

# BEAVERTON ENTERPRISE

J. LAMBORN ELDER, Publisher

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The Tualatin Publishing Co., wishes all of its readers and those who don't read it, a happy and prosperous New Year.

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

While this is a good season for the motorist to determine that he will drive more carefully during 1933, it is also a proper time for the pedestrian to resolve that he will avoid those errors which in 1931 killed 14,500 walkers and injured nearly 300,000.

Below is a set of resolutions for the man-a-foot. They are:

### CITY

I will not cross a street when traffic lights are against me, nor will I cross diagonally or between intersections.

I will not cross at intersections where there no signals without looking to traffic.

I will not come from behind parked cars without observing what is before me.

I will not get on or off a street car without satisfying myself that my way is clear and I will not take it for granted that all motorists always obey ll rules.

I will not take a chance any place against a dangerous driver.

### COUNTRY

I will not forget to walk on left side of road so that I can face on-coming cars.

I will not cross at a sharp curve or just at the brow of a steep hill where I cannot see what is coming.

I will not forget to allow for a swerve of a car on rough roads, giving all vehicles plenty of room.

I will not forget when I drive how I feel when I am walking.

Follow these instructions and be a "safe walker".

## SAVE MONEY NOW

One of the things which can be done NOW to help employment is to check up on the heating plant, weather-stripping, insulation, or air conditioning. This will help relieve the employment situation, save money on future fuel bills and improve or safeguard the family's health during the winter months.

### BEAVERTON LOCALS

Dinner guests at the Essex Marsh home on Christmas were Mr. and Mrs. John McLeod; Mr. and Mrs. A. P. March of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Hornecker of Gresham. Mr. March and son Jackie spent from Monday until Wednesday hunting bob cats in the hills near Willamina. They report hitting one.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Miller and son Jack spent Christmas at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nyquist in Portland.

There will be a special play given at the Congregational Missionary Thank offering meeting on Sunday urged to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hughson had as their Christmas dinner guests her brother Mr. Johnson and family of Yamhill their son Carl Hughson and family of Portland and Mrs. Lulu Doolan and daughter Dorothy.

Little Annlee (Fay) Shields of Tigard is spending the week with her cousin Cathryn VanKleeck.

A Christmas dinner party at the C. C. Beach home consisted of the following guests Mr. and Mrs. James Pinder of Oregon City; Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Pinder of Portland and Mr. and Mrs. Ned Byfield and son Jimmie.

Mrs. Pauline Quaid of Portland and

Mr. and Mrs. James Whitworth and children of St. Johns were Christmas day guests at the Evans-Whitworth home.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Livermore and daughter Lois were members of a family party at the home of his mother Mrs. F. W. Livermore Sr. at Huber on Christmas day.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. VanKleeck and daughter Cathryn spent the double holiday at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anderson in Portland.

Mrs. O. E. Liernan and children Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harris and baby Mrs. August Obrist and children of Gresham and Miss Winifred Waibel also of Gresham were entertained at the August Dallmann home in Kinton on Christmas day. The afternoon was spent in music and singing.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCarthy of Hillsboro have moved this week into the E. R. Summers house on East Front street near Lombard.

G. W. Baker a former Beaverton resident but now making his home in Portland visited friends here on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hawley of Portland spent Christmas day and Monday at the V. A. Wood home at Westlake.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Doering spent the holidays with relatives in Vancouver Wash.

## LADY BLANCHE FARM

### A Romance of the Commonplace

by Frances Parkinson Keyes

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### THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Motoring through Vermont, near the village of Hamstead, Philip Starr, young Boston architect, makes the acquaintance, in unconventional fashion, of Blanche Manning, girl of seventeen, with whom he is immediately enamored. From her, in conversation, he learns something of her family history, dating from Revolutionary times. Starr is convalescing from a serious illness, and it being a long distance to Burlington, his destination, Blanche suggests, the small village not boasting a hotel, that he become, for the night, a guest of her cousin, Mary Manning.

CHAPTER II.—Mary receives Philip with true Vermont hospitality, and makes the acquaintance of her two interesting small brothers, Moses and Algy, to whom she is "mother," the mother being dead, and of Mary's cousin Paul, her fiance. Mary Starr finds, is acquainted with Gale Hamlin, noted Boston architect, in whose office Paul is employed. Recognizing in Mary a friendly spirit, he informs her of his desire to win Blanche for his wife. She is sympathetic, and tells him of an old family superstition concerning the "Blanches" of the Manning family.

CHAPTER III.—Violet Manning, mother of Blanche and of Paul, with her sister, Jane, spinster, are dubious concerning Philip's worldly and spiritual standing, but await developments.

CHAPTER IV.—Paul Manning, pampered in his home life, is inclined to be dissipated, not realizing Mary's true worth, and taking their future relationship as husband and wife as established, though there is no formal agreement. Mary's reproaches for his undue "conviviality" are badly received by Paul, and the girl begins to have misgivings as to the wisdom of the alliance. Starr's disclosure of the fact that he is the son of a Congregational minister, and of his financial standing, establish him in the Manning family's regard.

### CHAPTER V

On Monday morning it was still raining—raining much too hard to attempt the unknown roads to Burlington. There was, Blanche added, to be one of Hamstead's infrequent dances in the town hall that evening. It was stupid for her tagging along with Paul and Mary, even when they were on good terms, and anyone could see that Paul was having one of his grouches. (Paul's "grouches" corresponded to his mother's "nerves.") And none of the boys in the village seemed to realize that she was old enough to be asked to go to parties by herself now. . . .

"Well, thank the Lord for that," said Philip piously. "I'll stay, of course." In the afternoon it cleared, and he went to Violet, hesitating a little, and asked if he might invite Blanche to go for a little ride with him.

"Why, of course," she said delightedly. "Take one of the roads out to West Hamstead. They're very pretty and quiet. I know our fine Vermont air is going to do you lots of good. You look better already than when you came."

"I feel better," said Philip. "Thanks awfully for letting me take Blanche. I'll take good care of her."

The route which Violet had suggested was one which could easily be covered in two hours, with the old family horse, but no one seemed to think it worth a comment when Philip and Blanche, leaving the house a little before three, reappeared late for a six o'clock supper. They had come to a little lake—Silver pond, Blanche called it—and found an old water-logged rowboat lying neglected beside it. They bailed out the water in it with a tin can, found providentially near at hand. They they rowed about the lake for a time, and finally climbed a hill back of it, where they sat and admired the view.

Philip had been laughing, off and on, all the afternoon, from sheer joy, and when Blanche told one of her little stories, with perfect artlessness, he laughed more than ever.

"It seems so absolutely peaceful here," he said. "Let's not hurry away." "Well, we needn't, of course," replied Blanche, "if it wasn't for the dance." "Oh yes, the dance! Will you give me every other one?"

"I think that's rather many, per-

haps, don't you?" asked Blanche, flushing a little.

"Oh, no, not at all! I wouldn't dream of asking for less. It isn't done."

"Now you're laughing at me again!" Had any man, Philip wondered, ever found a girl so unspoiled, so utterly delicious? It was difficult for him to refrain from taking her into his arms then and there; and though somehow he managed to steel himself against doing this, he reached out for the little hand that lay lightly on the extremely narrow strip of wood that separated him from Blanche, and locked his hard, lean fingers with her soft pink ones. Nothing that he had ever experienced in his life had awakened in him such a feeling of ecstasy. What tremendous—what undeserved—luck had been with him when he decided to take that swim!

"I am so glad you agree with me about the dances," he said, at last, rising reluctantly.

"But I didn't agree! Philip, how can you?"

Philip! She had already begun to forget to call him Mr. Starr. He had never known before what a wonderful name Philip was. The slow drive home was permeated with magic. Without knowing when or how he had begun to do so, Philip found that he was holding both Blanche's hands; he felt her golden head sink gently on his shoulder and rest there quiescent. The deepening dusk, enfolding them, seemed pregnant with the promise of still closer companionship, of more ardent embraces. But the prelude to these was perfect and complete in itself.

Neither the return to the farm, nor the family supper, nor the departure for the party to which Blanche had looked forward to eagerly, dispelled Philip's illusion of enchantment. Of course he got his dances. Many of the alternate ones he danced with Mary.

All on the Lady Blanche farm were sorry when Philip said good-by bright and early Tuesday morning. Blanche, to whom he had suggested a short walk through the orchard, lifted brimming eyes to his. He stooped and kissed the tears away from her lashes. Then he laid his cheek against hers.

"This isn't really good-by, you know," he whispered; and added softly, "sweetheart!"

Violet's farewell was likewise accompanied by tears, as well as by little pats and cooling sounds. Mary packed a delicious lunch, and laid a neatly folded road map with Philip's route clearly marked in red pencil, on top of his suitcase.

The day after his departure, the station agent called up Violet to tell her that there was a big box addressed to her, and marked perishable, express paid, waiting there. And when it was promptly brought home by Seth and opened with some excitement, it was found to contain four five-pound boxes of candy, all exactly alike, but elaborately tied up with different colored ribbons. And under each box of ribbon was slipped a card which read, "With kindest regards, and many thanks for my wonderful visit, from Philip Starr."

As Jane Manning had never had a suitor, this was the first box of candy that had ever been given to her. She tried to conceal her pleased surprise as long as she was with the others. Then she carried the box home, very carefully, and put it on her bedside table, near her Bible. It did not occur to her to open it. She drew up her rocker, and sat for a long time looking at it.

"No one but him would ever have remembered me," she said aloud, "at all, let alone sendin' me candy, at my age, and all tied up with red ribbon! . . . That nice boy!" she ended abruptly, and blew her nose hard.

The excitement aroused by the boxes of candy and the pleasant "bread-and-butter" letters which followed in their wake had hardly subsided when something even more thrilling happened. A beautiful limousine, beside which Philip's little runabout could no more have stood comparison than could Cinderella's pumpkin with the fairy coach into which it was turned, driven by a slim young chauffeur, very smart in a uniform to match the car's upholstery, drew up in front of Seth Manning's door, and a tall, distinguished-looking man of early middle age got out and asked for Mary.

It was, unfortunately, Moses who answered the rap at the knocker. His mouth was full of stolen sweets—he had eaten up almost the entire contents of Mary's box of candy—and he had no eye for style. He was not impressed by the appearance of the strange man. Moreover, his own appearance could hardly have warranted the hope that he might create a favorable impression himself. The day being warm, and Mary otherwise occupied, he had surreptitiously removed most of his clothing—in fact, everything except a pair of ankle ties, which had no connection with modesty and were retained simply because the hemp carpet in the front hall was rough.

"Hello," he said. "Er—hello," said the stranger, his face twitching slightly. "Does Miss Mary Manning live here?"

"Mary? Yes. She's out in the back garden, killing potato bugs. . . . that way," said Moses, with a wave of the hand, indicating the direction which the stranger should take.

"Thank you very much," said the man, his mouth still twitching, walking off in the direction indicated. Mary, hearing footsteps, straightened up quickly from the task over which she was bent, and turned a deep crimson.

"Mr. Hamlin!" she exclaimed, in great confusion. "Oh, you must ex-

cuse me! When did you come?" "Just now, from Boston," he said, laughing and shaking hands. "I understand you are more cordial to guests from that locality than you once gave me to understand you were likely to be. I have had the pleasure of—meeting one of your small brothers, and he told me I should probably find you here. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Moses! Oh, what dreadful thing was he doing this time? Yes, of course I am, but—" her flush growing deeper every minute.

"This time I came because Philip Starr asked me to. Naturally, I didn't tell him how glad I was of an excuse. He thinks I'm doing it entirely out of friendship to him—only, it's great luck, for me, that he happened to fall in love with your cousin. I'll get Hannah and me into touch with you again—Philip is a young man of unusual thoroughness, promptness and decision, as you may have gathered in your glimpse of him—qualities which, unfortunately, are not often found in one who is also an artist and an idealist. Moreover, he possesses a very fine sense of honor. He seems to be in a tremendous hurry, but didn't think it right to press his suit until he had been more thoroughly introduced. I was instructed that as soon as this formally, through me, had been accomplished, I was to telegraph him at Burlington, and he would return here—unless, of course, it seemed absolutely hopeless for him to do so."

"Is there any reason why it should be hopeless?"

"None in the world."

"Then come over and meet Cousin Violet."

"All right," replied Gale Hamlin with twinkling eyes. "But remember that afterwards I'm coming back here to see you!"

Two days later, Philip stood in the white-paneled north parlor of Violet Manning's house, waiting for Blanche to come down to him. The room was unlighted, and it was beginning to grow dark.

The door opened and Blanche came in. Philip took a step towards her, and held out his arms. She walked straight into them.

"Lady Blanche—you little white



"Lady Blanche—You Little White Flower."

flower—Oh, my darling!" was all he said, and covered her lifted face with his kisses.

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