

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DADDY, CAN I PLEASE GO OUT?

"Vote no, on bond issue"—Headline in Enterprise.

Now we got that all straight, we must vote "No" on the school bonds. We can't take advantage of the very generous Uncle Sam's offer of \$20,500 to help build the school house which you say we won't need for a few years, one or two or three, (or was it four or five or six years). Well, anyway, we got to vote "No".

What we want to know is, who put you in boss? Who gives you authority to tell us what we shall do or not do?

And just how far does your authority go? You high and mighty four-paper editor, if you have proper authority to tell us how to vote, is that the extent of your authority? Or does it extend to the other privileges of American citizens? We supposed people in this country could vote as they pleased.

Are you so great that you can tell us what to eat and not to eat? What to wear and not to wear? When to work and when to retire? When to go on a spree and when to stay sober?

"Please, papa, can I go swimming this afternoon?" And what shall we take for a lunch? Where can I buy it, at Manning's? Or must I go to Portland for it? Say, Mr. Four-paper editor (we almost said "four-flusher") don't you think it time that some one told you to mind your own business.

That we Beavertonians have plenty to contend with without having a man (or woman) who does not live here, who has no interest here only what money he or she can gather in, coming out here a couple of days a week and telling us what we can or cannot do.

If you want to give advice, why not try giving it to the fellow just over your back yard fence? Or perhaps you don't have any back yard. Anyway, why, if you are so interested in our welfare as you try to let on why not come here and live with us? Why not send your child to our public school? Or if you think that our public school is not run as it should be, you can have your choice of two excellent parochial schools. These are so good that they draw quite a number from Portland where even your darling daughter is said to have attended school.

Say, how about it, Mr. or Mrs. Are you so very much of a mas-tiff that you must needs ignore the snags and snarls of the little terrier who follows you down the street?

DAD'S STORY

That Wixom job was some experience, and probably about all of this installment will be taken up with telling of it.

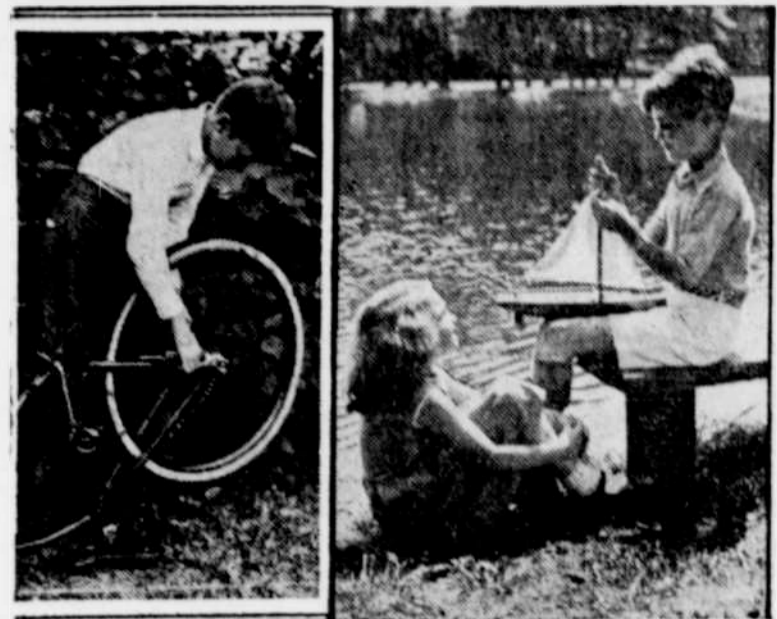
Before leaving Traverse City we had a letter from one of the Chambers brothers, I do not recall which one, and anyway, I've forgotten one name; the other was Jim Chambers, Well, Chambers had a house, the one usually rented by the teacher, and would we need it? It rented for the magnificent sum of four dollars a month. We look it, or wrote him to that effect. Perhaps we may have been influenced by the fact that the one with the house to rent was a member of the school board.

Always being of an economical trend, we journeyed to Wixom by easy stages. First we went to Caspapolis where my sister Lucy lived with her husband, James Creglow. Then from there we went via Jackson, the place where probably the wheels on your auto were made. But at that time there was little doing in the automobile line though people had been riding them for a number of years. The Michigan Central to Jackson, the Grand Trunk to Wixom. We arrived late one evening in early September without a soul in that part of the state we had ever seen and our first trip of any consequence away from home to live for any length of time.

Gladys was a little tot about seven. No other children. We hunted up a hotel and stayed there that night. Next morning we went to the depot and found our goods in the condition described last week, all shot to pieces. An old man who had worked on the section there, who was driving a sort of dray or delivery, hauled the remnants to the house we had rented. It seemed strange that everyone in town knew who we were, what we were going to do, where we were going to live, and all about the family, the wife, and if they did not tell us about our ancestors, it was only a matter of time until they began to do that.

Of course, in a four-dollar-a-month house we did not expect to find many modern conveniences, but

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
'Make Your Pictures Say Something'



Always have your subjects doing something

HUNDREDS of thousands of juvenile story books are sold every year and the ones we loved most in our younger years were those translated into pictures, because they had a human appeal. All through our lives we retain our interest in picture stories. It is this appeal that takes us to the movies and causes us to look through the pages of daily newspapers and magazines for pictures that tell stories of human activities.

But when it comes to snapshots, so many seem to forget how much they enjoy looking at story-telling pictures. They pick up their cameras and just shoot, seemingly satisfied to get any pictures at all, as it was in the old days of, "You Press the Button and We Do the Rest." There is a better way to take pictures.

If you want to enjoy some good laughs take a look at some of the pictures in the old family album or some of the snapshots you took several years ago. There you will probably find some perfect examples of record pictures—pictures of Uncle Charlie or Aunt Minnie in a stiff pose against the trunk of a tree or with an unattractive garage door as a background. Don't take pictures of your friends just standing looking at the camera. Have them lighting a cigarette, reading, or doing something to season the picture with that human interest touch that should be in every film you expose.

You go out on a picnic with your friends. What do you do? The

chances are that you line up the gang, you snap the camera and again have just another picture when it would be just as easy to have the crowd enjoying the lunch and perhaps one member busily engaged in the act of "exterminating" a luscious ear of corn or doing a "boarding house reach" for the potato salad.

If you were making movies, would you take foot after foot of film with your actors doing nothing? Of course not, and it isn't a bad idea to think of your "still" camera as a movie camera filming a drama. Get action and meaning. This means that you should think before you shoot.

The two pictures above really "say something." Jack's picture with his bicycle tells of "chain trouble" and a delay in meeting the gang at the vacant lot for a game of baseball, while Billie is probably telling his young girl friend about his great adventures as a sailor; of pirate's gold and Pieces of Eight.

In case you have never given much thought to this before, just take a look through a newspaper or magazine and notice which please you more—pictures of people merely looking at the camera or pictures of people doing something humanly interesting and significant. Chances are that the story-telling pictures will be your choice, and you'll make up your mind that hereafter that's the kind you'll aim to take. Good luck!

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

the well was handy, the water fairly good, and the house not too open to let in the wintry drafts.

Mr. Hamell, the railroad agent, was very accommodating. He got us a nice sum for the damage the railroad had done to our goods, and I patched up some of the pieces of furniture, the bedstead and the dresser so that they did fairly good service while we stayed there.

The house stood on the south side of the street, the last one in town on the east and on what is now the main road to Detroit or Pontiac. To the west, next door, was our landlord. Just across the street was a family by the name of Lowry, the same name as our next door neighbors in Traverse City on Lincoln street. It was about two blocks west and two north to the school house. I did not get around to see it for a day or two.

There was the common custom of gathering at the postoffice when the evening mail came in, and each waiting for what might come. I stood in the group a night or two after my arrival in Wixom and waited my turn. A big farmer grabbed off my hat and rather loudly stated, "You're the new school man." I turned around rather energetically, but he was smiling and I knew no harm was intended; I admitted I was. "Well, look at his hair," he told the group. "You can't raise hair and brains on the same head!" Then he removed his straw covering revealing a poll as smooth and shiny as a billiard ball. How the crowd laughed!

We had expected to start school the next Monday, but we got a letter when we arrived and inquired for our mail, that told us the board had postponed opening school for

a week or two. Corn to cut and other farm work coming on just at that time made that seem necessary. So we had some time to look around and get acquainted.

Wixom was then quite a railroad town. There were three men at the depot, an agent and two operators, though it was a union depot. Four section crews worked out from there, one north and one south on the Pere Marquette, and one each east and west on the Grand Trunk. The second trick operator and I became fast friends and I've had many a jolly time with him. His oldest girl was just the age of our oldest, and both were named Gladys. He was a student with the I.C.S. Was taking chemistry, and we had a lot of fun making some of the prescribed experiments. But he made good and shortly after I left Wixom Floyd Lee took a position as chemist with the Penn. Salt works at Wyandotte, Mich., and he still holds down the same job, only he has had several promotions.

Now, it seems strange that so many of these folks' faces are plain in my memory, yet most of their names have gone entirely. But that was more than a quarter of a century ago, and things do get away in that time. The other teacher's name was Pearl, but to save me, I can't recall her last name. I took the place vacated by Miss Wixom who had taught in ten local schools for more than a dozen years. At the time I began school I did not realize what it meant to go into a school where a home teacher had held sway for so long. But I was there.

The noted actor, Walker Whiteside, was coming to Detroit. I had never seen the inside of a resi-

theatre, and I must go. I don't re-gone along but there was Gladys to look after, and no one to leave her with, for one thing, and I suppose finances may have had something to do with our decision. Anyway, I saw Whiteside in "The Melting Pot". I can see him now, and what a character! Perhaps it was because he was the first I ever saw, but I think him a great actor right now.

One experience in that first visit to Detroit I'll never forget. I never had been in a big city. I might get lost, and what dire things might happen! So I kept close watch of the landscape, which includes the buildings of course. After the show, which was a matinee, I had some time to look around before my train, one of those defunct institutions known as an interurban, would leave. So I started out from the Monument. I went three or four blocks, turned a right angle corner (as I supposed), again three or four blocks, carefully counting the blocks, and again I turned a right angle, each turn, however, made to the left hand, and when I was just about ready to turn again at the next corner I spied the Monument! Could I have gotten mixed and turned three corners instead of two? I retraced my steps, being careful this time to count the blocks and noting only two corners, and there was that Monument again. Could the city be full of those monuments? I was fairly at a loss, but the Ponchar-train was in the right place, and I sat down to meditate. Finally, it dawned on me that the streets ran out like spokes of a wheel with the Monument for a hub! You could have knocked me down with a feather.

My next trip was to the Michigan State Fair. Held just north of the main part of the city, it is some fair. It was, of course, the first of its size I'd ever seen. Not so different, with the exception of the difference of the times, from our own State Fair at Salem. But to my mind, it was tremendous, elephantine, well, some show. The horses raced, and autos raced with busses. An automobile carrying a touring car, and to cap everything, there was the Ford exhibit.

Now, in those days, it was not thought possible that cars could climb much of a hill. They were all right on the level ground, and on the pavement of cities, but in the country with hills and hollows, they never would do at all! That was the common verdict. But Ford was out to show them, and he fixed up a rig there at that fair which went a long way towards convincing those who saw it that cars could be made to climb hills.

First there were four poles set firmly in the ground, some twenty feet high, much like a good, strong telephone pole. At the top of these poles he had strips of stout fabric, looking much like the webbing used in surcingle. The one end of the webbing was made fast to the top of the pole. These long belts or strips of webbing were brought down to the ground, and the bottom end fastened to a Ford roadster setting between the poles. These strips were so arranged that when the machine was thrown in gear the webbing would wind up on the wheels. Thus the car would begin to climb the poles. Ford would get in, invite a big man to sit with him, and start the thing up the poles. He invited all and sundry to take a ride. Not many did so, but I saw three or four men get in and go up the poles. He was demonstrating that the Ford engine had the power to climb right straight up, if necessary. I have not been very clear in my description, but by a little imagination perhaps you can get the idea. Well, so much for the Fair.

School finally began. I had five grades—the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth. Miss Pearl had the first, second, third, fourth and fifth. And she was an old timer there, too. There were sixty students in my room, and something like eighty in hers. But at that I had by far the harder job. Ask any teacher and see what they tell you! A lot of difference between teaching the first and the tenth grade. Reading is the only subject in the first grade that receives much attention though some misguided would-be-psychologist may lay undue stress on the combinations of numbers or penmanship. But the little tot must learn to read, and when he can read, these others follow logically. But not so with the tenth grade. Some want

commercial subjects, some science, some the languages, and what have you?

Being a strict disciplinarian I soon found that there was a lot going on, especially among the bigger students that they did not think I knew about. One chap, his name has gone, was the rich man's son, the father probably the richest man in the county. Not a bad kid, as boys go, but inclined to be mischievous. For brevity's sake I'll call him Jim, but that was not his name.

Paper wads were accumulating on the ceiling just above Jim's desk. I spoke to him about them and he sheepishly promised to desist. He was our star baseball pitcher, and was anxious to play every game. He pitched a game against Milford and won the game just about alone. He was sweet on one of the Armstrong twins and sat across the room from her. One day, just before the Christmas holidays, I noticed that he and his girl were

(Continued on Next Page)

SUMMONS

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

Eunice Pitman, 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 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 \$1339.00, 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.

That 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 16, 1930, be decreed to be a first lien and a first mortgage upon the real property therein and herein described as follows: All 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) and West one-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) and 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 as upon execution in the foreclosure of mortgages, 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 mortgage and mortgage, which amounts to \$1339.00, 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 decreed prior and superior to all claim, 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. R. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order was made and dated July 16, 1935.

Date of first publication, July 12, 1935. Date of last publication, August 9, 1935.

M. H. Bump, Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon. adv c32-26

The Oregonian

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes