

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Probably the colorless country lad should retain my esteem more than the soldier of fortune. I wonder if he will. Today Blake is more or less of a shadow while Jerry Sullivan is quite a live entity.

Blake, Sullivan and I were the fastest of the auditors. We got through about an average of 250 1040's per day for a number of months. At that time there were a whole lot of people sending in returns, many who had no business to be sending them in.

Those items became just the usual day's work before the year was up. We got curious to know who had the largest income in the country and if I should tell you, you would probably be much surprised.

No one was allowed to give out any information. Anyone seeking information that came to the building was usually handled by the orderly. He was turned over to the Chief of the Division and from there he was sent to the Chief Clerk of the Bureau, and then to the Chief Clerk of the Department.

Speaking of giving out information reminds me of an incident that happened to Jerry Sullivan. He was the soldier of fortune. Well, he and another fellow had come to Washington from the Federal Prison at Atlanta, Ga., where they had held a clerical position.

Jerry's friend who had come to Washington with him was located in the Department of Justice. So one day he learned that such and such an Inspector was to make a trip to Atlanta, and, of course, knowing what Inspectors went to Atlanta for, he was interested.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Take Children's Pictures Now



Pictures like these will lend enchantment to your "Memory Album."

HOW many members of the Snapshot Guild have taken snapshots this summer of their children? It would be interesting to know for so few parents realize the importance of keeping what might be called a "Memory Album."

The two pictures above are excellent examples of story-telling pictures—the kind you should strive to take for your "Memory Album."

Suppose that you want to snap a picture of your little son or daughter playing or "working" in the yard. This is what you should do.

of the box type) set at the largest "stop" or lens opening and you are ready to "shoot" the minute your child unintentionally or intentionally, if he is a good actor—assumes an interesting pose or position.

If you have a folding camera with a footage scale you can work as close as six feet to your subject and get a larger image. Set the diaphragm control pointer at f/11 or if it is quite shady, at f/8.

Don't have the sun striking the child in the face and then expect him not to squint. Let the light come across his face and you will get interesting shadows and show his features much better.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

no evidence that Jerry or his Washington friend knew anything about what was going on down there at the prison. But the wires were burned up when the foolish friend in Atlanta told someone else in the office that Inspector So-and-so was coming on such and such a date and that they had better watch their step.

The first the two Washington friends knew, each was called into the office of his respective Chief Clerk and told that their services were no longer needed in the work they were doing for Uncle Sam.

Well, Jerry's friend took it lying down. So far as I ever learned he never made a pass, but packed his bag and bade adieu to the Government Service. Not so with Jerry, our soldier of fortune.

He was offered an opportunity to resign, "without prejudice". He told them that if he resigned it would be on his own initiative. They gave him ninety days to think the mat-

ter over, and then lacking his resignation they were going to dismiss him. But he was still within the Internal Revenue Bureau the last I heard and it was some years after the incident. I may be all wrong, but I always had it figured out that being a good Mason kept Jerry his job.

Just the other day I saw some pictures of how the New Deal had dressed up the face of the Capital city. I have been informed that the War did some things to it also. It has been more than twenty years since I left there but to me then it was the Most Wonderful City I ever visited.

A little incident that happened during my short stay there. Of course, the Treasury building has lots of visitors. A party of four or five were doing the building.

A guide was showing the party around. "Here is the vault, here the laboratory where the narcotic division analyzes the drugs they suspect, here is the prohibition bureau and here the tobacco tax division, here they keep the revenue stamps that have to be affixed to contracts and here the money is kept," and so on.

There are four such stairways as I told you about, one to the north-west, one to the southwest, but it was all the one to the southeast that the party were directing their attention. They had climbed to the sixth story when in some inconceivable fashion one of the party tumbled over the low railing around the stairs and plunged to the basement.

All I know is that I was going to the elevator one day when I noticed an excited crowd gathering and looking down the deep stair well. There at the bottom was an object covered with a white cloth.

At that time there were said to be some 3,500 employees. They had half an hour for lunch and the way they used to pour out of those doors was a caution. The big majority of them carried lunch, had a paper sack with a sandwich or two, but they liked to get out and take a coca cola, root beer, or coffee and some of them even brought milk and drank it at their desks.

Speaking of the crowds coming out of the building makes me think of that evening of July Fourth when we went down to the park and sat on the banks of the Potomac and watched the fireworks. Can't say that the display did much honor to the occasion but we did hear Sousa and his band which were employed for the occasion.

Fifteenth St. and Pennsylvania Avenue are both wide streets. To the southwest at that time the park extended for as far as one could see. As the people left the park to go to the waiting street-cars it seemed that acres of humanity just arose on their hind legs and started towards the street car junction.

IF IT'S PRINTING WE CAN DO IT THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

The Oregonian Great Newspaper of the Northwest ARTHUR MULHOLLAND Auto Route and Agency Beaverton Oregon

SHE LIVED IN SIN

Simon, the Pharisee, rich man, reclines at meat with Jesus as his guest.

Now edges in a woman of the street who lives by sin. She takes her place behind Jesus at his feet to wash them with her tears, and dry them with her hair.

Simon the host takes it all in and reasons down in his heart—"This Jesus a holy man? Not he! Else he would know who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

"Seest thou this woman, Simon? I entered into your house and you gave me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. You gave me no kiss, but this woman since she came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint but this woman hath anointed my feet with precious ointment. Wherefore I say unto you, her sins which are many are forgiven her, for she loved much."

Day by day as they looked on Him, their faith was built. What He did and said is all embedded in the Book of Books. And as we read, our faith mounts up; faith to save us also, even as faith saved her. "My faith looks up to Thee; Thou Lamb of Calvary; Saviour Divine. Now hear me while I pray; Take all my guilt away; O Let me from this day, Be wholly Thine."

SALES Ford SERVICE Goodrich Tires Battery Service Accessories Greasing Auto Truck, and Tractor Repairing

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County. In the Matter of the Estate of Gladys L. Flemming, Deceased.

Date of last publication February 21, 1936. Justus L. Flemming, Administrator of the Estate of Gladys L. Flemming, Deceased.

The Review can do That printing for you.



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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes