

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

I have forgotten whether it was the last of July or the first of August that a letter came from Browning signed by Arthur McPatridge, Superintendent of Indian schools on the Blackfoot Reservation enclosing a copy of a letter from the Indian Office, authorizing my appointment as Teacher at the Out Finger Day school, and Mr. McPatridge wrote that they would be looking for us, and was there anything he could do.

I immediately wrote McPatridge asking him conditions, and what we would need, admitting that I was a sure enough tenderfoot and any suggestions he could offer would be very gratefully accepted. He wrote back that I would be taken up on the pay rolls as soon after September 1 as I reported and signed the oath of office, that our quarters were supplied with everything we would need in the way of furniture and all we were to bring across the country with us was our personal clothing.

I hot footed it for Leland and arranged for an auction. The only thing about that was that Nelson owned the printing plant there and I had to go to him for our handbills. But I swallowed my pride had the handbills printed and held a sale as soon as I could get a date with the auctioneer. I stayed there a few days, got the things cleaned up a little. They were in deplorable condition from having been stored for months, dusty, and dirty. But they sold readily enough. Some of the people there were very kind, but the Bury's, the Nelsons and the Swartz's did not come to the sale.

We realized a good price for the goods, especially considering their condition. Gladys was back there a time or two since and people who bought lamps and beds showed them to her asking her if she remembered them. Father came down and bought a stove we had, a Downiac Round Oak and he kept it as long as he kept house. Also some of the better bedding he bought, but not much.

All was hurry and bustle. We had a short time to bid every body goodbye and of course wanted to show up at Browning before the first of September. We did by a few hours. That journey across the country was the first we had ever undertaken and we were quite content. We knew where we were going and we thought we knew how to get there. We inquired of the railway agent at Kingsley what tickets would cost and because his road ran to Chicago he insisted that was the proper way to go. But of course we knew that the railroads would be shorter if we went across Lake Michigan. But he had no tickets to route us that way and sold us one only to Traverse City.

We kept track of what he offered us tickets for and thought how much money we were going to save by going in a straight line to Browning. At Traverse City we bought a ticket—two tickets really; Celia and I expected to get the girls through without paying for them. It worked all right, our not paying for the girls, until we got to St. Paul but from there we paid local fare for Gladys because we had no through ticket for her. But I am getting ahead of my story of that trip.

Those tickets were to Ludington, still in Michigan. There we ate our supper on the dock and waited for the boat that was to take us across that rough sheet of water.

In those days it was the common practice to fill a big basket with lunch for those travelling on the train. There were few dining cars run into that section and those who were going to spend five or more hours on the train were almost always equipped with plenty to eat on the road. We had a big suit case filled with fried chicken, roll jelly cake, pie, cookies, fried cakes and all the good things our folks were leaving thought we would like to have. I am sure it was very kind and thoughtful of them and we never let them know that the whole lot, with the exception of what we ate that evening on the dock at Ludington was thrown out, literally wasted. We just couldn't swallow the stuff!

Sunset on a big body of water always has its appeal. We sat and watched the sun set and thought of the loved ones we had left behind—loved ones who kissed us goodbye feeling certain they would never see us again. For were we not going onto an Indian Reservation? And weren't the Indians blood thirsty savages who would hide behind trees, and shoot their victims down, and scalp them? Perhaps we thought lovingly of the .303 Savage rifle that was safely packed

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

IT'S FAIR TIME



Left—"The Country Fair or bust." Right—Even the side show offers snaphooting opportunities.

LET'S forget about the home, the seashore, the woods and pictures of the children and today think about picture making opportunities at the county and state fair.

September is fair time and I'll wager that mighty few of you have ever given any thought to this angle of snaphooting. Right? Honestly the county or state fair offers more possibilities for snaphooting than space will permit telling about. Can't you see the barkers in front of the side-show extolling in husky, loud voices the merits of their shows? There's the side-show band with its battered instruments letting forth loud blasts of discordant music; the not so clean looking vendors of dolls, trick gadgets, balloons and various other things of questionable value; every one of them a subject for good human interest pictures.

But let's look toward the more serious side of the fair—the exhibits, for instance. By making intelligent use of your camera you can take home with you not only pictures of general interest but if you are particularly interested in farm products you can snap record pictures that may later prove invaluable. There is the judging of cattle, sheep, horses and hogs, for instance. If the judging is done in an open-air ring you can snap the picture of the winner of the blue ribbon with any camera—box type or folding.

In taking such pictures, or any picture, as far as that is concerned, don't just look in the finder and snap

the first thing you see. If the animal being judged has any unusual markings manage to get to a place near the ring where these markings show up the best in your finder. Try too to avoid unattractive backgrounds such as telephone poles, wires or sheds.

Among the innumerable picture possibilities at the fair you will surely want to take some action pictures and a fair isn't complete without the thrill of horse racing whether they feature the veteran driver proudly seated in his sulky or the young, dare-devil jockey.

Snap a picture of the start of the race as the drivers or jockeys maneuver their horses to the barrier or starting post and by all means take your position at the turn of the track as the horses dash perilously around the curve and into the "home stretch".

Remember this, however. If you do not have a camera with a very fast shutter, say one that will operate at 1/500 of a second or faster, don't try to snap a rapidly moving object as it whizzes directly across the lens of the camera or direct line of vision. Your chance of getting a good, sharp picture are much greater if you catch your subject at an angle of about 45 degrees. It's always better to play safe than to take a chance and perhaps get a blurred picture. Load your camera with film today and be ready for that eventful day when you are "off to the fair".

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

in our trunk, of the 12-gauge breech loading shot gun that was also handily right at the top of the trunk with a goodly supply of cartridges loaded with buck shot. Anyway, I can't remember a single joke or smile on the faces of that little family group who had so lately bid goodbye to all their friends and loved ones and were heading for the West, the wild and woolly country where men were Men, and women just weren't, only in some secluded homesteader's cabin or in the dining room of the town's hotel.

I could fill a book telling of the imagery that passed for legitimate information about the country we were heading for. And we were sober enough. The children did not play about as usual; they seemed to sense the heavy atmosphere. We were going to cross the lake on one of the Pere Marquette car ferries. Perhaps in the back of our minds were thoughts of the disaster that attended a sister ship of that line which disappeared with all on board just a few months before we were crossing. There was no place we could get a ticket and we had failed to locate a former Traverse City resident, C. H. Hammond, who lived in Ludington.

Finally the prow of the car ferry made its appearance around the breakwater; we could not see out on the lake from the dock where we were. As soon as it got fastened to the dock we sought out the captain in order to obtain passage on the ship. He referred us to the purser who took our money and wanted more. But we only bought passage and thought to lay out on deck during the most of the time. We were due in Manitowoc, Wisconsin at three, though we were certain to be late. The thing was

late getting to Ludington and there was information floating around that they had more than the usual big load to get on the ship. We got our trunks on, stowed our suitcases with our very desirable lunch getting more than its share of our attention.

After getting Celia and the girls comfortably established I began to stroll around and see what there was to see. I soon found there were a lot of places I was not allowed. Signs told me of some and scowling, rough-speaking men told me of others. But at the stern of the ship I heard locomotives puffing and I got around and up where I could see what they were doing. And believe it or not, they were showing whole trains right on the ship.

Someway, they had taken out the whole stern of the vessel, revealing railroad tracks the whole length of the ship. Onto these tracks these locomotives were shoving freight cars, dozens and dozens of them. I counted, later, the number on each track. I forget the total number but there were five long trains in the belly of that ship before we got going that night. A peculiar sort of jack screw was used to prop the cars up, to hold them from moving about. I did not see any use of that, but I soon found out all right. I thought setting the brakes ought to hold any car in its place. You see I had never been out in a storm on the water.

Finally the things were all secured, the long blasts of the whistle had told off the time for departing and we were about to pull out. Smiles broke forth in plenty, but they did not last. In that sheltered harbor, hemmed in by a small bay, the mouth of a considerable river and the big breakwater that

we could see from the dock, there was not a sign of the angry waves tossing outside the harbor. But the fellows fastening down those cars knew. It looked as though not a car could move from its place. It was a good thing they were securely fastened; men were busy patrolling the hold all night to see that they were kept fastened.

I found my way to the very front of the ship as we got under way, about ten thirty at night. The wind was fresh as we went down the bay and when we got to the end of the big breakwater the ship gave its first roll. I thought the thing was surely going to turn bottom up right there. But she righted up and with the next wave came spray that wet the deck, and the deck watch ordered everybody inside.

Once in the cabin I found Celia sick. It had come on with the first wave. She was looking for some place to lay Tina while she went to the dressing room. She shoved the eighteen-months-old baby into my arms, and bolted. Well, my contempt for sea sickness was about to take a sudden shaking. But I trotted around the cabin with the little one in my arms, thoroughly enjoying the rolling motion watching the floor slant one way, then another.

(Continued on Next Page)

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Hannah Carlson Allen, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Hannah Carlson Allen, deceased, has filed his final account and report as such administrator in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and that said final account and report has been set for final hearing and settlement before said court at the court room thereof in Hillsboro, Oregon, on Monday, September 30, 1935, at 10 o'clock a.m. of said day.

Dated and first published, August 30, 1935.

Last publication, September 27, 1935.

Doy Gray, Administrator of the Estate of Hannah Carlson Allen, Deceased.

M. E. Bump, residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for said Administrator and Estate. adv c39-43

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, Department of Probate

In the matter of the Estate of Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against the estate of the said Jane Eliza Andrews, Deceased, are hereby notified to present the same to me at the office of the Beaverton Finance Co., Beaverton, Oregon,

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with vouchers and duly verified, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published August 16, 1935.

Last publication, September 13, 1935.

Beatrice M. Dunn, Executrix.

G. A. Cobb, Attorney for the Executrix, Cascade Locks, Oregon. advc37-41

SHERIFF'S SALE ON FORECLOSURE In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For Washington County.

Emma Pitman, Plaintiff, vs. Kitty M. Ellis, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, duly issued out of, and under the seal of the above entitled Court dated the 13th day of August, 1935, upon a judgment and decree rendered and entered in said court on the 10th day of August, 1935, in favor of Emma Pitman, plaintiff, and against the defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, and against the real property hereinafter described, for the sum of \$1,330.00, with interest thereon since October 1, 1930, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$123.00 attorney's fees, and the further sum of \$36.40 costs and disbursements, and the costs of said sale and said writ, commanding and requiring me to make sale of the following described real property, situated in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

The Southwest Quarter (SW 1/4) and West one-half (W 1/2) of the Southeast Quarter (SE 1/4) and the South East 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.

Now, Therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, and in compliance with the demands of said writ, I will on Monday, the 16th day of September, 1935, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m. of said day, at the East door of the County Court House in the City of Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand all



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the right, title and interest which the above named defendant, Kitty M. Ellis, had in said real property above described on the date of the mortgage belonging to plaintiff, herein, namely, April 1, 1930, and all the right, title and interest which the said within named defendant since has had or now has in and to the above described real property, to satisfy said execution, judgment, decree and order of sale, interest and costs and all accruing costs. Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon.

Dated the 13th day of August, 1935.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

Date of first publication, August 16, 1935.

Date of last publication, September 13, 1935.

M. B. Bump, of Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for Plaintiff. adv c37-41

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Geoff Hayes