

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

At the time of which I write, 1914-1915, there were many beautiful sights to see in and around the capitol. So many in fact that I did not get to see all of them in the 18 months that I made my residence there. Some that I did see included the Smithsonian institute, perhaps the biggest disappointment in the whole show. I'll tell you why.

The Smithsonian was housed in what seemed to me to have been once a private residence. There were bay windows, small rooms that seemed to have served as living rooms for a family, the usual bric-a-brac, the gew-gaws and once thought ornamental work were to me the outstanding feature of the institution.

Once inside one found piles and piles of ancient manuscripts, or reports on almost every conceivable subject, all carefully written out, but of physical beauty, of utilitarian mechanisms, of paintings (excepting those only valuable on account of their age) or of anything that seemed to me appropriate to such a much advertised institution. There seemed a conspicuous lack. It was dry as dust, dead as a last year's bird's nest, just about as important as a piece of clay would be on your dinner table.

The botanical gardens of the Agricultural Department were a horse of a different color. Inside those big glass houses could spend hours gazing at this plant and that one, at the banana tree, at the bunch of bananas hanging at the top, at the lemons growing, and the oranges, at the brilliant hues of the tropical flowers, at the leaves, the stems, the structure of their whole bodies. At the Zoo there were animals of almost every specie that would live in that climate—snakes, elephants, tigers, leopards, and the more rare animals such as the kangaroo, the bison, the elk and moose, the reindeer, ibex, the musk ox and the water buffalo, all of them. We liked best to feed the bears, or the monkeys. There were literally dozens of each kind. Well, one can see vast zoos in almost every part of this country but the one at Washington at that time surpassed anything I had ever seen just as the Botanical Gardens excelled the beauty of the common park.

And speaking of parks, there are great numbers of them in Washington. That city is unique in that it was planned for a great city. No other city that I know of but has grown up from a little settlement. New York was once just a boat landing, Chicago a little more than a hundred years ago had only one building, a block house, and there was no thought that there would ever be much more. Boston streets are said to follow the paths the old cows took through the woods, and I could name other cities whose streets are so crooked that it might even puzzle old Boss to find her way about. Not so with Washington. There is no considerable part of the City that cannot be reached in an almost direct route from any other part. The numbered streets run north and south and are numbered consecutively. The east and west streets are lettered. "A" street is north of the main dividing street, if the number is northwest or northeast and south of the dividing line if the number is southwest or southeast.

Capital street runs directly out from the capitol building. North Capital street runs north, South Capital runs south, and so on. One of the doors to the Treasury building opened at Fifteenth and "F" streets. Northwest. Seventeenth street Northwest runs past the White House, intersecting the north and south, and the east and west streets are avenues which run diagonally. One can find either an avenue or a street that heads very closely in the direction he wishes to travel.

Here I am trying to tell you about the streets when I thought I would not try to tell anything much about the city.

One of the things that vex the new-comer in Washington is that old disease, "Keeping up with the Joneses." It hit me. Here I was working alongside clerks who were drawing down almost twice my salary and of course I wanted to go the same places they went, wear the same fine clothes, live in just as good a house, and in a number of ways I found calls on my pocketbook that exceeded my salary.

When I went to Washington I owned the farm where the wife and I had set up housekeeping fourteen years before. There had been added to the original eighty-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
PICTURING SNOWFLAKES



Snow storm snapshots need a wide lens opening and a dark background

IF YOU want to take pictures these winter months that you will be proud of, watch the snowfalls and try for a photograph that actually shows the falling flakes, and again for one representing the blizzard type of storm.

You may shoot and shoot into a swirling snow storm and the flakes themselves will not show in the picture, but if you choose the right sort of snowfall, the proper background and the right distance, set the focus right and give the correct exposure, you will get a picture in which the curtain of tumbling flakes is vividly portrayed.

The kind of snow storm for this is one that occurs when there is little wind, and when the temperature is about at the freezing point. Under these conditions the flakes usually come down large and fluffy and hence individually are more visible. The proper background is important. Since snowflakes are white they will not show very well except against a dark background; so take your stance before a dark or shaded building and not more than say 50 feet away. If you are much farther away, there will be so many flakes between the camera and the building that the picture will show too many of them overlapping each other, as it were. What is needed is a distinct record of comparatively a few of the multitude. Now put a little life interest into the scene. Get some one in dark clothes into

the picture, preferably of the feminine sex. Have her about 15 to 25 feet away and let her be well filled up to give an additional touch to the whiteness of the scene.

Now for setting the camera. The lens should be focused not on the building but on your human subject. With box type outfits or other set focus cameras, just use the largest lens opening and click the picture—you will be sure to get something interesting, even if the day is only fairly bright. The chrome type of film should record the picture quite satisfactorily, although the super-sensitive will help out a little more on darker days. For cameras with double lenses, the aperture should be no smaller than f8 with a shutter speed of 1/25 second. If there is a slight wind this shutter speed may not entirely "stop" the flakes but a very slight movement will tend to show the flakes all the more definitely. The flakes that show will be those that fall within a distance of a few feet from the subject.

A regular swirling snow storm can also be caught and will be another type of winter storm picture that will fairly make you shiver to look at. The picture will not show individual flakes nor should it, if you want to produce a realistic picture that looks like a roaring blizzard. The same exposure suggestions as given for the other type of picture will do.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

first forty acres and then a hundred acres. That made a total of 220 acres. I had sold it on a contract at first when I left it. No, come to think of it, I had rented it. Soon the renter moved off and then another followed. Finally I had sold it on a contract. By the time I got to Washington I still owned the farm, but there was no one on it. After being at the Capitol for about six months I sold the farm to my Uncle Byron. The money we got for it was all gone when we left Washington in the Fall of 1915. It had not just been "lived up" but it had all gone.

About six months before I left, that would make it along in the winter of 1914-15, there was a call from the Third Auditor's office for clerks and the work in the Personal Income Tax Division being slack at that time of year, three of the men from that division were transferred to the third auditor's office. That is the office where all the accounts of the Interior Department are gone over. But perhaps I'd better note just one or two incidents that happened before my transfer.

Myers had come in as Chief of our Income Tax Division. He was a former student at Princeton when the then President Wilson was President of that institution. Of course Myers probably could have passed any examination that I had. Perhaps he was much better equipped to do the work, to understand the conditions than I. The Division was new. None of us knew very much what it was all about. But surely in that number of men there was some one who knew more about collecting Personal Income Taxes than a young chap recently out of college, and with no special ability for that sort of work. He readily admitted that either Blake or Sullivan could get through much more of the returns than he could.

So why was he put at the head of our Division? Just because he had a pull, and for no other reason. And it was not long before he was made Chief Clerk of the whole Bureau.

Wilmett was Chief Clerk of the Department. He was supposed to have entered the Service through the Civil Service, which Myers did not. Myers was "blanketed in by Executive Orders." What a mouth-filling phrase! You may wonder where Wilmett comes in. I'll save that for next time.

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

The license fees for licenseable dogs over the age of eight months and for such dogs owned or kept within the State of Oregon over 20 days for the year 1936 are:

Male Dog \$1.00
Female Dog \$1.50
Spayed Female Dog \$1.00

After March 1st, 1936, the license fee is \$1.00 more for failure to procure license for the dogs above stated.

Also, after March 1st, 1936, the fee is \$1.00 more for failure to procure licenses for licenseable dogs becoming over 8 months of age after March 1st, 1936, and for dogs over eight months old owned or kept within the State of Oregon over 20 days after March 1st, 1936.

Licenses may be ordered by mail. State the name and address of the person to whom the license is to be issued, and the sex of the dog.

Fees are payable to: EDW. C. LUCE, County Clerk, Hillsboro, Oregon.

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

Knox a Soldier in Two Wars

Volunteer Rough Rider and Artilleryman But No Militarist.

Soldiers, particularly in the heat of battle, develop a philosophy which is peculiarly their own. To those who have never had their experience, the observations of these veterans sometimes sound cynical or fatalistic. As a matter of fact, they are neither. There never was a good soldier who has not admitted that there were many times when he was thoroughly scared. Consequently, one of the conversational pastimes of the veterans of the World War has sometimes been to tell each other "when they died," meaning that they had been confronted some time or other by situations from which there appeared to be no escape whatever.

Captain "Eddie" Rickenbacker, premier aviation ace of the American army, and Frank Knox, now Illinois' "favorite son" for the Republican nomination for President, once swapped such yarns at a meeting of American Legionnaires, both being among the founders of that organization. Rickenbacker's story was that he thought his time was up when, caught in a "dog-fight" between American and German planes several thousands of feet in the air, the Germans nearly shot off one of the wings of his plane, which began to fall rapidly out of control.

Rickenbacker quickly disengaged himself from the cockpit, crawled out on the sound wing and managed so to balance the plane that it partially righted itself. A few hundred feet from the ground he grabbed the control "stick" and landed between the American and German lines in a complete smashup, but without injury to himself.

Knox served with the artillery brigade of the 78th Division. He enlisted as a private in the New Hampshire militia, was transferred to an officer's training camp, having seen service in Cuba, and finally became captain and then major of artillery. When the war ended he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and is known to his old buddies as "Col. Knox." His division served in the St. Mihiel sector early in September, 1918. Two weeks later found it in the battle of the Meuse-Argonne with Sedan as the objective. When it came Knox's turn to tell his story, he recalled that any soldier quickly learns to know by the whirr of a shell or the sing of a bullet whether "it has his name on it," as the soldiers say. In his tent at Apremont late one night Knox heard a "big Bertha" with "his name on it." Almost instantly his little tent was deluged with rocks, dirt and debris which nearly tore it from its fastenings—but nothing else happened. The next morning Major Knox was invited by his orderly to look outside his tent. A few feet in front of the entrance was the big shell nearly buried in the ground. It had failed to explode.

Knox's narrowest escape, however, was in the Spanish-American war. Volunteering in Michigan at the age of 21, he reached Tampa without being sworn in or assigned to duty with any organization. At Tampa he was introduced to Theodore Roosevelt who promptly swore him in personally as a member of the Rough Riders. Knox participated in all the engagements of that famous regiment up to and including the battle of San Juan hill. In that engagement, the Rough Riders were bombarded out of their first position by the Spanish artillery, waded in to the San Juan river and took refuge in water up to their waists beneath a protecting bank, and later stormed and took several hills, including San Juan hill itself, where the Spanish finally ran up the white flag.

In this battle the Rough Riders would charge and lie down and then charge again. The intervals between two of these charges was a little too long for the impetuous Knox, who was tired of lying out in the hot sun. He raised up to sight the enemy and promptly got a bullet through his campaign hat which took a lock of his Scotch gold-red hair along with it. At the end of the battle Knox was detailed to carry dispatches of the victory to the rear. Enroute he was overcome by the heat, developed some tropical ailments and was invalided home just before the final surrender of all Cuba. Mrs. Knox retains the campaign hat among her prized possessions.

In the last war Col. Knox had an (Continued on Back Page)

LOCAL NEWS

Rabbit hay—Straw—Feed—Peat litter—Washes Seed & Feed Co.—adv

The Women's Community club of Whitford met at the clubrooms with nine members present, and Mrs. B. K. Denney as hostess. Otto Kraus, Supt. of Wash. Co. schools, was there and gave a short talk.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County. Jacob Hledsoe, Plaintiff, vs. Hannah D. Hledsoe, Defendant. TO HANNAH D. HLEDSOE, The above named Defendant.

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before the 23 day of March, 1936, said date being after four weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, the date of the first publication thereof being February 7th, 1936, and the date of its last publication thereof being March 6th, 1936; and if you fail so to appear, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in his complaint, to-wit: For a decree dissolving the marriage and marriage contract existing between you and the plaintiff, upon the grounds of adultery.

This Summons is served upon you by publication thereof in the Beaver Review a legal newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, pursuant to order of the Honorable R. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, rendered and dated February 1st, 1936.

Taggley & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Resident Attorneys, State of Oregon, Post office Address: First National Bank Bldg., Hillsboro, Oregon. adv c10-11

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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. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Justus L. Flemming, has been by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Washington county, duly appointed administrator of the estate of Gladys L. Flemming, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administrator. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at my residence, Beaverton, Oregon, Route 2, or at the law office of M. B. Bump, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated and first published, January 21, 1936.
Date of last publication February 21, 1936.

Justus L. Flemming, Administrator of the Estate of Gladys L. Flemming, Deceased.

M. B. Bump, residence and address, Hillsboro, Oregon, Attorney for said Estate and Administrator. adv c 8-12

The Review can do That printing for you.



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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes

Geoff H.