Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

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The Road to Accident Prevention

At the end of 1931 we look backward on an automobile accident record of 35,000 fatalities and resolve to do better in 1932.

No problem is more within the control of the individual than that of traffic fatalities and injuries. It is within the power of each of us to become a competent, responsible and careful driver. Nine out of ten drivers merit that classification now. It is the one out of ten who causes the accidents—and he is the one who refuses to heed accident prevention messages.

It is a tragic thing that carelessly driven automobiles can cause more deaths than a great war. Tremendous advances have been made in automobile construction, from the standpoint of speed, of power, and of mechanical safety. But advances in the standard of driving have lagged behind. We have built better cars—but we have not developed better drivers to operate them.

Highway safety is made up of many little factors—none of which cost anything. If we resolve to abide by the laws, to lose a minute rather than gain one at the risk of our lives and others', to remember the unwritten rules of courtesy and carefulness, there will not be 35,000 automobile deaths annually—and perhaps there will not be even 3500. Such progress may be too much to hope for in a single year—but every operator of an automobile should remember that it is possible and act accordingly.

IMPROVING RURAL ROADS

We are learning that poor roads, impassable during part of each year, are one of the farmer's greatest problems. Those who live in cities, from which fine paved highways stretch away in all directions, probably have a difficult time understanding his predicament. But if they can imagine themselves living on an isolated farm, without means for going to town, or for receiving medical or fire-fighting service in case of need, they will have an inkling into the plight of millions of American farm families.

The good roads movement must be extended into rural districts—and amount of traffic must not be the major consideration. Modern construction methods have made possible the building of good asphaltic surfaced roads, passable and safe under all conditions, at an extremely low cost. In any sound consideration of permanent and substantial "farm relief," the problem of good roads for fast, economical transportation of persons and goods, should play an important part.

JUSTICE HOLMES

The retirement, at the 90, of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the Supreme Court of the United States, brings to an end a magnificent public career.

He has become recognized as one of the great jurists of history—and, more than that, as a great man as well. His has been a life devoted purely to the public service. He has the qualities of mind and heart that are given to few men in any time.

Justice Holmes' life encompasses a period that, to most of us, is history. He tempered justice with mercy, and fought always for the rights of humanity, for the oppressed and the misunderstood and the unfortunate. Age seemed to add to, rather than detract from, the keenness and penetration of his mind, and it was only ill health that forced his retirement.

Although he has left the bench, the work that he has done for his fellow citizens will be ever-present for generations to come.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Women wore bustles.
Operations were rare.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Cream was 5¢ a pint.
You never heard of a "tin lizzie."
Doctors asked to see your tongue.
Milk shake was a favorite drink.
Advertisers did not tell the truth.
Nobody cared about the price of gasoline.
Farmers came to town for their mail.
The hired girl drew one-fifty a week.
The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.
Folks said pneumatic tires were a joke.
Nobody "listened in" on a telephone.
You stuck tubes in your ears to hear a phonograph, and it cost a dime.

—From the Beaverton Hummer

IN THE CLUB

"Give me an asphyxiated steak, waiter. Smothered in mushrooms, you know."

"Yas suh! An' shall I bring you a miniature cocktail with it?"

"Whats that?"

"You drinks it and in a miniature out, boss."

PUBLICITY A POLICEMAN

The light of day turned unto the right spot removes the need for costly prosecution in most instances. —Department of Agriculture of Oregon Bulletin.

RADICAL CHANGES TRANSFORM BANKING

National Commission Sees Changing Opinion on Branch Banking Issue—Studies Group and Chain Banks.

NEW YORK.—Modification of the attitude of bankers on the long disputed branch banking question is forecast in a review and report covering rapid changes going on in banking issued here by the Economic Policy Commission of the American Bankers Association. The report, however, after referring to recent proposals that national banks be given branch banking powers within the business territory surrounding their location, declares that "we do not believe that so-called 'trade-area' branch banking is likely to gain the support of any large percentage of the banking fraternity."

The commission says that the "most important development that has affected American banking in recent years involves the rapid growth of multiple banking organizations in the form of group, chain and branch banking systems," and adds that "we present this report as an unprejudiced economic study and have no theories or policies to urge at this time." The statement says that the commission's information indicates there are now 269 group or chain bank systems, which control 1922 banks and $15,285,000,000 in aggregate resources, and that there are only six states and the District of Columbia where it does not find any group organizations.

The Commission's Investigation

"We have been in touch with the managers of many important bank groups," the report says. "Aside from the obvious economies of centralized operation and control a number of these organization heads very frankly tell us that they do not feel that the system has been in operation and tested long enough to justify them in making positive or sweeping statements as to its advantages or disadvantages compared to unit banking.

"The Banking and Currency Committee of the House, which is conducting an investigation into banking developments, has called a number of operating heads of some of the great group systems. These men declared that they found, under certain conditions, definite operating and economic advantage in both group and branch banking over independent unit banking. Some thought group banking was only a transitional stage, that branch banking was preferable and if it were permitted on an extensive enough scale they would change their groups over to branch systems. Others held that group banking was preferable.

"Some held that the ideal plan was a combination of the two with group bank units for localities strong enough to support complete banking institutions and with branch offices extending further into the smaller places requiring banking services but not large enough to support complete banks. Several of these who advocated multiple banking declared that nevertheless they believed there would always be room for vigorous independent unit bank competitors.

Government Officials Express Views

"The Comptroller of the Currency recommended that national banks be given branch banking powers within 'trade-areas.' The Governor of the Federal Reserve Board appeared to be in general agreement with the Comptroller. He said there were 24,645 banks and 3,547 branches, a total of 28,192 banking offices; that in this total, 6,353 offices were either branches or bank members of groups, or both, leaving 21,839 banking institutions that might be definitely termed independent unit banks, having no branches and in no way connected with group affiliations. He said all the banks had total loans and investments of $58,500,000,000, of which the group and branch systems held $30,000,000,000, or more than half.

"He opposed nation-wide branch banking at present but said that ultimately if bankers became trained and experienced in the larger technique of 'trade-area' banking he thought it would in time evolve nation-wide branch banking under control of relatively few banks, but he did not believe this would mean monopoly or lack of competition. He favored branch over group banking which, however, he said represented an economic development along 'trade-area' lines and would spread unless something else were substituted and thought 'trade-area' branch banking would serve this purpose.

"It is the intention of the Commission to develop its own studies in these questions, watch carefully every move that is made and every bit of information that may develop in this connection and keep itself prepared to give an unbiased and accurate statement of the facts of the case whenever that is desired," the report concludes.

"Whatsa matter with you?"
"Asthma."
"Hey ma, whatsa matter with him?"

CIMARRON

By Edna Ferber

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Forty-second Installment.

Arrived at Bowlegs, Sabra showed them everything, pitilessly. The dreadful town lay in the hot June sun, a scarred thing, flies buzzing over it, the oil drooling down its face, a slimy stream. A one-street wooden shanty town, like the towns of the old territory days, but more sordid. A red-cheeked young Harvard engineer was their official guide: an engaging boy in bone-rimmed glasses and a very blue shirt that made his pink cheeks pinker. That is what I wanted my Cim to be, Sabra thought with a great wrench at her heart. I mustn't think of that now.

The drilling of the oil. The workmen's shanties. The trial of a dance-hall girl in the one-room pine shack that served as courtroom. The charge, nonpayment of rent. The little room, stifling, stinking, was already crowded. Men and women filled the doorway, lounged in the windows. The judge was a yellow-faced fellow with a cud of tobacco in his cheek, and a single law book on a shelf as his library. It was a trial by jury. The jurors were nine in number, their faces a rogues' gallery. There had happened to be nine men loafing near by. It might have been less or more. Bowlegs did not consider these fine legal points. They wore overalls and shirts. The defendant was a tiny rat-faced girl in a soiled green dress that parodied the fashions, a pathetic green poke bonnet, down-at-heel shoes, and a great run in her stocking. Her friends were there—a dozen or more dance-hall girls in striped overalls and jockey caps or knee-length gingham dresses with sashes. Their ages ranged from sixteen to nineteen, perhaps.

The girls were charming, hospitable. They made way for the imposing visitors. "Come on in," they said. "How-do!"—like friendly children. The mid-afternoon sun was pitiless on their sick eyes, their bad skin, their unhealthy hair. Clustered behind the rude bench on which the jury sat, the girl, from time to time, leaned a sociable elbow on a juryman's shoulder, occasionally enlivening the judicial proceedings by a spirited comment uttered in defense of their sister, and spoken in the nearby ear or aloud, for benefit of the close-packed crowd.

"She never done no such thing!"

"He's a d—n liar, an' I can prove it."

No one, least of all the tobacco-chewing judge, appeared to find these girlish informalities at all unusual in the legal conduct of the case.

In the corner of the little room was a kind of pen made of wooden slats, like a sizable chicken coop, and in it, on the floor, lay a man.

"What's he there for?" Sabra asked one of the girls. "What is that?"

"That's Bill. He's in jail. He shot a man last night, and he's up for carrying concealed weapons. It ain't allowed."

"I'm going to talk to him," said Sabra. And crossed the room, through the crowd. The jurors had just filed out. They repaired to a draw at the side of the road to make their finding. Two or three of the dance-hall girls, squatted on the floor, were talking to Bill through the bars. They asked Sabra her name, and she told them, and they gave her their own. Toots. Pewee. Bee.

The face of the boy on the floor was battered and blood-caked. There was a festering sore on his left arm, and the hand and arm were swollen and angry looking.

"You were carrying a concealed weapon?" Sabra asked, squatting

"Wife and Mother—You Stainless Woman—Hide Me—Hide Me in Your Love!"

there with the girls. A senator or two and an editor were just behind her.

An injured look softened Bill's battered features. He pouted like a child. "No, ma'am. I run the dance hall, see? And I was standing in the middle of the floor working, and I had the gun right in my hand. Anybody could see. I wasn't carrying no concealed weapon."

The jury filed back. Not guilty. The rat-faced girl's shyster lawyer said something to her. She spoke in a dreadful raucous voice, simpering.

"I sure thank you, gents."

The dance-hall girls cheered feebly.

Out of that fetid air into the late afternoon blaze. "The dance halls open at nine," Sabra said. "We'll wait for that. In the meantime I'll show you their rooms. The rooms—" she looked about for the fresh-cheeked Harvard boy. "Why, where—"

"There's some kind of excitement," said the New York editor. "People have been running and shouting. Over there in that field we visited awhile ago. Here comes our young friend now. Perhaps he'll tell us."

The Harvard boy's color was higher still. He was breathing fast. He had been running. His eyes shone behind the bone-rimmed spectacles.

"Well, folks, we'll never have a narrower squeak than that."

"What?"

"They put fifty quarts in the Gypsy pool but before she got down the oil came up—"

"Quarts of what?" interrupted an editorial voice.

"Oh—excuse me—quarts of nitroglycerin."

"My G—d!"

"It's in a can, you know. A thing like a can. It never had a chance to explode down there. It just shot up with the gas and oil. If it had hit the ground everything for miles around would have been shot to h—l and all of us killed. But he caught it. They say he just ran back like an outfielder and gauged it with his eye while it was up in the air, and ran to where it would fall, and caught it in his two arms, like a baby, right on his chest. It didn't explode. But he's dying. Chest caved in. They've sent for the ambulance."

"Who? Who's he?"

"I don't know his real name. He's an old bum that's been around the field doing odd jobs and drinking. They say he used to be quite a fellow in Oklahoma in his day. Picturesque pioneer or something. Some call him old Yance and I've heard others call him Sim or Simeon or—"

Sabra began to run across the road.

"Mrs. Cravat! You mustn't—where are you going?"

She ran on, across the oil-soaked field and the dirt, in her little buckled high-heeled slippers. She did not even know that she was running. The crowd was dense around some central object. They formed a wall—roustabouts, drillers, tool dressers, shooters, pumpers. They were gazing down at something on the ground.

"Let me by! Let me by!" They fell back before this white-faced woman with the white hair.

He lay on the ground, a queer, crumpled, broken figure. She flung herself on the oil-soaked earth and lifted the magnificent head gently, so that it lay cushioned by her arm. A little purplish bubble rose to his lips, and she wiped it away with her fine white handkerchief, and another rose to take its place.

"Yancey! Yancey!"

He opened his eyes—those ocean-gray eyes with the long curling lashes like a beautiful girl's. She had thought of them often and often in an agony of pain. Glazed now, unseeing.

Then, dying, they cleared. His lips moved. He knew her. Even then, dying, he must speak in measured verse.

"'Wife and mother—you stainless woman—hide me—hide me in your love!'"

She had never heard a line of it. She did not know that this was Peer Gynt, humbled before Solveig. The once magnetic eyes glazed, stared; were eyes no longer.

She closed them gently. She forgave him everything. Quite simply, all unknowing, she murmured through her tears the very words of Solveig.

"Sleep, my boy, my dearest boy."

[THE END.]

Fair and Milder

(Copyright, W. N. U.)

The Clackamas Construction Co. submitted the low bid of $5,800 for constructing floors for 452 tents at Camp Clatsop.

The construction of the water main extension for Grants Pass will start when the county's road work relief will cease.

Approximately $16,042,000 were spent on Oregon highways during 1931 according to Roy A. Klein, state highway engineer.

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

Dressmaking—Sewing, alterations, repairs, lining. Coats a specialty. Reasonable. Mrs. P. L. Schultz. I have a canary bird for sale for $5, or will sell the bird and cage for $6.50. Mrs. Schultz. p9

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

For Sale—Old Newspapers. Generous bundle, 5¢. Call Review office.

Bennett's Baby Chicks—From Hollywood-Tancred strains, crossed trapnested pedigreed hens and cockerels. Large, white, 24-oz. eggs. 14 years of experience, 10 years trapnesting. Hatching eggs $3.00 per 100. Setting eggs, 15, special pens, 75¢. Chicks $110.00 per thousand, $12.00 per hundred. Inquire 1½ miles morth of Reedville, on Route 2, Beaverton. Carrie E. Bennett. Adv c9-11

X-RAY PLAYS IMPORTANT PART IN THE INDUSTRIAL FIELD

Practical application of the X-ray to things industrial is one of the newest things in science. Since its invention the X-ray had been used almost exclusively in surgery and the visible diagnosis of human ills. Now progressive business is employing the "all-seeing eye" to determine quality and construction of many kinds of merchandise—shoes, radio tubes, balls, furniture, etc.

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
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E. D. VanMeter, Prop.

F. W. BISHOP
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Hardware, Paints
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Beaverton Barber Shop
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VELVET ICE CREAM
15¢ PER PINT
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Our work speaks for itself
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Dry Wood——Any Length
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WOOD
2nd Growth, 4-ft., delivered, $4.50
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For any Kind of Wood
Limb Wood Cut to Order

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

By Charles Sughroe
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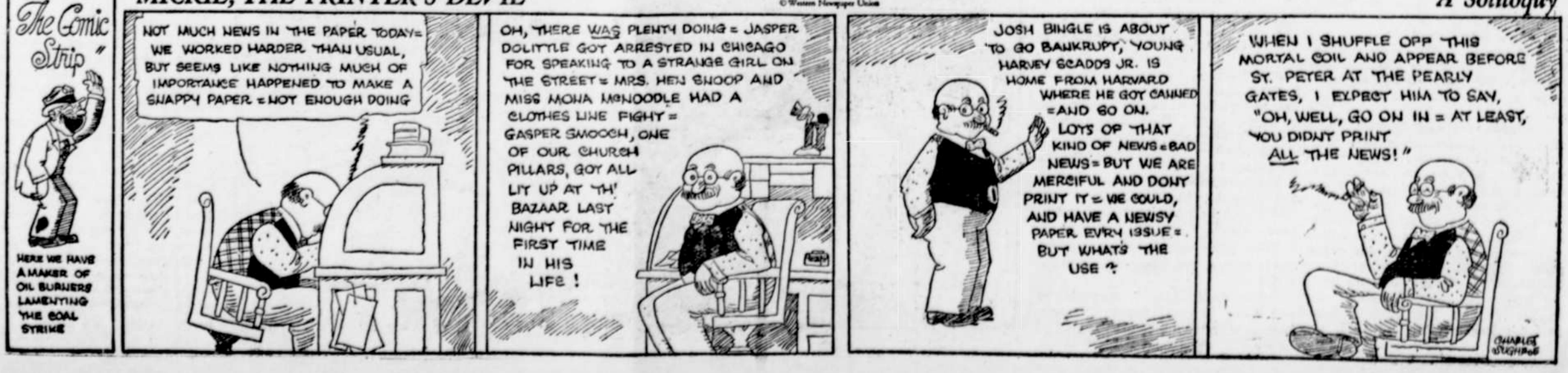

A Soliloquy