

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

And then along comes Mrs. Bush and she says that her brother-in-law's name was Leonard and not Perkins. Well, what do you know about that. But I suppose I'll have to call him Leonard after this. Perhaps it will teach me to be sure of a name before setting it down in print. So there you are, it was Mr. Leonard's son we looked up in Fargo instead of a Mr. Perkins. Tut, tut.

Well, Mrs. Bush stayed with her niece, a sister of Mrs. Sivard's. They lived sort of out of town but we located them right away having the street and number. With that information one soon finds the place sought unless the numbers run as they used to in Portland. Then one looked and looked for a number. Now, there is no such difficulty and one can find one's way around Portland almost as well as one can in Beaverton, almost.

Well, that morning I got up and started to look for my passengers. They were not very difficult to find but I had to eat breakfast at the place where Mrs. Bush had stayed even though I had breakfast down town before getting the car out.

The newspapers have printed a lot about the deplorable conditions prevailing in the section of North Dakota around Fargo. Well, I'll just pause to remark that things looked pretty good to me thereabouts. Of course I am not writing for the glory and prestige of the party whose emblem is a mule (They say I'm too mulish myself). However, the crops, what we could see of them looked much better than the average of crops across the country.

There is a splendid road leading west and we hit it. The miles sort of ran under the wheels for a while that morning, and it seemed about the pleasantest part of the trip. But at Valley City we had to detour. Not a long one but plenty dusty and bad, rough. We came out of that and just got well under way again when at Cleveland we came to another detour.

Cleveland is some burg. There was a combination barber shop pool room and lunch room all apparently under one manager. We got lunch and such a lunch. I'll bet the bread from which our sandwich was made was 10 days old. There was no milk only that which comes in cans and the water was pumped out of the ground by a frail slip of a woman who aroused so much sympathy that we decided to forego drinking so much as usual on account of her having to work so hard to get it.

There are a couple of places which are confused in my mind and not having taken down any notes, I may be mistaken in the name of the place of which I am speaking. Anyway, from the city of Cleveland the worst detour of the trip began. Some 30 miles of dust, feet deep, and ruts, holes, hills, rocks, everything that makes life miserable for the motorist. That day we did not seem to be getting anywhere though the morning seemed to be exceeding pleasant and propitious.

We passed headers, heading grain that seemed to be less than six inches high. Fields as guileless of green as though they had been painted a drab gray. Well, by the time we got to Bismark we were ready for anything.

As we approached the North Dakota capitol, Mr. Leonard kept a sharp look out for the capitol building. It seems he had been reading something about it and wanted to get sight of the big structure. We also saw the Big House where they keep the enemies of society.

That is a wonderful bridge over the Missouri. From it we could see where our party had rip rapped the banks so as to get the old fiver out of the mud in 1918. But this time there was no sign of mud. The banks looked dry enough to plow.

After stopping at Mandan for a refreshing drink we climbed the hill to the west and I was able to point out the Indian school where way back in 1911 or 1912 I had been offered a job. (I almost said position) as

The SNAPSHOT GUILD Hallowe'en Is Here Again



What madcap mischief is being plotted here? Thanks to camera and photo-flash these Hallowe'en dreadfuls have been caught in the act.

"HOO-O-O! Boo! Whish-sh! Clunk! Here is Hallowe'en coming on apace and all of us remembering the warning that on that night—

"The Gobble-uns 'll git you. If you don't watch out."

Well, what do you say, folks, to turning the tables this year and "gitting" the gobblins? It can be done. What's more, you can expose them. How? By shooting these night-prowling scaramongers with your camera. In so doing you expose them and "git" them at the same time—on your film. See?

Yes, you can easily take Hallowe'en pictures, inside the house or out, dark and fearsome as the night may be. To photograph the outdoor gobblins, the witches, ghosts, jack-o-lantern bugles and other horrors that come to play their spooky tricks at your windows and front door, you will need one or more photographic flashlight bulbs. For the regular indoor Hallowe'en party photographable flashlight bulbs for your electric light sockets may be used or flashlight bulbs, if you prefer. Inexpensive reflectors help.

The uninvited outdoor apparitions may not be expected to stay and pose for you if you alarm them by being in evidence when they approach; so you may have to lie in wait and surprise them—all the better for the picture. This means some ingenuity in finding a place of concealment from which your camera may be trained on them as they tip-toe up your walk. For this kind of picture, you must use a flashlight bulb. Your lens, of course, must be open at "wide" when you set off the flash. If lights of any sort are within range of your lens, have your camera on a tripod or other rigid support; otherwise, you can hold the camera in your hand. Your young visitors will

be surprised all right, but perhaps not unwilling to stay for another picture if you will allay their fears of being collared.

In the case of the invited spirits, and such, coming as welcome guests to your Hallowe'en party, amusing pictures may be made indoors of the whole group posed in their fantastic costumes, and of two or three at a time playing the Hallowe'en games or doing their stunts.

For these pictures, do you know that there is a new floodlight bulb on the market with which you can take snapshots indoors at night with the slower-lens cameras, including even those of the box type? Yours is of this kind, you can make snapshot pictures of your guests by using a couple of these new floodlights, in reflectors, placed three or four feet from your subject, sensitive film, and the largest size opening.

For snapshots with No. 1 floodlights, you should use two or three and a camera with an f.6.3 lens or faster, supersensitive film and an exposure of 1/25 second, with the lens at the f.6.3, or larger, opening. If your lens is not so fast as f.6.3, make a short time exposure with these floodlights; or use a flashlight bulb in the same manner as for an outdoor picture at night, but turn out all the lights near your subject before you open the lens. Always, quicker exposures can be made with supersensitive film, but with the flash bulb the chrome type will also yield splendid pictures.

Will this be fun? Try it. The spooks and gobblins who see the pictures will be delighted at being exposed in this fashion and thus the pleasures and shudders of a memorable Hallowe'en can be enjoyed over and over again.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

Industrial teacher at the boarding school and had turned it down to accept a similar job at Dulce, New Mexico.

The sun was getting lower in the horizon, the traveling was getting not quite so hot and we sort of oged along over the hills. New Salem, Glen Ullin, Hebron and Richardson were passed that afternoon and at Dickinson we stopped for supper, (dinner to some folks). The steak was getting good for we were getting into the country where beef is real meat and not a mild sample of gristle. At Dickinson we stopped for supper to get to U. S. No. 2. Should we go on to Glendive, go north there or maybe go to Circle and make the trip north. They told us to go to Belfield and there take U. S. 85 which would take us into No. 2 just west of Wiliston.

We got to Belfield just at dark and remembered that there had been an old fellow who was quite nice to us going east in 1923. Thought how he had pointed out certain things to our advantage. So we drove to his tourist camp to get lodging for the night. But his nature had changed or he did not like our looks or something. Anyway he was as grumpy as an old bear. Told us he had only one cabin, that he did not care whether he let us have it, that if we really wanted it we could have it for two bucks. Well, Mrs. Bush looked it over while Mr. Leonard and I sat in the car and the more I thought about it the madder I got, so when Mrs. Bush came back to tell us that she had taken it, I asked her to get into the car and turned around and drove out of the place and went to a hotel over town where we got three rooms for what he wanted for that cabin.

The beds were not too good but we slept a little towards morning. The evening was too hot to sleep and as soon as it got cooled off noises in the other rooms kept us all awake until the wee sma' hours. I've forgotten whether we ate breakfast there or waited until

BILLIONS ON BILLIONS O' PORK By C. C. Hammerly, R. 2, Portland

Oh, you can't beat our billion-dollar barrel o' pork; Five billions on billion o' pork; Our shrewd politicians and all their fine work, And beclouding the issues with mark.

"Now what are we doing, you bet it is all right;" (Being done by angels of light) (?) "The pork barrel now is an excellent thing," Say the gobblers when the y're in the ring. "Es, you can't beat our billions filled barrel o' pork; Our billions on billions o' pork"

Of course we have kept but few promises yet; We've kept one—the country is wet; What did if the platform of party was shot; Faithful pledges were kept or were not; If we have raised Cain in your nice fields of grain, Righteous ABLE in business have slain?

We promise afresh, (but our fingers we cross), What we'll do: both we and our boss; While we gobble and fiddle, done with pills all your food, Sugar coated to make them taste good. Let our sharpshooting friends from the west to New York, Must have their fat barrel o' pork.

We rob Peter, pay Paul, then rob 'em again, Hand a pittance to many a man; We give the fat fellows the fat filling jobs— The corn; the rest get the cobs.

These fats must help keep us in barrels o' pork; For don't they get pork for their work? We will borrow and squander (shed crocodile tears— We must have another four years); Pass the load then to brats who will have no more sense Than he heirs to such brilliant (?) intents. Who cares? Tho' your Dads have squelched Millions o' pork, YOU can't beat our BILLIONS o' pork.



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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

Comic strip panels with dialogue: THIS ARTICLE BY DR. STRAITON IS THE DOPE. THE YOUNGER GENERATION IS JAZZ CRAZY. WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', SON? TO THE CRAWL CLUB'S DANCE, FATHER. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S A SIN TO DANCE? NO GODLY PERSON EVER DANCED. APPLE SAUCE POP!!! HOW ABOUT SAINT VITUS?

WASH. CO. YOUTH WINS NEW HONOR

Clayton Nyburg of the Tualatin 4-H club has added another honor to his year's activities, by being listed on the NBC 4-H club honor roll in recognition of his participation in Western Farm

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

At the movies BEAVERTON -:- OREGON Thurs. to Sat. Oct. 29-31 "BIG HOUSE" With Wallace Beery and a big cast

Sun.-Mon.-Tues. Nov. 1-2-3 "PETTICOAT FEVER" With Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy. Also a two-reel Our Gang Comedy.

Wed. to Sat. Nov. 4 to 7 (Double Feature) "SILLIE BILLIES" With Wheeler and Woolsey Plus "CHAMPAGNE CHARLEY" With Paul Cavanaugh and Helen Wood.

Next: "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" With the Marx Brothers.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT No. 444 In the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington

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and Home Hour broadcasts, reports L. E. Francis, assistant co. agent.

The certificate of membership was recently received from Jennings Pierce, director of agriculture of the National Broadcasting Company. Clayton took a part in the agricultural broadcast on Friday, October 16, at which time he, as one of the two outstanding club boys of the state, outshined his 4-H club activities which resulted in his winning many outstanding honors.

Nerves NERVINE Dr. Miles NERVINE "Did the work" says Miss Glivar WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT? After more than three months of suffering from a nervous ailment, Miss Glivar used Dr. Miles Nerveine which gave her such splendid results that she wrote us an enthusiastic letter.

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By Geoff Hayes