

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA-  
VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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**The Letter Box**

To our Depositors and Friends:  
It is the wish of the under-  
signed in behalf of the stockhold-  
ers and employees of the Bank of  
Beaverton, that the following in-  
formation be conveyed to you.

I keenly regret the necessity of  
this letter to the many good friends  
who we have been privileged to  
serve during our twenty-one years  
of business, because your friend-  
ship and confidence in us aided the  
progress and growth of this in-  
stitution and this fine community.  
Opening as a restricted bank after  
the National Bank Holiday of  
March 1933, because of circumstan-  
ces which no one could control,  
we were faced with the difficult  
task of removing those restrictions.  
The success of this task depended  
on the co-operation and support of  
all parties interested; officials of  
the bank, the State Banking De-  
partment and Depositors. A plan of  
reorganization was necessary for  
every restricted bank before it  
could be released of its restrictions,  
and a reorganization would have  
been far better for the depositors  
and community than a liquidation  
and such procedure was impossi-  
ble for the Bank of Beaverton.

However, the strenuous efforts  
of the officials of this bank and  
a large number of depositors to-  
wards a reorganization plan have  
been blocked by a small group of  
depositors.

A committee was appointed at  
a meeting of the depositors held  
in our High school on February  
10, 1934, for the purpose of reor-  
ganizing the bank and this com-  
mittee worked faithfully on a reor-  
ganization plan, and a second  
meeting of the depositors was called  
and held in the High School,  
April 12, 1934, and the following  
plan was presented:

\$5000.00 paid in by the old  
stock holders, 50% of the re-  
stricted Savings Deposits and  
30% of the restricted Commer-  
cial Deposits were to be  
taken over by the reorganized  
bank, and made available in  
cash to the Depositors at the  
time the reorganized bank was  
opened. The assets not taken  
over by the reorganized bank  
were to be placed in the hands  
of three Trustees selected by  
the depositors and these Trust-  
ees were to collect the slow  
assets, in an orderly manner,  
and pay the depositors.

The stock in the reorganized  
bank, except the qualifying  
shares of Directors was to be  
held by the three Trustees, and  
the profits of this stock was  
to go to the depositors, until  
their deposits were paid in  
full, and if the stock was sold  
by the Trustees, then the sale  
prices was to be paid to the  
depositors.

In order to complete this plan,  
it was necessary to have the  
approval of depositors representing  
95% of the deposits. In other  
words, if all but 5% approved of  
it the plan would succeed and all  
of the depositors would eventually  
receive their deposits in full.

It is a regrettable fact, however,  
that at this meeting four mem-  
bers of the Committee, refused to  
indorse or accept the reorganiza-  
tion plan, but instead presented a  
petition asking for immediate li-  
quidation by the State Banking De-  
partment, and the pity of it is,  
that the signers of this petition  
some thirty depositors controlled  
some over \$50,000 in deposits or  
nearly 25% of the deposits, thus  
making the plan impossible.

Our attention has recently been  
called to the fact that some of  
the signers of this petition asking  
for liquidation were informed that  
if they signed they would get their  
money at once.

The officials and employees will  
continue to reside in this commu-  
nity, and will continue to be at  
the service of their many friends,  
although they are forced out of  
the banking business, after a long  
hard fight to save the Bank from  
liquidation.

**On Oregon Farms**

Lakeview—Crested wheat and  
Smooth Erome grass are appar-  
ently the only grasses to survive  
the past few years in most of  
the dry land forage nurseries in  
Lake county, according to V. W.  
Johnson, county agent, who recent-  
ly made a check up on this matter.  
Crested wheat grass made an ex-  
cellent growth on the Charles

**CODE OF THE NORTH**

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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**CHAPTER IX—Continued**

At noon they were still in the  
doorway of the store, with Kate  
showing signs of the physical strain  
she was under.

"Better come to my shanty 'nd  
lay down a while," the man said  
sollicitously.

She protested at first but Tim  
continued to insist that she rest and  
finally his way prevailed. Slowly  
he led her across to his one-room  
cabin, twenty rods from the store.  
She lay down on his bed and turned  
her bandaged face toward the wall.  
He stood there watching as long  
sobs commenced to rack her body  
and then busied himself preparing  
a lunch.

While he puttered about his stove  
a man emerged from the timber on  
the opposite side of the lake and  
stood looking across the neck of  
water toward the buildings. His  
brows were gathered and he wait-  
ed as one will whose first objective  
is to be certain that when he moves  
it will be in the proper direction.

Afternoon waned and once he  
cursed softly. He had gone further  
in his pacing, that time, and when  
he halted and looked across the  
water Tim Todd's shanty was hid-  
den from him by the store building.  
Then he nodded sharply in decision  
and hastened through the brush to  
where a canoe and pack were  
cached. He lunched and took the  
few strokes necessary to send him  
across the intervening water.

Then, very cautiously, looking all  
about and with one long stare up  
the lake toward where all the avail-  
able man power of Good-Bye bat-  
tled the flames he had set, ran  
across the sand toward the store.

The lowering sun was reflected  
dazzlingly from windows in the side  
of the building. He approached  
one, put his face close and stared  
within. The place was empty and  
he smiled. This was a safe way;  
to use the door would be at the risk  
of revealing himself to Tim. Slowly  
he shoved the window open, care-  
ful to make no sound, placed his  
hands on the sill and vaulted with-  
in. A moment later he was pass-  
ing quickly around the end of the  
counter and dropping to his knees  
before the safe. . . .

Tim Todd had been talking con-  
stantly to Kate for the last half  
hour. The girl clung tightly to his  
gnarled hand.

"Looks better all th' time, Katie,"  
he insisted. "I'd like to bet they  
stopped her at Otter creek though  
how they'd do it in slash like that  
'nd op a day like this—"

He broke short as his gaze  
chanced to wander to the store.  
Through a window on the rear side  
he saw a man clambering through  
a window on the other!

"I'll be dusted!" he muttered,  
dropping the girl's hand and rising.  
"How come that-a-way?"

"What, Tim? What's happened?"  
Kate rose, freshly alarmed at his  
tone.

"Just somebody at th' store, Katie.  
Likely they'll need some-  
thin'. I'll skip over."

He did not skip. He hobbled as  
rapidly as he could along the path-  
way, his old heart thumping in  
alarm. Twenty-five thousand dol-  
lars reposed in the old cheese-box  
of a safe and some man had just  
entered the building with stealth.

He tiptoed up the steps and  
poised, looking within at Franz,  
kneeling before the safe. Franz had  
inserted the point of a wrecking bar  
behind the inner door. He strained

against it as Tim halted; with a  
grating and a tinkle the lock gave,  
the door swung open and the brief  
case dropped from the shelf on  
which it had been placed.

"Here, you, Franz! What're you  
a-doin'?"

The words brought Franz to his  
feet, an odd sound in his throat.

They faced one another for an in-  
terval of strained silence. Franz  
was trapped, caught red-handed. He  
accepted the situation resolutely.

"You'd better clear out, Tim!" he  
said, darkly, snatching up the brief  
case. "I'm on my way. Right now!"

"You're a danged thief!" Tim  
cried.

"Shut up and get out!" Franz  
snarled, walking toward him.

"Get out, be dusted! I'm in charge  
here! I'm responsible for what's  
in here. Franz, you drop that  
satchel!"

He lurched inside and snatched  
up an ax which leaned against the  
wall.

The younger man halted, balked  
by this show of resolution.

"Put down that ax, you old fool!  
I'm caught, fair enough, and I've got



"Oh, I can't, eh? Can't stop ye,  
Can't I? Well, We'll See 'Bout—"

to go through with it, now. You  
can't stop me."

"Oh, I can't, eh? Can't stop ye,  
can't I? Well, we'll see 'bout—"

And quickly, stoutly, he swung his  
ax as though he were striking at a  
tree, driving squarely for Franz's  
shoulder.

The other leaped backward; the  
bit buried itself deeply in the floor  
and as Tim wrenched it free Franz  
leaped the counter and made for  
the window through which he had  
entered.

"No ye don't!" Tim screeched  
and lunged after him, swinging the  
ax again. "No ye don't! Ye can't  
come it over me, Franz! Back into  
that corner, young man! I'll split  
ye in two if ye try to git away,  
now!"

Slowly but surely Franz was be-  
ing cornered. The double bit sung  
in wide arcs as Tim advanced step  
by step.

Franz's face lost color.  
"Get out, old man!" he cried  
finally. "Get out or . . ." And  
then Tim was looking down the  
muzzle of an automatic pistol.

"Yah!" he jeered. "Ye can't scare  
me with no pop gun! Ye drop that  
or I'll chop yer hand—"

"Stay back!" Franz gasped, com-  
ing up against the safe and then  
the automatic spat just once, or-

ange flame darting from the barrel.  
The ax lost its firm swoop of di-  
rection, it sagged and drooped and  
dropped, bouncing and sliding to  
the far side as Tim, with a low  
whimper, raised both hands as if  
they were great weights, to his  
pierced breast.

"Shot me!" he gasped in amaze-  
ment. "Dusted if . . . ye didn't. . . ."

His knees gave. He went down  
slowly, wilting rather than fall-  
ing, slumping to one hip and then  
sprawled shuddering on the floor. . . .

From the doorway of the little  
cabin Kate Flynn had heard. She  
heard Tim shout; heard another  
voice giving answer and the tones  
of the exchange stirred her to ac-  
tion. She groped her way into the  
beaten path as voices raised high-  
er, as feet thudded, as the ax  
crashed and smashed. Her hands  
were extended before her and she  
called out repeatedly to Tim.

Then, nearing the store, she  
heard Franz's final warning and  
Todd's gallant defiance. Lastly, the  
venomous spat of the pistol.

With that, the girl ceased grop-  
ing. Her hands whipped to her  
temples, fingers fastened in the  
white gauze of the bandage and  
with a jerk she pulled it from her  
eyes.

Sharp pains tore to the back of her  
head. She puckered her lids against  
the assault of light and wrinkled her  
face against the sudden torture.  
But she could see, and that was all  
that really mattered.

She stumbled forward those last  
few steps, knees weak with misgiv-  
ing and when Franz, pistol in one  
hand, brief case in the other,  
stepped over the prostrate form of  
the old man he came face to face  
with her.

"You . . ." she moaned. "You  
shot him! You killed him! You'll  
answer for it! I heard everything!  
I was just outside."

For an instant Franz stared at  
her. Then an odd smile crossed his  
face, he shoved the pistol into his  
holster against his side and he wet  
his lips.

"Yes, you heard. But, you see,  
you are here alone," he said simply  
and the quality of his tone was om-  
nious. "And with you gone? What  
then? Who would know?"

Behind him Tim Todd closed one  
hand. From his chest a dark stain  
was spreading on the floor boards.  
"You mean, you'd shoot me down,  
too? Because I know?"

Franz laughed mockingly, and  
tucked the brief case under one  
arm.

"No," he said, and stepped closer.  
"It isn't pleasant business, I've  
discovered." A slight shudder trav-  
eled his big body. "I wouldn't harm  
a hair of your head, Kate . . . un-  
less it became necessary." He  
licked his lips again; the lights in  
his eyes were shifting and changing  
as he planned a way out for him-  
self. "I didn't intend to steal; I  
didn't want to kill. I wanted to  
block your deal with MacDonald,  
only, but"—with a shrug—"things  
broke badly. With the breaks go-  
ing against you, you do the best you  
can. So, with you, there are things  
to be done."

"What things?" she whispered,  
alarmed for her own safety, now.

"You are alone. When you go,  
there will be none to know what  
happened."

"No, no. You can't do that!"

"I can't? Ha!" He snuggled the  
brief case closer against his side.  
"What's in here, and liberty, are all  
I have left." He caught her hand  
as she started to turn away. "I can  
use them both, seeing that they're  
all I own."

"We'll start, now; just you and  
I. We'll be together long enough  
so I'll be sure I've a start. And  
then . . . we'll cross that bridge  
when we reach it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Crump ranch in South Warner val-  
ley where it was planted early in  
1929 on a dry hillside, and the  
wind had spread the seed and  
new plants were coming.

Dallas—Evidence that the ear-  
wig parasites introduced into Dal-  
las two years ago have been of  
material help in holding the pests  
in check was gathered by J. R.  
Beck, county agent, through a tel-  
ephone survey of the various sec-  
tions of the city recently. Early  
in May it looked as though there

would be a heavy earwig infes-  
tation this year, Mr. Beck says,  
but in the words of one homema-  
ker, "Something has happened to  
them." Others interviewed say that  
the earwigs are small and puny  
this year. Additional evidence that  
the parasites have been getting in  
their work is found in the fact  
that most of the calls for earwig  
control now come from rural wo-  
men, while formerly they came  
from city homemakers, Mr. Beck  
points out.

Once we heard of a Scotchman  
who, when he went to the res-  
taurant, ordered asparagus so that  
he could leave the waiter a tip.

"And hay fever," says Cronie,  
is both positive and negative.  
Sometimes the ayes have it—some-  
times the noes."

When General Sam breezed blith-  
ely into our studio last Monday we  
suspected he had something up his  
sleeve. He peeled off his coat—it  
was only a goosepimple.

**CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS**



**Congregational Church**  
Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Bible School, 9:45 a.m. Mr. Har-  
ry Boswell, Superintendent.  
Services

Worship and sermon, 11:00 a.m.  
Even song and sermon, 8:00 p.m.  
You are very cordially invited.

**KINTON CHURCH**  
Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor

There will be a preaching ser-  
vice at the church this Sunday at  
9:45 in the morning, by the pas-  
tor, Rev. W. E. Simpson, followed  
by a session of Bible school about  
10:30. Rev. Simpson has been with  
this field for the past four years  
and all members of the church  
and congregation hope the confer-  
ence which convened at Corvallis  
last week will return him for long-  
er service.

**Church of the Nazarene**  
Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor

Monday, June 25, at 8:00 p.m.,  
the male quartet from Northwest  
Nazarene College will be with us.

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numbers, Negro spirituals, and pi-  
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best in the northwest. This will be  
a rare treat, that you cannot af-  
ford to miss. Plan to attend.

Our regular services are: Sun-  
day school, 9:45 a.m. Morning  
worship, 11:00 a.m. N.Y.P.S. 7:00  
p.m. Evening service, 8:00 p.m.  
Wednesday prayer and Bible study,  
8:00 p.m.  
Everybody welcome.

**Church of Christ**  
G. W. Springer, minister

The Women's Missionary Society  
will hold an installation of officers  
immediately before the evening  
church service next Sunday. All  
members of the society are request-  
ed to be present.

The report of the Christian Life  
Program last Sunday showed the  
red's still in the lead.  
Next Sunday morning Mr. Spring-  
er will speak on the topic, "An  
Answered Prayer."

**WANTED AND FOR SALE**

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**G. A. COBB**  
Attorney at Law  
HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

**"MICKY" AND HIS GANG**



By Sam Iger

Lakeview—Crested wheat and  
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