

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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IF A YOUNGSTER KEEPS BLOWING HIS HORN, HE GETS BETTER.



IF A DRIVER KEEPS TOOTING, HE'S JUST A GOAT-GETTER.

While the horn on an automobile must be recognized as essential to safety in driving, it is perhaps one of the most misused pieces of equipment on the car.

Excessive use of the horn has long been known as an objectionable habit but it is not so well known that by using the horn unnecessarily a driver might be creating an element of needless danger.

There is an interesting mental reaction to be noted in connection with the use of an automobile horn in that when the horn is used the driver seldom exhibits any tendency to reduce his driving speed. He is far more likely to increase his speed because in sounding the horn he has indicated his intention to keep going and he wants to make it evident that the way had better be made clear for him.

If, on the other hand, he refrains from using the horn and places his foot on the brake he is indicating that he intends to reduce his speed, or stop if necessary, until the danger is past. It would appear obvious that slowing down until the danger is past represents a much more reasonable procedure than attempting to blast danger out of the way by sounding the horn.

Automobile horns have been misused by thoughtless drivers to such an extent that there has been some discussion of prohibiting them altogether, since too many drivers appear to believe that they can assure their safety under all traffic conditions simply by making a loud noise. It is reasoned by some that if horns were eliminated the drivers would utilize more practical precautions to avoid trouble but whether or not that would be the result is somewhat problematical.

It seems that the most practical solution of the problem presented by the driver who uses his horn excessively must come in the form of a general understanding of his true status. His actions too often symbolize the discourtesy which accounts for much of the trouble and confusion in traffic.

The Third Rail

UNHAND THAT WENCH VARIETY!

Remember when your mother and father used to predict criminal futures for the boys who sneaked into haymows or other clandestine retreats to read "dime novels"—the paper backed "penny dreadfuls" of a few decades ago? Or aren't you that old? Those lurid tales were innocuous and merciful compared to the blood and thunder "drammers" coming over the radio network today, and it apparently has not occurred to anyone that those who listen to the thrillers are on the way to hell. We don't think they are, nor were the boys who read "Diamond Dick." Any reader of this who believes otherwise is invited to read "A Plea for Old Cap Collier," by Irwin S. Cobb.

Among the refreshing features of the Portland Journal is the insistence on that sheet of calling the plural of "Webfoot" "webfeet" instead of "webfoots" as is the style on the Oregonian and its faithful little imitators. There is some wonder that the boys of the university of Oregon have difficulty in downing snobs tenth-rate outfits as California schools would, while toasting under a hardpan so greivous. Why hasn't somebody thought up a

name that would be a credit to the state and the athletes representing it, anyway? "Webfeet" is bad enough, "webfoots" can have no defenders from the standpoint of either logic or sentiment.

Our operative in charge of the entertaining in roadside signs encountered this one last week end: "Come back prosperity—all is forgiven."

One issue of the Oregonian last week contained two small and obscure items—such concealing a story, if it could be followed up. The first told about the theft of a goat—yes, a goat. It must be a desperate criminal or a thief far gone in his cups who would steal a goat. This writer not only would not steal a goat—I would not accept as a gift the fairest goat that ever munched a shirt, together with a bonus of one thousand dollars cash, if I had to keep and cherish said goat until it died of old age or indigestion. The other news story mentioned the theft of a lady's fur coat valued at \$150—and fifty cents in cash. You see it all depends on the lady—one lady prefers a one hundred and fifty dollar fur coat and fifty cents in cash, another would rather have a fifty dollar coat and \$100.50 in cash. There's a story there.

L. C. D.

THIS AND THAT

(By Rives Matthews)

"That the United States will eventually have to fight a war with Germany and that there is no escape from this gloomy forecast is the belief of H. R. Knickerbocker," we are told. Within the year, Europe is to be ablaze with another great war. "The sides have been chosen and the preliminary clashes have already taken place," the Hearst correspondent is reported to have said. If we remain neutral, Germany, with the aid of Italy, will defeat Great Britain and France. "And then we will be next on Germany's schedule," said Mr. Knickerbocker. "However, if we enter the war the democracies will win. Mussolini will not fight on the side that stands to lose."

It seems to us we've heard all this before. It has that strange familiarity of something heard half-consciously in a dream. As a matter of fact, we recall hearing many of the same phrases and tomtom beats in our own childhood.

Our memory is too good. We think there are plenty of others (not only this side of the water but also on the far side of the Rhine) who can still remember that not so distant time when we were engaged in saving the world for democracy.

So when the H. R. Knickerbocker starts drumming up swindle accounts for themselves and travelling expenses to take them to the next war, we think it is high time to examine their opinions. Unfortunately, Mr. Knickerbocker happens to work for a man who has always been suspected as far as we are concerned, but even if Mr. Knickerbocker did not work for William Randolph Hearst, he should be judged, not by the company he keeps, but by the company or companies, which keep him.

Mr. Hearst has always enjoyed and profited by a good war, and, at times, he's done his best to drum up a little bloodshed just to make headlines. Mr. Hearst first learned the value of war as a circulation builder when, according to the historians, he did more than any other American to make us go to war with Spain. They say that he sent the artist Remington, down to Cuba to cover the war with pen and brush and that Remington cabled his employer there was no work for him to do and that he wanted to come home. Hearst, so the story goes, promptly replied: "Stay where you are. You make the pictures, I'll provide the war."

Mr. Hearst is now an old man. His death will be a matter of moment only to the Treasury Department, which will come in for a generous slice of the evil that will live after him and which will continue to live and flourish in various disguises as long as men of greed are permitted to have such a great say about the ordering of this world's affairs. It is such men, and the H. R. Knickerbocker they employ, who have every reason to be thankful that a man like Adolph Hitler still lives and breathes and can make himself feared by half the world. The late Sir Basil Zaharoff was a poor mention salesman compared to Shuckleruber's little lapse. We, too, have reason to find

some pollyannaish solace in Hitler's latest antics. If he can keep it up for a few weeks longer, maybe we can be spared the impending visit of Bertie and Liz. We'd just as soon they didn't come over and teach all the gals in Washington how to flex their fibulas and incidentally, try to sell our congressmen and senators battleships to protect their far flung empire, or the wherewithall on credit to be sure, with which to build themselves some more men-of-war. We'd just as soon not see our fellow citizens making asses of themselves, as they will if Bertie and Liz do come over to dance a minuet with Grover Whalen at the little side-show he is throwing in Flushing Meadows next month.

We should remember that Bertie and Liz are merely stooges, that as a sovereign state we are entitled to deal with principals not office boys. We still think a suggestion we advanced some time ago would accomplish more good than any number of royal displays of molars.

Instead of a wax effigy of Hitler, as proposed by Mayor LaGuardia, we think a visit from a real live dictator would do us, and him, more good. What that man needs is a little education, a broader outlook, and there is nothing, they say, more broadening than a little travel. Adolph could put away his cast-iron pants and bullet proof undershirt in molballs and come over here and see for himself what a free country is really like and how it works. What that guy needs is a good night's rest in non ferrous pajamas.

SCRAP BOOK SPEAKS

For six years the Sorts Page of the Sunday paper carried a Gospel ad in one inch space, every week. Looking over the old scrap book, this that ran New Year's day, 1929, ten years ago, comes up:—

HELLO 1929

No New Year's resolutions for me— No Use— My poor human w'll is too weak to stand up, even for one day. And yet I win, for CHRIST LIVETH IN ME and my life day by day. I live by leaning all my weight on Jesus Christ who loved me and died to save me.

There you see SALVATION IN DIED TO SAVE ME. And the little ad carried VICTORY in the words CHRIST LIVETH IN ME.

Here is another:— TO MORROW

A vast throng— Whom no man can number— Out on eternities shore. They are Christ's own, raised up from the grave to share Christ's glory. "I am the resurrection and the life," says Christ. "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." That ran Easter Sunday carrying His pledge—BECAUSE I LIVE, YE SHALL LIVE ALSO. Not enough room in the one inch to add the rest of the Bible verse which says the lost dead remain in the grave until the judgement of the unsaved.

Why run these Gospel ads? Because God is not willing that any should perish but all should come to a knowledge of repentance. The Gospel says—TURN FACE ABOUT TOWARD GOD and have FAITH IN CHRIST He SAVES. KEEPS SATISFIED when all the props of earth fall away. COME JUST AS YOU ARE—Just as I am without one plea, but that Thy blood was shed for me. And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come.

Dean Taylor. Paid Adv.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County In the Matter of the Estate of James E. Geiger, Deceased. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned has been duly confirmed by the above entitled court as executrix of the Last Will and Testament 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 Bagley & Hare First National Bank Building, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated this 1st day of April, 1939.

Jeannette E. Geiger Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of said deceased. Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Executrix.

Song Search Winners



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beermann, winners in Phil Spitalny's nation-wide favorite song search, pose with their photographs of fifty years ago as they celebrate their golden wedding anniversary.

"WHEN You And I Were Young, Maggie." It's the prize-winning tune for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beermann who will celebrate their golden wedding anniversary on May 5th.

"Old people live on memories and we've been humming this song for the past twenty years," said Mr. Beermann when informed that they had won \$100 in the second of the night week nation-wide search for favorite songs being conducted by Phil Spitalny, conductor of the Hour of Charm heard Monday nights over NBC.

And speaking of memories, Mr. Beermann, now a property owner at 660 Monroe Avenue in the Bronx,

likes to talk about New York's horse and buggy era when he owned a large livery stable in the heart of the city.

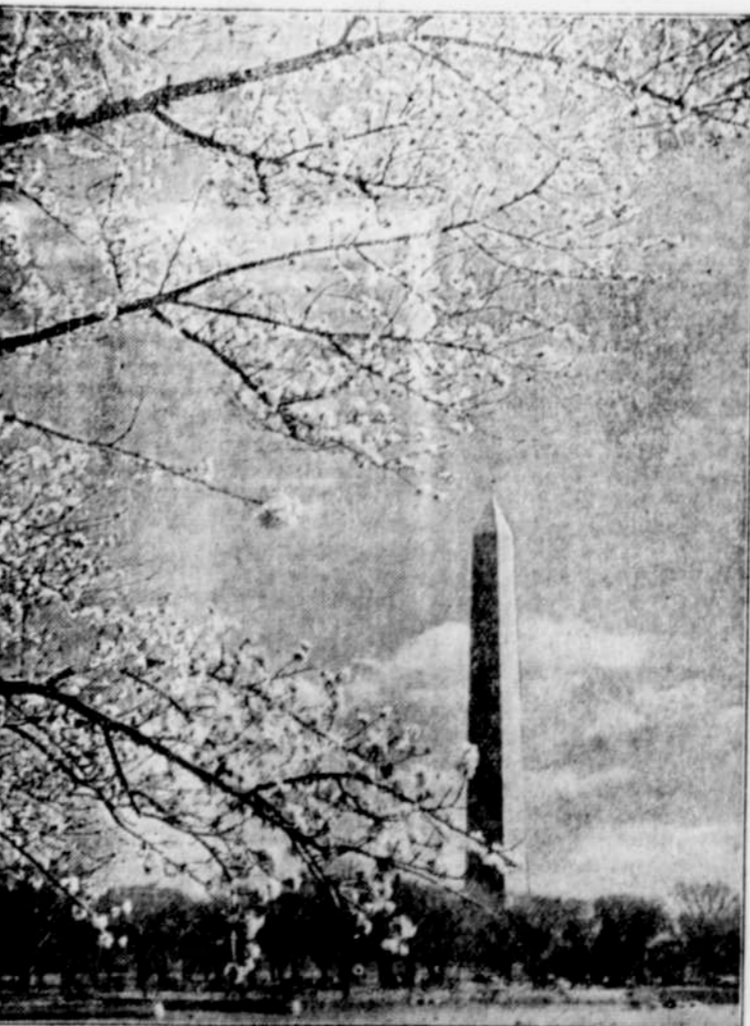
"In those days," Mr. Beermann explained, "young ladies took at least two or three buggies because very often a man's manners with horses was a good indication of his disposition."

Contentants in the Spitalny song search are requested to name their favorite tune together with 100 words telling why it has brought them the greatest happiness and mail to the Hour of Charm, General Electric Building, New York City. The winner each week will be awarded \$100.

A Fair Pair



Pretty "Miss Oregon," otherwise Miss Barbara Johnson, takes the bull by the horns at the National Beef Show at the World's Fair of the West on Treasure Island. The curly haired beauty at the left is Pillsbury Mixer, prize winner in the cattle show.



GAIN the Japanese cherry blossoms of Washington, D. C., flame along the Potomac, announcing to the nation that spring is on the way. Blossoms sketched against the backdrop of cottony clouds and the Washington monument were photographed recently as they reached full bloom. The trees, the blossoming of which are now regarded as the United States' annual spring harbinger, were presented to the American people in 1912 as good will gesture by people of Japan.

CAN YOU?

(From the Hummer) —Carry three sacks of wheat in your arms? —Earl Bolliger can. —Can you click your feet together three times in the air? —Mr. Webb can. —Can you get away with puns in class —Stassen can. —Can you keep out of an argument by agreeing with someone? —Duncan can. —Can you throw all five fingers out of joint? —D. J. Williams can. —Can you wrestle jujitsu way? —Henry Nagae can. —Can you "float"? —Byron British can. —Can you cure and dress hides? —Dick Shell can. —Can you transfer ink from one pen to another without assistance? —Aloha Finell can. —Can you step on Miss Watkins' feet and get away with it? —Jack Culbertson can. —Can any of you girls climb a 40-foot rope? —Miss Barnes can.

E-rok, Pronunciation of Iraq, Name for Kingdom

Occidentals pronounce Iraq E-rok, with the accent on the final syllable. Iraq is the Arab name for the kingdom which occupies practically the whole of the Euphrates valley—Mesopotamia.

It is a region about the size of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, but the boundaries are rather hazy. The country is a plain which lies between Persia, the Persian gulf, the Arabian and Syrian deserts and Kurdistan.

The climate is hot and rather unhealthy, but the Tigris-Euphrates region is wonderfully fertile and irrigation, says a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, would restore the land to the prosperity of the days when Bagdad was one of the world's great capitals and the deeds of the Caliph Haroun Al Rashid were weaving themselves into "The Thousand and One Nights."

Down from Mosul, which occupies the site of ancient Nineveh, to Bagdad, runs one of the links of the famous Berlin-to-Bagdad railway which was one day to have cemented the central powers. The British, who wrested Iraq from the Turks in 1917, extended this road to Basra, or Bassorah, near the gulf. The British mandatory rights, however, were formally renounced and the independence of Iraq recognized by a treaty signed at Bagdad June 30, 1930.

Iraq has great petroleum resources, ranking eighth in the world's supply. The country grows cotton, dates, tobacco, wheat, sheep, cattle and silkworms with equal success.

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