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SPEED-GAIN

In this modern age there is general hurry, scurry, unrest, and nervousness.

Everybody in a hurry, all excited, comin from nowhere, blatin their automobile horns for each other to get out of the way, the poodle dog barkin, radio a soba an syin YO HO? YO HO? cigarette smoke hazin up the atmosphere an Jr. kicks over the bottle of booze an the cork flies out and dad cusses an mom boxes his ears an Jr. crine an a cop shoots by with siren screamin an dad steps on the accelerator to foller the cop to see what he is keetchin up to.

Another car blize the horn an shoots by an ma strikes a match to lite another cigarette an blize it out squawkin at dad to keep out for a chicken runnin across the road an squish—feathers flyin an the windshield is gettin all splattered up with flies an bugs an dad sticks out an arm an skids into a service station with brakes screechin an a flock o' fellas come out an swoop down on the car like a flock of hungry sparrows.

One fella grabs the cap off the gas tank an sez how many please an dad holds up five fingers on one hand an dives into his vest pocket with the other one for the cash while one fella iz wipin off the windshield with a wet rag in one an a shammy in the other an another fella squirtin water in the radiator an another checkin oil an another checkin tires and still another one collectin the cash.

They all step back in unison an smile at another car kums skiddin in an misses him by inches as away he goze—where? Don't ask me, I ain't no technician.

Modern stile I reckon. Why just last week a farmer brot a 50 gal. tank into town to get er soldered an the tinner lit a match quick to see if the gas was all out of it an it wasn't. Another guy tried to beat the flier over the crossing an he didn't quite make er.

Every day you read where one or more git in such a hurry to see what the next world looks like that they grab a wife or gun or jump out of a 6 story window or off a bridge or dive into eternity some how or other.

Yesterday I sez to my next door naber—

Sez I—
Why don't people practice the Golden Rule?

Sez he—they do.
What is the Golden Rule? sez I.
Sez he the modern golden rule iz—12 gr. 1 oz.; 12 oz's. 1 lb.

Shut up, sez I;

I thot er over after he was gone an by crackie he's rite.

—Amateur Page,
S. F. Chronicle

DAD'S STORY

Once at the top of Fourth of July canyon we jogged along nicely. The road descended and we got along fine until we came to a little sharp up-grade when the old Ford coughed, spit a time or two, and stopped. We reached down under the cowl on our right hand and turned the little button that connected with the carburetor. Then we got out, cranked up and sailed up that little grade like nobody's business. Probably had we known enough to have turned on a little richer mixture of gas into the thing we might not have had any difficulty in getting up that canyon. But we got up though we did not know. Talk about ignorance being bliss and tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, we were decidedly it.

About the next thing I remember of that trip was going up the ascent of the Bitter Root mountains on the Idaho-Montana line. At that time Idaho was supposed to be dry and Montana wet. Along up the grade we experienced some difficulty in getting up in high gear. The Mrs. thought the old Ford was not pulling but I called her attention to the stream at our right, how it was tumbling down cataract after cataract. "The ground looks level enough," she declared, but after watching the water for a time she admitted that appearances were considerably deceitful.

When we came to a fellow beside the road tinkering with the engine of his flivver and stopped, she made no remonstrance at taking him on the side of the car and giving him a lift up to the top. He assured us that if he could get to the

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
EASTER MEMORY PICTURES

Left: A photoflash caught Uncle Henry all dressed up for church. Right: The picture of Mary Elizabeth and her bunnies was snapped at 1/50 second, stop f.11, in the Easter sunshine.

EASTER, you know, is the traditional occasion for backsliding Uncle Henry to don his top hat, cut-away coat and striped trousers, pin a posy on his lapel, select the swankiest of his walking sticks, cast a sad eye on his golf clubs, and piously promenaded to church. Or, if it isn't Uncle Henry, it is father himself or some other renegade male in the family ready and willing to concede that at least once a year it is for the good of his soul to participate in religious exercises.

Well, now, isn't this an event worthy of pictorial record in the family snapshot album? "Easter 1936. Uncle Henry Goes To Church." There you have the dear sinner in all his sartorial glory and the evidence that he is not, after all, completely unregenerate. You and he will treasure that picture.

Easter, indeed, provides a rich assortment of lens fodder for the hungry camera enthusiast—opportunity both for pictures of lasting interest to the family circle and for the kind that appeal to all who behold them. Being an occasion for the fair sex also to go on parade, Easter is a day for catching picture remembrances of the feminine members of the family when, for example, they emerge from the house looking happy in their up-to-the-minute hats

and smart new suits. Then there are the children with their rabbits and Easter eggs; snapshots of them on this Easter Day will make precious memory pictures.

For pictures of general appeal, what can be a better subject than the Easter parade before and after church? Here you have all sorts of people, displaying interesting contrasts in dress, demeanor and bearing, as they promenade "to see and be seen," offering you opportunities for entertaining "studies" of human nature. Such pictures you can get by shooting almost at random anywhere in the throng. Be energetic enough, however, to secure an elevated vantage point for a few general views of the procession with the church entrance in the background.

Years from now you will get fresh entertainment from all these Easter pictures because of the inevitable changes in fashions, just as we do now from photographs showing those queer clothes worn in the Easter parades of a generation ago. Incidentally, in case yours is not a pocket-size camera, and you would rather miss church than carry a larger camera down the aisle, be ingenious enough to find a parking place for it somewhere outside, in your car perhaps, ready for a few more pictures after church.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

top he would not care to go any farther. He hung on the side and we went on. By and by we came to the switchback. Our passenger told us of it before we got there. We had to turn as short as we could, then back up and take the second try at it before we could get around the turn, such was the angle of the curve. He showed us where a car had gone off the grade, had failed to straighten out after getting into the second try. The top and bones were quite visible.

At the state line our passenger asked us to stop and told us that did we care to take a little nip with him he could produce some of the real goods. We thanked him and drove on. Had we known we were helping out a bootlegger we hardly think we should have hauled him up that steep grade. But that ignorance that is bliss gave us some satisfaction for having done our good deed that morning.

Next thing I remember was of a big car coming down the east side of those Bitter Roots honking and honking at a great rate for us to get out of the way. We hugged up alongside the bank and let a big Willys-Knight go past just a-whizzing. Thought little of it at the time but will have more to say of those folks later.

Along about Taft, Montana, we drew to one side and watched several trainloads of khaki clad chaps, boys enroute to the east coast to ship across the Atlantic to fight the Huns. Such a name, Huns—why those Germans were fighting for the birthplace of some of the best citizens of this country. But such had been the propaganda that we thought of them as enemies at the time. What a different map Europe might present right now if those boys had not been sent across to die in trenches, of wounds or in German prison camps. And what did it profit us? Or them? And we were cajoled into war by a man elected but a few short months before prating the slogan, "He kept us out of war!" Reminds me of some of the premises made four years ago and how they have been kept, "A balanced budget! Sound money! The forgotten man!" Need we enumerate?

After getting down into the Bitter Root valley we had no mishap until we got to Anaconda

where we were to pick up our niece, Lutina Workman. We had quite a time finding her. She was teaching at Opportunity school, and there did not seem many who knew where Opportunity school was located.

It was late when we located the school and Tina's shack, as she called her home where she and a couple of other teachers were batching. She was not quite ready to start so we stayed there for a couple of days fixing up some things that needed attention on the Ford. We boxed up a lot of junk and sent it on to Michigan by express. We made a second shipment later and so when we got to Michigan we were considerably lighter than when we started.

We got away from Anaconda one morning and ate dinner that day beside the ruins of what must have been a very ornate club house in its day. The mahogany bar was still there, the gilded ornaments hung at various angles from the walls and cornices. Immense plate glass mirrors sagged from their frames or lay in fragments on the floor. Such wreckage, perhaps we should say such waste, we have never seen anywhere else.

Everything was lovely until we got to Livingston where we had intended to detour into Yellowstone National Park. There we were told that seven miles of the road to the park was under water, and teams were hauling cars through the flood at ten dollars a car. The Yellowstone river was on a ram-

page and there was no getting through the Park. We held a short council and decided to keep on east.

About that time we had begun to take notice of the road signs, a black arrow painted on a yellow background. At every turn was a black "R" or "L" on the same sort of yellow background, indicating the direction of the turn. We learned they were the markings of the Yellowstone Trail, the trail we had followed from Spokane, depending on our route book for directions.

Before leaving Nespelen we had purchased a Tibbs route book which was guaranteed to show us the way from ocean to ocean. It was doing a pretty good job for we had not been obliged to inquire the way a single time. We still have the old book, a volume perhaps five by ten or twelve inches and one and a half inches thick. It was good in its day but is quite out of date now.

At Billings we were warned that the Yellowstone trail was closed and that we should detour to Roundup, but we were stubborn and kept on. Soon we came to where the approach to a bridge across the Yellowstone was out. We halted and inquired the way east. Then our troubles began in earnest. Such trails as we followed, such driving down dry creek beds, over sage brush plains, through ranch corrals and almost every sort of going except along a good road.

One morning we came to a veritable lake in the road. The highway paralleled a railroad and some section men were working there. Across the lake we could see where the road left the lake but the water was too deep to try it. The section men told us of a trail that led back into the hills. They advised us to try it. They told us that in case we could not get through we should come back and they would load the Ford on their lorry and take us across the railroad bridge to where we

could see the road on the far side of the lake.

We tried the detour. For a time going was not bad, but the trail petered out and we took to the dry bed of a creek. A wagon had gone that way. Imagine twisting and turning over sand bars and rocks! Finally, we came to where the wagon track led away from the dry creek bed. We climbed the hill to the east in the direction the wagon track led and saw away off the roofs of some ranch buildings. If we could just get to them we could perhaps find a way out. It was slow going over the raw prairie but towards dusk we got to the buildings.

A good road led away towards the river and railroad and we drove on. That night we camped east of that lake in the light of sight of where we had left the highway in the morning. Our speedometer showed we had negotiated some sixty miles but we were within twenty miles of our camp of the previous night!

As we got on towards Miles City we found the going better. There we were advised to take the "Red Trail" in preference to the "Yellow Trail" as they called the trail we had been following. But we kept along the old Yellowstone trail. Today they call the old Yellowstone trail "U. S. No. 12" and it branches off at Miles City, but in 1918 we kept along the river to Terry Montana, "U. S. No. 10" and "U. S. No. 12" follow the same route from Spokane to Miles City. We camped one night west of Miles City where we found the mosquitoes just as bad as they were at Fraser. We had to keep a smudge going until the wind came up after night fall. At Terry they were not so bad.

We drove through Hettinger, North Dakota, on the Fourth of July and camped that night on one of the big Indian reservations. It was that afternoon that we got more miles per gal-

Meet the Driver Who's a Mind Reader



PROF. KNOWALL - THE
MINDREADER - THOUGHT
HE KNEW WHAT THE
OTHER DRIVER WAS GOING
TO DO... (OH YEAH!)

Meet Prof. Knowall—the mind-reader. This is the person who thought he knew what the other driver was going to do. In the words of the young, "Oh yeah!"

This illustration is reminiscent of a bit of advice that is always worth following. Never be surprised at what the other person does. Always expect the unexpected. Any driver who follows this advice will always be ready for practically any emergency in traffic.

A lot of drivers who thought the other fellow would grant them the right-of-way found out differently. Others thought there wouldn't be anybody coming over the top of the hill, but there was. Still others thought they could pass on a curve because surely no one would be coming from the other direction. But there was. The list of examples could go on and on. The essential point to remember in driving is, don't take anything for granted.

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