

Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulet, Business Manager

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1932

A wise man changes his mind; a fool, never. Well, there are instances which tend to show that we are at least wiser than in years past in some of the things about us. Take the problem of municipal ownership. For years we have believed firmly that the people should own and control those utilities which are used by all the people.

It would seem to the normal young mind that the water we drink, if it has to be owned by some one would better be owned by the government. This applies to the schools, the roads, the clothing, the food, the houses, everything. We have talked, written, argued, held forth, emphasized, reiterated, stated that it is the principle of municipal ownership of public utilities was correct in principle and right in practice.

Now come great educators who calmly announce that many students should never be in high school, and of those who do enter high school, there are a big majority who never should be sent away to college. Those who make low grades are the ones he would call out for exclusion from these institutions. Those getting the high grades, either because they are crammers or because they learn easily, can profitably go on to the higher institutions.

Just now there is a vast noise going up all around us for the establishment of a department of education in the federal government with a secretary belonging to the President's cabinet with the rank of the other secretaries. Those opposing the plan tell us that—

"The establishment of a Department of Education means the centralization of the great educational center in Washington and the expenses of the already overburdened bureaucracy which already exists at Washington."

There are some things we do not know, a few of them. One thing we don't know is—where the never-ending stream of increasing governmental expenses is leading to.

The United States Chamber of Commerce has sent out a call to rally to the cry of "keep the government out of business." Already almost three hundred different lines of business activities are carried on as a part of the "government's service to the public."

The government is maintaining a post office right around the corner, and that office is taking orders for printing in the form of envelopes. There is a farm agent just a little way down the road and he supplies, at times, blasting powder, lime, seeds, and many other items to those who order them. Just in front of the door is a railroad over which the government exercises all but autocratic authority.

We do not need to go to the federal government to find the rod of empire wielded by those who are in the road-building business, the business of education, supplying water, lights, power, transportation. And along with this entry of government in business goes higher taxes. Taxes which at present are said to represent one-third of the wealth produced annually. What man can stay in business who must add 33 1-3% profit to his goods before he can begin to pay transportation, rent, heat, lighting, advertising, and the other items of overhead, before he can get out anything for himself?

Here are a few questions that are troubling us along with others. Why has the expenditure for education increased so markedly? Where will present tendencies lead? How much public expenditure is really needed? What can we afford to spend for education? What advantages are gained by communities spending large amounts and what are lost to communities spending small amounts? To what degree are we wasting money through the over-education of boys and girls? To what extent should education be carried on to enable individuals to develop their own real potentialities? How can the public be best informed on pertinent educational questions? What are the conditions which should determine teachers' salaries? We admit that we do not know the answer to these questions. We do not believe you do. We'll go a little farther and say that we do not believe you know the answer to any one of them. If you do we will print your answer, be glad to print it. And you owe it to yourself, to your community, to your state and nation to inform the public of the answer to them. You pay your debts, don't you? You are indebted to the community for much information, some of which you probably use at a profit. Why not pay the community what you owe it? If you can answer these questions, or any one of them, and don't do so in a way the public can know what the answer is, you never ought to say again that you pay your just debts. For debts are not always of legal tender. They can be very well be debts of affection, of charity, of patriotism, owed your family, your church, your country—your community.

When one writes a letter to a stranger, one never knows what the result will be. Early in 1921 we were in the Indian Service at Nespelem, Washington, and from there put a little ad in "The Oregonian" in the business wanted column. Several letters came from Oregon. One from Springfield, one from Banks, one from Wallowa, and others, but the one which intrigued us most was one from The Hillsboro Independent. The editor sought an assistant who might later acquire an interest in the business. His letter asked for a statement of qualifications.

We wrote out a statement of our qualifications and dispatched it, but for a couple of weeks we received no answer. Asking the Superintendent for a short leave we boarded the North Bank train out of Spokane and came to Hillsboro to see Mr. Killen, who soon made it known that we were not the man he was seeking.

However, Tualatin valley had come under our observation, and the resolution had been formed to

come to that spot and make it our home. Ten years rambling from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to New Mexico, had taken considerable of the wanderlust out of our system, and we were ready to settle down. So here in Tualatin, "Peaceful valley" of the noble red men.

The letter from Mr. Killen was what brought us to this valley, with the result that we decided to make it our home.

Differing with the editor of The Independent, we always had a profound respect for his ability. He has built up a reputation throughout the Northwest as one of our ablest editorial writers. An earnest partisan in politics, there are none who more consistently take up the sceptre of the Grand Old Party and constantly inform the public of the merits of party organizations. There will always be a warm spot

in our heart for the former editor of The Independent. That he will continue to make his home here in Tualatin valley is only to be expected. No one who has lived in other sections and then been introduced to our valley can help realizing that here we have The Garlen Spot. It must have been in a similar place that God placed Adam and Eve.

To S. C. Killen we wish long life, happiness, prosperity. To the new owners of the Independent we hardly need to extend our good wishes—they know they already have them. They are newspaper people of considerable experience, owning what has been judged, not only the best weekly newspaper in Oregon, but also one of the Nation's best. They are versed in the traditions of this country. They will be able to serve their community better because there will be no duplication of effort, less

slack motion, more constructive effort and effective labor. They are assured of the very best wishes of The Review.

**Oregon State News**  
The completion of the Keno regulating dam in the Klamath River was announced recently by H. I. Bosworth.

The new First Baptist Church building on the corner of Eighth and High streets in Klamath Falls has been opened.

Plans are under way at Eatacada for constructing and furnishing a new school building at a cost of about \$43,000.

Crews of 85 men are employed in the emergency work of the re-alignment of The Dalles-California highway between Barclay Springs and Modoc Point.

WHAT IS IT WORTH?

How much is it worth to you to have a customer come into your store? It is hard to tell, but it is worth while to have people to look over your stock, meet you and see what you have to sell.

It is also worth while to have readers see your name in the weekly paper where it is identified with the goods you sell.

It is worth a lot to be able to tell your customers every week what you are selling, that your goods are responsible merchandise and that your prices are reasonable or cheap.

It is the man who doesn't advertise who pays advertising bills. Thriftiness is a state of mind that is nearly as valuable an asset as a bank account... for thriftiness can always get a bank account of its own.

And it's easy to tell thrifty people from the way in which they read the newspapers—just as you can usually spot the other kind.

The great majority of men and women never put a newspaper down until they have read the important news which is directed to them through the advertisements.

The modern woman, especially, finds the advertisements indispensable. She spends more than five-sixths of the family income. And the prosperity, happiness and health of her household frequently depend on her reading of the advertisements and on the wisdom with which she chooses everything she buys.

We just wonder how many of the citizens have any appreciation of what their City Council, the mayor and the recorder are doing. True, we write a report of each meeting, but from remarks heard, we believe the aldermen and other officials feel that their efforts are not properly appreciated.

How many know the councilmen? Personally, we mean. How many have taken the opportunity to commend any one of them or all of them for their work? Isn't it just a little easier to tell them something they have not done? Don't you approach the officials to file a complaint? How about filing a little commendation? You won't have to look far to find something to commend.

Meeting night after night, often till past midnight, investigating what should be done, taking time they could use in their private business during the day to get some knotty problem ironed out, all the time without a cent of remuneration, is certainly worthy effort.

It's human nature to cuss the policeman. When in need of immediate action, you promptly call on the policeman.

When something happens, you rush to the mayor or the recorder to complain. Why not try telling them when things are going all right? We'll venture to say that there never has been a councilman who got any adequate compensation for the service rendered.

Our aldermen have made many wise provisions. Like ordering 10 sidewalks, only to have the people affected rise up and condemn their action. They have a parking ordinance, but who wants to get pinched for improper parking? There is a garbage dump rented, but it is the individual who must clean up his premises. The council are willing and anxious to do what the people of Beaverton want them to do.

Something like 112 voters went to the polls last election. The voting population here is almost 400. Just a little over 25%. Who is to blame? Certainly not the council.

"Be careful with fire is good advice we know; Be careful with words is ten times doubly so."

—Will Carleton.

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CIMARRON By Edna Ferber Copyright by Edna Ferber. WPU Review.

Fortieth installment. A mile of avenue, planted in elms, led up to the mansion, and each elm, bought, transported, and stuck in the ground, had cost fifteen hundred dollars. There were rare plants, ferns, forests, lakes, tennis courts, golf links, polo fields, race tracks, air-dromes, swimming pools. Whole paneled rooms had been brought from France. In the bathrooms were electric cabinets, and saunas, tubs of rare marble, and shower baths glass-enclosed. These bathrooms were the size of bedrooms, and the bedrooms the size of ballrooms, and the ballrooms as big as an auditorium. There was an ice plant and cooling system that could chill the air of every room in the house, even on the hottest Oklahoma windy day. Itself, and the kitchen looked like that of the Biltmore, only larger. When you entered the dining room you felt that here would be seated the most important guests in the world. There was an art gallery, and having their portraits painted, doing it. Sixty gardsman manted the grounds. The house servants would have peeped a village.

Sabra Cravat rarely came to visit her daughter's house, and when she did the very simplicity of her slim straight little figure in its dark blue georgette or black crepe was startling in the midst of those marble columns and vast corridors and royal hangings. She did come occasionally, and on those occasions you found her in the great central apartment that was like a throne room, standing there before the portraits of her son's two children, Felice and Yancey Cravat. Failing to possess either of the children for her own, Donna had had them painted and hung there, one either side of the enormous fireplace. She had meant them to be a gift to her mother, but Sabra Cravat had refused to take them.

"Don't you like them, Sabra darling? They're the best things Segovia has ever done. Is it because they're modern? I think they look like the kids—don't you?" "They're just wonderful." "Well, then?" "I'd have to build a house for them. How would they look in the sitting room of the house on Kline street? No, let me come here and look at them now and then. That way they're always a fresh surprise to me."

Certainly they were rather surprising portraits. Rather one of them was Segovia had caught him quickly and brilliantly, with startling results. He wore a pair of loose, rather grimy white tennis pants, a white woolly sweater with a hole in the elbow, and was hatless. In his right hand—he held a limp, half-smoked cigarette, its blue-gray smoke spiraling faintly. His dull red eye the only note of color in the picture. Yet the whole portrait was colorful, moving, alive. The boy's pose was so insolent, so like, so cunning, his eyes followed you. He was a person. "Looks like Ruby, don't you think?" Donna had said, when first she had shown it to her mother. "No," Sabra had replied, with enormous vigor. "Not at all. Your father."

"Well—maybe—a little." "A little! You're crazy! Look at his eyes! His hands. Of course they're not as beautiful as your father's hands were—are they?" It had been five years since Sabra had heard news of her husband, Yancey Cravat. And now, for the first time, she felt that he was dead, though she had never

admitted this. In spite of his years she had heard that Yancey had gone to France during the war. The American and the English armies had rejected him, so he had dyed his graying hair, lied about his age, thrown back his still magnificent shoulders, and somehow, by his eyes, his voice, his hands, or a combination of all these, had hypnotized them into taking him. An unofficial report had listed him among the missing after the carnage had ceased in the shambles that had been a wooded plateau called the Argonne.

"He isn't dead," Sabra had said, almost calmly. "When Yancey Cravat dies he'll be on the front page, and the world will know it." But a year had gone by. The Oklahoma Wigwag now is an afternoon edition and was known as the most powerful newspaper in the Southwest. When Sabra was in town she made a practice of driving to the office at eleven every day, remaining there for an hour looking over the layout, reading the wet galley proof of the night's news, scanning the A. I. wires. Her entrance was in the nature of the passage of royalty, and when she came into the city room the staff all but saluted. True, she wasn't there very much, except in the summer, when congress was not in session. The sight of a woman on the floor of the congressional house was still something of a novelty. Sentimental America had shrunk from the thought of women in active politics. Woman's place was in the home, and American womanhood was too exquisite a flower to be subjected to the harsh atmosphere of the assembly floor and the committee room.

Sabra stamped the state and developed a surprising gift of oratory. Perhaps it was not altogether what she said that counted in her favor. Her appearance must have had something to do with it. A slim, straight, dignified woman, yet touchingly feminine. Her voice not loud, but clear. Her white hair was shingled and beautifully waved and beneath this her soft dark eyes took on an added depth and brilliance. Her eyebrows had been cut thick and thick still further enhancing her finest feature. Her dress was always dark, becoming, smart, and her silken ankles above the slim slippers with their cut steel buckles were those of a young girl. The aristocratic Marcy feet and ankles.

In Washington she was quite a belle among the old boys in congress and the senators. The one-time party tried to blacken her with publicity about certain unproved items in the life of her dead (or missing) husband, Yancey Cravat, a two-gun man, a desperado, a killer, a drunkard, a square man. Then they started on young Cim and his Osage Indian wife, but Sabra and Donna were too quick for them.

Edna Wyatt leased a handsome house in Dupont circle, staffed it, bought Tracy Wyatt's vast wealth and influence to bear, and planned a coup so brilliant that it routed the enemy forever. She brought her handsome, sleepy-eyed brother Cim and his wife Ruby Big Elk, and the youngsters Felice and Yancey to the house in Dupont circle, and together she and Sabra gave a reception for them to which they invited a group so precious that it actually came.

Classified Advertising

Advertisements in this column 1 cent a word. Minimum charge 25c. Is there anything which distinguishes your offer from others of its kind? Then that is the point to emphasize in writing a classified ad for the columns of the Review.

WANTED The Review will carry free of charge listings of situations wanted, in order to help the unemployment situation.

Wanted—Any kind of work. Best of references. Farm work, team work, etc. G. C. Miller, Rt. 3, Box 484, Beaverton. Care of Steve Lawler, adv.

Family man with wife and three children, having had only three days' work since September, is desperately in need of work. Will take wood cutting or anything. Two boys old enough to work. B. F. Amis, on Chas. Jasperson place, Beaverton. Advpt

FOR SALE Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4625 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. e-39-1f

HUCKLEBERRY USES SOUGHT BY O. S. C. Have you a favorite huckleberry recipe in your home? If so, the Oregon State college would like to know about it. Not just any huckleberry recipe will do, however as the home economics extension workers there and the horticultural department are just now particularly interested in the uses of the Pacific Coast huckleberry which is found in such abundance throughout the coast range mountains and is familiar to all who have sojourned along the Oregon coast in late summer.

STAFF CONFERENCE HELD IN CORVALLIS How to coordinate work of the Oregon extension service, experiment station, and resident instructor in agriculture was to make this year's limited budgets return the greatest service to the farmers of the state, was considered at the annual agricultural staff conference at Oregon State college the first week in January. This was the first time that all three divisions had met in such a unified all-staff conference to consider the problem at one time.

President W. J. Kerr in an addressing these critical times for the county agents and home demonstration agents on the quality of their work in the past that led to the retention of extension work in all of the 29 counties where it was in force. He urged every member of the group to redouble efforts to render the greatest service possible during these critical times for the agricultural industry.

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Insure With The Farmers' Mutual Fire Relief Ass'n McMinnville (formerly of Portland) Mutual Rates Cost Less E. L. Mapes Route 2, Gaston

STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. VanMeter, Prop. Phone, 2003 Beaverton

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

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

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

Kamberger's Confectionery continues to serve you with pleasure DEWEY THE PLUMBER Our work speaks for itself Beaverton, Oregon Phone 1702

BEAVER WOOD COMPANY Dry Wood—Any Length KNOTS FOR FIREPLACE HARD AND SOFT COAL Agent for Eastman Furnaces Phone 6702 — Beaverton, Ore.

Meats and Groceries Holboke Bros.

WOOD 2nd Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$4.50 1st Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$5.50 CARL C. TOPICH Rt. 3, Box 453, Beaverton Residence 1 mile south of Cooper Mountain school

MAPES & SON RESTAURANT MEALS SHORT ORDER Cigars, Tobaccos Confections, Soft Drinks Cady Bldg. — Watson St. Phone 0411

JOE KEMMER For any Kind of Wood Limb Wood Cut to Order

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL By Charles Sugrivo. A comic strip with four panels. Panel 1: A man says 'SON, DON'T DO LIKE I DO AND STAY IN THIS LITTLE TOWN AND BE A FAILURE'. Panel 2: A man says 'GOSH, A FELLER DON'T HAVE TO BE A FAILURE JEST BECAUSE HE LIVES IN A SMALL TOWN - HE KIN HUSTLE AND WORK HARD JEST 'TH' GAME'. Panel 3: A man says 'IF POOR PETE WAMPUS RUN HIS STORE IN A CITY IN AS LAZY, SHIFTLASS STYLE AS HE DOES HERE, HE'D STARVE TO DEATH. LOTS OF FELLERS MAKE GOOD IN 'TH' CITIES, BUT LOTS OF 'EM FAIL TOO! AND EVEN IF YA DO MAKE MORE MONEY IN A CITY, YER EXPENSES IS LOTS MORE'. Panel 4: A man says 'THE WAY I GOT IT DOPED OUT, IF A FELLER IS WILLIN' TO HUSTLE 'N WORK HARD, HE DONT HAFTA MOVE TO A CITY TO BE A SUCCESS!'.

Rufus and Julius. What a pair!