

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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Profligate Government

Here's a comparison that will give you something to think about:

From the time of President Washington (1789) to the time of President Wilson (1912) the successive Federal congresses appropriated a total of \$24,000,000,000. That sum paid all the central government's expenses for the 124 years, including the cost of a number of wars, such as the Civil War, War of 1812, and Spanish American War.

During the last four years, two congresses have appropriated about \$32,500,000,000—eight billion more than was appropriated from the inception of the American government up to the first administration of Wilson.

No one political party can be blamed for this prodigality—both Republicans and Democrats have shown a shameful disregard for the people's money. Nor has the spending trend been confined to the last few years—ever since the World War, the government has shown an accelerating tendency to fatten the budget. Nor can the politicians be blamed to the exclusion of everyone else—a supine and indifferent attitude on the part of the people has given them a free hand with the public's hard-earned dollars.

Today taxation saps the wealth of the nation to a menacing extent. At least 20 per cent of the people's total earnings are taken by the tax-gatherers, and the percentage would be much greater if it were not for the fact that a large part of the spending is being charged against the future, in the form of public debt. A thousand industries have discovered the meaning of "profitless prosperity"—their output and sales are soaring, but their profits are not, because of the tax bill.

This all means that employment opportunities are constantly lessened for men and women—that industrial expansion and spending are stopped—that investors are frightened and refuse to place their savings in ventures that would create new sources of wealth and employment.

Taxation is an intensely personal problem—it menaces everyone's source of income, whether that income comes from a job or an investment. We cannot have real and permanent prosperity so long as we permit government to disburse our dollars with prodigal hands.

DAD'S STORY

One of the stories going the rounds while we were at Nespelem was that one about who started the war. It runs something like this:

The German Crown Prince was concerned about things. He walked up to his father, the Kaiser, and demanded to know the truth in the matter. The Kaiser told him, of course that the French, then that the Belgians and finally that the English were the ones responsible for the great conflict that was going on.

The Crown Prince replied, "Why try to tell me that stuff? That sort of thing has been fed to people ever since I was a babe in a cradle. Now, I want to know who did really start the war."

"Well, you see, it's like this. Teddy Roosevelt is the fellow really to blame."

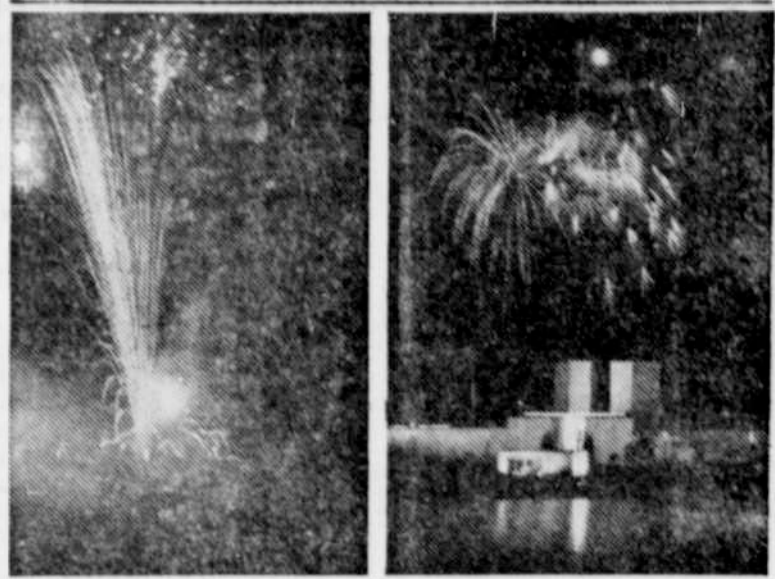
"Teddy Roosevelt to blame, Father? What had he to do with it?"

"You know when Teddy returned from his hunting big game in Africa he stopped and paid us a visit. We got out the army and the navy and showed him all our equipment. He was mighty pleased and stamped me on the back, and said, 'Wilhelm, with an army like that and such fine guns and equipment I could lick the world. And like a damned fool, I tried it.'"

It was during 1916, along towards fall that we were sent to Nespelem. You remember the air was full of the advice to "Vote for Wilson. He kept us out of war." Reminds me of how our present president is going to "Keep up the fight for Democracy." Teehee and a couple of ha-ha's.

In hunting for a location to buy out a newspaper I went to

The SNAPSHOT GUILD FIREWORKS PICTURES



In the picture at the left, an exposure of 3 seconds captured the light of the set pieces on the ground and the successive bursts meanwhile of the aerial display. An exposure of one minute recorded the buildings in the other picture.

CONSIDERING that it is an exceptional community that lets a summer go by without the celebration of some sort of event with a display of fireworks—Independence Day, Dominion Day, a local anniversary, convention or fair—the opportunity to obtain novel and beautiful photographs of such a display is lacking to few. Don't fail to be on hand with your camera that night when the fireworks begin.

Fireworks pictures are easy to take. The brilliant, gracefully falling streams of light from bursting rockets and the dazzling patterns of set pieces, both can be recorded with any camera that has a "time" exposure adjustment, and when the films are developed and printed, the exclamations of "Ah! How lovely!" and "Oh! Isn't that beautiful?" are likely to be repeated. Also you will be proud of the pictures as photographic studies.

Use a large stop opening and with box cameras, the largest. Have the camera on a tripod or some firm support that will allow its being pointed

skyward. Set the shutter for "time." For the rockets and star shells, aim the camera at the space where they will explode. Open the shutter and let it stay open for two or three successive bursts, or, if the first one is large and graceful enough, turn the film at once for the next picture. You'll want variety in your fireworks pictures. Be careful, of course, to see that the view is unobstructed, and you must be prepared to close the shutter should any spectators get too close to the lens. For these aerial displays the chrome type of film will be quite satisfactory.

For large and brightly glowing set pieces, the camera may be held in the hands and snaps taken if you use the supersensitive panchromatic film and a large lens aperture. Otherwise set the camera for time exposure. If it is desired to bring out buildings or other objects, give time exposures even as long as a minute.

Oh, the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air. Click! Click! You have them.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Springfield one day. A Mr. Tyler I think his name was, wanted to sell that paper there as he had been offered an appointment in Salem. When I arrived I found that the sale had been made just a few hours before my arrival. I believe the man who purchased the plant there at that time is still there. The shop has been moved to another location but I think the same man owns it who beat me to it.

A little later I inserted in the "Business Opportunities wanted" columns in the Oregonian an ad to the effect that an "Editor-Reporter wanted to invest \$1,000 to \$1,200 in a newspaper." I got several answers from the ad. One was from a fellow up in Idaho, but the one which appealed most to me was a reply from the Hillsboro Independent. Mr. Killen wanted some one to help him but he took it for granted that I was also a printer. Truth to tell, I was no more of a printer at that time than I am an aviator now, and I've never been up in a plane. I replied to Mr. Killen and did not hear from him for quite a while. I then decided to pay him a visit. I could get away Friday evening, get a nine o'clock train out of Spokane for Portland, and be in the City of Roses in the morning.

In the meantime there had appeared an ad that the Banks Herald was for sale. When I got into the Tualatin Valley, they could have sold me any sort of a gold brick. The only proviso that I should have insisted on would have been that I might live in Washington county. I've never wanted to live anywhere else, though goodness knows that there are a lot of things I'd like to see changed about some things here. However, while the rest of the country was drying up we were enjoying good crops. While back in Michigan and Montana there was sub zero weather last winter, we were having one of the pleasantest seasons imaginable. I might go on and enumerate the blessings we enjoy in this valley of peace as the Indians called it. Some day some inspired artist will paint with pen or brush or both a part of the beauty, the comforts, the luxurious productivity of this Garden of Eden.

Well, when I arrived at Hillsboro Mr. Killen sold me how sorry he was that he had not written me, that what he needed was someone in the mechanical department who could be foreman of the shop. He "sort of" took it for granted that an editor would be a printer," he said when he wrote to me.

It is needless to say that I was sort of down in the mouth,

I got me a taxi and went from Hillsboro to Banks more and more convinced that if there was any way I could get to live and make a living in Tualatin valley I was going to do it. There were big trees and around Spokane the big trees looked sort of stunted, short and scraggly. Though it was winter and snow was all over the ground in Spokane, there was no snow in Washington county and we arrived in Banks to find the streets knee deep in mud, horses the only means of transportation from three directions and not a very promising looking situation. But I remembered the road that I had travelled when getting there, and seems as though I must have had some sort of hazy concept of the conditions prevailing on the Colville Reservation.

Paul Robinson then owned the Banks Herald. He wanted to sell. I asked a lot of fool questions about the country and the rain, about the crops and the people. Then we got down to talking cases. He stuck for \$2,000 cash. I told him I did not have that much money, but that his property was as good as he thought I could pay him more than half cash and he could get the balance he needed at the Bank. He seemed not at all sure but said that when the bank opened up Monday morning he would investigate, and asked me where I had been banking. I told him the First National Bank at Hoquiam, Wn. At Nespelem there was a family by the name of Garber. Phil claimed to be a printer. He wanted to get into a newspaper. I got in touch with him as soon as I got back to Nespelem and we made sort of a deal, whereby he was to do the printing and I would do the business and writing part. I would put up the money for the plant and

he would pay me for his half as he could out of the earnings of the plant. That was about my first venture into partnerships. Phil was a rather good sort. Honest, hard working, and faithful. But he never will make a success of anything.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. When I got a letter from Paul Robinson he insisted on closing the deal immediately. It must have been sometime in March that I visited him. By the middle of that month we had the deal well under way and by the first of April Phil Garber arrived in Banks to take over the place for the two of us. We never had a scratch of a pen as to our deal, nor how much he was to get for doing the work until I could get loose. He trusted me, or perhaps, as I was the one putting up the money, I might say that I trusted him. Had he been crooked as some I have met since there would have been little in the shop left when I got there. He would have peddled it far and wide. But I don't think that such a thought ever entered Phil's head. He seems to "bore" as the day is long, faithful, hard working—perhaps too honest.

Phil did not like things when he got there. He never did like things here. He was not the type. Just now he is working on one of the papers printed at the site of the Coulee dam. His family lives at Nespelem. He drives back and forth, a pioneer spirit, ready and willing, yet eager to get into the new places and take hold of new things. He got things going for me there at Banks as few men could have done.

The Indian Office had been shifting men around at Inchelium. That was a place under jurisdiction of Colville Agency, but nominally in charge of a sub agent. I had wanted the job when the fellow there had been transferred to the coast. Mr. Andrus his name was, and he was sent to a reservation near Everett. I can't just recall the name now. I wanted to be put in there as sub agent. But Fred C. Morgan had other ideas. While he never told me that he would not recommend me for the place, and while he knew that I wanted the job and that I wrote to the Indian Bureau at Washington, I found out later that he was engineering a friend of his into the job

and that he had been the cause of Andrus's transfer and that the transfer was put through so as to make an opening for Morgan's friend, a Mr. Smith. I never met the man. He might have been the best man on the Reservation. But he went in only temporarily.

"DON'TS" FOR A HAPPY 4TH

Fourth of July is a safer holiday nowadays than it used to be—but it still results in a great number of deaths and accidents. The tragedy is that all these accidents and deaths are preventable. You can have a "safe and sane" Fourth that is also an enjoyable Fourth—if you'll remember the following list of "don'ts":

- 1. Don't forget that the proof of Fourth of July patriotism is home protection.
2. Don't shut your eyes to the great Fourth of July hazards: fireworks, automobiles, drownings, fires, firearms, falls, poison.
3. If you must have home fireworks, see that they are the safest procurable.
4. Tell the children why home fireworks are always dangerous.
5. Don't neglect to clear your premises of all rubbish.
6. Don't discharge fireworks near buildings. Get out in the open.
7. Don't let children play with matches. Keep matches out of their reach.
8. Don't let children throw sparklers. They remain hot some time and are dangerous.
9. Don't let children discharge fireworks unattended.
10. Don't let children stand too close to fireworks that are being discharged.
11. Don't let children pick up undischarged fireworks. They might explode.
12. Don't keep fireworks in the home unsecured. Keep in tin box until used.
13. Don't forget, above all, that most Fourth of July accidents can be prevented.

Real Estate Transfers

Ven H. Shaw et ux to M. L. Strayer et ux, Part Wm. Pointe, DIC 62, TIS RIW.
M. L. Strayer et ux to Ven H. Shaw et ux, Part Wm. Pointe, DIC 62, TIS RIW.
John A. Howland to Loyce E. Bunn et ux, Lot 17, Fanno Creek Acre Tracts.

The Hour Had Struck

Away back in the Mission hall sat the gambler, Haywire Davis. You see him; shoes held on by pieces of haywire; no underclothes; coat held together with more haywire. Sure! Haywire Davis. He had started young as trouble-maker in college and was thrown out. Then repeated it, a second and was walked again. So the years saw him live the chapters from fast youth to a drunken sot. And now this night he slips into the Mission to get out of the city blast.

God had waited for this hour. Out of a gaudy bum he is to create a new being in Christ Jesus. And with this new creation he is to make his name and power to become great in many a logging camp and for many a year. But as for Haywire, he only knew that he had come to the end of all things as it seemed. So he lifted up his heart to cry out—"God help me," when the men up front gave the invitation.

Takes you back to the parable of the two who went up to the temple to pray; one sleek and manicured and praying to himself in a loud voice so that all could hear; just a play-actor dressed in religion. And the other, a despised grafter standing far off, could only cry—"God be merciful to me a sinner!" As the Father of mercy heard that man, so he heard Haywire.

These many years you boys of the logging camp have known Haywire Davis, the Skyjot of the trails and woods. You have seen the great God take glory to himself out of the man's tireless zeal for souls; of all who have served in the camps, his has been one of the most tireless and persuasive voices. Sinners by the scores have repented and the saints have been challenged.

Just this we point out—That on the night back in the Mission at the beginning, his hand went up so little that no man could see; only the Lord knew. And so for all we can tell the Mission people counted the service to be fruitless.

Maybe you see no souls saved

You sow the seed, you water it with prayer. Then remember—I have planted; Apollus watered, but God that giveth the increase. For we are laborers together with God. 1 Cor. 3:6-9.
Geo. N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon—Paid adv.

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The West in the Saddle



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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



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By Sam Iger