

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Not in advance 1.50

There is no doubt that Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt along with the Honorable Tugwell and others considers advertising an economic waste. But they have not made clear how they would carry the message of the "New Deal" to the people without it. Perhaps they would put on an additional force of publicity hounds or what is commonly called press agents. But there are plenty of them now at work at the national capital.

And if advertising is an economic waste, as they verily believe, how do they justify the employment of the present army of government employees whose time is given to supplying propaganda to the newspapers which exist only because of the money they get from advertising?

DAD'S STORY

My sister, Alma, tired of the Jicarilla Indian school soon. Not so much of the school or the Indian children but of the unsocial attitude of the employees and the petty, aggravating indignities with which Indian Service employees regale each other at some places.

One inspector (I have forgotten his name, but I remember it was at Jicarilla that the thought was expressed) told us how quiet and amiable we were there. How we had been gathered from every corner of the country and thrown together in one big, happy (save the day) family. How that spirit manifested by the employees of the Indian Service was building up a great organization for the civilizing of the Red Man. How the same spirit showed the very excellent character of those who had taken up the burden of bringing to civilization a race of savages. Bunk! Blah! and more stuff and nonsense. I wonder if he really believed what he was telling us or was he knowingly telling us that stuff in order to help to create just such a situation as he was telling us about.

Anyway, we did not have to listen to Mrs. McCormick, the laundress, rail because Mrs. Turner, the big girls' matron, kept the hardest working and most efficient girls in her own detail when she was making out the list of those who were to work in the kitchen, the laundry, the dormitories, etc. I had to. And I also had to listen to Mrs. Turner complain how the laundress, Mrs. McCormick sent the towels back half washed, the blankets wet, the dresses unironed, and a million other things which a querulous female can find to howl about.

This is not telling you about my search for a hospital at which I could get my operation taken care of cheaply and in a satisfactory manner. I wrote to the University of New Mexico medical school, but I think they told me they had no such organization. Then to some hospitals in Denver, and they told me what the charge would probably be, \$150 to \$250. Well, I did not have that amount and so I sought farther afield. Next time I wrote the University of Montana at Missoula, and they also did not maintain a medical department. Mind, this was in 1912. Things may be different now. They tell me they are at the place where I did get operated upon.

I spent a month or more in trying to find a place where I could get into a hospital maintained by a state institution, but to no avail, so far as the West was concerned. You see, while back home in Michigan I had known of people going to Ann Arbor and getting medical and surgical attention and having to pay only for their board while at the hospital. I was going to find that sort of thing if possible. I appealed to Supt. Green, a man trained in medicine, and also to Dr. Wyckoff. They told me that if I could get into the University of Michigan hospital on those terms, by all means that was the place to go. Mr. Green also added that the University of Michigan medical school was one of the highest ranking in the country, that it ranked along with such institutions as the Bellevue, and the other big eastern institutions for good service.

For some time before the breaking up of the mess hall group I had been manager of the club. There was no bank in a long way from Jicarilla. What little banking I did was done with the First National at Traverse City. We were paid in checks on the United States Treasury. They were really vouchers signed by the local Superintendent who was also designated as disbursing agent.

When I got ready to leave about all the money I had was represented by those government checks. I thought they would be a safe way to carry my funds.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

LET THE SUN WORK FOR YOU



Watch for unusual lighting when taking snapshots of outdoor scenes.

MANY of you who want to take your photography seriously and get some really attractive, artistic pictures would probably like to have some further information on proper lighting in taking snapshots.

The lighting of the subject has so much to do with securing that quality often referred to as "atmosphere" in a picture. There are a number of ways in which a photograph may be given apparent depth, or third dimension. Taking pictures when there are long shadows, getting a reflection in the foreground, using strong side-lighting or back-lighting, and timing the exposure just right so that the detail of objects in shadow is not blocked out, are precautions that contribute much to the desired effect.

Suppose we consider each of these separately. Shadows, thrown in long drawn-out patches across walls and walks, makes one feel, more than anything else, that he is looking into a picture instead of looking on a flat piece of paper carrying images of recorded objects. The foreground should be well broken up with shadows so that there is not too much contrast between it and the rest of the picture.

When a body of water can be included as part of the foreground, then there are really wonderful opportunities for adding depth. The reflection will carry ones attention back and away from the foreground and into the picture—and lead to

the principal point of interest. The only precaution necessary when snapping a picture with a foreground of water in strong sunlight is to watch that a swell or wave does not throw reflected sparkles of light upon the lens, as that may fog the picture.

Along the roads and trails through forests where long spears of sunlight pierce into the shadows there are unlimited opportunities for striking pictures with depth. If the foreground of your picture is not well lighted and you want to get the shafts of sunlight shooting through the shady parts of the background an exposure slightly shorter than you would ordinarily make is advisable.

Don't just open your camera and shoot when taking pictures. Give your subject some thought and in doing so you will be rewarded with pictures you will be proud of and they will whet your appetite for many more snapshotting expeditions. Viewpoint means much and is an important factor in picture taking. It, too, has much to do with the perspective we get in pictures. If the perspective is not pleasing to the eye, it will not be pleasing in the picture, so, as I have said before, study all the possibilities and angles of your proposed picture before you snap it.

JOHN VAN GUILDSB.

Emmett Wirt, the local trader there, took our checks and cashed them whenever we required it, but we did not like to impose on him, and anyway, that seemed a safe way to carry money so why not take the checks along with me?

Supt. Green was very nice. He arranged for me a sick leave of thirty days, and then an annual leave of thirty days. At the expiration of that time I would have time to get to my destination in Montana where I was going back into day school work and Alma was going to act as housekeeper.

We could not get a ticket very far and I think I bought one to Denver, thinking I could get some money there on the Treasurer's checks. I had to change cars there anyway. The railroad running through Dulce was the one on which Walsenberg, that big Colorado coal mining district and Pueblo were located.

This is getting sort of disjointed. Too many distractions while I write. First a little girl comes in to tell me a Liberty magazine. I have a bad time with her, getting her to trust me for a nickel. I assured her that Bruce Clemens used to trust me, and that I usually paid my debts, but she wanted to know what she would do if her boss came along before she collected the nickel. After almost half an hour haggling, we decided that she should take her magazine and we would buy somewhere else. She started for the door several times. Finally she came back, laid the magazine on my desk and stated very firmly that next week

"you will owe me a dime."

Hardly had she gone than the Saturday Evening Post boy came, but he did not tarry long. Then more visitors came in and the afternoon has almost gone. Answering the telephone a time or two and then trying to concentrate on this legend has almost gotten the better of me.

But to return to the trip through from Dulce to Michigan. The little narrow gauge that brought me a way from Dulce did not make very good time. It seemed to be on the side track most of the time.

When we arrived in Denver we were some hours late and the train for Chicago had gone. I started out to sell one of the vouchers to get money to buy my ticket. I would take a sleeper through and get a fast train, thus not losing much time on account of missing my other train. But do you suppose I could get a cent of money on those government checks? I tried banks first, nothing doing. They suggested my trying saloons. I did. No better success. Finally I went to the depot and found that by buying the cheapest transportation possible, I could get a ticket to Chicago and have a little money left. Not much but a dollar or two. I bought the ticket. Then I wandered around Denver. Several street hawkers tried to induce me inside their joints, but not being used to the city I was shy. Perhaps they might have cashed one of my checks had I gone in and bought a suit of clothes, which seemed to be the thing they were bent on selling me.

I ate a few crackers and drank water for supper, slept in the depot and got under way in the early morning.

We were some eighteen hours behind the train I had intended taking, some twelve hours behind the train that I would have taken had I been able to cash my vouchers as I fully intended. In the morning, after we were well on our way newsboys came to the train shouting "All about the big 'train wreck!' Well, we were not very curious, but some of the passengers bought papers and read how the flier, the train I had intended taking, had been wrecked just as it was entering Chicago. Some 350 people were killed outright. The whole train had run at full speed head on into a freight moving in the opposite direction. I did not lament any more about my delay in Denver!

As our train got into Chicago crews were still clearing away the wreckage of the big collision. Blood, not too conspicuous, could still be seen. Pieces of broken coaches, wheels, rods, and every sort of wreckage was piled high, well up above the bottom of our car windows. We passed slowly, the workmen giving way slowly to our oncoming train.

That time I felt close to the pearly gates, though at the time I had not thought of such a thing. But it made me wonder what was going to happen when I went under the ether on the operating table where I was headed for.

Well, there was no train out for Michigan that evening. Had there been one I was resolved to board it, ride as far as what chance I had would pay for and then take to the blind baggage or the brake beams. But no such means of transportation offered.

At Waukegan I had an uncle, Mother's youngest brother, Lemuel Hill. I thought I might get out to his place. I inquired the cheapest way to get there. A kindly con told me to take the elevated to Evanston that it would cost me a nickel, or perhaps it was a dime, anyway, only a nominal sum. From there I could take a train and it was not very far. I got on the elevated and rode it for the first and last time. Seemed strange to come down to earth after shooting through space at many miles an hour. At Evanston I found I had money enough to get to just one station from my uncle's home town. The summer days were long but my having had nothing to eat since leaving Denver made that one seem a whole lot longer.

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Southern Pacific

See your local S.P. agent or write J. A. Ormady, Gen. Pass. Agent, 705 Pacific Bldg., Portland, Ore.

NOTICE OF CITY ELECTION

Notice is hereby given that the regular annual election for the Town of Beaverton will be held at the City Hall, corner of First and Main streets, Beaverton, Oregon, on Tuesday, December 3, 1935, between the hours of one o'clock P. M. and seven o'clock P. M., at which time the following named officers will be elected:

One Mayor to serve one year.
Three Councilmen to serve two years.
One Councilman to serve one year.

One Recorder-Treasurer to serve one year.

Dated at Beaverton, Oregon, this 13th day of November, 1935.

Homer L. Wilson,

Recorder-Treasurer

A. E. Wilson, Mayor
adv c50-52

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LOCAL NEWS

Geo. Grant made a business trip to Olympia, Wn. Friday.

Howard Johnson of Portland was a week-end guest at the Geo. Grant home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Garmier and daughter, of Creswell, Ore., are visiting this week at the home of Mr. Garmier's mother.



Rev. I. N. Demy says:

"I have found nothing in the past 20 years that can take the place of Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. They are a sure relief for my headache."

Sufferers from Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Muscular Pains, Periodic Pains, write that they have used Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills with better results than they had even hoped for.

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