

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

Whether I've ever been on my knees before or since, I got down on my knees that evening when I saw that gas leaking from the carburetor of the old Ford, got right down and turned off the gas at the tank. There may have been prayers in our hearts but there was not much noise made. Remember we were about forty-five miles from the nearest gas service station and we did not want to walk any great proportion of the way and carry gas back to a stranded Ford.

Many things happened on that trip. That night we had made camp beside a lake in the big Kootenai forest. We used the lake water to cook with but did not drink any of it raw. Perhaps it would have been free from germs but we did not know.

Hardly had we closed our eyes than we were awakened by the worst racket we ever heard. Not entirely unlike bounds running deer yet with a wilder, more eerie sound, one long, continuous, hair-raising howl. It would sound loud at first, then die down so that we could just hear it. Then it would burst out with renewed vigor. As we listened it came perceptibly closer. The closer still. We felt around for the old shot gun that we carried and that on this occasion had been laid close at hand.

Nearer and nearer came the pack, for it was a pack of timber wolves. We never got to see them but we heard their intended prey splash the water when it broke from the bank of the lake mighty few yards from our camp. And, while the danger was over, and the wolves slunk away, we kept awake all the remainder of the night, or rather the wife and I took turns in keeping watch for there were two little chaps in camp that undoubtedly would have been picked up by the pack had the kiddies been alone.

As soon as day broke so we could see I went down to where the water had splashed and found it was a deer the pack had been chasing. We broke camp early and got under way. While the engine was running there was no visible leak in the gas. So we began to take heart. But as soon as the engine stopped the leak started.

Just as the sun was coming up we saw a big five prong buck feeding a little to one side of the road. He never raised up his head to look at the driver. Quite beneath his notice, I suppose.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock that day when we drove into Libby and hunted up a garage. Filling stations and garages were not so easy to find in those days. We drove in stopped the engine and the gas started leaking. When the carburetor had been taken apart we found that the float in the carburetor was held in place by sort of a hinge and that the pin which held the two parts of the hinge together had broken and both parts of that pin were missing. The garageman thought it had gone out through the engine along with the burned gas.

We drove late that night and passed Bonner's Ferry before making camp. Can't tell much of that evening though I remember driving down onto the bridge at Bonner's Ferry, the sun in the west, the light reflecting from the water, the green of the trees, the different coloring that somehow looked more homelike; we had arrived on the west of the Rockies and we felt we were getting towards home.

Next day we got home. No, that there is nothing to tell of that last day on the road—there is quite a bit to tell. Soon after breaking camp that last morning we came into Sand Point, Idaho, and crossed the bridge over Pend Oreille lake on a bridge that seemed more than two miles long. The railroad had another bridge just a little to one side of the highway bridge and as we jogged along a circus train passed over the railroad bridge. The train was going the same way we were, and of course we had not seen a circus in many a month. And the kiddies never had seen one. So we speeded up to get into Spokane, where the show would probably be put on, in time to get into the big top to see the

Farm Experts Blink in Amazement At Dizzy Rise of "Miracle Bean"



Photo Modern Living Magazine

In the dim and shadowy days of antiquity—nearly 3,000 years before Christ—written records told of a little miracle bean that would become a boon to mankind. In those misty times the Chinese wondered and fretted over suspected medicinal powers of the bean, only to discover, and for centuries to benefit by, its great value as a food.

Today that little soybean is the surprise of American agriculture. Its rapid rise is unmatched. Farm experts, with a flair for crystal-gazing, say it will some day challenge major crops in value. In recent years this soil-building legume has spread over a vast area: from 1,200,000 acres in 1922 to 5,500,000 acres last year, with the crop doubling in 1935 over the year before and totaling 39,000,000 bushels.

Nor does that tell half the story. New uses are fast being found for the many-sided bean which now

goes chiefly into unexcelled livestock feed, human foods, paints, plastics, varnishes, linoleum, and a multitude of other items. Farmers are benefiting tremendously, declare extension services, by including soybean oilmeal in the rations of hogs, cattle and poultry. They warn against feeding the bean whole to hogs because of excessive oil and resultant "soft pork" that fetches lower prices. University studies show milk production is greatly enhanced by the soybean oilmeal ration. Steady rise of the miracle bean has just brought the launching of a new Research Laboratory by the federal government and twelve western states at Urbana, Ill., under the able Dr. O. E. May, assisted by W. J. Morse, eminent soybean expert and historian. Processors are credited with greatly aiding acreage increase and new uses of the product.

and were nicely fixed. Webb was a newly graduated dentist. There was none of the profession at Nespelem and so he and his wife were to live in the house while we were gone, and take care of things for their rent. But the shape we found things in when we got home was a caution. The cow was dry, the chickens had all disappeared, though the neighbors told us later that Mrs. Webb served several chicken dinners while we were gone. There was nothing in the garden. In fact, the place looked like a deserted ranch.

It learned us a lesson. We never again left a place with some one in it to look after it. We have locked up and left and come back to find everything fine. But never again will a family move in "to look after things."

We had been gone three months and lost only one month's pay. That was arranged by the annual leave and the sick leave. While we were not sick, we had the sick leave coming and Fred Morgan and Roace Stearns freed the thing up somehow. Might be it was not just according to the Government!

The remainder of our stay at Nespelem passed off rather uneventfully. Gladys finished high school, worked for her board and room and finished in three years. Graduated from the Willbur high school in Lincoln county. The next year she attended Normal at Cheney and then taught the last year we were there.

I had entered the Government Service under President Taft. He was a Republican but did little tampering with the details of administrative government. Civil Service employees were left alone, being considered competent and needed. Under Wilson things were in a turmoil. Changes and then more changes. One never knew where one stood or if he stood. There was that uncertainty that makes for discontent. So late in 1919 and all through 1920 I was looking about for something else. We liked our work in the Service but Mrs. Hulett's duties were rather arduous. They doubled up on the schools and we had the pupils from two day schools sent in on us.

Gladys did not like teaching and some way we came to the conclusion that if we could get into something that would provide employment for all of us in

some other line, we might better our condition. There was also a movement to turn the Indian school plant over to the local authorities. Nespelem was growing and they wanted a white school. If fact they had a white school but no adequate buildings and it leached the whites that their children had much poorer school buildings than did the Indians.

Death-Cell To Scaffold

Thirteen steps up to the scaffold—

The man who stands by as they slip the noose over is Bill King, the Prison Evangelist. The warden send for Bill on the days before the execution; you find him much in the death-cell with the condemned men. He has led many to Christ in their last hours.

How does the Lord of the Harvest fit his man for this work? Take Bill for instance. He began as a newsie, selling papers on the streets of Toronto. But he came from Athlone Ireland; like John McCormick, famous tenor from the same town, he can sing.

Bill's voice put him with Lew Lockstader's Minstrels, a road show, as you old-timers will recall—See 'em done in black cirk, dressed like colored dandies, stepping to the music as they parade down Broad Street at noon on the big day. So Bill was on the Kerosene Circuit back in the horse and buggy days. Always to sing Irish ballads. But he could not stand up under the big salary. So came about a partnership with Demon Run and Old Man Paker. He finally quit the minstrels to give all his time to drink. And then came a prison term. Yes, when this man sits with a condemned lad he is able to say that prison walls are an old story to him also.

Hope faded out of his life and at length, drunk and desperate, he decided to end it all. As he went by the Midnight Mission, there in Los Angeles, something led him to stop and go in. For the first time, he heard the Gospel. Then one on the platform told how God had lifted him from a life of sin—"If Christ can do this for others, so can He for me," reasoned our man. And he went to the altar and surrendered. So came Bill King, the Prison Evangelist. So comes

the Gospel Mission hymn—"Rescue me perishing; Care for the dying; Snatch them in pity, From sin and the grave." Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon.—Paid adv.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington

Doy Gray, as Administrator of the John McGill Estate, Plaintiff, vs. Ruth B. Anderson, Defendant.

By virtue of an execution, judgment order, decree, and order of sale issued out of the above entitled Court in the above entitled cause to me directed and dated the 21st day of April, 1936, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said Court on the 20th day of April, 1936 in favor of Doy Gray, as administrator of the John McGill estate, plaintiff, and against Ruth B. Anderson, defendant, for the sum of \$1790.00, with interest thereon from the 31st day of July, 1933, at the rate of 7% per annum, and the further sum of \$150.00 with interest thereon from the 20th day of April, 1936 at the rate of 6% per annum, and for the further sum of \$14.35 with interest thereon from the 20th day of April, 1936 at the rate of 6% per annum, and the further sum of \$18.00 costs and disbursements, and the cost of and upon this writ commanding me to make sale of the following described real property situated in the County of Washington, State of Oregon, to-wit:

All of Lot Number 12 in Ladd and Reed Addition to the Town of Beaverton, County of Washington, State of Oregon, also a part of the D. L. C. of Peter L. Spencer and wife in Section 16, Township 1 South of Range 1 West of Willamette Meridian; commencing at the northeast corner of said Donation Land Claim, thence south 7.06 chains; thence west 7.06 chains; thence north 7.06 chains; thence east 7.06 chains to the place of beginning, containing 5 acres, more or less, situated in the County of Washington, State of Oregon, all the above described property, except a road

grant to the County of Washington, aforesaid along the east side of said property. Also subject to the interest of Theodore G. Coates and Ruth E. Coates according to Deed dated February 18, 1925, and recorded in Book 130, page 1, records of Washington County, Oregon. NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of said execution, judgment order, decree, and order of sale, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on Monday the 25th day of May, 1936 at 10:00 o'clock A.M. at the east front door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, sell at public auction (subject to redemption) to the highest bidder (or cash in hand all the right, title, and interest which the within named defendant in the above entitled suit had on the 7th day of April, 1933, the date of the mortgage herein foreclosed or since that time had in and to the above described property or any part thereof to satisfy said execution, judgment order, and decree, interest, costs, and accruing costs.

Dated this 21st day of April, 1936.

First publication, April 24, 1936.

Last publication, May 22, 1936.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

adv c21-25

SUBPOOR GIRL "IMPROVES" KNEE-ACTION SMOOTHNESS



Audrey Olson, curvaceous and petite blonde, found the knee-action ride of this 1936 Chevrolet Master De Luxe sport sedan so smooth that she invented the "radiator ride," on her bench horse, to get an even greater thrill out of the well-known gliding sensation. Knee-action is now in its third year with Chevrolet Master De Luxe models, with the basic design the same as when the revolutionary feature was introduced.

big affair. "What's the use of hurrying?" the good wife asked, "You just needn't plan on going to that show." But we hurried along, thinking that perhaps if we kept still she might change her mind. Women have been known to do such things. Stopped at a filling station to get gas, and the old Ford bucked and refused to start. The first time on the whole trip it had shown any signs of bawking. The service station man got out a huge storage battery, hooked the thing up and we got the bawky engine turning over. Then we hustled along. "You'll never get there in time to see that show," the wife kept insisting. We got into Spokane just quarter past twelve and parked out near the show grounds.

Do you think I could get that woman to take those kids to the show? I could NOT. "Go there looking like we do? These kids haven't had a bath since leaving Michigan! We're all dirty and not fit to be seen!" And so on. We argued and argued. Finally I suggested that we go that night. Nothing doing. We were going home and finally along in the middle of the afternoon we got started.

We got to Seaton's Ferry on the Columbia just after dark. Had a notion to camp there but home was only a matter of sixteen or seventeen miles and we could get in after dark so the natives would not see how dirty we were!

As we drove down the bank

into the ferry Joy shouted out, "Oh, there's my river, there's my river." How that three-year-old knew that she was back there we never will know. She had been quiet all the trip, would hardly say a word to anyone all that three months we were away. Even now she is not noted for making much of a noise. But her little voice rang out with startling clearness, "There's my river."

At Nespelem we had a fine garden spot, raised lots of vegetables, chickens, had a cow

AUTO-ODDITIES

Advertisement for 'Worse Than War!' featuring a car and a soldier. Text: 'WORSE THAN WAR! MORE LIVES WERE LOST IN THE UNITED STATES BY AUTO ACCIDENTS IN THE LAST 5 YEARS THAN WERE KILLED OR DIED OF WOUNDS IN BATTLE IN THE A.E.F. DURING THE WORLD WAR.'

Advertisement for 'Night Far More Dangerous Than Day' featuring a car and a driver. Text: 'NIGHT FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN DAY—RECORDS SHOW THAT MANY MORE ARE KILLED IN ACCIDENTS AFTER DUSK THAN DURING DAYTIME.'

IT TAKES ON THE AVERAGE 24 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 20 MILES AN HOUR—97 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 40 MILES AN HOUR—AND 152 FEET TO STOP A CAR GOING 50 MILES AN HOUR.

IN A RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLE SAYS—"FIFTY MILES AN HOUR IS FAST ENOUGH FOR ME"—HE HAS DRIVEN HIS RACING CAR AT THE RATE OF 300 MILES AN HOUR. WHY MUST YOU GO FAST?

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Igoe

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