

Beaverton Review

Issued Every Friday at Beaverton Oregon.

Entered as second class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

J. H. Hulet .. Business Manager

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1932

FRIENDLY FIRES START UNFRIENDLY FIRES

America has encountered its usual seasonal problem this year—that of keeping warm without burning up. Fires started by faulty heating systems spread rapidly and are extremely hazardous to property. The number of such fires increases with the coming of cold weather, according to The National Board of Fire Underwriters, which also reports that fires from all causes take an annual toll of 10,000 lives and almost a half billion dollars in property in America. In the average dwelling the soot which is permitted to accumulate in the chimney and heating plant not only impairs their efficiency but is an actual fire hazard. Chimneys may develop cracks, furnaces and stoves may need parts replaced, pipes may rust out and develop holes which would permit sparks to escape. These or similar problems are also found in other buildings, but on a larger scale. Other factors which would make for safety are placing ashes in metal containers instead of wood boxes or cartons, and keeping paper and rubbish away from stoves or furnaces.

Sometimes when houses are built, pipes are placed too close to burnable materials or the heating system is improperly installed. Specifications for correct installation of chimneys may be obtained from local inspection bureaus or insurance agents. When the heating element is electricity, oil or gas, an entirely new series of problems is developed, and unless the appliances comply with standard specifications and are maintained correctly, destructive fires may result. If every property owner would become his own fire inspector, the fire loss could be permanently reduced overnight.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

One of America's Greatest Sons

On January 17th occurs the 226th anniversary of a great American who should not be forgotten amid the nation's tribute of George Washington this year; for this noted American was not only a glory to our history but without him Washington might not have been able to achieve our independence.

This great American was Benjamin Franklin, who became, next to George Washington, the best known American of the 18th Century. Wherever enlightened men gathered during Franklin's lifetime, they accounted him foremost in philosophy, politics, and diplomacy, and to this day his name is secure in history as that of a pioneer in science.

Franklin was one of the most versatile men of our history. His clear thinking and good common sense won him fame everywhere. As for his winning personality, it proved a tremendous asset to the American cause. The final victories of Washington on the battlefield would never have been possible but for Franklin's skill in the field of diplomacy and his ultimate winning of the French nation to America's side.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, on January 17, 1706, the United States - George Washington Bicentennial Commission reminds us. His father wanted him to learn the trade of candle-making, an occupation that he disliked so much that he threatened to revolt. To forestall his running away to sea, the boy Franklin was apprenticed to his half-brother, James, a printer; and here Franklin's rapid self-education got its start. In his brother's shop he met intelligent people, he eagerly read the best books, and he soon tried his hand at writing for his brother's newspaper, called the "first sensational sheet in America."

Quarreling with his brother, Franklin set out for Philadelphia at the age of 17, to make his own way. There he soon caught the attention of Governor Keith at whose suggestion he went to London. There, in spite of many hardships, he soon obtained employment and his agreeable personality brought him many influential friends. One of them, a Quaker merchant named Denham, offered Franklin a job in a store that he planned to open in Philadelphia. Within a short time Denham died and Franklin again was without a job, but his next step was important.

With Hugh Meredith he established a printing shop in Philadelphia and in ten years he had made it the most important business of its kind in the country. Next he bought the Pennsylvania Gazette, which soon gained a circulation of 10,000 and became one of the outstanding papers of the time. In this paper he began those witty maxims to be gathered under the title of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which lives today in lasting fame.

Meanwhile Franklin's interest and activities had broadened in every direction. He founded the American Philosophical Society, organized the first fire company in Philadelphia, and became the city's postmaster and clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. His interest in science also developed, and he invented a stove and began those experiments in electricity which have made his name a household word in the scientific

world. Every schoolboy knows the story of Franklin's suspicion that the lightning-bolt was simply a larger specimen of the spark he drew from a Leyden jar. He proved the likeness with his historic experiment of the kite and the key during a thunder-storm. The invention of the lightning-rod soon followed.

Franklin's diplomatic feats make too long a list for a newspaper column, but it was he who first sought to bind the Colonies together in union. He performed many saving services for the Colonies before the Revolution, and during that struggle his influence in France provided the factor that turned the Revolution to victory for America.

Even at 81, Franklin's deeds for his country were not yet ended, for in 1787 he performed the culminating service of his long and great career with the fitting act of becoming a member of the Convention that wrote the Constitution.

Throughout his life he was a devoted admirer of George Washington, and the friendship of these two men is one of the fairest pages in early American history. On his death, on April 17, 1790, Franklin willed his cane to Washington with the famous words: "My fine cracked walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of a cap of liberty, I give to my friend and the friend of mankind, General Washington. If it were a sceptre, he has merited it and would become it."

Press and School in Education

Every day 24,000,000 American children attend school. Every day 40,000,000 newspapers go to American readers. Every contact of school or press shapes opinion closer to the sharp line of truth. There are no other institutions in the world that can compare with these two in power and influence.

The school takes the mind while it is plastic. It bestows upon the child a knowledge of the best that the race has learned in the age-long school of experience. The press builds upon these fundamentals the towers of opinion that shape the skyline of today's world.

Back of these two great educational institutions are 25,000 educators and 800,000 school teachers. Their services are so closely akin that only blindness could be responsible for a lack of mutual understanding and accord.

The interdependence of press and school is widely recognized. Particularly has the press come to the aid of the school whenever the efficiency of its service has been threatened by close-sighted attempts at retrenchment. Newspaper men have endeavored to educate the schoolteacher to a sense of the news values in his methods, aims and results. The response to this training is indicated by the growing number of public school systems which have a member of one staff to assist the news reporters in uncovering facts of interest to readers.

On the other hand, the schools are increasingly making use of the newspaper. There are very few school libraries today that do not have current news sheets on their racks. Schools are educating their pupils to rely upon the press for their continuation education.

The high character of most newspapers today admits them without question to the position of textbooks in the schools. Unfortunately all newspapers are not written upon the same high plane. School teachers deplore this. Frequently they are heard to say that newspapers are too sensational and cheap to use in the schoolroom. Undoubtedly some of them are. Whose fault is it? Where is the taste of the American reading public created? It should at least be deeply influenced in the schoolrooms.

If the taste of the reading public is for information that is not only unwholesome but harmful, there is important work for the schools to do. In that work they need the co-operation of purposeful editors.

The schools have no desire to censor the press. What the press needs is some sort of an educational philosophy, just as the educators have. Editors should draw up a statement of general principles of education through the press. They might well state in a general way their objectives, their methods, and the character of the content of their newspaper education. In the preparation of this statement the educators might be of help. Likewise the educators could wisely include editors in their conferences on educational philosophy. Only through some such system of co-operative effort can the foundations and superstructure of education be consistent.

Most of the bills in Congress are pretty bad, but not as bad as those that come on the first of the month in envelopes with windows in them.

CIMARRON
By Edna Ferber
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Forty-first installment. Moving picture palaces, with white-gloved ushers, had all the big Broadway super-films. Gas filling stations on every corner. Hot dogs, chili con carne, and hamburger stands on the most remote country roads. The Arverne Grand Opera company at the McKee theater for a whole week every year, and the best of everything—Traviata, Carmen, Boheme, Louise, The Barber of Seville. The display of jewels during that week made the diamond horseshoe at the Metropolitan look like the Black Hole of California.

The sunbonnets had triumphed. Still, oil was oil, and Indians were Indians. There was no way in which either of these native forces could quite be molded to fit the New York pattern.

The Osages still whirled up and down the Oklahoma roads, and Sabra Cravat had introduced a bill for the further protection of the Osages, and rather took away the breath of the house assembled by advocating abolition of the Indian reservation system. Her speech, radical though it was, and sensational, was greeted with favor by some of the more liberal of the congressmen. They even conceded that this idea of hers, to the effect that the Indian would never develop or express himself until he was as free as the negro, might some day become a reality. These were the reformers—the long-hairs—fanatics.

Oklahoma was very proud of Sabra Cravat, editor, congresswoman, pioneer. Osage said she embodied the finest spirit of the state and of the Southwest. When ten of Osage's most prominent millionaires contributed fifty thousand dollars each for a five-hundred-thousand-dollar statue that should embody the Oklahoma pioneer no one was surprised to hear that the sculptor, Masja Krbecek, wanted to interview Sabra Cravat.

Osage was not familiar with the sculpture of Krbecek, but it was impressed with the price of it. Half a million dollars for a statue!

"Certainly," said the committee, calmly. "He's the best there is. Half a million is nothing for his stuff. He wouldn't kick a pebble for less than a quarter of a million."

"Do you suppose he'll do her as a pioneer woman in a sunbonnet? Holding little Cim by the hand, huh? Or maybe in a covered wagon."

Sabra received Krbecek in a simple (draped) dress. He turned out to be a quiet, rather snuffy little Pole in eyeglasses, who looked more like a tailor's "little" tailor than a sculptor. His eyes roamed about the living room of the house on Kibekik. The old wooden house had been covered with plaster in a deep warm shade much the color of the native clay; the gimcrack porch and the cupolas had been torn away and a great square veranda and a terrace built at the side, away from the street and screened by a thick hedge and an iron grille. It was now, in fact, much the house that Yancey had planned when Sabra first built it years ago. The old pieces of mahogany and glass and silver were back, triumphant again over the plush and brocade with which Sabra had furnished the house when new. The old, despised scenic pioneer days, was again the fashion in Osage. There was the DeGrasse silver; the cake dish with the coffee-free cupids; the nantelope figures of china.

"You are very comfortable here in Oklahoma," said Masja Krbecek. He pronounced it syllable by syllable, painfully. O-h-l-a-h-o-m-a.

"It is a very simple home," Sabra replied, "compared to the other places you have seen hereabouts."

"It is the home of a good woman," said Krbecek, dryly.

Sabra was a trifle startled, but she said thank you, primly. "You are a congress member, you are editor of a great newspaper, you are well known throughout the country. You American women, you are really amazing."

"Tell me, will you, my dear lady," he went on, "some of the many interesting things about your life and that of your husband, this Yancey Cravat who so far preceded his time?"

So Sabra told him. Somehow, as she talked, the years rolled back, curtain after curtain, into the past. The sun. Then they were crossing the prairie, there was the first glimpse of the mud wall that was Osage, the church meeting in the tent, the Peeler murder, the outlaw, the early years of the paper, the Indians, oil. She talked very well in her clear, decisive voice. At his request she showed him the time-yellowed photographs of Yancey, of herself, Krbecek listened. At the end, "It is touching," he said. "It makes me weep."

Then he kissed her hand and went away, taking one or two of the old photographs with him.

The statue of the Spirit of the Oklahoma Pioneer was unveiled a year later, with terrific ceremonies. It was a heroic figure of Yancey Cravat stepping forward with that light graceful stride, in the high-heeled Texas stir boots, the skirts of the Prince Albert billowing behind with the vigor of his movements, the sombrero atop the great menacing buffalo head, one beautiful hand resting lightly on the weapon in his two-gun holster. Be-

hind him, one hand just touching his shoulder for support, stood the weary, blanketed figure of an Indian.

CHAPTER XIV

SABRA CRAVAT, congresswoman from Oklahoma, had started a campaign against the disgraceful condition of the new oil towns. With an imposing party of twenty made up of front-page oil men, senators, congressmen, and editors, she led the way to Bowlegs, newest and crudest of the new oil strikes.

Cities like Osage were suava enough in a surface way. But what could a state do when oil was forever surging up in unexpected places, bringing the days of the Run back again? At each newly discovered pool there followed the rush and scramble. Another Bret Harsh town sprang up on the prairie; fields oiled slimy black; oil rigs clanked; false-front wooden shacks lined a one-street village. Daney built Brothels, Gummeh, Brawis, Heat, Fies, Dirt, Crime. The clank of machinery, the roar of traffic boiling over a road never meant for more than a few overalls, Nitro-glycerine cars bearing their deadly freight. Overalls, corduroys, blue prints, engines. The human scum of each new oil town was like the scum of the Run, but harsher, crueler, more wolfish and doglike.

The imposing party, in high-powered motor cars, bumped over the terrible roads, creating a red dust barrage.

"It is all due to our rotten Oklahoma state politics," Sabra explained to the great senator from Pennsylvania who sat at her right and the great editor from New York who sat at her left in the big luxurious car. "Our laws are laughed at. The Capitol is rotten with graft. Anything goes. Oklahoma is still a territory in everything but title. This town of Bowlegs, it's a throw-back to the frontier days of forty years ago—and worse. It's like the old Cimarron. People who have lived in Osage all their lives don't know what goes on out here. They don't care. It's more oil, more millions. That's all. Any one of you men, well known as you are, could come out here, put on overalls, and be as lost as though you had vanished in the wilderness."

The Pennsylvania senator laughed a plump laugh and with elbow nearest Sabra made a little movement that would have amounted to a nudge—in anyone but a senator from Pennsylvania. "What they need out here is a woman governor, eh, Lippmann?" to the great editor.

Sabra said nothing.

On the drive out from Osage they stopped for lunch in an older oil town hotel dining room—a surprisingly good lunch, the senators and editors were glad to find, with a tender steak, and little green onions, and near beer, and cheese, and coffee served in great thick cups, hot and strong and refreshing. The waitress was deft and friendly; a tall angular woman with something frank and engaging about the two circles of vermilion on the parchment of her withered cheeks.

"How are you, Nettie?" Sabra said to her.

"I'm grand, Mis' Cravat. How's all your folks?"

The senator from Ohio winked at Sabra. "You're a politician, all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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. H. F. Amis, on Chas. Jaspersen place, Beaverton. Adptf

Wanted—General construction work. Handle any work relating to the building trades. Can fix the kids' toys. Glad to talk your proposition over with you. Phone Beaverton 7651, F. Strickland, Rt. 1. Adv p 5

FOR SALE
Milk contains all the food values so essential to a child's growth and development. If you will but phone 4225 our wagon will deliver daily at your home the very best of milk. Beaverton Sunrise Dairy, A. Camenzind, proprietor. adv. c-39-1f

For Sale—Old Newspapers, Generala bundle, 5c. Call Review office.

IN OREGON HOMES

Murphy—Members of the Murphy Road home economics unit as well as those of the Wilderville and Redwood Highway units have been giving special consideration to the food habits of children and how to get good eating practices adopted. Thirty-two mothers in these three groups have reported improvement in their own eating habits and 16 children have adopted better food habits. This series of nutrition meetings is given under the direction of Sara R. Wertz, the home demonstration agent, with the cooperation of Lucy A. Case, nutrition specialist.

Grants Pass—Six different organizations in Josephine county were aided by the Josephine County Recreation Study group during the month of December. The membership of this recreation group of 30 is divided into four committees—songs, stunts, games, one-act plays. Committees respond to requests of rural community groups for assistance with the entertainment features of their programs. A. G. Jackson of Grants Pass is president of the organization which is one phase of the extension service carried on under the direction of Mrs. Sara H. Wertz, home demonstration agent.

Eugene—Eighty-six Oregon products were listed by the prize winner of a contest conducted at the Beaver Party for chairmen of Home Extension Units in Lane county, according to Gertrude Skow, home demonstration agent. The 30 unit chairmen were invited to this party

by the county committee of seven which is headed by Mrs. Ralph Laird of Pleasant Hill.

Gresham—More than 425 men and women of Multnomah county have participated in an entertaining, educational program planned to arouse interest in improving kitchens and the manner of performing work in them, according to Frances Clinton, home demonstration agent. This program is titled "Come Into the Kitchen" and includes snappy roll call responses, a demonstration on "The Secret of the Great Arch" (caused by too low work surfaces), a talk on kitchen furnishings and their arrangement, original kitchen songs, and the "Kitchen Klangers," an orchestra or band made up of kitchen implements. Copies of this program may be obtained free from any home demonstration agent or from the home economics extension service at Corvallis.

Oregon State News

A new post office is being started at Crawfordville.

The Pacific Spruce Mill at Toledo is to make repairs.

Oregon has 42 airports, ranking 13th in the country.—Main Enterprise.

Building permits in Hillsboro for the year of 1931 amounted to \$45,900.

H. W. Curry of Newport has remodeled the interior of his Groceria there.

Building permits issued in Ashland for the first 11 months of 1931 totaled \$47,984.

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.

F. W. BISHOP PLUMBING and HEATING Hardware, Paints Beaverton Phone, 2903

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

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

Half-Pound Chocolate Peanut Bar, 10c While They Last **Kamberger's Confectionery**

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

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.**

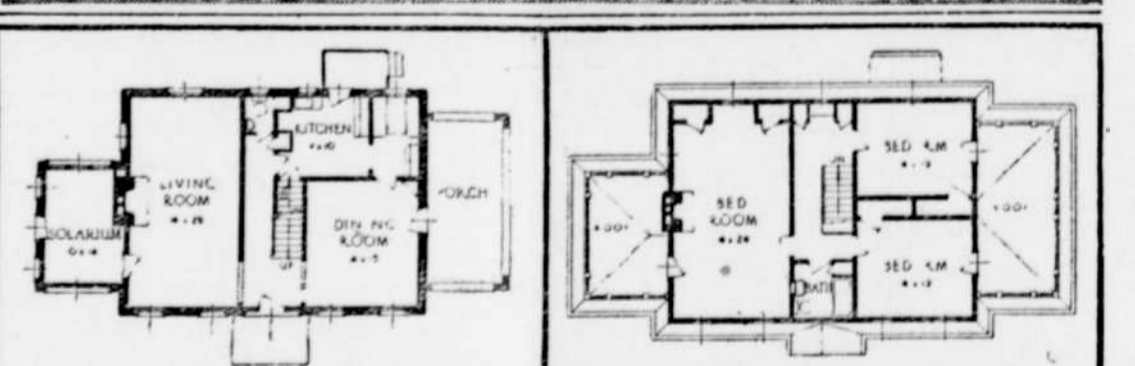
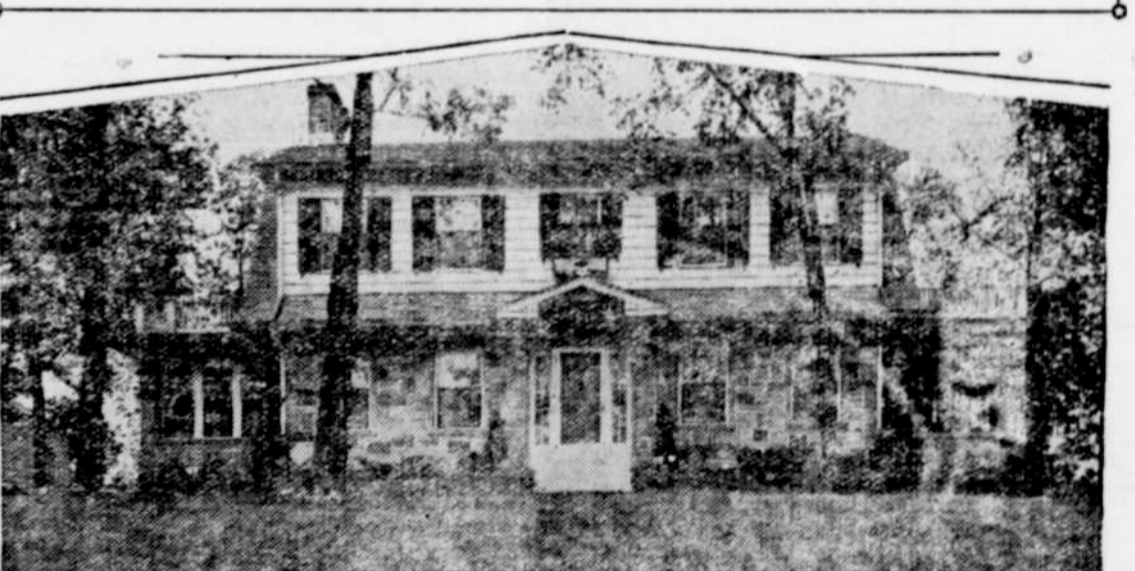
WOOD 2nd Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$4.50 1st Growth, 4-ft., delivered, \$5.50

CARL C. TOPICH Rt. 3, Box 453, Beaverton Residence 1 mile south of Cooper Mountain school

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

Phone 6411 **JOE KEMMER** For any Kind of Wood Limb Wood Cut to Order

STONE HOME OF LOW UPKEEP COST



Stone and wood are effectively combined in this attractive Colonial home. A spacious living room, dining room, kitchen, solarium and porch comprise the main section. On the second floor is the master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms, and bath. The design adapts itself well to the requirements of space, and ordinary activities of the average family.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL



The Boss Knows



The Comic Strip

