

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class 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

That trip to Michigan was one of the outstanding events of our career, if you know what I mean. To outline it now will be somewhat difficult, but we shall make a try at it.

While we were in Frazer, Montana, the route-car for the big transcontinental race passed our door so we felt quite sure that if they got through in 1913, we in 1918, five years later, should be able to get across. We did. But we were twenty-one days, and some of those days were mighty difficult. There was that day we drove hard and only got 27 miles, or was it 19 miles? After eighteen years, it doesn't make much difference anyway.

Of course, at that time there were few who had made the trip. Now and then one of the hardy characters would start out but the more timid stuck at home or took the old reliable railroad. Up to that time we had spent a lot of money with the railroads, what with numerous trips back home, one trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the trip down the Rockies to New Mexico. Those were times we did not even think that a car could make such a journey.

Well, we sort of had a trip back home with the family in mind when we bought the old Ford. That winter of 1917-18 we got the thing in shape. At the rear we built a platform and mounted a big box on it. On the left hand side we built a cupboard the whole length of the car. Then in that narrow space between the right front and rear door of the touring car we built a tall cupboard, for dishes, eats, etc. Our tent we carried rolled up and placed between the right front fender and the hood. One thing we failed to provide for, a tow rope!

A month or so before getting ready to start, my niece, Miss Lutina Workman, who had been teaching in Anaconda, Montana, wrote us that she had heard from the folks back home that we were planning to tour across the country, and could she get on? Of course we were delighted to have her. We had not seen her since 1915 when we left Michigan. She had been our guest numerous times while we were at Frazer, having taught her first Western school near that place. Perhaps it was the first school she ever taught. Perhaps she had been teaching in Michigan. I have forgotten.

A word about her may not be amiss. She stayed with her mother when the mother and father parted. Then the mother not having a very permanent residence, Tina as we called her got a job working for her board and going to school. Soon she was in the telephone exchange, and before she was graduated from the Western Michigan State Normal at Kalamazoo she had been made night foreman and had charge of the whole exchange through the trick from eight in the evening until four in the morning. Energetic, ambitious, industrious, she drove ahead to get an education. Not at all like her brother to whom anything was easy to learn, it was hard work for Tina to learn, but she had what it takes to stick, and stick she did through the whole eight years of high school and college. She it was who was going to accompany us from Anaconda on east.

Two items stick out in memory of the morning we left Nespelem. We drove onto the wagon scales and got weighed. The bare Ford was listed at a little over fourteen hundred pounds. The total weight of Ford and load when we left Nespelem was 2875 pounds, believe it or not. Almost three quarters of a ton super cargo! And we were taking only what we thought we needed for the trip! We soon learned that we did not need half the stuff we had in that load.

The other item is the little crowd gathered to see us start. Mr. and Mrs. Decamp, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and a whole lot more. Jack Sanders was there and California Rose, the Kincaids, the Koontzes, the Picards, the Hoyts and many others. It was about ten o'clock and we were hurrying through the goodbyes as best we could. None of those who came to see us off thought we would ever arrive alive. Two and a half thousands of miles of such roads as we had to contend with on the Reservation

would surely be enough to kill off the most hardy, and we never had been noted for our stamina. Gene Hoyt took a good look at the car and its load, then at the family, and remarked, "Ye might possibly git thar 'ith that rig but ye'll never git back, not with that car." Nice cheerful words to bid bon voyage! But we got there and back again.

Parts of that first day's drive I can still remember. You see, I was not much of a veteran at driving. Did not know much about what made the wheels go round. Lou Gray had tended to the car, he having acquired quite a knowledge of the cantankerous contraptions, what with one of his own, two or three of the Government's cars, and a lot of neighbors who always called him in when trouble developed.

We ate dinner that first day on the banks of the Columbia where we crossed it at Seaton's ferry. Then negotiated the long hard climb up Price's canyon with its sharp rocks, narrow trail and precipitous inclines. It got late when we were only sixty or seventy miles on our way and we camped west of Davenport, Washington, for the night. Made camp by the simple expedient of pulling out to the side of the road, pitching our tent and building a fire over which we boiled coffee and cooked supper. We had no battery on that Ford so had to carry a lantern along for light.

It rained us out next morning about four o'clock and we got underway, but tire trouble developed and we stopped in Spokane to buy tires. Don't remember eating dinner that second day out but that night, we camped just east of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, in a drizzling rain. There were with us Henry, Cecilia, Gladys 16, Tina 8, Joy 2 1/2, and Aletha seven months old. Down hearted and long-faced, little Joy wandered around outside the tent a little (we had told her we were going to "Gramma's house") Finally she approached her mother with the plaintive suggestion, "Let's go home to Gramma's house." Cold, shivery, dismal, the outlook promised little of pleasure, but we persevered.

The trouble after tire trouble developed at the least provocation and sometimes, we thought, without provocation. We bought and put on that Ford seven new tires before we got to Michigan. And tires were not the price they are now, nor of any such quality. We paid upwards of \$25 for every tire we bought, making a total of more than \$175 we spent for tires alone. In all, that trip cost us more than five hundred dollars, but we got to like travelling and right now wish it were possible to get away on a good, long trip!

The third day out we approached Fourth of July Canyon. Now that stretch of road was something to write home about at that time. They tell us that it is a veritable boulevard now, but then—oh boy!

I don't remember the time of day it was. We were on a bad curve, a turn it was really, and a car drove perilously close behind us. We stuck. The engine bucked, coughed a time or two, and there we sat. The fellow behind, sensing our difficulty, began to back up. All we had to do was to let loose the brake and back we went.

"Having a little difficulty?" inquired the stranger.

"Guess I can't get up this hill," sez I.

"I'll crank it and you try it again," saith the Samaritan. He cranked, I shoved in the gear, the Ford reared up, got just a little less distance than the first attempt and again coughed and died. At about that time a fellow appeared coming from the opposite direction.

Our Good Samaritan hailed the new driver. "Hey, Bill, got a tow rope? I want to help this Ford up the hill." Bill had a rope.

Wake Up!

By Albert F. Reid



We pass any one in difficulty without offering assistance. Nor did there a soul pass us when changing a tire, tinkering with the engine, ripping a mud hole or doing any of the other

numerous necessary tasks without offering aid. How different now! One does not dare stop now. Hold-ups, decoys, kidnapers, they all put fear in you.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brynarske visiting friends in Idaho.

Up from the Grave

The place is Jerusalem. The hour is early dawn; the city not yet astir.

The two men running through the empty streets are Peter and John, disciples of the Nazarene who was crucified three days back.

Mary Magdalene, another follower, had gone early to the tomb and found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre and then she came hurrying to tell the two. "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre and we know not where they have laid Him."

So Peter and John ran both together, John being first to reach the tomb. He stooped down and saw the linen clothes lying there but went not in. Then up came Peter and went in with John following him. Let John tell us what he saw—"What was it, John?"

So John tells it—"For His burying they had wound the Lord's body in clean linen clothes. Wound it round and round with a hundred sounds of myrrh and aloes bound in; then a napkin over his face. I saw the napkin folded and put to one side. Then I saw the linen. It was but an empty shell now. The Lord's body had gone from it. Just an empty shell, it was, of linen and myrrh and aloes. We could look down in where the napkin had been over the face. There was no body in there. Just a shell, wide at the shoulders; narrowing to the hips and tapering to the feet. So I saw and believed. Yes—I believed that the Lord had risen from among the dead."

So we too believe that Christ broke the bonds of death. We stand on it that the Bible speaks truth. And when we believe John and the Bible, we are in line with the greatest legal minds. John was a creditable witness, say these men of the law. On all the principals of legal evidence, John's record must stand. Christ arose from among the dead.

So—"Up from the grave, He arose—With a mighty triumph o'er His foes—" And His saved ones thank God and take courage for He said—"Because I live, ye shall live also."

Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Pd. adv

Night Automobile Accidents Serious

AS NIGHT FALLS REDUCE your speed



Last year during daylight there were 14,000 fatal automobile accidents as against more than 19,000 during dusk and darkness. But total accidents in daylight exceeded the number during dusk and darkness by more than 139,000.

The fatal accident record during dusk and darkness, in proportion to all accidents in such periods, was 92 per cent greater than the daytime experience. The tremendous loss of life during hours of darkness constitutes one of the strongest arguments against the present-day practice

of driving too fast. There is no way to explain the high rate of death per accident at night except by the fact that many operate cars at speeds during darkness which do not permit them to stop within the range of the illumination provided by headlights. Under such conditions lives are crushed out whenever the unexpected happens. Either highways must be illuminated and the lighting of streets improved, or drivers must remember and act on the warning: WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN, SLOW DOWN.

LOCAL NEWS

Jack Manning of Aloha, is still quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Darland of Hillsboro was a week-end visitor at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Cady.

CANDIDATE FOR Republican Nomination for STATE SENATOR



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No increase in taxes.—No new commissions.—No appropriations that are not absolutely necessary.—Reduce taxes by curtailing expenses.—Not a tool of any boss, group or faction.—Will consider every bill on its merits and vote for the best interests of the state and county.—Everyone is a taxpayer, either real, personal, intangible, gas, industrial accident, automobile, driver's license or other tax.—Every dollar spent comes from you, then let's cut out unnecessary spending.—Will legislate according to business principles. (Paid Adv.)

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG

By Sam Tapp

