

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class mail matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 8, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year (in advance) . . . \$1.00
Not in advance 1.50

DAD'S STORY

Lest I forget, I'll tell a little something of Wilmet's, though he is far enough from my thoughts this morning. Wilmet was the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department when I got to Washington. He was rather a quiet fellow, did his work well, stayed late most every evening so that the slate might be cleaned up ready for the next morning. Pried himself on his efficiency. But he was a Democrat.

However, by the time the Wilson administration left the White House, Wilmet had been made head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. One of the really big bureaus in Washington at that time, and one where the employees worked, yes, really worked. In that place there was no loafing on the job, many of those there were recruited from the local population, were not covered by the Civil Service and were required to get out a certain stipulated amount of work or have some good reason why it was not done.

Wilmet went in there just before Wilson left the White House. But the dear Republicans looked with disfavor on a Democrat in one of the big jobs but Wilmet watched his step and got along for a year or two. Then the opposition got the labor unions to interfere, or at least the Labor union did interfere, with the result that gross charges were preferred against the man and he was dropped out just about as quickly as Jerry Sullivan's friend was let out when he wrote to his friend that the Atlanta prison was going to be visited by an inspector. The worst that could be said against Wilmet was that he was "a slave driver."

Well, the things that appeal to me, that fill my mind to the exclusion of everything else, have no place in this narrative so I will probably do a lot of skipping around. One of the fellows in the Income Tax Division that I have not mentioned is Kimball. Right from Texas, he was one of those who cared less for the manner a fellow dressed in than for what was really inside the man. While I never became very close friends with him, we were fairly well acquainted and the reason why we did not become any closer was probably that he saw less to admire in me than he did in some of the others. He was no slow poke at his work, he turned out much more than the average, but he was quiet, careful and conscientious.

And now comes one of those things that happen to a fellow, a thing which he has to go through, but after it is all over he wonders why.

Perhaps in previous chapters I have told you that my political beliefs led me into the Socialist party. Soon after my marriage I had become converted to the doctrines of the Internationale. To me, Christ embodied the same principles that were preached by that organization. There was a doctrine of "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." And anyone can see the vast industrial waste that is going on around us continually. Two men peddling milk travel the same route, a dozen automobiles drive to Portland every morning only partly loaded, but if I want to go I must drive my own old boat, and on every side we see the same thing going on, waste, waste and more waste.

A few years ago two railroads had steel laid from here to Portland. One track could handle carry all and more traffic than travelled over that steel at any time, even when we had twenty trains between Portland and Beaverton. Three or four paper boys travel the same route every day. One could easily distribute all the papers that the four carry. And two linotypes set the same news, two presses print practically the same things, a clear duplication of effort. Under the Socialist state, as I viewed it, all this duplication and industrial waste could be done away with, and every human effort directed to where it would do the most good.

I had been in Washington some five months when that Austrian prince (or was it archduke?) was shot in Serbia. Soon the hotheaded Europeans were flying at each other's throats.

Germany was not hurt in any way that I could see. Her frontiers were a long way from what appeared to me to be the seat of trouble. Germany was a Socialist nation by a large majority. "Just wait," I thought. "When those capitalist generals order those Ger-

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
OUR GOOD FRIEND WINTER

Winter brings many picture opportunities.

OLD Man Winter may not be popular with everybody but, as an inexhaustible inventor of opportunities for taking beautiful pictures, he is certainly a good friend of amateur photographers. Remember that with his tools of snow and wind, he is a landscape artist, painter, etcher, and sculptor of the first order. Remember also that his handiwork is fleeting, so do not fail to have your camera ever ready to take pictures before the opportunities are gone.

Each snowfall creates new subjects for picture taking, for you will find that each time the snow mantle is put on differently, changing the landscape to obliterate some features on one occasion, bringing them into relief on another, giving a peculiar charm to objects that do not attract attention in other seasons, and often displaying weird or fantastic snow formations, never to be exactly repeated.

These magic changes of scenery make winter a snapshotter's paradise. Long shadows on the white snow add beauty and interest to many a scene. Such a simple thing as a picket fence casting its scurried outline over a curving snowdrift that it has helped to build may make a photograph of "Winter" that any salon would be proud to exhibit. The lone pine tree, sitting in a graceful bowl of snow the wind has moulded around its base, fantastic cornices on the hill tops, the drifted roads, the weather-blackened old mill etched against a white sky—

these suggest but a few of the picture taking opportunities which winter offers for the camera owner.

Then, too, there are the human interest pictures of winter sports—action shots of skiing, sliding, skating, and ice boat racing—not to forget Sally, Pal and the snow hut they so laboriously hollowed out of the great drift in the yard. Chances like these prove a source of joy to those clever enough to shoot at the right moment and with the right exposure and focus.

With regard to exposures in winter, many think that because snow is white, they should not be so long as in summer, but remember on the other hand that light is not so strong in winter. The old rule—expose for the shadows and let the highlights take care of themselves—works fully as well for snow pictures under most conditions. When, however, you wish to take a picture to emphasize shadows, as in the case of the picket fence, a sky filter placed upside down on the lens (that is, yellow part at the bottom) so that the light from the snow will be subdued in passing through should reproduce them even better with no loss of detail in other parts of the picture.

So put on the goggles and the muffler after the next snowfall, and wade out with your camera. With a little thought to composition, you will come back with a "picture no artist can paint" and more than one.

JOHN VAN GUILDE

man Socialists to join the Army they will just quietly rebel, just refuse in a big body. Imagine my amazement when Germany took up the march into Belgium!

Well, perhaps those soldiers who are in the ranks just felt they had to go, but when they were exhausted, there would be no more to take their places. Certainly a country a people who believed in the tenets of Christianity, who belonged to the Internationale, a people who wanted to do as they wanted to be done by, would refuse to take up arms against their brethren. But how did it turn out?

The price of ammunition went up, but wages did not, so the factory workers struck for higher wages. Washington Local was becoming a regular hang-out for delegates soliciting funds to feed the hungry workers. And Washington Local came through handsomely. We were assessed and compelled to pay the dues or be dropped from the Local. Well, I stood it for a time but it soon became evident that Socialistic Germany was going to war with might and main that she was marshalling every national and personal resource to win the fight, and the winning the fight meant the murdering of other people.

I got to thinking about Socialism. There was the most highly socialized nation in the world waging war just like the most un-Christian, the most barbarous. And I asked myself why. The German people were a hard working, honest, industrious people who were no more murderous by nature or inclination than were the clerks working in the same room with me

every day. Then the Lusitania was sunk. And aboard it were hundreds of Americans. Perhaps the Americans had no business on that vessel flying the flag of a nation at war. But on the other hand, the Germans certainly had no business drowning non-combatant men and women. So there you are. I turned in my card and have not been much of a Socialist since that time.

And to carry the thought a little further, the more I see of municipal ownership, the more I see of the Government trying to carry on those activities usually classed as "business" the more firmly convinced I am that Socialism is a vision, a dream that can only be accomplished when avarice, greed, and selfishness have been taken out of the human being. In every walk of life you find those individuals dominating who go out to get theirs. Those showing only a passive attitude are passed by, and the municipal milk man would see that the howler got milk whether the deserving, calm individual had any or not. On every side you hear the sentiment expressed, "I have to look after my own interest." And just as long as that attitude prevails, municipal ownership will be a failure; Government administration of the activities of business will be doomed.

So much for preaching. Let's get back to the narrative for a time. While in Washington I took an active part in my local. Speaking was quite the thing and the members listened politely, whether with close attention or not. Quite the contrary in some localities. On one occasion I had been asked to take part in a program and I spoke

the old time, "Ostler Joe". It is somewhat melodramatic. There is no comedy. And the Mayor's wife in commenting on my "reading" said, "Yes, and he had to kill her in the end." In those tones were spite and malice, nothing of sympathy and understanding. And until we rid ourselves of that spite, that malice, which would rather see a human trod on than lifted up, so long will there be no room for Socialism, or even Christianity, for that matter.

Now, don't get me wrong. There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not become any of us to speak any ill of the rest of us. And it looks as though that is what I have been doing. But when you take a man into your home and he steals your good name, when you reach out to help another and he spits in your face, I guess it may be forgiven if the one getting spit on spits back.

Mrs. Lora Smith's Adult Education class met at her home Thursday. Quilting and quilt making is the work being undertaken now. It will be followed by other handicraft later.

State Wants Young Men

High school and college men preferred as being able to earn more. We have a going program that will hold you to the end of your days. Here is the lineup. You have made good in the grades and on up. The taxpayers move along with the school boards' planning and your own hard work have fitted you to earn more. The state now asks you to earn, earn, earn in order to spend, spend, spend.

And for what? A lot of it for state dispensed liquor. You are to step up and get a taste of the stuff. May the first glass set you on fire, is their hope. And at the last, a poor broken old wreck, the state will shut you away in an asylum or penitentiary.

Parents, are you sure that the victim will be the boy or girl next door and not your own? Property owners, are you sure the liquor income will lighten the taxes? Teachers, why educate a generation to become just scrap-heap stuff?

Stop—Look—Listen, you parents, taxpayers, and school men! Follow the lead of the state of Mississippi. Down there, every county that lately voted outlawed the liquor traffic. Then turn and look at Kansas. She recently went dry by 90,000 majority. Now fix your eye on Chicago. 70% of her voting districts have now gone into the dry column.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not," said our Lord. Let's move ahead and deliver them from DRINK-DESPAIR and DEATH. Old John Barleycorn holding his head high just now out here. Old John adopted by the state and even wrapped in the stars and stripes, as it were. And yet the same old death-dealing cobra after all.

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton Oregon.—Paid Adv.

DOG LICENSE NOTICE

The license fees for licensable dogs over the age of eight months and for such dogs owned or kept within the State of Oregon over 30 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 licensable 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 30 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.

Published by order of the County Court of Washington County, Oregon. adv c9-11

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCann and son Ted visited at the home of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Kahr, at Aloha, Sunday.

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

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County Jacob Bledsoe, Plaintiff, vs. Hannah D. Bledsoe, Defendant.

TO HANNAH D. BLEDSOE, 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 7th 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 Beaverton Review a legal newspaper published in Washington County, Oregon, pursuant to order of the Honorable B. Frank Peters, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, rendered and dated February 1st, 1936.

Bagley & Hare, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Resident Attorneys, State of Oregon, Post Office Address First National Bank Bldg., Hillsboro, Ore. adv c10-14

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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 24, 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

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes