

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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Some contemptible cur is doubtless sitting back on his haunches and smirking full in the faith that he has done something smart. Well, if we can convince him of just how smart we think he is we will have done him and the community some good.

Now, if we knew who he is, we would describe him in terms that even the man who runs might know who he is. But we do not, emphatically do not, know what his name is, where he lives or what he does for a living. We are mighty pleased that we do not know for if we did, perhaps some of the things we will set down here might not be written. Like the father who takes the son out in the woods to administer a much deserved admonition, in the case it is our son the application might be pulled. So if we knew the engineer of the affair was one of our personal friends we might not lay it on so hard. Perhaps it is a personal friend of ours.

We had a caucus. We later had an election. Before the day of the election there was no mention of any other ticket, or candidate in the field. But on the eve of election some scurrilous reptile got around and put up the man whom he wanted to run. For almost a month he knew who was a candidate. Had he had the welfare of the community at heart he would have got out another ticket.

Let us look into the reasons which undoubtedly prompted the action. And to keep out of any possible misunderstanding, let us say that the candidate was L. F. Humburg, and the man elected was Robert Holland.

L. F. Humburg is a Christian gentleman, a member of a church, hard-working, industrious, attending to his own business. No one can point to a single action of his and say, truthfully, that the action was done with any intention of harming anyone or anything. So it could not be any of his past conduct that prompted the cowardly manner used to defeat him.

Robert Holland is a native Beavertonian, perhaps not born here but educated here, a very estimable young man who has grown up amongst us, thrifty, industrious hard working, honest, efficient, and will make a good official. That he had nothing to do with the manner of his election is certain. We hope that he will take no offense at what we write for we think highly of him and would hate to lose his friendship. In a fair fight, which we are sure Mr. Holland would have preferred, he possibly and even probably might have been elected.

The method used is an old-time Beaverton favorite which has been used time and again in years gone past. Keep it quiet, get out a few friends, just about enough to get a majority, and see that they are instructed to VOTE RIGHT. That this was done is quite evident for the vote was not at all scattering, as it would have been without direction from some source. Really, we had foolishly thought such tactics a thing of the past. But once more we were wrong.

Now, why? Just because some misguided imbecile did not like the way Humburg wore his hat, or what he said on a certain occasion, or perhaps he has some pet scheme he wants to put over on the people of Beaverton and he would have a better chance of getting it past Holland than past Humburg. Anyway, the fellow who goes around knifing in the dark, who is not willing to stand out and declare himself but under cover goes out to put something over is no better than he ought to be and certainly has no business with anybody's confidence.

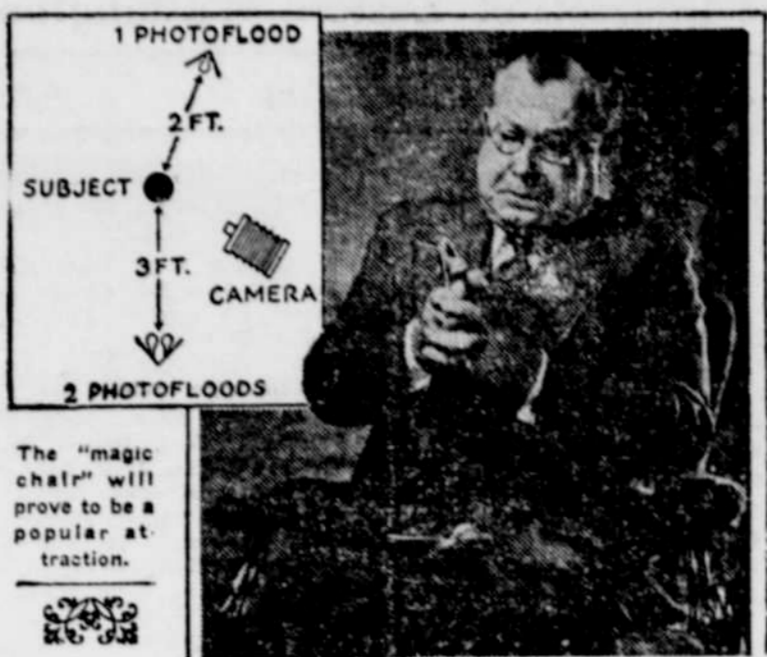
We have been consistently against hiding in the dark, and have been charged with having personal animosity against certain people who followed that practice. There is nothing personal in this but we wish to emphasize it and to hold it up as one of the things which has kept Beaverton from being the Bigger and Better, that it should be by everything, people, climate, geographical location, and every other condition except that one of some individuals going about under cover and knifing a neighbor in the back.

"One of the masterpieces of humor of all times was the so-called 'economy program' of the present administration." — Congressman Thurston in Public Service Magazine.

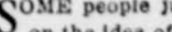
Two Short Stories

Only work brings production;
Only production brings abundance;
Only abundance brings prosperity.
These three sentences of four words each are just as true as the statement that "two and two make four and no more." Yet the pon-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
HAVE A SNAPSHOT PARTY



The "magic chair" will prove to be a popular attraction.



SOME people just naturally frown on the idea of doing anything unusual or different, but be that as it may, here's a suggestion for a new kind of party. A "Snapshots at Night Party" and the chances are it will be voted by those who are fortunate enough to be invited as an outstanding success.

To further add to the merriment of the party you might have your guests come in costume. Tell them to come dressed as their favorite movie star, some famous person of history, a character from one of the nursery rhymes, or, you might simplify the matter of costumes and make it a regular "Kid Party," all guests dressing as children.

Setting the stage for your Snapshots at Night Party is very simple and can be done before your guests arrive. Here is what you do. Place a chair in an out-of-the-way part of the room so that it will not be disturbed by the guests as they arrive. Close to the back and to the right of the chair place a floor lamp so that the light bulb is about two feet from the back of the chair. Now tilt the shade slightly upward so that it will throw the light directly over and down on the shoulders and head of the person sitting in the chair. About three feet directly in front of the chair place another floor lamp with its shade tilted to throw the light directly on the front of your subject and chair. You now have one floor lamp back of and to the right of the chair and another one three feet in front of the chair or subject.

With the lamps in this position you will have to take the picture from the side; so place your camera on a table or some firm support at a point where you can see all of your subject in the finder. If you have a folding camera with an f.6.3 lens open it to this aperture and set the shutter speed at 1/25 of a second.

With supersensitive panchromatic film in your camera and two Photoflood bulbs in the lamp facing the subject and one in the lamp back of the chair you are ready for the arrival of your guests and fascinating indoor snapshots at night.

In placing your camera be sure that neither of the lights shines directly into the lens of the camera or shows in your finder.

After your guests have arrived lead them one by one to the "magic chair," switch on the Photoflood lamps, and—snap—you have the picture. And you can count on much merriment as each faces the camera.

Suppose you do not have a camera with a lens as fast as f.6.3. You can have your party and take pictures with any camera just the same. You can take a short time exposure with out any change in your set-up.

In taking either a snapshot at night at 1/25 of a second or a time exposure picture, caution your guests not to move when the picture is actually being taken.

You and your guests will have fun at a Snapshots at Night party and in turn you will have some highly interesting pictures to enjoy looking at for many years to come.

JOHN VAN QUILDER.

derous payroll propagandists at Washington are franking through the mails millions of words to induce the people to believe they can get something for nothing they can have more by producing less—they can attain "the more abundant life" through waste and extravagance. The complete answer to the endless propaganda from Washington may be stated in another short story of three sentences of less than four words each:

Idleness brings waste;
Waste brings destruction;
Destruction brings poverty.
—Public Service Magazine

DAD'S STORY

Last week we ended our dissertation with a statement that we would not mind staying awhile at the hospital where we were operated upon. Several have taken exception to that statement. "Imagine wanting to stay at a hospital!" one good friend ejaculated. Well, I am not like some folks and then I'll bet that friend never stayed at Ann Arbor.

Perhaps the friend had in mind the clinic at the University of Oregon hospital, commonly known as the Doernbecker hospital on the hill this side of Portland. We have just been having a little experience with that staff and can appreciate the feeling expressed in the above quoted ejaculation. This is how it happened.

Some two years ago we took Mrs. Hulett there for examination. On our part it was solely the examination that we desired. We were quite well treated on that occasion, and without going into de-

tails will just state that after waiting for hours we were called to the desk, interrogated as to our means and the personal history of the patient. We were then told to come back at a certain date and we went back and after waiting long enough, we got several examinations, blood tests, X-rays, etc. A good, thorough examination, the trouble diagnosed and we then encountered a man who sort of insisted that we choose a hospital and let him do the surgical work.

Well, we had other ideas about WHO was going to do that surgical work and after having the verbal confirmation that the trouble was carcinoma and that an operation was imperative, Dr. Mason operated and the work seems quite satisfactory.

But the past spring I decided to see what could be done with a deflected septum. At the same time our boy, Russel, was developing a difficulty in hearing. Several had told us that his tonsils were enlarged and that the removal of these organs might help his hearing. We went again to the clinic at the University of Oregon. We had not kept the number given us by the office there and when we went in, "Information" told us that we would have to wait until everyone else in the room had been interviewed because we had not brought back our number. We waited and waited. We arrived early one morning and after waiting until 2:00 P. M. we were finally asked to come forward and be interviewed. The interviewer was the same sort of kindly old lady who had asked Mrs. Hulett and I the questions on the occasion of our

former visit. We got out at something after three o'clock that afternoon, having sat there for six or seven hours; I do not remember just the time we arrived, but it was that long we waited.

At the end of the interview we were told to "see the cashier" who gave us a sort of blue card with a number on it and we were told to keep that card, and "be careful not to lose it." We were also told to come back on a certain date at nine o'clock for the beginning of our examination. We were back there, and this time I remember that we got there at just before nine o'clock in the morning. It was 2:30 p.m. that time before our waiting was over and we were asked to come into the eye, ear, nose and throat class room where we were assigned to a certain student who began the examination.

It will not do to tell what was found in the boy's ear, but he called his professor in and they made out some five or six slips of paper which we were told to present at as many different places. Mind, I was going through the same examination as the boy. We had a blood test, were X-rayed, and fluoroscoped. Now, that is a lot quicker said than done. We went back for each and every single one of the performances that we went through. Finally there came a day when I was not able to go with Russel and he went alone. He was given a slip of paper on which was written something to the effect that his tonsils should be removed. Again Dr. Mason did the surgery.

I did not go back, for any more recommendations or examination. I have forgotten just what the one I missed did signify but work came into the shop and I was busy.

Some week or ten days ago Mrs. Hulett had an X-ray made by Dr. Mason, but he thought that under the fluoroscope a better examination might be made. We went back to the clinic.

Well, there is a different story to tell this time. Tuesday morning, not knowing the hours that certain classes were held, we presented ourselves about ten o'clock and asked for an examination in their X-ray and Fluoroscope department. We were told that we came too late that day, that we should be there at 8:30 in the morning in

order to get into that department. Next morning we went back and were there at 8:30. We were given a number, "G-9" and told to be seated as they would call us in proper order. We sat down and waited. Someway I had a hunch that something was going wrong. Anyway, we waited and the head waiter—I hardly know what term to call her; she it was who did the calling of those who did not have a distinct appointment. Finally after all the people who were in the room when we came in had been called on and several who had come in later than we had, Mrs. Hulett asked the head waiter when we were going to be taken care of. "Let's see your number." Then, "We'll take care of you right away." But three more were called up, and finally the kindly old lady who had talked to us before had a vacant chair before her. We were told to take it but a young chit sitting in the

next stall insisted that we be interviewed by her. We were, with the result that we were informed we were able to pay for our own medical attention. (She knows something more than we did.) That we had been rejected from the clinic and that without an appeal to some higher authority we would not be given any consideration.

We are voters of this commonwealth, we have been tax payers, and are still on the tax rolls. That institution is supported by (Continued on Next Page)



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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger

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Only production brings abundance;
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These three sentences of four words each are just as true as the statement that "two and two make four and no more." Yet the pon-