

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Last week we told about working for the Oval Dish Co. I wish I could take you readers through the plant of that company. My poor imagery would never be able to picture for you its workings. The dishes, themselves, all who are past forty have seen. The grocer and the butcher usually had a supply on hand, and when the customer purchased butter, lard, or several of the other groceries in bulk, the way they used to be handled, the grocer or the butcher would put them in those little, shallow, wooden trays, shaped somewhat like a butter bowl, only most of them were oval instead of being round.

I got for the dishes were cut into appropriate lengths, about four feet long, then put into steam vats where the wood was considerably softened by the heat and the moisture. Then this hot wood was cut into little squares and placed in the dish machine which revolved swifter than the eye can follow. With knives staunch and sharp, the little dish was just naturally scooped out much like you would scoop the soft part out of the half of a juicy watermelon, only the machine made much less fuss about the operation than humans do.

When the work at the Oval Dish Co. was finished I turned my attention towards getting a little more of that commodity called "education." Miss Gray, that county school superintendent I told about some weeks ago had been out of the game for a time and people much more to my liking had taken her place. There was a growing lack of teachers and wages were coming up. Where I had started teaching for \$20 a month and boarded myself, the cheaper country teachers were getting \$35. The country had gone successfully thru the panic of 1907 and was getting going. I remember hearing a remark by my uncle, Chas. Farmer, as to how he had voted for Roosevelt because he "knew a panic was coming on and that he wanted it to come under a Republican administration." Well, the panic came on, but in that country we did not notice it much. I suppose the businessmen did but there was plenty of work, the crops were fair and people were not much perturbed.

Well, towards September I began making plans to attend Ferris Institute. I think I have told something of W. N. Ferris—Woodbridge N., not Woodrow N. If the history of the man and the institution he founded at Big Rapids, Michigan, is ever written it will require the time and attention of a considerable corps of men of many and varied talents. This man Ferris was a physician, a banker, a school teacher, a businessman, a politician and the most unique character with whom it has been my privilege to converse.

Born on a farm in eastern New York, he gravitated to teaching, then quarreling with his school board, made up only too frequently of men who have no education themselves and who have no idea of the province of education, he decided to learn the practice of medicine. Remember that during all this time he had the education offered by the public schools of his vicinity and what he could gain by private study. He walked to the university town, found work, and earned enough to matriculate in the medical course. But surgery, the constant association with human suffering, and a mind ever busy trying to solve the problems of life, left him in a daze and he retired to his birthplace to readjust himself.

The west lured him and he went to Illinois where he took a position as assistant professor in a middle rate college. But the toadying to those in authority, the constant friction with a student body over whom he had no direct control, worried him and again he severed his relations with his employer, but not until after he had let his future helpmeet to the altar.

Without job and with a young wife to take care of, to say nothing of a likelihood of becoming a father in the near future, he went to Muskegon, Michigan, and there he learned that a fellow had started a business college in Big Rapids but wanted to sell out. He came to Big Rapids with just enough capital to pay the down payment demanded on the equipment of the stranded business college and went to work.

His equipment was located on the top floor of one of the business blocks down town. His wife worked every available moment and between the two they built up the institution which I attended in 1909. There were sixteen hundred students and 25 departments employing thirty instructors. Shorthand and typewriting were minor considerations. Pharmacy, banking,

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
You Don't Necessarily Need An Expensive Camera



You don't need an expensive camera to get fine pictures. The one above, taken with an inexpensive camera, won the grand prize in an international contest.

THERE seems to be the belief among many people that it is necessary to own an expensive camera to take good pictures. Pages could be written describing the limitations of some and the versatility of others but as our space is limited the subject must be discussed rather briefly.

There are many types of cameras to meet every requirement of the photographer, whether he is an amateur or professional, but no camera is capable of taking all types of pictures under all conditions. It is true that some cameras are more versatile than others. One may have an extremely fast lens which permits the taking of snapshots under adverse lighting conditions and if it also has a very fast shutter you can take pictures of subjects moving at extreme speeds. Other cameras have lenses and shutters of various speeds to take pictures—and good ones—within certain limits and conditions.

What I want to impress upon you is this:—You do not necessarily have to own an expensive camera to take good pictures of the usual run of subjects. For instance, in an international amateur snapshot contest conducted by a great American manufacturer of cameras, film and photographic supplies of all kinds, the Grand Prize of \$10,000 was

awarded the picture taken with an inexpensive camera, which goes to prove that intelligent use of a camera is the first requisite for good pictures.

The same rule applies to movie cameras—and here is the proof. Each year the American Cinematographer, a magazine published primarily for professional movie photographers, conducts an amateur movie contest and receives entries from practically every civilized country in the world.

Under the critical eyes of Hollywood's ace cinematographers, who acted as judges, small, inexpensive 8 mm. movie cameras won a brilliant victory for their owners in winning first and second awards in the 1934 competition. The final decision of these critical judges should convince the world's worst pessimist that he need not wait until he thinks he can afford an expensive movie camera before enjoying the thrills of amateur movie making.

There are thousands of people who are denying themselves one of the great pleasures of life in not owning a camera of some kind—"still" or movie—for there are models priced to meet the limitations or capacity of every pocketbook and all of them take good pictures—pictures you will enjoy now and in years to come.

kindergarten teacher training, music teacher training, college preparatory, chemistry, and normal school work were among the departments, having most students. I enrolled in the college preparatory school and was standing before the window where Mr. Travis presided, when Mr. Ferris stepped into the office, took a quick glance at me, and remarked, "What, you back here again, Hulett?" I had been in his school some nine or ten years previously and then only for a short time, two weeks or perhaps a month, I've forgotten how long, but it was not long. Of course, I expected him to be there and knew him. But he could not have been expecting to see me.

I studied general history under Clark, chemistry under Pickell, mental arithmetic under Reagh (pronounced "Ray"), algebra under Bannon, geometry under Maselein and rhetoric under Fenton. The lessons were long, and how those fellows made us sweat. It was the "Old Man's" boast that no student was ever held back, he could get ahead just as fast as his ability would let him. And some of them were bright.

Late that fall Celia joined me and we both attended the institute. Gladys came and attended the classes for the kindergarten training class. We had a room over a store, paid five dollars a month for it, and lived on about two dollars a week for the three of us. And we had enough to eat.

A Schoolboy Figures It Out

In reply to an editorial in last week's Enterprise, "Spirit of 1776", we would first request that the editor of said paper brush up on his American history. The Revolution was fought, not to lower the taxes, but for a principle—"no taxation without representation". The Declaration of Independence says nothing, in its statement of grievances, about excessive taxes, but it does protest against taxing without the consent of the people. In fact, the tax was so low that tea could be bought in the American colonies for less than in Eng-

land. On the 24th of July the people of Beaverton are to have the privilege for which our forefathers fought, the privilege of voting on tax matters.

The second paragraph speaks of excessive taxes in connection with the proposed new school building. It would be easy to pick this to pieces yourself. In an article by Dr. Mason in both Beaverton papers last week, he gave the plan by which the building will be financed. Twenty five thousand dollars will be furnished by the local district, and \$20,500 will be by federal grant. The objection has been raised that if we get this grant we will be paying for it anyway, as the government is the people, and they pay all the taxes. Such objections must think that the town of Beaverton is the only place in the United States which pays federal taxes. The government has already appropriated the money from which the grants would come, and we will have to pay as many Federal taxes if we don't get the grant as we will if we do.

Or even if you were to say that that \$20,500 would raise taxes because there would be no money left over for next year, by the process of simple arithmetic you can figure that the total added taxes for this town would be a little over \$15, if the taxes are apportioned according to the way the Constitution says direct taxes are to be apportioned, on the basis of population. (To find this, divide 1000 (estimated population of Beaverton) into 125,000,000 (the population of the United States), and you find 125,000, which is the number of thousands of people in the country. To find the amount 1000 people are taxed, divide 125,000 into \$20,500, getting an answer of \$15+. Allowing for population growth, the total would still be not more than \$20, for the thousand people. Getting down to YOU, this means an added tax of not more than 2/100 of a cent for each man, woman and child of Beaverton.

If he thinks the people of Beaverton will have to pay all this

\$20,500, the editor of the Enterprise had better brush up on his arithmetic, and his knowledge of present day topics, else he begins to look like an ignorant fellow.

Twenty-five thousand dollars would be raised by the school district by bonds, to be paid after the present debt of \$15,000 has been paid off at the rate of \$5,000 a year. Paying off the present debt would take three years. Thus after three years we would begin to pay the bonds. The Enterprise itself admits we would need a new school building then. If built at that time it would cost from \$45,000 to \$75,000, depending on the price of materials and labor, without, probably, any government grant. Compare this \$45,000 to \$75,000 with the \$25,000 bond issue, to be paid at the same time, for the same sort of building. It really appears to me that the Enterprise is doing just what it is protesting against—holding out for excessive taxes.

—A BEAVERTON STUDENT

TEN YEARS AGO

From the Beaverton Review of July 10, 1925

Plans were under way for the organization of a Church of Christ in Beaverton with over sixty charter members, and the erection of a church building. Revival services were being held by Teddy Leavitt and Claude Neely. A basket dinner and baptismal service were held Sunday on the Tualatin River.

The "Follies of 1925", a musical show, was scheduled to appear at the Beaver Theatre. Billy Evans, known as the "Al Jolson of the Pacific Coast", played the male lead.

Vinson's Electric Store, located in Beaverton, purchased a lot in the Glen Cullen tract to use as a site for the erection of "Vinson's Electric Store Number 2".

Grains and grasses were being gathered by the Washington County agent for a County exhibit to be entered at the State Fair.

A caravan of fifty automobiles journeyed from Beaverton to Hillsboro, and filed with the County Court a petition for the creation of Oregon Tunnel District No. One—the proposed tunnel between Portland and Beaverton. Senator Geo.

Men Hunger for this Kind

Just lately three veteran preachers have had their nights on the program at one of the Portland Gospel Missions. Aged from seventy to eighty-five years and full of vigor, they look to be good insurance risks in spite of the long pilgrimage. One of the men who comes in from off the street tells why these three and their kind are such warm favorites—"They are old enough to know what they are talking about," he put it.

Then out of a Bible class of thirty or so young folks that gathers for study of a week-night in one of the suburbs, came a group for their program. Led by college students, these gave their testimony. Some evenings later a convert stood to tell what the Lord had done for him and included the heartening the young people gave us. In fact we heard it spoken of several times. So it is not age after all, but a close walk with the Lord that holds the men.

Now let us all, both old and young, look about; note the drift; a murder every forty-five minutes, 37 per day, 12,000 per year; the murder rate increased 350% since 1890; a crime rate of 15 billions per year or over \$2.00 a week for every man, woman and child; an army of almost 500,000 criminals at large; 183,000 divorces for one year or one for every five marriages; 50% of the children brought into the courts in one city from homes of divorced parents.

And so America speeds up to join "the nations that forgot God"; hopeless unless you and I gird up and give the Message out among the people.

The Message? It is this—God had a Son and He died for your sins. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name among heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. pd. adv.

Joseph of Multnomah, attorney for the petitioners, presented the petition. About fifteen objectors to the petition filed a remonstrance.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County, Emma Plummer Plaintiff, vs. Kitty M. Ellis, Defendant.

To Kitty M. Ellis, the above named defendant: In the Name of the State of Oregon, You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, to-wit: On or before the expiration of four weeks next from and after the date of first publication of this summons, the date of said first publication being on July 12, 1935, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in her said complaint, to-wit: That plaintiff have judgment against defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, and against the real property hereinafter described for the sum of \$1300.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs and disbursements of this suit, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

The mortgage described in plaintiff's said complaint herein, and which was executed by defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, to O. G. Bretz, and which mortgage is now owned by plaintiff and covers the property hereinafter described, and which mortgage is recorded on page 65 of Book 115, records of mortgages for Washington County, Oregon, on about May 10, 1930, be decreed to be a first lien and a first mortgage upon the real property therein and herein described, and which is the following bounded and described real property lying, being and situate within the County of Washington, State of Oregon, and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: The Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) of Section Twenty-five (25) Township One (1) North, of Range Five (5) West, Willamette Meridian.

That said mortgage be foreclosed, and said real property be sold upon execution in the foreclosing of said mortgage and the proceeds of said sale be applied as follows, viz: First to the payment of the lien and claim of this plaintiff under said note and mortgage, which amounts to \$1330.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the costs of this suit and of said sale, and the further sum of \$100.00 attorney's fees herein.

The balance, if any, to be disposed of as said Court may be advised and may direct, that the lien of said mortgage be deemed prior and superior to all claims, interest or equity of the defendant herein, and that such other and further decree be granted herein as may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication by order of Hon. E. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated July 10, 1935. Date of first publication, July 12, 1935. Date of last publication, August 9, 1935.

M. E. Bump, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon. adv. c27-36

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

OF SALE OF PROPERTY In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, to the Master of the Estate of Winifred Scott Sparks, deceased. By virtue of an order and decree of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, made and entered of record June 5, 1935, authorizing and directing the undersigned ad-

ministrator of the estate of Winifred Scott Sparks, deceased, to sell at private sale the real estate belonging to said estate. Notice is hereby given that from and after the 6th day of July, 1935, I shall proceed to sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the following described property belonging to said estate: Essex sedan, table, davenport, dining room table, 4 chairs, 1 rocking chair, heating stove, 2 bedsteads, kitchen range, 1 dresser and bedstead. Also, South one-half of lot 4, Block 27, Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon, as by the duly recorded plat thereof. Terms of sale, cash in hand. Dated at Forest Grove, Oregon, this 5th day of June, 1935. T. H. Littlehales, Administrator of Winifred Scott Sparks Estate. D. D. Bump, Attorney for Estate, Forest Grove, Oregon. adv. c27-35

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