.

Another thing the young folks noticed was "the red, dried-out evergreens" as they called them. Really this tree, that looks like an evergreen but is really deciduous, is the tamarack. Golden rods were in bloom and buckwheat was being harvested, all new sights to the any other.

At a little place just east of Staples we left Route 10. We had followed it since entering Livingston in Montana. It is one of the best routes we found on all the trip: level country, steady, going over a highly improved roadbed, wide, not crowded and one on which we could get over the ground with less effort than on any other.

This Monday we got into our first congested traffic, on Route 210, going into Duluth. Labor Day and a big night fair were the cause and, say, for twenty miles or thereabouts we had to watch on all sides. Here we learned to let the back seat drivers watch for the road signs. Once we did not get turned quite so quickly



Kinton Church

At the close of the session of Bible school Sunday morning, a business meeting was held to talk over the work for the coming year. Some of the scholars will be promoted, and changes made in classes. Mrs. Floyd Bierly was elected as superintendent of the cradle roll department for the coming year.

CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

Rev. Willard F. Anderson

As we look into the face of the New Year we wonder what it holds for us. We look out with great expectation and hope for better things, for ourselves, for the community and for the nations. But after all there is only one way of getting really better things, and that is by adjusting ourselves to the statutes of God who is "The giver of all good things." And why not start by a regular attendance at the house of prayer? If you have no church home we invite you to worship with us. You will enjoy spirit of our services.

Sunday school, 9:45 a.m. Morning worship 11:00 a.m. N.Y.P.S., 6:30 p.m. Evening service 7:30 p.m. Wednesday prayer and praise, 7:30

as we should, owing to the exclamation "210 R" not registering just as it should. We were not expecting to come to a turn here, and we drove some miles before we could get that right turn in. But we made it at last, but not until we had gone down into the city of Duluth. Had we turned at the first sign we should have kept out of the city.

The bridge between Superior and Duluth is a toll bridge, we believe, though our notes make no mention. Perhaps our memory is at fault for the Missus says that there was no toll bridge nor ferry on this route. Anyway it was almost dark when we got to Superior, Wisconsin. Tourists' camps seemed at a premium there, for it was twenty miles from Superior to a good one. This one was not too good, though better than some we had patronized. It was clean, but the water had to be carried a couple of blocks.

At Superior we switched to Route 2, and followed that almost to the Straits of Mackinaw. It was well kept up. We camped at Bellwood that night, after driving 370 miles.

Next day we entered Michigan, good old Michigan. But it was in the mining district, a country with which we were as unfamiliar as we are with Hawaii. We had heard of it, knew that for many years Michigan led all the states in the production of iron, copper, salt and other minerals. Here at Bessemer we called on friends of Mr. L. W. Short, local manager of the West Coast Telephone Co. We won't tell what they told us about Mr. Short: we don't want to cause him the expense of buying a larger hat, but we will say that they seemed to think he was a "regular fellow", a man with whom they were proud to have been associated. We told them that Beaverton folks were also finding out Mr. Short was of the right sort, an estimable citizen and that we were proud that he was one of our leading Beavertonians.

We'll tell you more of this day's doings in next week's issue.

All are welcome.

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Rev. G. W. Springer

G. W. Springer, Minister

Next Sunday is the time for our regular annual church meeting. Each family is requested to bring dinner, which we will eat together in the basement of the church. Reports from the officers of the different departments of the church will be given.

At the morning church service, Mr. Springer will speak on the topic, "Chastening".

The topic for the evening sermon will be "Out of the Pit."

METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. George F. Gordon

For the last six months of the conference year, our Sunday services will be held in the morning. Beginning next Sunday, the services will be as follows: 10 o'clock, Sunday school. 11 o'clock, Worship service.

Next Sunday, communion will be administered.

You are cordially invited to attend.

CONGREGATIONAL

Rev. Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Charles F. Clarke, pastor

A play entitled "Thanksgiving Ann" will be presented by the Bethel Aid Society next Sunday at 7:30 p.m. The characters are Mr. and Mrs. Allen and their two children, the negro mammy, and the negro man of all work. We do not usually take an offering at the evening service, but this is the ladies' thank offering service and the offering will go to Christian work in America and abroad. The pastor will preach at the morning service, the Sunday school will meet at 9:45, and the Christian Endeavor Society at 6:30. You are cordially invited to attend all services.

CRITICISMS OF NEWSPAPERS IS NOT NEW TO HISTORY

Newspapers mirror life. That is why the historian turns to the files of newspapers for contemporaneous accounts. All history is stale news, though of course, not all stale news is history.

Let me read the newspaper files and I can re-create an era, writes R. W. Jones, associate professor of journalism at the University of Washington, in the current issue of the American Press. The contemporaneous accounts, the returns, the letters of public men, the news in the newspapers of the day, as well as social records, are turned to by the historian as mirrors of the time, as indexes to American culture and American life of that day.

"But newspapers today are hotly criticized and arraigned. Surely they can not be an index of our life and culture today? Newspapers used to be better than they are now, didn't they? Perhaps they were an accurate mirror of American culture then—but not now." I'll phrase it that way.

All kinds of people read newspapers, but they do not all read the same kind of a newspaper. There are business papers, agricultural papers, conservative papers, sensational papers, news papers, views papers, hobby papers, snobby papers, picture papers, country papers, fraternal papers, racial papers, tabloids—and here is the joker—

If any paper, anywhere, does anything I don't like, I generalize at once, and say: "Newspapers do so-and-so."

In 1804, Fisher Ames, Massachusetts congressman, said: "A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no accounts of murders, suicides, prodigies, or monstrous births." He lamented publication of crime news and said: "Some eccentric minds are turned to mischief" by it, since "The spirit of imitation is contagious and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as we do. Every horrid story in a newspaper," he says, "produces a shock, but after some time

the shock lessens, and, at length, such stories are so far from giving pain that they rather raise curiosity and we desire nothing so much as particulars of terrible tragedies!"

That might have appeared in a current magazine.

Jefferson declared in 1807:

"It is a melancholy truth that a suppression of the press could not more completely deprive the nation of its benefits than is done by its abandoned prostitution to falsehood. Nothing can now be believed which is in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by being put into that polluted vehicle."

On June 26, 1796, Gen. George Washington wrote to Alexander Hamilton, giving as one of his reasons for desire to retire to private life and the shades of Mount Vernon, "a disinclination to be longer buffeted in the public prints by a set of infamous scribblers."

Noah Webster wrote in 1800, "I aver that no government can be durable and quiet under the licentiousness of the press that now disgraces our country."

How could such criticism be justified, and continue to live? (To be Continued)

When you see it in the Review you know that it's true.



Lisle Walker

Assistant Scoutmaster Scouts who met at the last meeting reorganized their patrol system, making new groups for future work and content. One of the new patrols, made up mostly of Flaming Arrows, is now headed by patrol leader Gene Brown. The patrol leader for the other group is now James Thompson.

The game of "thought tag" was played, in which an object is described with a member from each patrol rushing to touch it first.

Tonight dates for hikes will be announced, for this and coming months.

Plans are already being laid for a big parents' night meeting, early in February.

CONSTIPATED 30 YEARS AIDED BY OLD REMEDY

"For thirty years I had constipation. Sourcing food from stomach choked me. Since taking Adierika I am a new person. Constipation is a thing of the past."—Alice Burns, Brown's Beaverton Pharmacy.

Advertisement for The Review magazine featuring a large coupon for a money saving offer. The coupon allows readers to choose any five magazines for only \$1.75 and includes a list of various magazine titles such as Gentleman, Country Home, Good Stories, and others. The text emphasizes the value of the offer and encourages readers to act now.

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger