Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett .. Business Manager

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1932

Probabilities of Being Mistaken

In the year 1400, anybody who considered the world round was a crank. In the year 1932 anybody who thinks the world is not round is a crank. A trivial 500 years turns fools into wise men and wise men into fools. Which shows that the probabilities of Mr. X being right on any subject are not very great.

Now, Mr. X may call himself a fool before his friends so many times that at last one friend says, "X, I am convinced you are a fool." Whereupon X is highly insulted. Which goes to show that a self-convinced, self-admitted fool resents judgment by others on matters they know more about than he, even when they agree with him.

The probabilities of our being mistaken are overwhelming. But maybe that is the very reason we are blessed with rashness, bullheadedness self-conceit. Without them we might all be driving laundry wagons.

These thoughts, even, are probably erroneous.

Compete or Cooperate

Independence is a great thing. In the Oregon prune industry it's great for those who buy the fruit. Ever since prune growing became a major industry of Western Oregon the growers have competed for the privilege of getting the lowest price for their product. They've failed to cooperate, rejected the "one for all, all for one" idea, insisted on allowing others to reap the profits of their own labor. As long as growers follow that system they stay in "hock" to banks, tax receivers and everyone else. Remain "independent" and make money for other people; cooperate and make it for yourself.

Lie Under Oath

"After two years on the bench I am convinced that perjury is committed in 80 per cent of the cases that are tried," declares Judge Wilbur C. Curtis, Los Angeles.

The legal profession is at fault when lawyers connive at perjury and courts shut their eyes to it. Justice is not supposed to be as blind as all that.

Just One

Daughter: "Oh, I do wish I was pretty."

Mother: "You needn't dear; sensible men think very little about beauty."

Daughter: "But it isn't sensible men I'm thinking about; it's Harry."

The Business Instinct

Dad: "Even if that little shrimp has money, you always used to say you'd never marry a man less than 6 feet tall."

Daughter: "I know, Dad, but I decided to take off 20 per cent for cash."

Right

Young Man: "It is a solemn thing when a woman trusts a man with her affections."

Old Man: "It isn't as solemn as when she won't trust him with his own wages."

What Makes A City?

It's not the individuals,
Nor the city as a whole,
It's the everlasting teamwork
Of every bloomin' soul.

After looking over a lot of confession magazines we have come to the conclusion that the "fession" doesn't much of anything.

The Pope is said to have blessed the telephone exchange in the Vatican. Nobody ever blesses telephone exchanges in this country.

It is pointed out that there are many modern gadgets to make work lighter. There are few that can make a lighter work.

An apple caused the first downfall of man, but peaches have been handling the business quite efficiently the past few years.

The very wise man and the very foolish one seem much alike, especially when they try to explain the depression.

Strange But True

Los Angeles, Calif., is about 80 miles further east than Reno, Nevada.

It must have been a married man who suggested enlisting the women in finding work for the jobless.

What this country needs most is a commission to braid legal red tape into a good serviceable rope.

Yes, sir, you can pretty well tell what sort of a man he is by the golf scores he turns in.

Politics is just one party trying to get into office and the other party trying to stay in.

A servant has written a novel. It is said to contain a lot of new situations.

THE INDIVIDUAL AND HIS BANK

By ROME C. STEPHENSON
President American Bankers Association


R. C. STEPHENSON

BANKERS recognize that their business carries especially heavy public responsibilities and welcome all sound measures to aid them meet the duties this imposes. Unceasing efforts to bring about continually improving methods to safeguard depositors in banks of all kinds have long been uppermost in the plans of bankers' organizations throughout the nation. They are not the outgrowth merely of the past year of business adversity, but have been carried on actively for many years and have resulted in great progress along lines of better, safer banking methods. Although banking along with all business has suffered reverses, conditions in this field have been far less severe than they would have been had not bankers been widely successful in their endeavors to develop the high standards of banking that now generally prevail.

The American Bankers Association and bankers' organizations in every state actively support the principle of government supervision of banking. The national banks, which receive their charters to do business from the federal government, are under the supervision of the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington. Through his efficient staffs of expert bank examiners in every section he has the duty and powers to keep watch of the way every national bank is being conducted, to suggest desirable changes in its policies or methods and even to step in and take control for the protection of the depositors if such action is warranted. The state banks, also, which are chartered by the various state governments, are subject to similar supervision and control by state bank officials. In addition banks in many places have long maintained voluntary clearing house associations which enforce even closer supervision over their members.

Bankers Favor Public Supervision

Present laws adequately enforced contain ample provisions for government supervision. Bankers universally believe in strong, capable banking departments manned by officials with the discretion and courage to enforce these laws and act under them as the common welfare demands. They believe that these public officials should be paid sufficient salaries to command the services of men of character, ability and a resolute spirit of public service. They believe also that the banking departments should be kept free from all political or other special influence in order to be able to act at all times with single-minded independence solely for the benefit of the public interest.

Although banks in the United States operating under state or national charters are thus subject to supervision of public authority, they are strictly private business enterprises. They are owned by their stockholders and administered by officials chosen through the boards of directors which their stockholders elect. No bank is owned or operated by the United States Government, nor, with one small exception in a western state, by any state government. The function of government in banking is to promote and enforce careful banking administration through the system of examination and supervision which I have described. This, however, does not relieve the individual depositor from the necessity of judging and choosing carefully as to his banking relations, just as in his other business or professional relations. He must inquire for himself into the character and type of institution and men he shall do business with, satisfying himself as to their reputation, reliability and capability. These qualities are essential to complete the element of safety and dependability in any human institution.

NERTS!

Won't be long now until the sap is stirring and spring unlocks the flowers again. We've been practicing up a bit on our annual spring pome with results still doubtful:

"Welcome, gentle springtime zephyrs"!
Nothing seems to rhyme but "heifers,"
"Cows" and "zephyrs" ain't so hot—
Now let's see what else I've got.
Better change the "zephs" to "breezes"—
Sufferin' cats! That brings us sneezes";
"Pleases, freezes, treeses, cheeses"
New potatoes and green "peasees"—
Hip! Hooray! I've got 'er skinned,
"Hello, Springtime! How's yer wind?"

Money to Burn

By Peter B. Kyne

© by Peter B. Kyne — WNU Service

STORY FROM THE START

Hiram Butterworth, miser, decides to leave his fortune to Elmer Clarke, a poor nephew.

Second Installment

"Elmer Clarke was twelve years old when his father died. As is the case with most professors and particularly those in federal employ, Professor Clarke's salary was never commensurate with his ability. Also, he was careless in the matter of providing life insurance for his dependents, with the result that the care of his widow fell immediately upon Elmer.

"At twelve years of age, therefore, Elmer Clarke played his last game of ball and became the sole and efficient support of his mother—a burden lightened somewhat by reason of the fact that Professor Clarke had left his widow a comfortable six-room bungalow on a lot of 100 feet frontage on C street in this city.

"Elmer Clarke graduated from the Union high school here at the age of sixteen and was No. 1 on the honor list of ten pupils. He immediately went to work in a local fruit cannery, where the remuneration of employees is regulated by their industry. When the canning season closed he had three hundred dollars in the savings department of this bank. The following season he bought fruit, on commission, for various packing houses and proved himself an uncanny judge of fruit values and crop tonnage.

"However, realizing the drawbacks of a seasonal occupation and faced with the necessity of insuring the care of his mother, he learned telegraphy in his spare moments and secured a position as assistant station agent in the local office of the Southern Pacific railroad. He had just been promoted to station agent at the outbreak of the World war. He enlisted at once and served with the Rainbow division as a radio sergeant, until October of 1918, when he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He was wounded twice and slightly gassed.

"For the three years following his discharge from the service, Mr. Clarke's health, due to his wounds and the gassing already referred to, was too precarious to permit of his accepting his old position as station agent at Pilarcitos. He therefore accepted a position of less responsibility and lighter duties as assistant to the proprietor of a local billiard and pool hall, with a cigar stand in connection with same.

"He has gradually recovered his health, and the last time the writer spoke to him on this subject he stated that he was now as well as he had ever been.

"Mr. Clarke is a very ambitious young man, never satisfied with what he has, always scheming for something better. He is well and very favorably known in this city. As commander of the local post of the American Legion, he is a strong force for better citizenship in our community. He is profoundly interested in politics but too shrewd and far-seeing to desire a political office.

"Mr. Clarke is unmarried and there are no immediate prospects of this status being changed. He pays cash for everything and has a savings account in this bank of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars. At the present time he is endeavoring to negotiate with us a loan on his C street property, his object being to engage in business for himself. He is a member of the Rotary club, the Kiwanis club, the Hundred Per Cent club, the Optimists' club, the Advertising club and president of our local chamber of commerce. He is a Go-Getter and too big for this town and it is our opinion that he will leave it for wider and greener pastures. We regard him as a model young man and worthy of every confidence.

"Respectfully yours,
"Pilarcitos Commercial Trust and Savings Bank,
"By N. C. Cathcart, Trust Officer."

Absolom McPeake looked up and caught a gleam of pride in old Butterworth's piggy little eyes. "Pretty flattering report, I should say, Mr. Butterworth."

"He takes after me," the miserable ruin persisted.

"God forbid!" said Absolom McPeake.

"Don't get nasty, Absolom. The boy takes after me, I tell you. A young fellow like that who knows the value of money is the man who ought to have my estate. He'll make it grow. He'll do things with it. I want to leave everything to him and cut Hattie's children off at the pockets."

"Very well, then, Elmer Clarke draws the capital prize. However, I suggest that you leave his cousins something also."

"Not a penny, Absolom. They're wasters, I tell you."

"Well, leave them five dollars each just so they'll be remembered in the will, and that will block a lawsuit."

"You bet, Absolom; I want you to make that will air-tight."

"Do you desire to make any other specific requests, Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes, five thousand to Bunker."

"Only five thousand to old Bunker?" McPeake looked and felt surprised. "Why, he's been as faithful to you as a dog for a quarter of a century! I think you're a miserable ingrate to cut Bunker off with five thousand. You ought to give him fifty thousand at the very least. Get some other lawyer to draw up your will. I'm through handling your business. You're a wolf. Get out!"

"No, you're not through. Now, Absolom, you hold your horses. You git fresh with me and I'll name somebody else executor of my estate."

"Oh, so you want me to be your executor, also, do you? Well, I don't want the job. Now, how does that strike you?"

"Absolom, you've got to accept the executorship. You're the one man I can trust."

"Well, I'll take it provided you leave Bunker ten thousand dollars."

"Very well, to please you, but not a cent more. That's final."

"We will not quarrel about it further. Any other specific bequests?"

The miser's eyes sought the carpet and it was evident now that he was embarrassed. "Absolom," he stammered finally, "I got a confession to make. Some forty years ago I had a farm in Illinois—I'll give you the full legal description later—and I mortgaged it to a man for forty thousand dollars. I wanted the money to put into the worst investment I ever made, and that was a Nevada silver mine—Consolidated Virginia. I bought stock with that money during the days of the big Comstock excitement. I could have sold out and doubled my money two weeks after I made the investment, but I held on and on, takin' more and more profit—on paper—until that underground river busted into the Comstock lode on the two thousand-foot level and ruined the mine—and me.

"Well, I lost the farm. I couldn't repay the mortgage, Absolom, and after there was a flood and the Mississippi river changed its channel and ruined that farm, I didn't want to repay the loan. Of course the man who loaned me the money lost his forty thousand and the interest. He got a deficiency judgment against me, but I dodged it for twenty years and then his widow or his executor permitted the judgment to lapse—and—well, Absolom, I reckon I'd ought to have paid the widow that money. However, I didn't an' now I want to fix it in my will so that every dollar, both principal and interest, due under that judgment to date shall be paid to the widow or—"

"The legal heirs of her body," McPeake cut in professionally.

Old Butterworth nodded and handed him a fat envelope. "This contains all the information," he explained.

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, Absolom, except that—well, I reckon it's usual to have the executor give a bond, so you'd better stipulate in my will that the customary bond shall be filed with the court by the executor.

"Old Safety First," McPeake repented. "I'll have your will ready in an hour. Stay where you are."

Within the hour Hiram Butterworth had signed his last will and testament. He carried a copy of the document away with him and left the original with his lawyer. On the first of the following month he received from Absolom McPeake a bill for fifty dollars for professional services drawing will.

"The dirty, cheap, two-for-a-cent legal jackal," he raved to his man Bunker. "Sending me a bill for drawing my will after all I've done for him." He telephoned immediately to Absolom McPeake and told the latter in lurid language exactly what he thought of him.

"You're a dirty robber!" the old man shrieked. "I'll change my will this very day. I'll learn you—"

He was terribly angry—so angry, in fact, that he quite forgot the advice for which he had paid so heavily to six heart specialists. He mumbled incoherently into the transmitter, then let it fall with a crash which was not lost on the lawyer at his end of the line. Then, very faintly, McPeake heard him say: "O God! Forgive me! I'm dying—dy—"

When McPeake reached his client's place of business he found Hiram Butterworth stretched out on the grimy, uncarpeted floor of his private office. He was quite dead. Bunker, a gray-haired, gray-faced, meek, cowed-looking little man, was sitting in a chair across the room watching the dead man.

He looked up as McPeake entered and a smile illumined his gray face, for he was free at last.

"The old man's heart went back on him," Bunker explained. "He's dead, and although I've worked for him nearly thirty years, I can't say I'm sorry."

"You ought to be glad, Bunker. In fact, you will be glad when I tell you that his will, which I drew up two weeks ago, provides a special bequest to you of ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand! Ten thousand!" the old man repeated, in crescendo. "Why, he—he—he promised me for years that he'd leave me a hundred thousand. I've devoted my life to that man and all I ever got for it was abuse and a bare living. And now he—he's betrayed me!"

Bunker's form quivered and two tears coursed slowly down his lined cheeks. "My wife will feel badly about this," he quavered. "She was sort of figuring on it. Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose."

McPeake went back to his office. Two hours later, in Pilarcitos, Calif., Elmer Clarke received the following telegram:

"Muscatine, Iowa,
"August 1, 1924.

"Your uncle, Hiram Butterworth, died suddenly here today. Please wire disposal of body. I was your uncle's attorney during his lifetime, and am named executor of his estate.
"A. McPeake, Federal Trust Bldg."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON OREGON FARMS

Agricultural out look reports, adapted to Oregon conditions and crops, will be broadcast over KOAC, the state college radio station, starting Monday, February 15, and continuing through that week. Announcement of the definite schedule of commodity reports will be made over the station before that time.

Lakeview—Sixty head of beef cattle owned by John O'Neil of East Side, Lake county are doing very well on approximately 2 3-4 pounds of cottonseed cake and all the Pahute weed they can eat daily, reports County Agent V. W. Johnson, who checked up recently on the present condition of cattle wintering there. The Pahute weed has been practically a life saver for cattle and sheep of that county this winter. Most of the sheep have been moved to the high desert.

Prineville—Hugh Stewart and E. N. Hall of Powell Butte have arranged to co-operate with County Agent W. B. Tucker in a demonstration trial of a new thick skin, scab resistant variety of potatoes of the Netted Gem type. Scab, Mr. Tucker says, is the principal disease problem of Powell Butte potato growers.

Tillamook—Tillamook county farmers have placed orders for 44 tons of the through C. H. Bergstrom, newly appointed county agent.

Klamath Falls—A number of farmers in the Tule lake district are interested in the possibilities of Burbank wheat, because of its early maturity and frost resistance. Difficulty is being experienced in obtaining high quality seed, however, inasmuch as Burbank is not generally grown, and it may be necessary for a local grower to plant a few acres and rogue out very carefully to create a seed supply, according to C. A. Henderson, county agent.

Oregon State News

A number of streets at Baker have been resurfaced.

Medford may construct a new sewage disposal plant.

Ed Settle has purchased the Allen Bros. Garage at Sutherlin.

The public library at Reedsport has been moved to new quarters.

Building permits issued in Tillamook during 1931 totaled $130,000.

New equipment has been installed in the Gem Theatre at Chiloquin.

The Purity Store at Sheridan is undergoing extensive improvements.

H. M. Sayers has opened a realty office in Roseburg at 230 West Oak Street.

A new balcony has been completed in the Clatskanie high school gymnasium.

Plans are being prepared for the erection of a theatre building at Tillamook, to cost $45.000.

Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets first and third Tuesday evenings at 7:30 P. M. in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain, secretary, and Mrs. Anna Rogers, N. G. p-tf

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—Correspondents in every school district in this section. The Beaverton Review. ad tf

Wanted—Land clearing or cordwood cutting job by strong able-bodied man. S. Olson, Tigard, Rt. 1, in care of F. M. Boose. Ad p11

Ladies' Tailoring and dressmaking, reasonable price. Mrs. E. L. Yartom, corner of Second and Lombard. Advp11

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, 5c. Call Review office.

For Sale—One 7-foot grain drill, a two-bottom John Deere plow, and six tons of hay. Inquire first house east of Holboke Store, at Beaverton. Adv c 11tf

For Sale—Hanson strain White Leghorn laying hens. Reasonable. Phone 9752. Mrs. E. C. McElroy, Aloha.

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

Team For Sale—4- and 5-year-old matched pair of dapple grays, Percheron mare and gelding. Inquire at Review office, Beaverton.

For Sale—Nice healthy 8-weeks old O. I. C. Pigs, $2.50 and $3.00 each, older pigs and one sow to farrow March 1st. Very reasonable. M. Balocco, Rt. 2, Hillsboro, one mile northwest of Jacktown school. Adv p 11-12

For Sale or Trade—Fine Jersey heifer, 1½ months old. R. B. Medill, one-half mile north of the highway on Cedar street. c11

Lost and Found.

Lost—Cow chain, between Barnes school and Beaverton Lumber yard. R. B. Medill, one-half mile north of highway on Cedar St. Adv c 11

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of Mary G. Dudley, Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administrator of the above named deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause his final account and report as such, and the court has fixed the 7th day of March, 1932, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of the above entitled court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said final account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 5th day of February, 1932.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the Estate of Mary G. Dudley, deceased.
Hare, McAlear & Peters, Attorneys for Administrator. c10-14

PROPOSALS INVITED

Sealed bids will be received by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, at Hillsboro, Oregon, until 12 o'clock noon of the 23rd day of February, 1932, for 100 cords of old growth wood to be delivered at the Washington County Home on or before July 1, 1932.

The Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Donald T. Templeton, County Judge. adv c10-11