

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

Entered as second-class matter December 9, 1922, at the postoffice at Beaverton, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 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

As soon as I was under way that morning the temperature seemed to drop. Of course it was only the motion of the machine that made it seem that way. Really it did not drop as I soon found out.

The landlord was up and around when I drove from the garage. He told me that one of my front tires was soft, but I thought nothing of it as it had kept up ever since the purchase of the machine. So I told him I'd get it fixed, but had no intention of stopping to have it pumped up right away. However, the side pull on the steering wheel reminded me that something was wrong and I was just on the point of getting out and doing some investigating when I passed a hitch hiker.

I was of a mind to go on, but the tire needed attention so I stopped, got out the pump and was shoving down on it when the fellow came along and very kindly offered to spell me at the up and down job of pumping up a tire by hand.

Though we had no tire gauge we judged the tire hard enough and I invited the young chap into the seat beside me. You see, I had not entirely forgotten about those kind people who helped me along when I was going back to get the tire fixed the day before.

We rode along and talked. The fellow had been to Chicago to visit a friend but when he got there his friend had moved and he found no trace of him. And while absent from a room he had hired for the day some one got in and stole everything the young man had. Now that sounds rather fishy and I do not know how much whole cloth was torn asunder in order to fabricate that yarn.

But he certainly was a pleasant chap to have along. He claimed to be a senior, or anyway a student at Iowa University which he told me was located at Iowa City. That is some few miles south of Cedar Rapids and I was going through that place. He was, according to his story a law student. He ventured various and sundry economic theories and we talked political economy, that is he talked it, and I joined in on politics, religion and several other subjects. He claimed to have travelled that road several times, know the different towns and once or twice he suggested that we take a short detour to see something he thought noteworthy.

He thought we might make Cedar Rapids that afternoon some time. I thought perhaps we might, but I knew if nothing went wrong we'd be there long before nightfall.

At Dixon the lad said he had attended high school there and would be pleased to show me around town. But I didn't think I wanted to see the town. But we stopped and got a cup of coffee. I offered to pay for his cup but he would not hear of it. Said he felt very cheap at not being able to pay for mine but that he had just one more nickel left, enough to pay his fare across the trolley bridge we would find at Clinton. Along near the big river the weather seemed quite comfortable but as soon as we climbed the hills again the hot wind blew and it was insufferable.

We stopped along at filling stations and pumped up the tire. It would last a couple of hours and then get a little soft. We kept plugging along the heat making it uncomfortable to stop. We got in to Cedar Rapids just noon and I offered to share with him the grub I had in the car but he politely declined saying he had friends there and that they would put him up for the remainder of the day, that he would stay there that night as he had left Chicago the previous evening and up to that time he had not been able to sleep, having travelled most of the night before my picking him up, mostly in short laps by truck but often walking. He felt weary and would turn in. We bade each other adios and I drove to an auto park at the west side of town where I hauled out my lunch, got a bottle of milk and proceeded to dine. (Te he!)

The tire had gotten soft again by the time I was able to leave and I pumped it up vowing that at Marshalltown I'd

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Good Photographs Are Worth Taking Care Of



Pictures like this you don't want to lose. The place for them is in an album.

POSSESSING the picture, turning it to it repeatedly and showing it to friends are the chief delights of photography. Making the exposure is, to be sure, exciting. But the process is momentary whereas the product lasts.

Each print is proof of your handiwork with a camera, plus a graphic reminder of some incident that thrilled you, occasion that you enjoyed, or place that you visited, plus an expression of what you saw in the subject at the time. Thus a picture can furnish permanent pleasure, a pleasure that may be shared with other people.

To be fully enjoyed, however, pictures must be treated like the valuable possessions that they really are. Soiled or broken prints, astray boxes and drawers, can hardly be a source of pride to their owner. They deserve proper care. Are your photographs a reproach to you in his respect? Here comes a dare!

set it fixed once and for all. I thought I would stop there to see Karl Wildman's folks. He told me several times that his father and mother lived there and I thought I'd stop to see them, look their place over the father was editor of the Marshalltown paper. So I drove up to a service station and left the car to have the tire fixed and I looked up the newspaper office. But I'm getting way ahead of my story.

You know, I told I had occasion to wish I had not taken on some hitch hikers. Then I nearly came forgetting to tell about them. So here goes. It was just a little to the west of Cedar Rapids on a right turn there stood a couple holding out their thumbs and I was just on the point of speeding up to pass them when a shrill, beseeching female voice cried, "Pie-e-ase!" in such heart rending accents that I just hadn't the heart to drive away with that cry ringing in my ears. They were certainly a hard looking couple but that voice was of a child, a young girl in distress.

I stepped on the brakes, came to a stop and they ran towards me as I backed up to talk to them on. It was just about that time that I saw another clap on the other side of the road coming on with two girls that seemed heavy. The man and the girl at the right side had a grip each and the man also a bundle.

The back part of the car was quite full. But they craned on to the door and began piling in. I called a halt and told them to be careful. One man got in the back, sat on a part of my lunch and put his feet in another part. I got the man and girl in the front seat and started on.

A queer story they told me. Had come from New York City. Had slept in wheat fields, beside hay stacks, in ditches, almost everywhere. Were heading for Los Angeles. Had friends there who would give them work. They had the dark, swarthy looks and complexion of the southern European. Had claimed to be French Canadians. Had never been on the road before and were tired, hungry, foot sore and weary. While I felt sorry for them, they also incited another emotion, a sort of distrust.

They had been on the road three or four weeks, so long that they had lost track of how long.

The clothes they wore were new or good when they left New York City. Now they were in anything but good repair. After a little the girl dozed

Give yourself a photographic evening, devoted to organizing your pictures into a collection that you may be proud to show. Assemble all your old negatives and pick out those for which prints are lacking. Some of the best may be missing. Almost everyone gives prints away and a collection that is planned without consulting old negatives is likely to be short of many fine specimens.

With your complete lot of pictures before you, classify them by topics or dates and put them into an album. Put them into an album—that's the remedy. There they will be safe from such sufferings as broken edges, curled corners, thumb brands and other afflictions which rage among prints that do not get proper care. Then you'll have your pictures in such shape that you can find them without delay—and give your friends a peek now and then without apology.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

off there in the lap of the man. She was his wife, he said. But there was no wedding ring. Claimed it difficult to get rides, three of them were too many for one conveyance to take on at one time. And I could not blame the drivers.

They did not offer to beg, said they lived on things they could forage, apples, berries, whole wheat chewed up. I advised them to split up but they were afraid to travel alone. I told them of the box cars, the "side door pullmans" of the hobo. They were afraid to tackle them. Had been told in New York that such actions would bring quick arrests.

It was a relief for me to learn that they were going to hold to No. 39. They had been that route led to Los Angeles though in reality it comes to Portland. I told them as much but the men looked incredulous. They inquired how far I was going and I told them to Marshalltown. Which is where I intended to stop to get the tire fixed. We talked fast in short sentences. I told them to try the freight trains, that I was sure they would not be arrested for trying. They got off near the freight yards in Marshalltown. I didn't see them again though I fully expected to find them along the trail when I got started out.

WHERE TO GO

Beaverton Townsend Club No. 1 will hold a meeting at the Kiwanis Hall Friday night Oct. 16 at 8 p.m.

Mr. Perry District Organizer will speak. Free refreshments will be served. Everyone is invited to attend.

LOCAL GRANGERS HAVE DAY MEETING

The Beaverton Grange met in regular session Saturday, with the master Mrs. A. P. Christensen presiding. Mr. and Mrs. C. Van Kleek of Tigard Grange were guests of the day.

The auditorium and dining room were decorated in Hallows'en suggestions by Mrs. M. C. McKercher, Home Economics Chairman for the month and her committee, Mesdames John Dobbins, Nelson, Walker, W. Van Kleek and Frank Austin.

During the afternoon program Mr. and Mrs. Charles Van Kleek gave a very interesting resume of their recent trip to Iowa.

BASIC SCIENCE EXAMS ARE SLATED

The ninth examination under the Oregon basic science law for those planning to enter the healing profession in this state will be held Saturday, November 21 at the library building in Portland, announces Dr. Nathan Faston of O.S.C., chairman of the examining committee.

Application blanks and general instruction may be obtained from Charles D. Byrne, secretary of the state board of higher education, Eugene, Oregon. Applications must be filled not later than November 4.

He Promised a Reduction President Roosevelt has added more than 30 bureaus in the operation of the government.

National Disgrace Carter Glass, Democratic senator from Virginia, said: "The New Deal, taken all in all, is not only a mistake, it is a disgrace to the nation."

WHEN You Are Hungry You Are Thirsty TRY the "U and I" Beaverton, Oregon

at the movies

AT THE RITZ BEAVERTON - OREGON

Wed. to Sat., Oct. 14 to 17

"ANNIE OAKLEY" With Barbara Stanwyck and a big cast. A family picture that will be enjoyed by all.

Sun. to Wed. Oct. 18-19-20-21 "SAN FRANCISCO" With Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and a big cast.

Thurs.-Fri.-Sat. Oct. 22-24 (Double Feature)

"WHITE FANG" A Jack London story. Sequel to "Call of the Wild."

Plus "GARDEN MURDER CASE" Seven days of good entertainment.

Next: "PRIVATE NUMBER"

VOTE FOR



J. E.

CARPENTER

Incumbent

Republican Nominee For

County Assessor

"Sixteen years in this work."

Competent.

Experienced.

"Will conduct the office efficiently in the interests of ALL taxpayers."

(Paid Adv.)

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

No. 4414

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

Do, the matter of the estate of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as the executor of the estate of Alice Adzina Adams, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, and this Monday, the 9th day of November, 1936, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day in the Court Room of said Court as the time and place for the hearings of objections thereto, and the settlement thereof.

Date of first publication Oct 9th, 1936. Date of last publication November 6th, 1936.

Doy Gray, Executor; Samuel B. Lawrence, Attorney for estate.

IF IT'S PRINTING WE CAN DO IT

Vote For for State Representative A. M. JANNSEN. Resident and taxpayer in Washington county for 14 years. Safe and sane legislation. If elected will during my term of office use common sense business methods in State business. I believe in passing fewer laws and more time and careful consideration given to those enacted.

VOTE Democratic General Election, November 3. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President. JOHN N. GARNER, Vice President. WILLIS MAHONY U. S. Senator. E. W. KIRKPATRICK, U. S. Repres. U. S. BURT, State Treasurer. ALFRED P. DOBSON, Attorney-General. E. L. ROSS, State Senator. RAY L. ANTRIM, State Representative. RICHARD G SCOTT, State Repres. BERT HAGEN, County Commissioner. G. H. BEAZAN, County Clerk. M. K. ABRAHAM, County Sheriff. P. W. LILLISON, County Assessor. Paid by Washington County Dem. Com.

Business Places To Patronise IN BEAVERTON

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

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

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER Grange Building Beaverton

A-1 Refrigerator Service Units Installed In Milk Coolers Beer Cabinets H. C. REDFIELD With Beaverton Electric Phone 6103

You don't have to be rich to enjoy rich whiskey! AGENTLEY'S OLD QUAKER Straight Whiskey 50 proof As you prefer In Bourbon or Rye The Old Quaker Co. Beaverton, Ore.

THE SAFE WAY

to CALIFORNIA Next time you take a trip, try the train! You'll speed over the safest, smoothest highway yet invented—steel rails. You'll enjoy new luxuries, too. All cars on our trains to California are completely air-conditioned! TRAVEL COSTS DOWN Thrifty people declare our rail fares, at 2c a mile and less, today's best travel buy—and Pullman rates are lower than formerly.

ECONOMY MEALS Coffee, milk, sandwiches and a variety of similar items are 5c and 10c in coaches and tourist cars. Dining car meals are low in cost, also. Southern Pacific See your local S.P. agent or write J. A. ORMANDY, Gen. Passenger Agent, 701 Pacific Building, Portland, Oregon.

The Oregonian Great Newspaper of the Northwest ARTHUR MULHOLLAND Auto Route and Agency Beaverton, Oregon For information regarding service or subscriptions Phone Beaverton 7303 Residence and office: Corner, Second and Hall

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

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

E. L. HOWARD Agent For THE OREGON JOURNAL Phone Beaverton 3525

Carpenter Work Remodeling Roofing Built-ins Screen Doors and Window Screens Reasonable Prices BEAVERTON CABINET SHOP R. L. WALLACE Hall at 1st Beaverton Ore.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON

MAKE YOUR "IT" DOMINATE AND YOU MAY HAVE WHAT YOU WILL. SEX-APPEAL IS MERELY-ETC. I'LL TRY IT ON THIS BIMBOO TEE-HEE! HOT-DOG-IT WORKS! AH-MY HERO, MY LOVER-MY ALL - COME CLEOPATRA, MARK IS WAITING!!! Geoff Hayes.