

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

GLENN F. MILLER, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Per year (in advance) \$1.00

TRAFFIC SAFETY TOPICS

The first transcontinental run across the United States in an automobile was completed in 1903, and required two months. These speed tests were continued at intervals for nearly 20 years, but have been outlawed by legislation in many states forbidding racing on public highways.

American motorists will drive approximately 300 billion miles this year, the current issue of "Automobile Facts" reports. In 1934 the national mileage was less than 200 billions, and 10 years ago was only about 150 billion. Oregon will contribute at least its per capita share to this total, since gasoline consumption figures to date indicate Oregon drivers will cover about 2 1/2 billion miles during 1938.

Where safe driving is concerned, horse-power under the hood is less important than horse-sense behind the wheel. The human element is the deciding factor in all but a handful of accidents, and that mechanical defects and road conditions play a minor part.

Riding bicycles two abreast on the highway is extremely dangerous, and is a violation of many city ordinances. Bicycles are subject to the same traffic regulations as automobiles, therefore, should be ridden at the right-hand edge of the pavement.

Grade school students in a Wisconsin school recently debated the desirability of automobiles as compared with horses and buggies, and decided in favor of the latter because they cause fewer fatalities. However, the children were strongly in favor of the automobile provided the safety factor can be sufficiently increased.

HAZELDALE NEWS

By Mrs. J. Imlah

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Homerich have recently installed a new furnace in their home.

Billy Smith returned home Sunday from Southern Oregon, where he has been working for several months.

Mrs. Don Sipe returned home Saturday from the hospital. Her mother, Mrs. James Geunatlos of White Salmon, Wash., is staying with her.

Joe Berger and Ed Setnek talked over the National Broadcasting Co. hookup from Portland Saturday morning, telling of their recent trip east.

KEEP THAT YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE

Try the New Hair Styles Designed by Mary Ellen.
MARY ELLEN BEAUTY NOOK
Phone 6303
Across From Postoffice.

Church Announcements

Methodist Episcopal Church

Earl B. Horsell, Pastor

Sunday School-9:45 a.m. Superintendent- Chas. Roseman. Classes for all.

Morning Worship, 11 a.m., Sermon-Topic "Signs of the Times."

Epworth League- 6:30 P. M. Evening Worship- 7:30 P. M. Sermon-Topic "The Kind of Religion God Demands."

Democracy in the United States is dependent upon a vital religious faith, to assure its survival.

St. Cecilia's Church

Rev. G. L. O'Keefe, Pastor

Sunday services-8:00 and 10:00 a.m.

Bethel Congregational Church

Harper R. Burns, Acting Min.

Bible School at 9:45 a.m. Classes for all ages.

R. C. Doty, Superintendent.

Morning Worship at 11 a.m. Music: "Lift Up Thine Eyes" by Ladies Chorus

"Just For Today", Solo-Roberta Whitley.

Sermon, "The Supreme Beauty"

Note: Local order of Jobs Daughters our guests.

Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p.m. Evening Worship at 7:30 p.m. Congregational Singing of the old familiar hymns led by W. T. Cody.

Cornet Solo, "The Wonderer" Parker Wightman.

Whistling Solo, La Rae Marilyn Solo- "The Ninety and Nine"

Mr. Beckett, Short Talk, "The Ninety and Nine"

Mr. Burns, Closing Hymn Benediction

You will enjoy these services.

NAZARENE CHURCH

W. P. Keebaugh, Pastor.

Sunday School, 9:45

A class for everyone. Special on

Jimmie, the small-son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Carey, is now walking on a new cork foot, after having lost his in a moving machine accident last summer.

Mrs. Sylvia Salee returned Sunday from Eastern Oregon, where she had been visiting for several months.

Mrs. Jack Hauman and sister, Miss Sadie Arndt, left last week for a visit with relatives in South Dakota.

Sam Doughty of Amity was a visitor at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Doughty, Sunday.

Adult educational sewing classes are being held in the basement of the school house each Friday afternoon.

Sunday school attendance was 40. A missionary collection of \$2.12 was taken up. A quartet from the Muknomah school of Bible will conduct services next Sunday with special music.

Mrs. Oscar Nelson of Rosedale is at home from the Coffee hospital recovering from a major operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Walker and daughter, Claire, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Shaper and children, and Charles Sharper attended a dinner party Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Boyd at Forest Grove.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

A Home-like Church

E. E. Coulter, Pastor

The Merger service at 9:45 a.m. (those wishing to hear the sermon should be present at this time. Subject, "What Will You Do With Jesus?")

Unified Endeavor at 6:45 p.m. Evening sermon 7:45. Subject, "Are You A Child of God?"

You will enjoy these Gospel services in song and sermon, "Come and see."

MERGER SERVICE A SUCCESS

The Merger services as tried out last Lord's Day at the Church of Christ were very satisfactory and enjoyed by all present.

The devotional service opened at 9:45 A. M. sharp, lasting for 20 minutes, followed by the sermon and the Communion service. At 10:45 the classes went to the class room, and all services were dismissed at 11:30.

There were only three people came in after the sermon. There were 106 present for preaching service. Everyone was delighted with the new order.

The Unified Endeavor at 6:45 P. M. is another feature that is attracting much interest and attendance. There were 44 in attendance at Endeavor all of whom staid for the evening service with the young people making up the choir.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Estate of T. J. Allen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the above entitled court, as administrator of the estate of said deceased, and has duly qualified as such.

Now, therefore all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified and required to present the same, together with proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the law office of E. J. McALEAR, in the First National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 14th day of October, 1938.

DOY GRAY, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased.

E. J. McALEAR, Attorney for Administrator.

46-5.



OPTOMETRY

Glasses, Fitted or Repaired

Our Specialty

DR. A. E. WILSON

DEWEY, The Plumber

OUR WORK SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

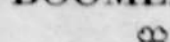
Phone 7702 Beaverton

W. E. PEGG

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

Grange Building Beaverton

BOOMERANG



By COSMO HAMILTON

© McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

IN THE club locker Harry Smallwood was imitating Chet Kirby's slow manner of speaking when someone had said:

"Gosh! Harry, if I couldn't actually see you there I'd bet my last dime it was Chet himself talking. You'd make a fortune doing that kind of stuff on the stage," he added, laughing and putting down his empty highball glass.

Other golfers, in various stages of undress, noisily indorsed what the speaker had said.

That was what bred the idea in Harry Smallwood's brain. It came to him like a flash as he sat at his office desk soon after lunch on the following day, Monday.

He stiffened, and thought furiously. Then a smile passed over his face, but it was not a pleasant smile.

"And now is just the time to find her out," he thought. "Chet said he'd be at Rye all this afternoon looking over some lots he thought of buying. And if my voice doesn't fool her I can pass it off as a joke and say I really phoned to let her know I'd be late for dinner or something."

Having asked the operator for his home number, Harry Smallwood cleared his throat and waited.

Presently his wife answered. "Oh, hello, Audrey," he said, simulating Chet Kirby's slight drawl to perfection. "You know who's speaking, eh?"

There was a short pause; then Audrey Smallwood's extremely pretty voice replied: "Well, no. Who is it?"

"Come, come!" There was a hint of affectionate reproach in the way this was said. "Mean to say you don't recognize your old Chet's voice?"

"Oh, oh, yes. Of course. How are you, Chet?"

Harry's eyes narrowed as he noted his wife's excited tone.

"Listen, dear," he said. "I got through my business out at Rye sooner than I expected. I'm just leaving there now. Could you stand it if I dropped in on you for a half-hour, or longer?"

"Stand it! You know I'd adore it."

"You're a darling, Audrey. We can have a cocktail and a cozy little chat if you've got nothing better to do, maybe?"

"What do you mean maybe?" Audrey said, gurgling deliciously. "Have I ever anything better to do when you've wanted to see me, sweetheart? Don't say things like that."

An ecstatic murmur came from the other end of the wire.

Audrey went on: "How soon can you be here, darling?"

"Let's see. About three-thirty."

"But make it sooner if you can, Chet dear."

"I'll surely try. And, by the way, I s'pose there's not a chance of anyone—you know who I mean—catching an early train and crashing in on our party, eh?"

"Why the sudden panic? He's never walked in on us, yet. You know he never gets here before seven."

"Audrey, you don't think he suspects anything about us, do you?"

"Not a thing, honey dear. Don't worry. He's much too dumb to suspect so long as we go on being careful. Now jump into your car and burn up the roads."

Whereupon, Audrey hung up. At the other end Harry Smallwood shuddered.

He was almost blind with rage, yet he felt too, a certain triumphant intoxication that his ruse had worked so neatly.

On the plea that his wife was sick he excused himself at the office for the remainder of the day. "If she isn't sick now," he told himself, "she's damn soon going to be."

In the train he rehearsed the speech he intended to deliver to Audrey.

Women were all alike, just a bunch of cheats.

What suckers men were to marry them. He'd show her whether she could play fast and loose while he was sweating his soul away to make money and keep a roof over her head.

And he'd show Chet Kirby something too.

First, he'd wring a full confession from his wife.

After that, he would make up his mind how to deal with the pair of them.

What a swell shock Audrey had coming to her!

A short taxi ride—he was too impatient to walk—from the station brought him to his small stucco house.

He paid the driver and went inside purposefully. His expression was like a storm-cloud, but his blood tingled in pleasant anticipation of exploding the metaphorical bomb he was bringing home to his wife.

"Audrey," he called sharply as soon as he had shut the front door. There was no answer.

"Audrey!" he shouted this time. "Where the devil is she?" he muttered fiercely. Why wasn't she . . . ?

An envelope standing against a vase caught his eye.

He strode over and snatched it up. It was addressed to him. He tore it open.

The letter it contained ran as follows:

Dear Harry:

Your imitation of Chet's voice this afternoon was so amazingly good that I must surely have mistaken you for him but for the fact that he was sitting in this very room when you telephoned. Incidentally, he had never before been in the house with me alone.

But when I realized how despicably low-down you were in laying that trap for me, I couldn't resist the temptation to lead you on.

Also, I made a momentous decision during our conversation.

For almost three years Chet has been in love with me. For almost that time I have been in love with him, but I tried to bluff that I was not. I was old-fashioned enough to believe that it was my duty to stand by you so long as you treated me decently. Chet made no attempt to coax me away from you.

He did not go to Rye today. He decided overnight to go off to Europe and live there for a year or so to try and get me out of his mind. He came to tell me that he was sailing tomorrow.

After putting up the receiver this afternoon I kissed Chet for the first time in my life; then I announced that I would go to Europe with him. So now I am through with making ends meet in the suburbs for a husband who obviously did not think much of me. Chet, as you know, is very well off, and he will be able to take good care of me both before and after we are married.

Good-by, Harry. Give up doing imitations—and being one.

Your ex-wife, Audrey.

For several minutes Harry Smallwood stood there like a man in a trance. Audrey would never come back to him. He knew her.

The light sound of the letter falling from his hand to the rug obtruded on his thoughts.

He looked about at the familiar things in the living room—the cushions, the chairs, the standing lamps. Somehow they looked different from when he had last seen them. It was as though they accused him of robbing them of their mistress.

He began to walk slowly through the house.

The kitchen was immaculate; Audrey always kept it so.

In the bedroom there was a faint smell of the perfume she used. From the night table he picked up the book she had been reading the night before. Then, suddenly, Harry Smallwood felt insupportably tired and old. He sank heavily on to Audrey's bed and lay there with his face buried in her pillow.

Surf Is Treacherous in the Blustery South Seas

Steamers which call at outlying islands of the South Seas often find it impossible to land passengers through the gigantic waves which break almost constantly on their shores. In this case, particularly in the Samoan group, the natives come out in their long rowing canoes to take ashore perhaps a single passenger.

These boats, called fautais, have to be particularly well built to withstand the racking strain of running the surf. They are a cross between the now extinct Polynesian war canoe and our own New Bedford whaleboats, writes a correspondent in the Washington Star.

In the bow of the 50-foot boat a brown-skinned drummer booms savage time on an empty five-gallon oil drum, while 20 rowers pull the slim boat over the water with all the skill of a racing crew. A huge figure, Tullie, the village headman, to whom you are later introduced, grasps a gigantic 20-foot steering oar at the stern and brings the boat alongside the steamer in an easy swing. Baggage is lowered, you follow and soon find yourself sitting in the stern sheets almost between the chief's big, brown feet.

Surf never looks bad from seaward, because the hollow undersides of the breakers are not visible. But as you coast in toward the white sand and see the curling tops of the waves and hear their thunder on the beach you realize what the boat and crew are up against.

These Samoans handle their boats much the same as Hawaiians do their surfboards in the smaller breakers off their islands. That is, they pick a good sea, then pull like mad to keep on the shoreward side of its crest, where the downhill slide of the boat gives greater velocity and the water of the wave provides added depth to cover the jagged coral heads which lie just beneath the surf.

As the giant swell carries the racing boat along, the inshore combers are clearly visible. Close in, the backwash from every wave leaves the wicked coral bare, but next minute a 15-foot wave thunders in and covers it.

Blisters Cause Mountains

Blisters of hot materials deep in the earth, followed by undertows of viscous molten rock, may cause the building of mountain ranges, according to a theory of mountain-making presented by Dr. John L. Rich, University of Cincinnati geologist. When a mass of rock is heated by radioactive disintegration, a blister is formed as the rock expands. As the blister rises, the surrounding area sinks, in part because of the deposition of materials on it as the elevated blister is eroded. Deep in the earth, currents of rock are set up, which continue until a pressure-balance is reached.

Christmas Cards

It may be a little early to talk about Christmas, but we want you to know that we have added a complete line of Greeting cards. All grades and prices.

Barry's 5 & 10 Cent Store

Check the Want

Ads first whether

you plan to sell,

buy, rent or trade

you'll find it profitable to use the

Want Ads.

READER ASKS FOR LIGHT

A follower of these messages writes to ask—"What do you mean by your five imaginary or theoretical proofs of being born again?"

We had set forth the tests by which the TWICE-BORN should be known among their fellows and by which all who think themselves born into the family of God might check up.

Are you unsaved and simply copying Jesus or have you received new life from God and become changed in thought, word and deed? That was the intent.

If a rotted branch be brought in and set against a living tree and the two instantly be united with sap flowing in and the dead branch putting forth leaves and bearing fruit, it should prove that new life has been imparted. So we read—YOU HATH HE QUICKENED—made alive— Who Were Dead in Trespasses and Sins.—Eph 2:1. Christ said—I am the vine, ye are the branches

he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing." John 15:3.

So we who were dead in trespasses and sins have become members of the body of Christ. We are to count ourselves as alive in Jesus Christ with new thoughts, words and deeds. Among other proofs then we have these.

ONE—A new heart to love one's enemy. Hear Stephen the first martyr pray for his tormentors as they stoned him to death. TWO—A new will. "Not my will by Thine be done;" on earth as it is in Heaven. THREE—

New Ability. For it is God himself, whose power creates within you both the power and desire to do his gracious will. FOUR—The Bible an open book. "The natural man (as born into this world) receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them for they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor. 2:14. But when the Holy Spirit comes in his anointing, teaches them of all these things. See 1 John 2:27. FIVE—Drawn to the person of Christ are the TWICE-BORN. To serve Him and if need be to die for Him has become the passion of millions for He SAVES—KEEPS—SATISFIES all who receive Him as Saviour and Lord. Are you merely copying Christ or have you been BORN AGAIN?

Dean Taylor's

Beaverton Oregon

Announcement

I wish to announce that I have taken over the

RICHES GARAGE

AND

GROCERY

and invite all the old customers to stop in and see me and ask everyone in the community to stop in and get acquainted with our prompt, courteous and efficient service.

Willard Gerber

Formerly with The Beaverton Auto Service.

Will Continue to Sell Chevrolet Cars.

Buy Now--

Diamond Point Roofing 2.75

Red, Green, Aluminum colors, per roll

4-light barn sash 20'x25' ea 74c

4-ft Poultry Netting, roll 3.24

Liquid Silver, per can 15c

Galvanized Gutter, per ft 5 1/2c

Also See Us for

Building Tile - Drain Tile
Doors and Windows.

W. J. McCREADY
LUMBER CO.

F. D. PECK, Manager.

Phone 4603

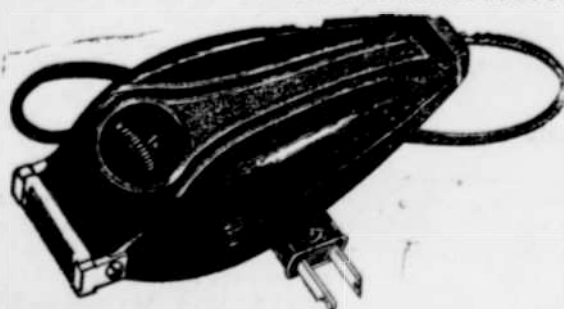
Beaverton

BAZAAR, and Home
Cooked Ham Dinner

to be given by Beaver Social Club

Wednesday, November 16.

at Masonic Hall. Bazaar opens at 2 p.m. Dinner served from 5:30 to 7:30. Two Turkeys to be given as door prizes. Dinner tickets, adults 50c and children 25c.



Sensational Offer!

Saturday, November 12

MASTER DeLUXE

ELECTRIC SHAVER

By special arrangement with the manufacturer we are offering a limited number of these unconditionally

guaranteed Electric Shavers at this ridiculously Low Price 2.99

FREE-20 2-edge Swedish Crome razor blades or 15 single with 35c sharpener.

This Ad presented at our store Saturday will secure a fine new

Guaranteed Pen-Pencil set for the small sum of 79c