

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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Let's Plow In the Surplus

There appears to be a move-
ment to promote the art of con-
versation as one of the means of
profitably spending one's leisure
moments. It is declared that con-
versation has gone into a serious
decline and that heroic measures
must be taken to rescue it from
oblivion.

One should not think of talking
as closely related to conversation.
Talk is merely a weed in the gar-
den of conversation. It may have
its value in assisting to fertilize
the ground but it never can be
developed into the beautiful flower
emplified in the interchange of
thought through the medium of
what may be termed expert con-
versation.

A renaissance of the art, which
reached a high degree of perfec-
tion during the Shakespearean era,
is at hand. We may look forward
to an NCA in our alphabetical ac-
tivities. A National Conversational
Administration must be immediately
formed. The organization of state
branches and municipal groups natu-
rally will follow.

The conservation of conversation
is essential not only to the pro-
motion of a profitable leisure, but
also for the perpetuation of the
English language. Standards of
conversation need to be set up by
Congress and penalties laid for
fraud, impurities and overproduc-
tion. Conversation groups may be
equipped with dictionaries, Peppys'
Diary and a list of current stock
market quotations. Other combi-
nations likely to stir an easy flow
of conversation may be substituted
from time to time. Something has
got to be done.—Christian Science
Monitor.

DISCUSS DEFICIENCIES
OF PENSION LAW

(Continued from last week)

It has been contended by many
applicants that the law provides the
payment of a pension of \$30.00
per month to each claimant who
proves his or her eligibility. This
is an erroneous idea. The law pro-
vides that the amount of pension
shall be fixed by the Commission
with due regard to the condition
of each case, but in no case shall
it exceed \$30.00 per month includ-
ing any income which the claim-
ant may have from any other
source. The amount of the pension
paid to any individual is discre-
tionary with the Commission.

The law further provides that the
Commission may require as a con-
dition to the granting of a pen-
sion that all or any part of the
property of the applicant for a
pension be transferred to the Com-
mission which then has the au-
thority to manage the property in-
cluding the power to sell, lease,
or transfer the property.

The situation in Washington Co.
is perhaps typical of that which
exists in practically every County
in the State. When the budget
for 1934 was drafted it was im-
possible for the Budget Committee
to make any accurate estimate of
the probable number of people in
this County who would be eligible
for an old age pension, and the
sum of \$40,000 was placed in the
budget to cover the pension pay-
ments. Following the public hear-
ing on the budget this item was
reduced by the County Court to
\$10,000 and a levy was made for
that amount. This sum has proved
wholly inadequate for the reason
that the number of applications
has far exceeded all estimates which
were made at the time the County
Budget was considered. Up to the
present date 234 people have
made application to the Old Age
Pension commission for a pension,
and each of these cases have been
investigated and carefully consid-
ered. Of this number 167 old age
pensions have been allowed and 67
have been rejected. The amount of
individual pensions vary from \$4.00
per month to \$12.00 and the aver-
age amount of each pension paid
is \$6.70 per month per person. At
the present time the County, is
paying \$1,118.90 each month for
the old age pensions and at this
rate the \$10,000 budgeted for the
year 1934 will be consumed before
the expiration of the year. The
payment of the maximum amount
of \$30.00 per month to every pen-
sioner of this County would cost
the taxpayers in excess of \$60,000
a year and would increase the real
property taxes by more than two
mills, which added to the already
existing taxes would be confisca-
tory.

The Old Age Pension Commis-
sion realizes the insufficiency of a

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Stephen Drake, with his four-year-
old son, is rescued from a blizzard
by Jim Flynn, big timber operator.
Drake, until his death, impresses on
the boy, Steve, the debt they owe
"Old Jim." Twenty years later, Steve
meets "Young Jim" Flynn, his bene-
factor's son. Sent by Old Jim, in-
capacitated through an accident in
which Kate, his daughter, is tempo-
rarily blinded, to take charge of the
company's headquarters. Worthing
Frans, a plotting enemy of the
Flynnas, in a fist fight, the Polaris
crew assumes Steve is Flynn's son,
and he takes charge, as "Young
Jim." A photograph of Kate Flynn,
which he finds, immensely increases
his desire to aid Old Jim. Steve
gains the warm friendship of La-
Fane, queer woods scout. Drake es-
capes a death trap set for him.
Frans discovers Steve's impersona-
tion. Steve accuses Frans of setting
the death trap, exhibiting evidence,
and the man dare not act. Steve
sends LaFane to find Young Jim
and sober him up. Steve wins the
friendship of MacDonald, owner of
timber land the Flynnas greatly need,
and the Scotsman gives him an op-
tion for Polaris to buy his timber.
Knowing of the option, and wanting
the timber for a rival company,
Frans plans to put Steve out of the
way, but the latter outwits him.
Frans secures another option and
records it. He finds out that \$25,000
is to be forwarded from Chicago to
Drake, and the time of its arrival.
Frans plans to steal the \$25,000.
Kate Flynn arrives at headquarters,
bearer of the money which will save
Polaris. Her eyes are bandaged, and
before Steve has to betray himself
by speech a forest fire alarm is
sounded. Drake hastens to take
charge of the fire fighters. While he
is directing the work LaFane ar-
rives with Young Jim, sobered.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

The boy stood there and drew a
hand that shook with excitement
across his lips. His job! On the
ground, after such a start, and to
encounter such a complication for a
beginning! LaFane's quiet recital
of Drake's achievement was in his
mind, now, and he was humble be-
fore his past and the prospect of
his future . . . and humble, as well,
before the man who had used his
name with such effect.

As he stood there, the whirlwind
came. It swept across the unburned
slash between its point of origin
and the line of backfire, swinging
in a majestic terrible arc. At the
tip of its dangling funnel, it was a
shower of sparks, and these, as
Young Jim watched, were sowed
behind the fire fighters in the bend.
Grass burst into flame; the wicked
tongues found hold in the conflag-
ration in front of them, were
bedged in by an orange barrier from
the rear.

Young Jim cried out, but his voice
did not carry. He saw the ring of
flame rise and broaden, touching
with explosive tentacles all material
close by.

A half moon of unburned slash
was all that the men yonder had
for safety. All along the roadway
before them fire was running; be-
hind, that ragged semicircle of new
flames was closing gaps to wall
them in. At the center of this zone
Jim made out a small pond, a hun-
dred feet across, perhaps; it offered
a haven of a sort. He raced down
the slope, tripping once and falling,
slashing his cheek on a sharp stub.
He was up, cursing as he wallowed
in a deceptive pile of brush, hidden
by young growth, and threw himself
into the creek, fighting his way
through the slides on the far side.

He came out into the chopping
and swung to the right, shouting
once more in an attempt to make
those men aware of their danger.
The gap in the line of fire for
which he was headed closed to
solid flame as a vagrant blast of air

sent the blazes crackling through
the grass.

He raced back to the left, seek-
ing a way through, but before he
reached the next opening that also
closed. He coughed from smoke
now, and his eyes were tortured.
The fire snapped and pluffed at him
as if in conscious mockery. He
brushed tears from his eyes and
strove to locate the little pond, try-
ing to determine whether, could he
attract attention, those men would
be able to gain that one sanctuary
in what, within minutes, would be
an inferno. But smoke obscured a
view of the water. He found a place
between two windrows of litter that
was not yet ablaze. He edged to-
ward the narrow opening and re-
collected as the shirt curled on his
shoulders from the heat that beat
upon him from either side. He could
not go into that; it was beyond hu-
man endurance. And yet as a fresh
puff of wind struck him, he knew
that he must. Human lives depend-
ed on the ability of his body and
will to withstand the ordeal of fire.

He had only a dozen steps to take
before he would be through the
worst, and he held his lungs flat so
he would not breathe the flame. The
skin begun to blister on his neck,
the hair on one temple singed and
he felt the fire licking at his legs
as he summoned all his strength,
and with one final effort ran.

He was through, choking, weak-
ened by the heat, but through. He
was within the ring of fire, charging
across the acres that would be rag-
ing at any instant.

The men were losing their fight.
At three points the backfire had
crossed the road and was running,
rolling with the wind. They were
still in front of it, giving ground
grudgingly, fighting as they retreat-
ed, ready to come to a full stand at
the creek, and it was not until this
young stranger, blackened and blis-
tered, burst upon the nearest trio
who fought side by side that they
turned to see through the flowing
haze that other wall of flame lick-
ing toward them from the rear.

"Into the pond!" Jim croaked.
"You're cut off. . . . The pond!"
One man dropped his shovel and
fled madly. The others clung to
their equipment as they made a
break for water.

Jim ran on to the next group,
floundering and still trying to shout
from his smoke-hoarse throat.
McNally finally heard him. He
turned, saw what was coming and
ran.

A narrow ribbon of water was
just at their left. It was a slender
arm of the pond, lying in a swale.
Along its edge flame spears danced
but it offered a way through. They
sank to their thighs in the mire,
gained the deeper water of the pond
and threw themselves down, only
their heads above the surface, faces
buried in the green leatherleaf on
the banks which would not burn
and which pocketed life-giving air.

That was early afternoon. It was
four hours later before the burn
had cooled enough to let them make
a break for the creek bank and
cross.

On the high land yonder a wearied
but still vigilant line of men stood.
They had made their stand and had
won. At a thousand points snags
and stumps were burning, but the
backfire had finally held, the red
menace was thwarted.

The group of men who followed
Young Jim across the creek were
naturally undemonstrative and they
stopped on the higher ground and
looked self-conscious and foolish as
others clustered around. Silently,
one of them took and shook Jim's
head and more would have done
the same had the boy not laughed
them off.

must be procured from the owners
of real property in this County.
The solution of the Old Age
Pension problem lies in the ability
of the Legislature to provide funds
for the payment of pensions from
some source other than a tax lev-
ied against real property.

Washington County Court—Don-
ald T. Templeton, County Judge;
H. D. Kerkman, County Commis-
sioner; James Lewis, County Com-
missioner.

But McNally had something to
say and said it grimly.
"If it hadn't been for you," he
declared, "six of us 'd've tried to a
crisp. You done it. Whoever you
are, young man, you're all there!"
Steve, standing a little distance,
saw in the faces of the company
the thing he had stirred himself on
the first evening at headquarters:
respect, admiration, an admission
of that superiority which makes men
willing to follow another. But be-
tween the two incidents was a dif-
ference. He, Steve Drake, had only
whipped a rascal; this Young Jim,
now showing confusion himself, had
saved lives. From that moment on,
those men of the Polaris crew were
his to command.

CHAPTER IX

EVENING, now, but it had been
fresh morning when Steve Drake
left headquarters.

Alone on the threshold of the store
Kate Flynn had stood as the boats
buzzed away, fingers working
against her palms.

Old Tim Todd, the only one left
with her, limped back toward the
store.

"Who are you?" Kate asked
sharply as he approached.

"It's me, Tim Todd, Katie. Don't
you recollect?"

"Oh, Tim!" She put out a hand,
groping for his and clutched his
gnarled old fingers tightly. "Tim,
does it look bad?"

"Well, Katie, it looks pretty bad;
but, then, it might look a lot worse,
too. I reckon they'll get her down
in about two-three jerks. With
Young Jim on the job I guess even
fire's got to have a time of it, do-
n't you much damage?"

"Yes, Jim . . ." the girl said, as
if to herself. "Tim, tell me,"—
quickly. "Tell me about this . . .
about Young Jim."

"About him? Shoo! How could
I tell you anything about your
brother? He's turned things inside
out, here. I'll be dusted if he ain't
done things that nobody ever
drempt could be done! He's better
'n a chip off the old block, I say!"

"Yes, he's done wonderfully well,"
the girl murmured and placed
finger tips against lips that still
burned from that strange kiss. "But
tell me," she began, resolved to
learn something of this man who
had held her in his arms, who was
referred to as her brother but who,
she well knew, was not her brother.
"Lordy, lookit her roll now!" the
old man moaned and Kate com-
menced to tremble, torn as she was
between conflicting, and dramatic,
interests.

"Is it going fast? How does it
look, now?"

The old fellow described the
smoke and country as best he could.
He brought a chair for her to sit
in because she would not leave the
doorway. He tried to quiet her
when she became frantic as he de-
scribed the way the smoke rolled
higher and spread across the upper
end of the lake.

"Are you telling me the truth,
Tim?" she asked repeatedly and the
man swore that he was.

"Oh, for eyes!" she cried. "If I'd
stayed in Chicago the bandage was
to have been taken off tomorrow.
The doctor insisted I must not take
it off while I was away from him.
So you must tell me, Tim, and tell
everything. I'm depending on you,
so!"

After a time, as her agitation
only increased, Tim attempted to
take her mind at least partially
from the fire. He talked of her er-
rand, of the salvation for the job
that requirement of the Laird's tim-
ber meant.

"Oh, the brief case!" she said.
"Where is it? Mac said he would
put it in the safe."

"And we will, too, Katie!"
Tim put the money away and
went on talking, trying to keep her
interested in things of a more re-
assuring nature than the fire.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dear Mr. Burma Shave:

I now take my pen in my hand
to let you know I bought a tube
of your shaving cream. It says no
mug required. What shall I shave?
—Percival

Mina Sweeney's brother, Stoopie,
is all crippled up with rheumatism.
The Doctor prescribed gymnastics
for him and Mina is worried stiff
because she's been to twelve drug
stores and none of them have it.
—The Forest Log.

CHURCH
ANNOUNCEMENTS

Congregational Church

Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Bible School, 9:45 a.m. Mr. Har-
ry Boswell, Superintendent.Worship and sermon, 11:00 a.m.
Even song and sermon, 8:00 p.m.
You are very cordially invited.

Church of the Nazarene

Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor

You will find a friendly wel-
come at all our services.Sunday school 9:45 a.m.
Morning worship, 11:00 a.m.
N.Y.P.S., devotional, 7:00 p.m.Evening preaching service, 8:00
p.m.Wednesday Prayer and Praise,
8:00 p.m.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, minister

In our Christian Life Program
the red's who have been behind
up to the present time are now
in the lead. We are anxious to
know what the score will be Sun-
day.

Next Sunday morning Mr. Spring-
er will speak on the topic, "An
Endless Life." The topic for the
evening will be, "A Rich Man and
a Poor Man."

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LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Boswell and
family attended the wedding of
Burton Frost at the Friends church
in Newberg Sunday morning.

On June 5th Roy Bacon was
kicked by a horse belonging to
Harry Hudson. He received a cut
on the scalp about 6 inches long,
and his shoulder was injured. This
horse is acquiring quite a repu-
tation. It is the same horse that
kicked Jim Downing about a year
ago, and broke his neck.

WANTED AND FOR SALE

Have your prescriptions filled at
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For Rent—House with barn, cheap.
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adv c-26-28

For Sale—1 acre clover and oats.
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Rt. 1. Phone 4107. c-28

Strawberries—50c a crate, you pick.
ring container. Rt. 2, Portland.
Y. Sato, near Bethany Presby-
terian church. c-27-28

Will the Person or Persons Who
borrowed the high school banner
return it to F. W. Bushnell or
I. R. Metzler immediately.

For Trade—Nubian, fresh goat for
rabbits. Rt. 1, Frank Jones.
adv p-27-28

For Sale—Milk cows, fresh and
coming fresh. Cash or terms
with small payments. Gail Karns,
Orencia. Phone Hillsboro 2621X.
adv p29-32

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G. A. COBB

Attorney at Law

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By Sam Iger

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



The Old Age Pension Commis-
sion realizes the insufficiency of a