

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

NOEMICS

After two weeks of jotting down these noemics, we have not heard a comment. Such is the life of a writer. He is tolerated, ignored, let alone, unheralded, unsung, and unthought-of until some time he makes a little slip and says something about someone's pet hobby or pet hero, or maybe it is someone's pet foible—then watch the sparks fly.

The past week the editors of the state of Oregon have been holding a convention in Salem. At the Friday luncheon there was distributed "Capital (33 1/3% off) Statesman". In it were several quibs, one of which most of the editors might take to heart. The article was signed "George Putnam" and the last paragraph runs thusly:

"Let Oregon lead the way to a return to domination of its association by the membership instead of by half a dozen who assume to direct its activities. Let that start be made by electing a president who is immune to the subtle influences of such men as Ingalls, Brodie, Callvert, Sackett, Jenkins, Bede, Irvine. Let Oregon elect a man who is fearless, independent, able, forceful, an executive of first magnitude. My modesty deters me from naming such a person, but I have taken the precaution to see that my dues are paid and that I am eligible."

Not a bad way to nominate himself for the presidency of the Association, eh, what?

An editor has been guilty of sending out statements for back subscription. Following is the reply one editor received from such a mischievous:

"It is impossible for me to send you a check in response to your request. My present financial standing is due to the effects of federal laws, brother-in-laws, mother-in-laws and outlaws that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Through the various laws, I have been held down, held up, walked on, sat on, flattened and squeezed until I do not know where I am, what I am and why I am. These laws compel me to pay a merchants' tax, capital stock tax, income tax, real estate tax, property tax, auto tax, gas tax, water tax, light tax, cigar tax, street tax, school tax, syntax and carpet tax."

"The government has so governed my business that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, reexamined, until all I know is that I'm supplicated for money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to fall and go out and beg, borrow and steal money to give away, I am cursed and discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am nearly ruined; so the only reason I am clinging to life is to see what the hell is coming next."

The most dangerous things in community government, that is municipal government are sentiment and prejudice. If officials are selected because of age, youth, sex, length of time they have held office, or for any other sentimental reasons, disaster is likely to result. If prejudice rules, disaster is sure to follow.

If policies are adopted for any purpose, except the welfare of the community, trouble will follow. If individuals are permitted to use their governmental authority to punish those they don't like, trouble will be sure to come. In all communities, these things have to be guarded against.

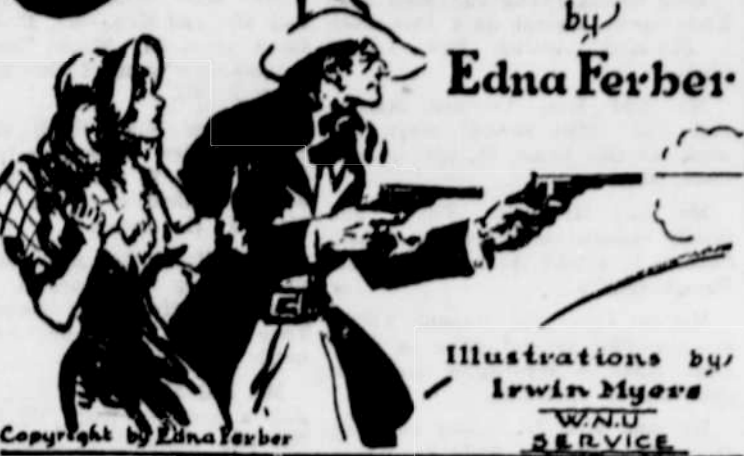
There are always likely to be some in a community with "rule or ruin" tendencies, always some who are ruled by sentiment. Most individuals have only the common welfare at heart. They want only what is best for the community as a whole. Upon them rests the responsibility of taking a wise middle course, or not permitting themselves to be stampeded.

If possible they should avoid lining up with the radicals on either side. If a choice must be made, then great care should be taken to see that it is for well-considered reasons. The welfare of the community is always paramount.

Individuals should be considered only as they affect the general welfare. No difference how warm controversies should become in advance, every one should be good enough sport to fall into line and work for the general good after the fights are over. Continual discussion surely spells wreckage in the end.

The horrible truth of the matter is that the place where grey matter is supposed to reside in the upper part of this specimen of homo sapiens, that place is so filled with an aching void that any thoughts which attempt to percolate into this vacuum there seem so devoid of reason or sense that to waste time to put into type or ink to print seem utterly lacking in that thing called common sense that to do anything seems the height of absurdity.

Cimarron



Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
WNU
SERVICE

"Oh, Hickey'll tend to that. I've got a lot of important work to do. Editorialists to write, news to get, lot of real estate transfers—and I'm going to find out who killed Pegler and print it in the first issue if it takes the last drop of blood in me. I'll show them, first crack, that the Oklahoma Wigwag prints all the news, all the time, knowing no law but the Law of God and the government of these United States! Say, that's a pretty good slogan. Top of the page, just above the editorial column."

In the end it was she who sorted the case of pined type. The five years of Yancey's newspaper ownership in Wichita had familiarized her, almost unconsciously, with many of the mechanical aspects of a newspaper printing shop.

The hand press was finally set up, and the little job press, and the case rack containing the type. The rollers were in place, and their little stock of paper. Curiously enough, though neither Yancey nor Sabra was conscious of it, it was she who had directed most of this manual work and had indeed actually performed much of it, with Isaiah and Jesse Rickey to help her. Yancey would lose himself in the placing of his law library, his books of reference, and his favorite volumes, for which he contended there was not enough shelf room in the house proper. He had brought along boxes of books stowed away in the covered wagons. If the combined book wealth contained in all the homes, offices, and shops of the entire Oklahoma country so newly settled could have been gathered in one spot it probably would have been found to number less than this preposterous library of the paradoxical Yancey Cravat. Glib and showy though he was with his book knowledge Yancey still had in these volumes of his the absorption of the true book lover.

Lost to all else he would call happily in to Sabra as she bent over the case rack, her cheek streaked with ink: "Sabra! Oh, Sabra—listen to this." He would clear his throat. "Son of Nestor, delight of my heart, mark the flashing of bronze through the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold and of amber and of silver and of ivory. Such like, methinks, is the court of Olympian Zeus within, for the world of things that are here; wonder comes over me as I look thereon."

"G-d, Sabra, it's as fine as the Old Testament. Finer!" "The world of things that are here," echoed Sabra, not bitterly, but with grave common sense. "Perhaps if you'd pay more attention to those, and less to your nonsense in books about gold and silver and ivory, we might get settled."

But he was ready with a honeyed reply culled from the same book so dear to his heart and his grandiloquent tongue. "Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen!"

The goddess and queen pushed her hair back from her forehead with a sooty hand, leaving still another smudge of printer's ink upon that worried surface.

Jesse Rickey, the printer (known, naturally, to his familiars as "Gin" Rickey, owing to his periods of intemperance) and black Isaiah were, next to Sabra, most responsible for the astounding fact that the Cravat family finally was settled in the house and office. The front door, which was the office entrance, faced the wide wallow of clay and refuse, in a sort of shed-kennel, lived little Isaiah, rather, he slept there, like a faithful dog, for all day long he was about the house and the printing office, tireless, willing, invaluable. He belonged to Sabra, body and soul, as completely as though the Civil war had never been. A little servant of twelve, born to labor, he became as dear to Sabra, as accustomed, as one of her own children, despite her southern training and his black skin. He dried the dishes, the towel tied round his neck; he laid the table; he ran errands, a nurse-maid for Cim; he played a piano, and splay-footed Mercury; he was a born reporter, and in the course of his day's scurrying about the town on this errand or that brought into Sabra's kitchen more items of news and gossip (which were later transferred to the newspaper office) than a whole staff of trained newspaper men could have done. He was so little, so black, so little, so harmless looking, that his presence was, more often than not, completely overlooked. The saloon

lounge, cowboys, rangers, and home-stealers in and about the town alternately spoiled and plagued him.

Sabra, in time, taught him to read, write, and figure. He was quick to learn, industrious, lovable. He thought he actually belonged to her. He cleared the unsightly back yard of its litter of tin cans and refuse. Together he and Sabra even tried to plant a little garden in this barren anguine clay. More than anything else, Sabra missed the trees and flowers. In the whole town of almost ten thousand inhabitants there were two trees: stunted jack oaks. Sometimes she dreamed of lilacs of the valley—the translucent, almost liquid green of their stems and leaves, the perfumed purity of their white bells.

All this, however, came later. These first few days were filled to overflowing with the labor of making the house habitable and the office and plant fit for Yancey's professional pursuits. Already his talents as a silversmith were being sought in defense of murderers, horse thieves, land grabbers, and more civil offenders in all the surrounding towns and counties. Even a horse thief, that blackest of criminals in this country, was said to have a bare chance for his life if Yancey Cravat could be induced to plead for him—and provided always, of course, that the posse had not dealt with the offender first.

Yancey, from the time he rose in the morning until he went to bed late at night, was always a little overstimulated by the whisky he drank. This, together with a natural fearlessness, an enormous vitality, and a devouring interest in everything and everything in this fantastic Oklahoma country, gained him friends and enemies in almost equal proportion.

In the ten days following their arrival in Osage, his one interest seemed to be the tracing of the Pegler murder—for he scoffed at the idea that his predecessor's death was due to any other cause.

Sabra argued with him, almost hysterically, but in vain. "You didn't do anything about helping them catch the Kid, out there on the prairie, when they were looking for him, and you knew where he was—or just about—and he had killed a man, too, and robbed a bank, and I don't know what all."

"That was different. The Kid's different," Yancey answered, unreasonably and infuriatingly. "Different! How different? What's this Pegler to you? They'll kill you, too—they'll shoot you down—and then what shall I do?—Cim and I here, alone—Yancey, darling, I love you so—if anything should happen to you—" She waxed incoherent.

"Listen, honey. Hush your crying and listen. Try to understand. The Kid's a terror. He's a bad one. But it isn't his fault. The government at Washington made him an outlaw. The Kid's father rode the range before there were fences or railroads in Kansas, and when this part of the country was running wild with longhorn cattle that had descended straight from the animals that the Spaniards had brought over four centuries ago. The railroads began coming in. The settlers came with it, from the Gulf coast, up across Texas, through the Indian territory to the end of steel at Abilene, Kan. The Kid was brought up to all that. Freighters, bull whackers, mule skinner, hunters, and cowboys—that's all he knew. Into Dodge City, with perhaps nine months' pay hanging in his pocket. I'll bet neither the Kid nor his father before him ever saw a nickel or a dime. They wouldn't have bothered with such chicken feed. Silver dollars were the smallest coin they knew. They worked for it, too. I've seen seventy-five thousand cattle at a time waiting shipment to the East, with lads like the Kid in charge. The Kid's grandfather was a buffalo hunter. The range was the only life they wanted. Along comes the government. What happens? They take the range away from the cattle men and cowboys—the free range that never belonged to them really, but that they had come to think of as theirs through right of use. Squatters come in. Sooners, too, and Nesters, and then the whole rush of the Opening. The range is cut up into town sites, and the town into lots, before their very eyes. Why, it must have sickened them—killed them almost—to see it."

"Wilderness one day; town sites the next. And the cowboys and rangers having no more chance than chips in a flood. Can't you see it? Shanties where the horizon used to be; grocery stores on the old buffalo trails. They went plumb locoed, I tell you. They couldn't fight progress, but they could get revenge on the people who had taken their work away from them and cut it into little strips and dirtied it."

"The Kid's bad, yes. They don't come worse than he. And they'll get him, eventually. But the man who fathered him needn't be ashamed of him. There's no yellow in the Kid."

For one dreadful sickening second something closed with iron fingers around Sabra Cravat's heart and squeezed it, and it ceased to beat. White faced, her dark eyes searched her husband's face. Wichita whispers. Kansas slanders. But that face was all exaltation, like the face of an evangelist, and as pure. His eyes were glowing. The iron fingers relaxed.

"But Pegler. The men who killed Pegler. Why are they so much worse?" "Skunks. Dirty jackals hired by white-livered politicians."

"But why? Why?" "Because Pegler had the same idea I have—that here's a chance to start clean, right from scratch. Live and let live. Clean politics instead of the skulduggery all around; a new way of living and of thinking, because we've had a chance to see how rotten and narrow and bigoted the other way has been. Here everything's fresh. It's all to do, and we can do it. There's never been a chance like it in the world. We can make a model empire out of this Oklahoma country, with all the mistakes of the other pioneers to profit by. New England, and California, and the settlers of the Middle West—it got away from them, and they fell into the rut. Ugly politics, ugly towns, ugly buildings, ugly minds." He was off again, Sabra, all impetuosity, stopped him.

"But Pegler. What's that got to do with Pegler?" She hated the name. She hated the dead man who was stalking their new life and threatening to destroy it.

"I saw that one copy of his paper. He called it the New Day—poor devil. And in it he named names, and he outlined a policy and a belief something like—well—along the lines I've tried to explain to you. He accused the government of robbing the Indians. He accused the settlers of cheating them."

"Oh, my heavens, Yancey! Indians! You and your miserable dirty Indians! You're always going on about them as if they mattered! The sooner they're all dead the better. What good are they? Filthy, thieving, lazy things. They won't work. You've said so yourself. They just squat there, rot—"

(continued next week)

JULY FOURTH
On July Fourth, 1776, the Declaration of Independence of the United States was signed, and annually that great event has been celebrated by the American people. The celebration of Independence Day has always been attended by dangers. Not all accidents are caused by fireworks; many occur from reckless automobile driving, swimming, and other forms of sports or recreation associated with summer holidays. Much has been said about a safe and sane Fourth; but it is still true that the desire exists to make a noise, to do something spectacular, or to celebrate

in other ways, which tend too often to a spirit of recklessness with serious results.

Out of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year it would be difficult to select one which could be called the healthiest. On the other hand, if it were necessary to pick out the day in the year when more harm was done to human bodies and more accidental deaths occurred, July Fourth would win by a substantial margin.

The State Board of Control at Salem has authorized immediate construction of a \$25,000 vault at the State Capitol grounds.

Science Now Credits First Broadcast to Hertz in 1887

Radio authorities and scientists are now uniting in giving belated credit to Heinrich Hertz for the first radio broadcasting.

Heinrich Rudolf Hertz, inspired by his master the great Helmholtz, undertook and succeeded in experiments which realized the theory of James Clerk Maxwell, states Dr. C. G. Abbott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

"Maxwell had gone far in the mathematical and philosophical theory of the electromagnetic character of radiation. If true, it implied that very long waves, but otherwise essentially of the same nature as light, could be produced and recorded by electrical means."

"Hertz not only produced and recorded long-wave electrically produced rays, but measured their wave lengths, their velocity of propagation, and their susceptibility to reflection, refraction and polarization in complete correspondence with the behavior of visible light."

The first broadcasting was in a room in Karlsruhe, Germany, in 1887, according to Clarence A. O'Brien, Washington patent attorney, tracing the experimental work which led to radio broadcasting.

Mr. O'Brien gives first credit to Hertz. This first broadcasting, demonstrating the possibility of radio, is thus described by Hertz himself:

"When I placed the primary conductor in one corner of a large lecture room, fourteen meters long and twelve meters broad, the sparks could be perceived in the farthest parts of the room; the whole room seemed filled with the oscillations of the electric force."

Mr. O'Brien further explains that: "It was reserved for Hertz to discover and apply with marvelous ingenuity the necessary detector, a resonating and antenna."

Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c.

FOR SALE

Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4525 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-tf

FIR WOOD

Good wood, full cord. 16-inch or 4-foot. Priced right. Get your wood worries over early. Order now. Perry L. Kilander, first house west of Angel street on

the south side of Third. p24-33

For Sale—Team, wagon, and harness. Unable to use them. Will sell cheap. D. C. Tallman, Beaverton. adv.

WANTED

Wanted—Wheat for August delivery. Chas. Berthold. Adv. tf

Unemployed Laborers—Please Register. Men supporting families and living in Washington County, please register at Richey's Hardware and Furniture Co. Beaverton Chamber of Commerce welfare committee. L. R. Richey, Chairman. adv.

CHURCH ANNOUNCEMENTS



St. Cecilia Church

Sunday Masses, 7:40 a.m., and 10:00 a.m.
Sunday Christian Doctrine, 8:30 a.m., and 9:30 a.m.
Saturday Confession, 3:30 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:30 p.m., and 9:00 p.m.
Weekday Mass, 8:20 a.m.

Kinton Church

Services at the church for this Sunday will be as follows: Bible school at 10:00 o'clock in the morning with preaching service at two o'clock by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson.

ROGER BABSON SAYS IT IS TIME TO ADVERTISE

If there was ever a time when the newspapers could perform a real service for the United States, it is today—furthermore, this applies to all groups of people, bankers, manufacturers, merchants and wage earners. You need only to tell the people the simple truth. Statistics now indicate that business has seen its worst, even though the recovery will be slow.

Irrespective of what happens to the stock market in the next year, I am willing to take my reputation, based on 30 years experience (1) that business has seen its worst; (2) that, although the change will be slow it will be in the right direction; and (3) that within a reasonable time this country will again enter a period of marked prosperity. In short, statistics today point to another period of prosperity, the same as they three years ago pointed to the present period of depression—as you go back home tell your merchants that now is the time to advertise. —Roger Babson, business economist, to members of Advertising Federation of America.

No business man would discharge all his help for a month or two, in order to reduce expense, then round up a new force and start all over again. Lots of advertising is done that way.—Good Will.

SPLINTERS

Willie (breaking the news to mother, who has just arrived home) "Mother, you know that \$2-piece dinner set you got for Christmas?" "Yes, dear."

"Well, it's an 8-piece set now." Let us help you with your plans for that new home or other building you are going to erect. We have hundreds of plans which we offer you free of charge, and we will be glad to give you an estimate on any building you wish to construct. We are here to serve you. Drop in and see us.

"Mary," inquired the mistress, suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?" "Heavens, ma'am!" replied the maid, "what's the use of washin' a fish that's lived in water all its life?"

If you are going to paint, you will save money and be better satisfied by using FULLER paints. You will be surprised how low-priced they are. Ask for prices and look over our color cards.

Patron (in Scotch restaurant): "Waiter, there is a fly in this soup." Waiter: "Weel, sir, a leetle fly couldna eaten much o' it."

BEAVERTON LUMBER Co.
Everything for the Builder
BEAVERTON — OREGON

Meats and Groceries
Holboke Bros.

Flower & Cabbage Plants
Baby Chick Food of all Kinds

CHAS. BERTHOLD
PHONE BEAVERTON 3603
Residence Phone, 3602

BETTY BARCLAY'S HELPFUL HINTS



Today Betty Says:

THERE'S a bumper crop of small and medium sized oranges out west this season and prices are pleasingly low. The economical housewife buys large quantities of these sizes in place of her usual order for one or two dozen large oranges. With these in stock, she can prepare dozens of tasteful fruit cups, salads and desserts—and of course see to it that each member of the family secures his or her morning fruit juice.

Purchasing in quantity means a real saving with many foods, particularly with those that will keep for some time. Study your markets and you can save considerable.

The Mt. Emily Timber Co. mill at La Grande has resumed operations this month.

MAPES & SON
RESTAURANT
MEALS SHORT ORDER
Cigars, Tobacco
Confections, Soft Drinks
Cady Bldg. — Watson St.

STUDIO BARBER SHOP
FIRST CLASS WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES
E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
PLUMBING AND HEATING
Hardware, Paints
Phone, 2003 Beaverton

Beaverton Barber Shop
C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

W. E. PEGG
UNDERTAKER and EMBALMER
Orange Building — Beaverton.

Phone 6411
JOE KEMMER
For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order
Adv. c-26-tf

A. E. HANSON
WOOD AND COAL
Cord Wood or Slab—any length
any kind
Prompt Delivery. Phone 4504

DEWEY
THE PLUMBER
Our work speaks for itself
Beaverton, Oregon Phone 7702

LOANS
on Real Estate. Low interest cost, repayment privileges. Write for details.
WASHINGTON
Savings & Loan Assn.
Shute Bldg. Hillsboro, Ore.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



By Charles Sughrue



Just Foolishness



Just Foolishness



Just Foolishness

