

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

That car in the creek seems to be a congenial topic just now. It is unfortunate that my memory for names is so poor. For that reason I can't tell the story very well. But I'll try it. From the north, Porcupine creek wended its way to join Missouri river, to the south of the school. As it approached the school farm, it made a sharp turn to the west for about the length of the place, then again took up its southerly course.

The main traveled drag that came out of the east ran just north of the school at times, that is during dry weather, but when the rains set in the road crossed the creek west of the school and came around to the south of our place.

The Circuit Judge of Valley county was out campaigning that fall after we got to Fraser. Among those helping him and sharing his speech-making duties were the editor of the Glasgow newspaper and a friend from Nebraska. The Nebraska friend brought his wife along and the four of them made a jolly party, full of fun and generally out for a good time.

The Judge thought he knew the road all right, but the Nebraska friend had gone through Fraser after the fall rains had set in and he thought he knew the road, too. Now, at the crossing north of the school, the one used in dry weather, there were steep banks and the bottom of the creek had formerly been a buffalo wallow.

One evening in late October the party set out for Wolf Point where the Judge was scheduled to give an address on the issues of the campaign. He brought with him his usual party. Now he drove an old Studebaker. His Nebraska friend drove a Reo but they all loaded into the Judge's car and started out just at dusk. Glasgow was some thirty miles to the west of us and Wolf Point forty miles east.

Alma, Lyle, and I were in bed when a knock came at the door. Of course we arose and inquired what we could do. There on the step stood about the most bedraggled quartet I ever met. Did I have a team? Sure I had a team. Would I help them get a car out of the creek? I would. Gradually the story leaked out.

The Judge, who was driving, had approached the steep banks at the old wallow. His friend had expostulated with him and told him that where the creek was crossed there was only a shallow ford. They had hunted for it but found only the school farm fence. They decided to try the steep banks as they thought by taking a run at it they might make it across, but when they took the plunge the car sank into the water and mud until the seat cushions were completely covered! The Judge stood up in the car, took off his trousers and tried to touch bottom. He had to hold his shirt up close under his arm pits to keep it out of the water, but he got the others out by carrying them on his shoulders. They dressed and then started looking for help. First they went to the Todd house. No one home. Then they routed out Jim Deegan. He told them to come to me. Pat and Nig, our team, were out in the pasture. I did not know whether I could get them up or not, but I took some oats in a pan, called "Niz! Niz!" and they came on the run. It was the first time I had ever called them that way, but after that I never went out to catch them, just called them and they came running.

By the time I had them harnessed, hitched to the wagon and had it hitched to the car it was getting late. I never had hitched the horses to a load before and I did not know what would happen. Nig did not like the feel of the collar any too well, but he finally buckled in and they hauled out the car. A fine sight it must have been, but we could not see, as it was too dark. It was eleven o'clock before we got the thing to the school and then it would not run. The coils, the battery, the whole ignition system was out.

Well, the Judge went to the store and tried to call Wolf Point but got no one. He did get hold of a mechanic of sorts at Glasgow who came down the next day, Sunday, and tried his hand at getting the engine running. It was almost dark Sunday before the party got on their way, heading back to Glasgow. But the Judge knew the way next time he set out for the eastern part of the county. Yes, that is the story of the car in the creek.

Soon afterwards a party came through from the east heading for the coast. They drove a Reo and

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
CHARACTER STUDIES



With a selftimer on your camera, you can make "character" snapshots of yourself.

Did you ever stop to think that all of us have had a desire at some time to be a stage or screen star? Deny it or not it is still true that we like to see ourselves in pictures—although it may be just a snapshot.

Way down deep in everybody's nature is that feeling that we have certain points of similarity to some noted actor or actress. Then too there are certain facial expressions that we have cultivated which seem always to amuse our friends.

Now if you want to convince yourself of your ability—or failure—as a comedian or a tragedian you can do so quite effectively with your own camera. Put yourself in pictures.

Few properties are needed for these personal, informal character snapshots. Special costumes are not always necessary, for in many instances it will be the facial expression that tells the story. In the two pictures shown here, however, the costume plays a rather important part. A burnt cork, sharpened to a point, will help accentuate the features of the character you wish to portray.

You may find it difficult to hold a certain expression for more than a few seconds so have your cameraman have his camera properly focused, and ready to shoot before you "go into character."

Suppose that you want to experiment with the idea by yourself. How can you take your own picture. How? Use a self timer. A self timer is an inexpensive gadget that fits over the end of the button on the cable release of a folding camera. It is adjustable so that you can set it to give you as much as 30 seconds to take your position before your camera and control your face into character and then—zip—and you have your picture. Some camera shutters have a built-in self timer so if you have one of these models and haven't used this feature now's your chance.

These snaps can be taken outdoors or indoors by well lighted windows or at night with two or three floodlight lamps. With floodlight lamps, however, it will be necessary to use a camera with an f.6.3 or faster lens. The shutter speed in this instance should be set at 1/25 second. Set the diaphragm at f.6.3.

You will find this type of snapshotting a lot of fun and it will help you while away many hours during the cold winter days and nights when outdoor activities are none too pleasant.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

in the back, robberies and such like actions. Being gullible I thought that such people were ready to attack you on sight, rob you and throw your body to the coyotes.

Well, when I shut that depot door I realized that I had blundered into a room crowded with these men. The noise of the wind had drowned their voices but in the instant the door was open I became aware of their talk. As the door closed every sound rushed as though a lid had been clapped on a box. The thought came to run but if I ran they could easily overtake me before I could get the lean unhitched. If my face went pale I never knew it but something happened in the middle of my body that seemed like my heart dropping down into my sox. Every face seemed to be turning to me and had they drawn knives and went to work, it would have been what I most expected. I stood there staring and they stared back. Never a word uttered for what seemed like minutes. Probably it was not half a minute, but time drags on such occasions.

From the corner of the room, out of sight from those near the door, Father Pacino said "Keep that door shut!" The sentence was long enough so that I recognized the voice and such a load lifted off my stomach at the welcome sound. If there's "Whistling in Heaven" it will not be any more welcome than was the sound of that voice. I knew that one friend was at hand.

That priest walked to and fro all over that reservation, dressed in meagre clothing, ate little, but carried the message of Christ and His Salvation to those simple children of the plains. Father was a living example of what the Saviour must have been in His day. This good man walked, mind you, walked forty miles to administer the last rites to a dying Indian. He admonished the men to marry their women according to law and the gospel. He went about doing good, sleeping out under the stars with God's blue sky his only blanket, with a chance crust for nourishment, he gave his time, his all to the service of that Reservation. What a small request he made, that the children might hear of the Master. Is my face red? It is whenever I think of that good, pious man. And I wonder why there are not more like him among the big army who each and every one make a big noise about their being Christians.

I never heard that good Father say he was a Christian! But if he could bring me my mail, locate a recalcitrant truant, bring comfort and joy to even the least of these,

he was happy. And no bias! blew too cold, no cloud of mosquitoes was ever too thick, no bangs of hunger too strong to keep him from answering the call for help. There should be more like him.

LOCAL NEWS

Born to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Livengood of Aloha, Dec. 19, a daughter, Darlene A.

The Misses Joy and Altha Hulet attended the presentations of "Julius Caesar", and "The Faming of the Shrew" given by the Globe players in the Shrine auditorium in Portland on the evening of January 1.

P. W. Lillison of Tigard received shoulder and back sprains when the car in which, presumably, he was riding with Harry E. Smith of Tigard, route 1, collided with the car of Eleanor M. Carney of Tigard, Thursday.



Are you tired? No time to rest? Then try a refreshing, sparkling drink of Alka-Seltzer. Take Alka-Seltzer for Colds, Acid Indigestion, Headache, Neuralgia, Stomach Gas, Muscular, Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains. Pleasant, effective, economical, non-laxative, non-habit forming—does not depress the heart. At your drug store in 25c and 50c packages. By the drink at the soda fountain.

BE WISE - ALKALIZE!

New Year's eve guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Waite were Miss Annabelle Waite of Redmond, Ore., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Waite, Mr. Oron Waite, Mr. and Mrs. Al Cannon, and Mrs. Mabel Adams, all of Portland.

Bethel No. 29, Daughters of Job of Beaverton held a special meeting at the Masonic hall, Monday evening to initiate four candidates into the Order, Thursday evening, January 9th. The girls will have their installation of officers.



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.

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were camping out along the trail. Trail is right, 1913 it was, sir, and at that early date there were few who had the hardhood to try a coast to coast tour.
These folks were from Iowa, and asked permission to camp at the school. We invited them in as it looked like rain. And rain it did, that night. In the morning that gumbo soil was as slick as ice; yes, a whole lot slicker. They stayed until the ground dried off enough so that the car would run.
They had a cupboard built the length of the car on one side, the right I think. Therein they kept provisions. On the other side was a cupboard, quite tall but narrow, and at the back was a trunk in which they kept clothing, bedding, etc. They must have carried half a ton of luggage but none too much for those days. Some three years later I wrote a description of how they had equipped their car and the article was published in Woman's Home Companion, the only time I ever "made" that high class publication.
Father Pacino (I probably do not spell that name correctly) was the Jesuit priest assigned to that section. He had spiritual charge of the whole of Fort Peck Indian reservation, ninety miles long and some sixty miles wide. He walked from one end of that reserve to the other, back and forth, and up and down, from the Canadian line to the Missouri river.
Our first meeting was not at all auspicious. Though there is no state church in America, the priests on the reservations, and sometimes the Protestant preachers, seem to think that the souls of the Indian children belong to them. So when Father came along and told me to have the children down at the church at a certain time that afternoon I sort of looked at him and inquired on what authority he was requiring such action. He told me that Supt. Lohmiller had said they should go to mass. Well, Major Lohmiller had not indicated anything of the sort to me, and so I told the good Father to have Major Lohmiller put that in writing and I'd be glad to comply with the request, but I never got any such instructions from the Major.
However, Father used to come to the school and, like Mohamet who could go to the mountain if the mountain would not come to him, Father came to the school and after school he held his meeting, or whatever it was with the children. Father and I began to understand each other better, as time went on.
One day late that fall, there was shipment of goods coming for me and the day it was expected to arrive the wind blew a veritable gale, and cold! It was perhaps, the most disagreeable day we had experienced there. I drove up to the depot, tied the team out of the wind, and beat it for the door. I opened it, slid in quickly and closed it behind me, almost in less time than it takes to tell. What I had not stopped to notice was that the depot was inhabited.
Along the Great Northern the company employed great numbers of southern Europeans who were regarded as little better than common highwaymen, robbers, cut-throats, villainous characters. Almost every week the local press carried stories of their misdeeds which varied from assaults on young girls and women to stabbing men

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

LET'S SEE WHAT IS THE NAME OF THAT BOOK?
HAVE YOU THE BOOK "RED BOAT"? NO - I NEVER HEARD OF IT!
MAYBE IT WAS "SCARLET SHIP" NO, THERE IS NO SUCH BOOK
AH - I HAVE IT! "RUBAIYAT" BY OMAR KHAYAM
RUBY YACHT!

By Geoff Hayes