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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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June 6, 1934

Dear Editor:

The Washington County Central Council of the Civic Emergency Federation, having met at its regular semi-monthly meeting, with delegates from Hillsboro, Forest Grove, Beaverton, Durham, Sherwood and Tigard, passed a resolution to accept the challenge of Washington County Relief Administration Committees, issued through the columns of local newspapers the past month by referring those concerned to F.E.R.A. "Rules and Regulations No. 3."

Rule No. 1 states specifically that Federal Emergency Relief funds are to be administered by public agencies and positively bears no relation to county appropriations. It also states that adequate relief shall be furnished those in need. This includes food or food orders, provision of shelter, allowances for gas, fuel, light and water, allowances for household supplies, and for clothing sufficient for emergency needs. Also, allowances are made for medical and dental attention and medical supplies, to be furnished on the home of the recipient.

These moneys are provided by Federal grants for the use of State Emergency Relief Administration.

The local relief office should be governed by the State Emergency Relief Administration as modified and approved by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. A statement to this effect was issued May 24, 1934 by Jasper J. Mayer, Chief-correspondence division, F.E.R.A. 1734 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

Rules and Regulations No. 7, governing medical care provided in the home to recipients of Unemployment Relief, states as follows:—"The conservation and maintenance of the Public health is a primary function of our Government. In this emergency the ingenuity of the federal, state and local relief officials is being taxed to conserve available public funds and at the same time give adequate relief to those in need. To assist state and local relief administrations in the achievement of these aims with regard to medical care two steps have been taken.

First, to define the general scope of authorized medical care, where the expenditure of Federal Emergency Relief funds is involved, and second, to establish general regulations governing the provision of such medical care to recipients of Unemployment relief."

Extracts from rules No. 1 and No. 3 as of June 23rd, 1933— Rule No. 1, Section B, states "Grants made to States from federal funds under the F.E.R. act of 1933 may be used for the payment of medical attendance and medical supplies for those families that are receiving unemployment relief."

Rule No. 3, promulgated on June 15th, 1933, lists medical care in the home as item 6 in the types of relief that may be provided. Item 6—"Orders for medicine, medical supplies and medical attendance to be furnished on the home."

Under the same rule, adequacy of such relief is made an obligation of the S.E.R.A., and on all political subdivisions of the States administering relief.

F.E.R.A. bulletin No. 1961, dated March 22nd, 1934, page 3, paragraphs 4 and 5, states as follows:—"It should always be borne in mind that the final objective of this program is the placing of the individual family in position to become self supporting.

"Work projects, therefore, should be designed as nearly as possible to accomplish this direct result. "Unquestionably many county relief administrators have heretofore seen in the relief program an opportunity to prosecute local Public Works enterprises, and have, unconsciously perhaps, attached greater importance to the accomplishment of such projects than to the welfare of individual destitute families within their respective communities. It is imperative that this conception, where held, be corrected. Bulletins suggestive types of work projects of rural areas will be issued by this office from time to time."

F.E.R.A. bulletin No. 1482, page 4 order No. 9, states as follows:—"Adequate provisions for hearing

CODE OF THE NORTH

... By HAROLD TITUS ...

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CHAPTER IX—Continued

As he launched the canoe his only thought was swift pursuit. No idea that old Tim might have been mistaken in what he had told entered his mind. He felt that they were out there on the lake, almost within sight, perhaps still within the distance that ordinary sounds of travel might carry.

In the beginning the evening air was clear and he could see fairly well. But no craft, no movement, no suspicious shadow rewarded his vigilance. He stopped paddling now and again to listen. With an out-fit and Kate in his canoe the fugitive would be unable to make much speed. The thing to be done then, Steve reasoned, was to get ahead of him up into the river beyond the smoke where he could lie in wait.

He approached the northern end of the lake. He was tempted to cut across to summon help, to call the entire crew off the fire which was a menace only to property and turn them out to head off the scourge which threatened such a precious thing as Kate Flynn.

And yet that would take time and Kate was Franz's prisoner and he knew he was capable of effecting rescue alone once he could locate that other canoe. His eagerness, his anxiety, therefore, upset his usually good judgment.

He could not sit still. If he had miscalculated, if old Tim had been wrong about the time of Franz's departure, they might be still beyond him. The wood-ramp was not far away; he would go that far, anyway.

A solitary window gleamed yellow as he rounded the bend below the dump, and he called, "You, Francois? On the jump!"

It was the French-Canadian who a crippled foot who had given Steve his directions the evening that he arrived at Good-Bye. His crutches were discarded now and he bobbed with only the aid of a cane.

"Francois, you been here all day?" "Oul! Dat foot, she hurt lak h—l—so—"

"Seen anybody going up the river?" "Sure; oul. Wan man, Franz, she go op rivair long taam—"

"Alone, Francois? Was he alone?" He grasped the man's arm and shook it.

"Oul! She got canoe all load ver' heavy."

"Heavy packs, eh? Lots of grub?" "Oul, oul!" The man nodded.

"Le's stuff, Young Jeem." "How long ago was it, Francois?" "Oh, mabby seex hour, mabby four hour. After—"

"Good Lord, are you sure? Why, that can't be!" "Oul, Mabby she can't be, but she so. De sun, she stan' op in sky all red-lank coal."

Steve brushed past the man and stepped into his shanty.

With the stub of a pencil he scribbled a hasty note:

"Franz killed Tim, took the money and forced Kate to go with him. Is headed up the river with a long start and I'm going my best. Send plenty of help on my trail and in a hurry. Not for me, understand, but Kate may need it."

"There," he muttered, "Now, Francois, you've got to get this note to McNally somehow. Franz killed Tim Todd and stole money from Old Jim. Understand? If you take a long time getting this to McNally you're likely to sizzle in h—l for it!"

And leaving the bewildered chopper duly impressed, he ran down to the river and began paddling up the current, believing that a man planning a get-away would take the first portage into the Mad Woman.

CHAPTER X

ON HER back in the canoe boat Tom Kate Flynn was transported up the lake.

Until they were well into the smoke Franz did not speak. Then he said:

"Quite different, my dear, from a trip I'd once planned to take with you!" He laughed dryly. "That was . . . another year." His mouth twisted oddly, as though he were drowning futile regrets. "I loved you, Kate. Maybe I still do . . . maybe. . . . With twenty-five thousand dollars and you . . ."

Not by so much as the flicker of a lid did the girl indicate that she gave heed, but her heart was in tumult.

Franz paddled steadily and after darkness had fallen guided his canoe against the bank and stepped out.

He helped Kate to a sitting posture and then to her feet. She was stiff and lame from her long confinement and swayed as if she might fall. He held her in his strong hands, peering close into her face with the bandage across her mouth.

"It's a long carry, where we're going. If you'll give me your word to come along, walk fast and not hinder me, I'll untie your hands."

"She shook her head and made a courageously spirited sound.

"Good! If that's how you feel I should have no qualms. It's my liberty I'm working for, now. Nothing else counts!"

He stripped off his belt, backed Kate to a birch tree, secured one end of the strap about her wrists and tied the other to a branch at the height of her shoulders. By drawing down she could hold her hands at the level with the small of her back; when she did not resist the pull of the branch they were held high, in a position that strained muscles and tendons and forced her to bend far forward.

"I won't be gone so long," Franz said, after he had swung the

canoe to his shoulders. "Maybe, by the time I get back you'll be more reasonable."

Actually, he was not gone long, but to the girl a whole epoch passed before his return, unwelcome though it was. She wept at times and breathed irregularly. She tried to stand motionless at intervals and listen in the faint hope that help might be coming. But who could know what had happened? Who could guess where she was? Old Tim's body might have been discovered long since, but



"I Won't Be Gone So Long," Franz Said After He Had Swung the Canoe to His Shoulders.

of telegraphic complaints reaching this office about arbitrary reductions already made.

"Also proceed immediately to establish grievance committees."

It is therefore the purpose of the C. E. F. to assist in every way possible the functioning of the local organization in this county without discrimination and to prevent, if possible, wilful neglect and delay in the issuance of emergen-

cy relief.

Contrary to a conception quite generally held, the C.E.F. has not asked that Washington County appropriate additional funds for its hungry unemployed. Neither have we sanctioned any such demand made by other groups. The membership of the C.E.F. consists of Washington County citizens only. Therefore we work for the best interests of the taxpayers of this county.

what would that mean to McNally and that man who had kissed her? They had called him Young Jim, but he was not her brother. Of that she was certain. Certain, too, of other things: his strength and resourcefulness and courage. Some unidentified wonder-worker was on the job at Good-Bye and had been for over a month. Could he help her, now? Could he come, and in time? . . . She began to sob again. . . .

Franz reappeared without a warning sound. He rearranged his pack and asked:

"Will you keep still if I remove the gag?" She shook her head.

"Fair enough! Will you walk?" Again she indicated refusal.

"Well, once I wanted to hold you in my arms. Now . . . I'll have to!" He unfastened the belt which held Kate prisoner, lifted her quickly and, holding her close, took the trail with his double burden. He went to the limit of his endurance and put her down with an oath.

"You kitten!" he snarled. "Holding you so . . . stirs memories and impulses!"

He kissed her roughly on the cheek and she struck out at him with an arm which still ached and throbbled from her experience at the landing.

He laughed, then, hoarsely. "Don't like it, eh? Perhaps you'll have to. . . . We'll go on. Will you walk now?"

She would walk, yes. A new terror was injected into her heart to mingle with other fears by the burden of passion which his laugh revealed. She nodded and turned, starting before him.

"Good!" he said. "It's better." And now to delay him became an objective. Kate halted in the gloom of the trail and tried to make him understand she was tired, needed respite. He jerked the gag free from her lips, holding a hand ready to stifle any outcry.

"I'm weak! I'm tired!" she pleaded. "I'll walk as long as I can, but I must rest."

"Sit down here, then," he said grudgingly. "I'll give you a minute. . . . And I'll leave this off, if I have your word that you won't screech."

"No!" she said stoutly and the bandage again pressed her lips tightly.

As she sat on a boulder she worked her feet constantly in the trail, softly scuffing up the forest duff to attract the eye of any who might come that way later.

Franz ordered her on again. She obeyed reluctantly.

"Get along!" he snapped. "Get along faster!"

Kate was stubborn. He picked her up again roughly and pressed forward, holding her unnecessarily close, and she writhed in his embrace until he set her down. Then, for a time, she walked rapidly.

He permitted her a brief rest further on. To gain time, later, she tripped and fell purposely and lay on the ground sobbing.

"Get on!" the man raged. She tore the bandage from her lips.

"You coward!" she moaned as he stooped and lifted her to her feet, ready again to still her outcries with a hand. "You'll never get away! You'll never get away from . . . from . . ."

She had faith but no name for the man in whom that faith reposed.

"Your Young Jim, eh? Mean him?" He sneered. "The s—d pretender! You didn't know he was using your brother's name and authority until today, did you?"

"Do you think he'd try to deceive me?" she asked, bound to betray nothing.

He stared at her in the darkness. She could feel his breath on her forehead.

"You're lying, now. What's he to you, anyhow?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



Congregational Church Charles F. Clarke, Pastor

Bible school, 9:45 a.m. Mr. W. H. Boswell, superintendent. Worship and sermon, 11:00 a.m. No evening service during July and August.

Miss Ruth Denney spent Wednesday night and Thursday at her home here.

We emphatically deny any part in the current rumors referred to by Washington County Relief Committee. Any statement authorized by the C.E.F. has been and will be made or presented to the proper authorities, together with affidavits from private citizens. Any statement made by the officers of the C.E.F. can be substantiated by affidavits of private citizens.

The C.E.F. is incorporated under the Oregon state laws and is not as has been designated by certain relief workers, radical or communist.

Signed Civic Emergency Federation of Oregon, Inc., Washington County Central Council, Executive Committee—L. O. Webb, Chairman; Gladys Murphy, Secretary treasurer; Pat Murphy, County organizer; Alex Fearing, Chairman, Tigard local; D. Hanno, Sherwood local; Fred Huhman, Hillsboro local.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Noma Browne spent Saturday night and Sunday visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Browne.

Mrs. Geo. Thyng entertained with a luncheon last week, honoring Mrs. Harry Clubb of Aberdeen, Wn. The guests were Mrs. Clubb, Mrs. Walter Alberts, Mrs. Amie Higgins and Mrs. Ira Crawford of Portland.

Mrs. Elizabeth Deal and her brother-in-law, Mr. Hall of Amarilla, Texas, are in Beaverton on business and visiting with former friends and neighbors. The Deals formerly resided in Berthold's addition.

Advertisement for NERVES medicine, featuring a portrait of a woman and text: "Nerves NERVES Nerves" "Did the work" says Miss Glivar WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

Advertisement for DR. MILES' NERVINE LIQUID, featuring a portrait of a woman and text: "After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles Nerveine which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter. If you suffer from 'Nerves,' if you lie awake nights, start at sudden noises, tire easily, are cranky, blue and fidgety, your nerves are probably out of order. Quiet and relax them with the same medicine that 'did the work' for this Colorado girl. Whether your 'Nerves' have troubled you for hours or for years, you'll find this time-tested remedy effective. At Drug Stores 25c and \$1.00. DR. MILES' NERVINE LIQUID"

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Advertisement for various businesses in Beaverton: Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught, Try us for Chicken Dinners and Barbecue Sandwiches, FREE DANCING OLD HEIDELBERG PARK, W. E. PEGG, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER, Grange Building - - - - - Beaverton, STUDIO BARBER SHOP, FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES, E. D. Van METER, Prop., BEAVERTON BARBER SHOP, C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR, -SATISFACTION GUARANTEED-, BEER ON DRAUGHT 5c and 10c Glasses, Express Office—Stage Depot, Western Union Phone 10605, GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP, Roast Building Beaverton, Oregon, W. L. KELLY, Oregon Journal Agent, Phone Beaverton 5010, OPTOMETRY, Glasses, Fitted or Repaired Our Specialty, DR. A. E. WILSON, Beaverton - - - - - Oregon, Beaverton Electric Shop, State Licensed Electrician, Wiring and Repairing of all Kinds ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES, Radio Tubes Mazda Lamps, Free Test Phone 6103, See DOY GRAY, For Insurance of All Kinds, Phone 1003 Notary Public, G. A. COBB, Attorney at Law, HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

Comic strip by Geoff Hayes with four panels. Panel 1: "BY GOLLY SOMEBODY MUST HAVE LOST THIS PACKAGE!" Panel 2: "H-MM IT MUST BE A BOTTLE BUT I GUESS IT'S BROKEN" Panel 3: "MAYBE THERE'S A NIP LEFT IN IT. I'LL SNEAK IN HERE AND SEE" Panel 4: "WOW! MEOW!"