

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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DAD'S STORY

This is the first I've written since the election. I've heard several times that they caught those two who voted for Landon in Beaverton but to date I've not heard what they did with them.

On that trip back from Michigan, we got as far as Bellefield, North Dakota. That is located on U. S. No. 10. We decided to leave that route there, it being sort of hot and dusty so we sought a route to U. S. No. 2 which skirts along the Canadian border, often within sight of objects that lie north of the line.

In getting from Bellefield to No. 2 we travelled U. S. No. 85 through Fairfield, Grassy Butte, Walford City and Alexander, all in North Dakota. Had we gone on west on No. 10 we should have passed through Medora, where Teddy Roosevelt spent his days on a cattle ranch.

Nothing worth mentioning as we rolled over No. 85 and it was well past noon when we came to the first town in Montana of any consequence, Culbertson. There we hit the Fort Peck Indian Reservation where we had served in the Indian service.

Did not stop long enough in Culbertson only to eat lunch but at Poplar, the Agency, we took time to look up some old friends. Geo. Connor we found at the Agency, also Architect, who was an inspector when we were in the service but now is Agency Superintendent at Poplar. Also we looked up Mohler, who used to be chief clerk at Nespelem. He went to Blackfoot as Agent and from there to Poplar, also as Agent but now waiting the turn of these political wheels that would throw his party in power.

Well, Mohler did not recognize me though I stood there chatting with him some minutes. Then his wife stuck her head out the door and called me by name. Seems that the women have the best memories for I could not recall ever having seen Mrs. Mohler until that day though I suppose I must have seen her. Anyway I'd seen Mohler every week for more than a year, and had worked directly under him for short periods of time on several occasions.

The big earth dam on the Missouri river is to be called the Fort Peck Dam. It is just at one corner of the reservation, not too close to Poplar but still, not many miles, some sixty to seventy miles away.

We drove out of Poplar over a route I had never followed though I'd driven and rode from Poplar west any number of times. It seemed strange not to get into Wolf Point more than we did, the road used to go right thru the middle of town.

Well, the road to Frazer from Poplar is much changed, not at all like it was in 1913-14 when I was in that vicinity. It used to traverse the bottom land along the river, now it climbs the bench and keeps to the higher ground. Probably not so muddy up there or perhaps the road bed is more easily maintained. Anyway, there is a better view but the familiar roadside landmarks are missed. As are also the wire fences we used to have to take down, any number of them.

At Frazer we inquired for Tom Flynn. Dead, they told us. Mrs. Flynn? Married to Geo. Lookingglass and camping up on Milk

7-2 SNAPSHOT GUILD "Bring 'Em Back Alive"



Hunting with the camera offers many a thrill. This trophy was "shot" against the light of a clouded sun on supersensitive film.

Many experienced sportsmen can't be accused of being "soft" have been giving attention of late to hunting and fishing photography. They are trying to get on film, for permanent record and lasting enjoyment, flashes of outdoor drama that stamp themselves on their memories but which never can be adequately pictured in words.

These sportsmen realize that, unless one is a dramatic story teller, recounting how the buck deer leaped the windfall or how the big trout jumped and took the lure that got caught in the alder, does not always "get over"; but, to be able to show one's friends an actual picture of such a happening, ah! that is not only convincing but a much greater satisfaction. Moreover, camera using sportsmen are taking as much pride in their picture trophies as in having actually shot the game or caught the fish, and rightly so, after discovering that to capture wild life with a camera requires as much skill, alertness, and quick thinking as with rod and gun.

The advent of the vest pocket and miniature-type cameras, together with modern fast film, is principally responsible for adding this new zest to the sport of hunting and fishing. Indeed, for actually creating a new outdoor sport, because many now hunt equipped with a camera only. In the first place, these cameras are light, small and convenient to carry, some of them weighing scarcely more than a couple of loaded shotgun shells. Secondly, the miniature type is available with ultra fast lenses and shutter speeds, so that the jumping fish or the running animal may be "stopped" on the film without much chance of showing blur. And it is especially these

shots of wild game in native haunts and lairs that the sportsman camerist delights in bringing home. It is almost like "bringing 'em back alive."

Don't suppose, however, that he is able to obtain such pictures with the ease that he snaps the gang around the campfire, or Bill and Joe in the duck stand, or the quiet scenery of lake, mountain or wood. Just as he becomes thoroughly familiar with the operation of his gun and fishing tackle, and practices target shooting and fly casting, so he thoroughly understands his camera and practices using it. He must always be ready for the unforeseen opportunity and acquire dexterity in adjusting focus, stop openings and shutter speeds to the conditions of the moment. Here is the advice of one successful camera hunter:

"Always keep the camera loaded and make a practice of leaving the shutter set at 1/50 second at f.8. This will come nearer being right more times than any other combination for the hurried snapshot. Watch the light conditions as the day wears on and make adjustments accordingly. When the big moment comes, as it will eventually—when the buck comes crashing out into the open and gallops by you, set a hundred feet away—when the big trout has struck and has begun his fight on your pal's line—keep cool, brother, and think quick. You should probably change to 1/200 at f.4.5 (two motions), but, if you don't keep cool, likely as not you will slide the diaphragm pointer in the other direction and set the shutter for 'time. Buck fever is as fatal to your chances with a camera as it is with a gun."

JOHN VAN GULDER.

River. We stopped at Mrs. Flynn's house and the girl directed us the best she could to the place her mother was along Milk river. Uncle Walter Clark was at his old ranch. We stopped there for a while. But Mrs. Walter Clark was dead. Alice was at an Agency in Arizona or New Mexico. I've forgotten just where, Albuquerque, perhaps. I thought I'd write her when I returned to Beaverton but to date have not done so. Alice was one of the brightest pupils I ever had in school. Quick witted, eager to learn, a good student with a wonderful memory, she was the kind of pupil every teacher dreams about but seldom comes in contact with.

"Did you come here to sell me something?" inquired Clark Sr. "For if you did I'll tell you right now that I'm broke," he continued. When I assured him that selling was not my mission his old smile beamed out and he talked of the family, his wife, now dead, of Alice and her husband and family, of Johnnie and Walter, Jr. "Little Walter" he called the boy, of Earl and Mrs. Flynn, his sister-in-law.

The shadows were lengthening and we wanted to get to see the Fort Peck dam that evening if possible. On the way lay the ranches of the Clark boys and of George Lookingglass. We had to inquire frequently for those were country roads, not plainly marked as are the through routes. I found some of my old Indian pupils but did not pause only to say, "Hello."

Finally we located where Walter Jr., Johnnie and Earl were camping. The men were out putting up alfalfa but their wives were home and bade us wait for the men would be home soon. We chatted of crops or condition of old times on the reservation. The conviction grew that I must have known Walter Jr.'s wife but we could find no place where our paths had crossed. But Walter had a nice looking wife. The other women had as comely features but just lacked the charming expressions that the Caucasian likes to contemplate.

The boys, Walter, Jr., and Earl

was about the most natural. Even the old school house where we held forth was gone from its foundations.

From a stopping place with just a store and postoffice and one or two houses Frazer has grown to be quite a trading center for that region. Big irrigation projects have made alfalfa thrive where used to be only sage brush and prickly pear. No more gates to open on the roads, many highways improved and all of them confined between fences. Ain't it funny what a difference just a few years make?

Real Estate Transfers

Herman Frahn to H. Carrick et al. 5 acres in Sec. 18 T1N R2W.

Universal Securities Corp. to John L. Clark et al. Part of Sec. 18 T1S R2W.

Christina Neuman to Ed J. Karp et al. 1.51 acres in Sec. 3 T3W R1W.

Chas. H. Hays et ux to W. S. Bowen et ux. 7 1/2 acres in Sec. 32 T2S R1W.

Paul M. Marks et ux to H. L. Hasselbrink et ux. 7 1/2 acres in Sec. 32 T2S R1W.

H. L. Hasselbrink et ux to W. S. Bowen et ux. 7 1/2 acres in Sec. 32 T2S R1W.

H. A. Kurath et ux to O. W. Hesterlee et ux. Lot 10 Wilshire.

W. J. Priest et al to Frank C. Pritzlaff et ux Lot 2 Kennedy Acres Beaverton.

Ralph C. Pointer et ux to West Hills Memorial Park, Part of Sec. 1 T1S R1W.

H. O. Brittan et ux to Malinda A. Rost, Part of Lot 146 Plat No. 2 Bonny slope.

Robert E. Gibbs et ux to The United States Nat'l Bank of Portland, 1.05 acres in Lots 10 and 11 Garden Home.

Sam Phillips to Pearl Phillips Lot 5 Subdiv. of Lot 29 Virginia Place.

Ferdinand T. Spicker et ux to Truman Boyd et ux. Lots 10 11 and 12 Blk 6 South Coast Add. Hillsboro.

Glenn S. Ehle et ux to Albert P. Mishler et ux Lots 9-10-11-12 Blk 32 West Portland Heights.

Anna Knusel et vir to J. J. Nussbaumer et ux. 1 acre in Sec. 3 T1N R2W.

May Goodwin to Predetta Irene Heister, Lot 2 Blk 6 Upton Park.

Mary Augusta Hanneke to E. Klaisner et ux. Lots and Blks in Garden Home.

Clifford C. Friend to Lela B. Friend. 50 acres in Sec. 5 T2S R1W.

Wm. T. Herndon to Anton Peterson et ux. 6 acres in Sec. 34 T1S R1W.

Title and Trust Co. to Edith A. Brun. Par Tract 121 Bonny Slope.

Right Out Of The Air

By R F SERVICE

So-o-o-o-o Ed Wynn is back on the airwaves with his own program on Saturday nights, and he's the old Ed again. With him is Don Voorhees whose orchestra accompanied the mad zany when he first bowed into radio several years ago. All summer Wynn has been boating in Long Island Sound and listening to people who wanted him to star in a stage show. But Ed loves radio and so he's back on radio over the NBC blue network.



Ed Wynn

After much persuasion on the part of little Mary MacArthur, her mother, Helen Hayes, will let her watch one of her "Bambi" broadcasts this fall. It will be the first time the child has watched her mother before the mike.

Not many weeks ago, Minnette Curry was a housewife. Then she tried out for the job of reading a commercial on Edgar Guest's "Welcome Valley" program. The next week she had a part and two weeks later was playing the leading feminine role opposite the famous versifier. Today, she is regarded as one of the top-ranking dramatic stars in the Chicago studios. It was because she sounded sincere that Guest gave her the chance.



Minnette Curry

Budd Hulick is a name that is very little known, but just plain Budd is one of the best known names in the country. Reason is that the blond young man who started out as Buffalo soda jerker is a partner in the famous Sunday night comic team, Stoopnagle and Budd. The Colonel's right name is Chase Taylor but the boys are always referred to as a famous firm—Stoopnagle and Budd.



Budd Hulick

A production man rushed out while Floyd Gibbons was broadcasting the Speedshow. He waved down the commentator. Gibbons has a vision of a broadcast he did from Madrid recently when the station manager, backed by a squad of men with machine guns, stopped Gibbons from talking because his stuff was too "hot." But this time the production man just wanted to tell him

that the Speedshow wasn't on the air, because a political broadcast had run overtime.

Shirley Lloyd, the new vocalist with Ozle Nelson's orchestra on the Ripley program Sunday nights never sings before dark. And what's more, she never sings outside of working hours. She learns a song simply by listening to the band play. Shirley's charm and lovely singing voice have taken New York night club scores by storm since Ozle signed her.

Fred Astaire is a man without a stand-in. Johnny Green, maestro on his show, has an assistant while Johnny listens in the control room and Charlie Burtonworth listens to an actor read his lines.

The movie stars have had a long line of strong, silent men leading up to the current king, Gary Cooper, to delight the ladies of America. Radio hereofore could never get the idea of a "big, strong silent man" personality across the airwaves. But today experts feel the nomination should go to Smith Ballew. The master of ceremonies of the Saturday night Chateau is not soft and sure like a Valley. He stumbles all around the microphone. But listeners get the idea. Here's a fellow from the Great Plains, from out where men are men—where they grow 'em six feet five inches tall like Ballew.

When you hear Mary Livingstone talking back to Jack Benny on those Sunday night broadcasts over the NBC red network, you may not know that she is following her own written instructions from her script. "Dead pan here," she writes on it, or "watch giggle—keep it flat." Most frequent in her markings is "Wait for Jack's laugh."

The Russian actor, Akim Tamiroff, was pretty surprised when he appeared to rehearse for a recent Radio Theatre show. It was his first radio appearance and he learned his lines by heart. Considerably to his surprise the others started to read theirs.

Know Your Language

By C. L. Bushnell

School of English, International Correspondence Schools

USE of superfluous words is frequent in both writing and conversation. "Hollow tube" is a case in point. By its very nature a tube is hollow; if it weren't hollow it wouldn't be a tube. "Actual fact" is another example. That which is a fact is an actuality, and that which is actual exists in fact. To write or say "It is an actual fact" is merely using a superfluous word to convey the same thought that "It is a fact" conveys.

Modifying words, phrases and clauses should be placed as close as possible to the words to which they relate. When this is forgotten odd results are likely to follow, as in the following sentence: "He carried a bag of peanuts in his hat, which he fed to the elephant." If it was his hat that he fed to the elephant, this is all right. Otherwise it is all wrong.

YOUR CHILD AND THE SCHOOL

By Dr. ALLEN G. IRELAND

Director, Physical and Health Education, New Jersey State Department of Public Instruction

Basketball

A good game to play and a great game to watch, but what strenuous activity it can be! Indeed, some coaches regard it as the most strenuous of our popular sports.

Disregarding that point, we do know that it is full of possibilities for strain, particularly upon the heart. Fortunately, most boys and girls playing basketball are under adult supervision or we would see far more damage than is actually the case. And fortunately too, the practice of requiring medical examinations of all team candidates is becoming quite general.

If this is not the case in your community, and you happen to be the father or mother of a growing boy or girl, I urge you to give some thought to the situation. Discuss it with your family physician and with the school principal. Let you get the wrong idea, may I emphasize that it isn't the game that is at fault nor would I have it discontinued anywhere. The points to consider are these: the child, his health, strength, fitness, heart condition; the frequency of playing; the length of the game or practice period; and the size and abilities of the other players. In other words, we should always be sure that the game is suitable to the individual child, and that it isn't overdone. We must be sure, too, that correct diet and ample sleep are accompaniments.

Ingratitude We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres, or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth and for the benefits of our being, our life, health and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.—Seneca.

Money and Time

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—Johnson.



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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes