

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

HIGHWAY SAFETY

"Two hundred fifty-nine people in Oregon—more than 36,000 in the United States—lost their lives as the result of motor vehicle accidents during the year 1935. Such a deplorable situation offers a decided challenge and can be met only by thorough understanding of the problem and by some prompt and constructive work. All of us are deeply interested in bringing about a reduction in the number of motor vehicle accidents. I am convinced that a great deal of benefit will result from the effective work now being done. However, I believe it is essential to devise a plan which will produce results in the years to come. A most effective solution to this problem, I believe, is a long time plan of education, and I think that an immediate study should be made in Oregon of the advisability of safety instruction in our grade schools. Statistics show that the great majority of motor vehicle accidents are caused by human error and violation of good driving practices.

—Earl Snell, Sec. of State

DAD'S STORY

The next day we drove on north towards Minnesota and visited some of Mother's relatives. Her brother, Ed, had settled in Iowa at about the time Sy Taylor had and lived not so very far away, though too far in those days to visit much. We found one of Ed's children on the old farm and though we drove into the yard towards noon, they did not ask us to dinner. They told us lots of gossip about the family in that section. Uncle Ed was not there but on farther north.

We stopped to see him, he having visited us in Michigan several times. But he was at one of his son's places and they were gone, or something else; anyway we did not get either dinner nor supper offered us. Ed had a grandson at Charles City, or perhaps it was Mason City, an editor. We stopped there but he was gone. I suppose that the folks had telephoned him that we were coming!

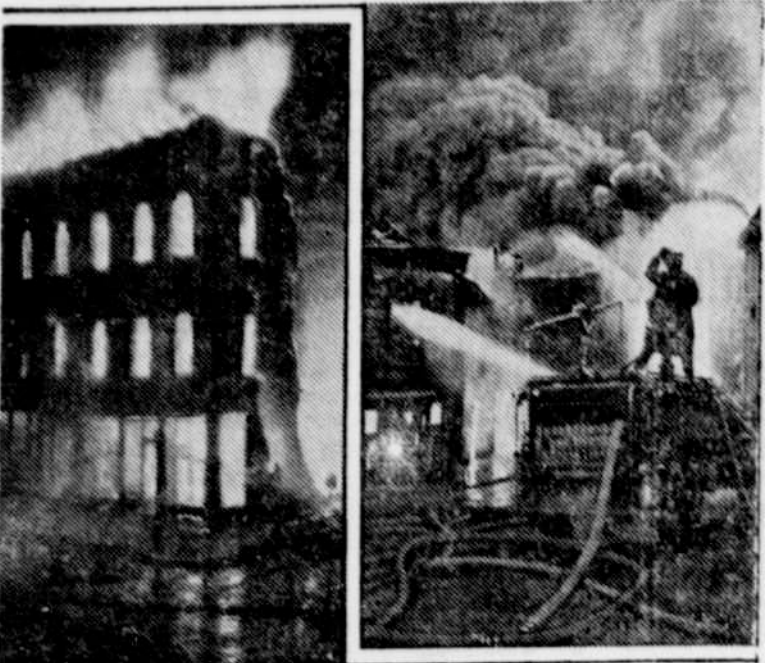
Incidents from the time we left the office where worked my cousin were nonimpressive. Somewhere we learned that in going east we had passed right past one of the Cousins' farms near Appleton, and that on our projected route west we would pass through a city where another cousin was county clerk at Buffalo, North Dakota. But our reception at other of Mother's relatives had been so cool, like a cucumber, that we did not stop to see any more of them. I suppose we were a hard looking bunch. But looks are only skin deep and there might be something under the skin.

North out of St. Paul, we passed through Sauk Center, St. Cloud, Wadena, and way points. It must have been along here, somewhere that we came to a place where there were two roads either of which we could take to the next town. "And," our informant told us, "No matter which one you take, you'll wish you'd taken the other one."

We crossed the Missouri just west of Bismarck and there found one of the most difficult places to get away from a ferry that we have ever seen. The sand and mud along the bank of the river were in such shape that it was not safe to drive out on it without some support for the car's wheels. So a number of us cut willows that grew in great profusion on the bank and laid them crosswise of the road bed, thus making sort of a corduroy that held the wheels out of the mud.

At that crossing we met another party on the way to Seattle. As we were heading that way we thought to travel along with them. We did not exactly join parties but we would find ourselves making dinner in about the same places and then camping for the night right close. I do not remember any pre-arranged places though there probably was something of the sort. Somewhere in the North Dakota bad lands we missed them. That must have been before we travelled much together. The weather was cloudy and disagreeable. It rained most every night and that made camping quite uncomfortable. That bad weather followed us all the way home, or at least until we got to

The SNAPSHOT GUILD FIRE AND SMOKE MAKE VIVID PICTURES



Amateur cameras blazed away at these two fires. A time exposure of 3 seconds was used for the picture of the night fire (left), with the lens set at f.8; a 1/25 second snapshot speed for the day fire, also at f.8.

FOR drama and action take your camera along to the next good fire in your vicinity. Nothing offers the alert snapshotter a better opportunity for vivid, interesting pictures. Day or night, it doesn't matter, and be at the fire as early as possible. Don't forget a couple of extra rolls of film, else you will return regretting scenes you had to miss for lack of ammunition.

Think what you have to "shoot" at. Billowing smoke with its weird formations, the glistening streams of water rising aloft from the firemen's hose, the firemen putting up their ladders or precariously perched on them as they play their hoses into windows belching with smoke and flame, the street turned into a lake and reflecting the action, silhouettes of the fire engines, the tangled hose lines, and later perhaps the gaunt ruins.

Chances are best, of course, in the daytime, but at night, although you get less detail, your pictures are likely to be more spectacular. You work by the light of the flames.

Their "Jurid glare" from behind windows or as they shoot skyward from the roof becomes a reality on your film. You get mostly silhouettes, but just the same they tell you vividly the dramatic story of "Fire!"

With a tripod, or with the camera held on some solid support, time exposures of night fires are easy; without a tripod or some support, supersensitive film will be needed if you are to get the spectacle in a snap. With a fast lens (f.8 or faster) you can make 1/25 second snapshots of brilliant flames.

Some amateurs are regular "fire bugs." They make a hobby of fire pictures and at every alarm dash to the scene. They climb trees and scramble up porches and roofs for viewpoints, slip through police lines for "close-ups" and do other perilous things in their enthusiasm. But one doesn't have to take chances. There are always good pictures at a good fire from any point of view. "Clang! It's a triple alarm! Gimme my camera!"

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

true of the Quinault Indians who are restricted both as to fishing grounds and time to fish. The white man thinks he knows all about how to conserve game and fish, but when the white man takes possession the fish and game disappear whereas the Indian lived here in America century on century for no one knows how long and they had no trouble with the fish and game supply. There was always enough and to spare—until the white man came. But now the white man inflicts his ideas on how to conserve the fish and game in places.

Well, that set line brought in a big sturgeon, about five feet long, and I have no idea how much it weighed. Walter arose early and went out. We heard him yell and looked out to see another Indian making way with the fish. Walter donned his trousers and got into his car and chased the fellow who had only a team and wagon. They had a big barley but were too far away for us to hear what was said. Finally Walter turned around and started back at Vie Murdock turned his team around and came along too. He it was who had the fish. When Murdock saw his countenance brightened up and he greeted us right cheerily.

Walter told us about it afterwards. It seemed that though the fish lines were his, the other Indians helped themselves to the catch when they wanted it, for the Clarks always had plenty and to spare. So this morning Murdock had driven from Frazer, about eight miles away, to get a fish. Walter had promised the catch to us to take on our way. We ended up by getting half the fish and Murdock taking the other half. Everything was lovely but it shows the Indian's idea of property. Murdock had the fish, no matter that it was caught on Walter Clark's line. And he would not let Walter have it for he, Murdock, knew that Walter had plenty but we were there and had no fish and we were entitled to half. We had no property rights in the thing, nor had Murdock, only Walter, but we and Murdock got the fish because of our need while Walter went without because he had plenty. Murdock never gave it up to Walter either until he asked me if I wanted half of it. Then Walter butchered and split it in half. That fish lasted us until just before we got to Spokane. Had we had more we should have been obliged to throw it away. We still have a picture of the fish.

We got to Brooks' place that afternoon and the sun came out so we dried out the camp things, got all set for continuing our journey and got away the next day. That day we drove to Wolf Point where Clyde Patton lived and Dr. Huber. We had no trouble in finding them but Clyde did not act very pleased to see us. Dr. Huber made up a warmth of welcome and that afternoon we jogged along to Frazer.

We had ordered mail forwarded to that post office and there were letters and checks waiting us. Also there was a warm welcome. Little Jimmy Flynn's step mother heard we were there, hustled us up told us about how Jimmy had never forgotten us and urged us to stay for a day or two until Tom Flynn and Jim could get back. They were out with the remuda of a round up. But we demurred; we had to get back to work. Already we had overstayed our leave and they might fire us. Of course, Fred Morgan had told us our jobs were safe, but he did not run the Indian Service.

That night we camped where the Milk river flows into the Missouri. Walter Clark has a big holding of land there—his, his wife's, and several children's allotments are right there in a bunch. He was clever enough to get the best of the land allotted for irrigation and he got good farming land for his share of the grazing land. The Clarks were all at home excepting Alice who was in Nebraska at her father's alma mater, where she had gone to finish her education.

That night Walter set some lines in the Milk river. Indiana are allowed to fish and hunt on their reservations just about as they like. That is a part of them are. That does not hold

the creek. He charged us five dollars!

We had ordered mail forwarded to that post office and there were letters and checks waiting us. Also there was a warm welcome. Little Jimmy Flynn's step mother heard we were there, hustled us up told us about how Jimmy had never forgotten us and urged us to stay for a day or two until Tom Flynn and Jim could get back. They were out with the remuda of a round up. But we demurred; we had to get back to work. Already we had overstayed our leave and they might fire us. Of course, Fred Morgan had told us our jobs were safe, but he did not run the Indian Service.

That night Walter set some lines in the Milk river. Indiana are allowed to fish and hunt on their reservations just about as they like. That is a part of them are. That does not hold

the creek. He charged us five dollars!

The first lead pencil was made in England in the Elizabethan era; but as a matter of fact it was made of graphite such as is in use today. It was not until 1860 that so-called lead pencils were used in the United States.

Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, published in 1795, mentions the "fountain pen".

IS HE IN THE BOOK?

A lot of good folks are sure of their name in the Book of Life.

"Mine is!"—so says Mr. Good Intent. "I keep the Golden Rule and I treat 'em all like I would want them to treat me; that's a good enough religion for me."

Does that put him in the Book of Life?—"I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another Book was opened which is the Book of Life. And the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books according to their works." This

Grant Dodge



Candidate For Republican Nomination FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER

Will Work for Best Interests of Washington County Primaries May 15, 1936 (Paid adv.)

is the judgment of the lost dead in Christ? Yes—A lot of folks believe after a fashion. They believe that Christ came and lived a holy life and that He died for our sins. We all hold to that as a precious truth. But just to go down that far will never get us eternal life. That is not Bible belief. Just knowing about a geography some down the street, never fed any man. He must go down there and have some dealings. Same about getting your name in the Book of Life. You must have some dealings with Christ. You must reach out and take what He offers you. Do it right now. Close your eyes and tell Him you take forgiveness of sins and eternal life; his free gift. You are dead in trespass and sins until you do.

All who believe on Christ have eternal life; their name in the Book of Life. Do we believe in Christ? Yes—A lot of folks believe after a fashion. They believe that Christ came and lived a holy life and that He died for our sins. We all hold to that as a precious truth. But just to go down that far will never get us eternal life. That is not Bible belief. Just knowing about a geography some down the street, never fed any man. He must go down there and have some dealings. Same about getting your name in the Book of Life. You must have some dealings with Christ. You must reach out and take what He offers you. Do it right now. Close your eyes and tell Him you take forgiveness of sins and eternal life; his free gift. You are dead in trespass and sins until you do.

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

Is my name written there?

On the page white and fair; In the Book of thy kingdom; Is my name written there? Yes—My name's written there. On the page white and fair. Is yours? Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Paid adv.

CANDIDATE FOR Republican Nomination for STATE SENATOR



J. A. THORNBURGH

Stands For:

"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.)

SALES Ford SERVICE

Goodrich Tires Battery Service Accessories Greasing Auto Truck & Tractor Repairing BOB JOHNSTON Texaco Fire Chief Phone 0103 Products Beaverton, Or.

Business Places To Patronise IN BEAVERTON

STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. Van METER, Prop.

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER Grange Building Beaverton

Alt Heidelberg Beer On Draught Try us for Chicken Dinner and Barbecue Sandwiches OLD HEIDELBERG PARK FREE DANCING

BEAVERTON LUMBER COMPANY Estimates Gladly Furnished Phone Beaverton 6202

The Only Newspaper Devoted Exclusively to the Interests of Washington County The Beaverton Review — \$1.00 a Year in Advance —

Beaverton Barber Shop C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

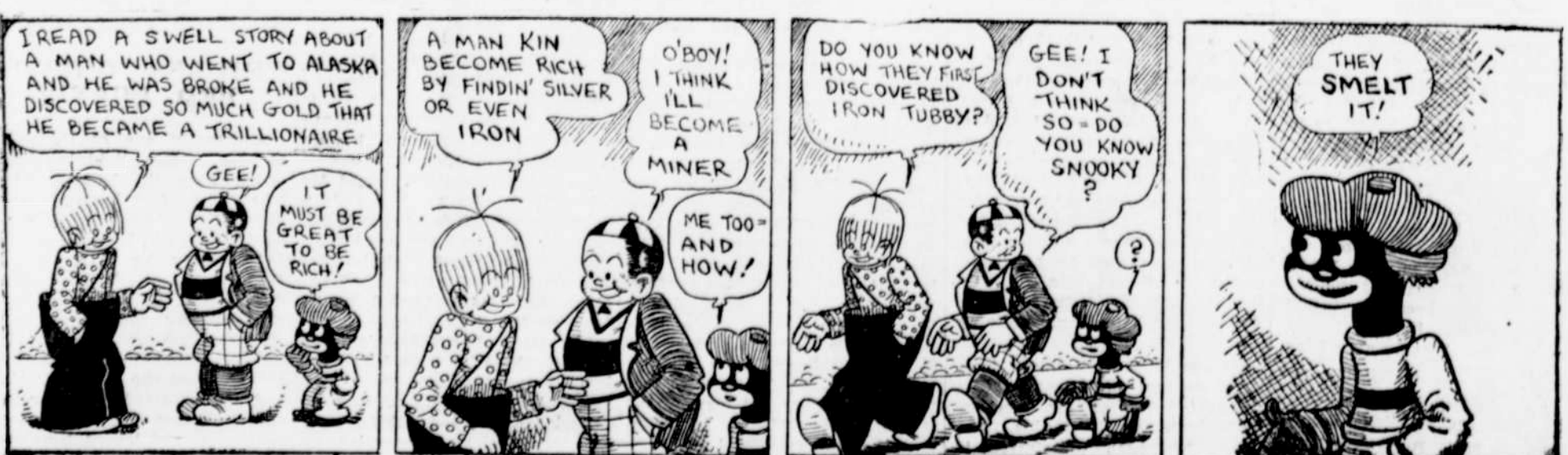
OPTOMETRY Glasses, Fitted or Repaired Our Specialty DR. A. E. WILSON

Signal Batteries Lee Tires & Tubes Competitive Prices Alexander's Super-Service Station SIGNAL GAS AND OILS A-1 Lubrication, \$5.00 Sterling and Pennzoil Beaverton, Ore.

E. L. HOWARD Agent For THE OREGON JOURNAL Phone Beaverton 0610

First-Class Wood & Sawdus Prompt, Courteous Service OLD GROWTH YELLOW PIR LEO SAMS, Beaverton Phone 11205 Satisfaction Guaranteed

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger