

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

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Will Your Name Be Next?

The past summer was one of the worst on record in the matter of automobile accidents and deaths.

And the most dangerous driving months are soon to come—the months of rain and ice, and few daylight hours.

Every season sees better, more scientifically designed highways—and yet accidents grow worse, both in number and severity. Every year sees stronger, more easily controlled, and mechanically safer cars—yet the carnage grows.

It is true that a percentage of accidents can be directly attributed to mechanical failure of automobiles or to road conditions. This percentage marks but a very small part of the total of crashes. The human element is responsible, and alone responsible, for the great majority of accidents minor or major.

Worst menace of all is the driver who attempts to push the throttle through the floor-board—who operates his car at excessive speeds. And excessive speed is a flexible term—there are times when fifty is safe, and fifteen too fast.

Then there are the drivers who pass on hills and curves, who hog the centerline, who allow their car to wander to the wrong side of the road—and drivers who commit a thousand and one driving errors that may save a minute and also may send themselves and others into eternity.

You see many headlines like: "Five Killed When Cars Collide." You read the names of the victims, go on to other articles and forget all about them. Next time you see such a headline just reflect that your name, or the name of a friend or loved one, may be in the next similar list of corpses. Then it won't be too easy to forget.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Laugh this off: Big Business would like to reform itself.

Children who dislike school seldom know what a good time they are having.

The best way to keep government out of business is to keep business out of politics.

When you touch the pocket book nerve of the average citizen dynamite comes to life.

Many newspaper men are against accepting public jobs until somebody offers them one.

By and large, it might be better if the laborers of the country managed to get larger incomes.

If you see two men putting their heads together the chances are that one is telling the other a joke.

Trading in Beaverton is an exhibition of civic loyalty that every good citizen should attempt to make.

The average man will be glad to extend you financial assistance after you get to the point where you don't need it.

Contribution to The Beaverton Review are always welcomed even if, occasionally, it is impossible to print them all.

Correct this sentence: "I believe strongly in the enforcement of all laws that seem to be just and proper to me."

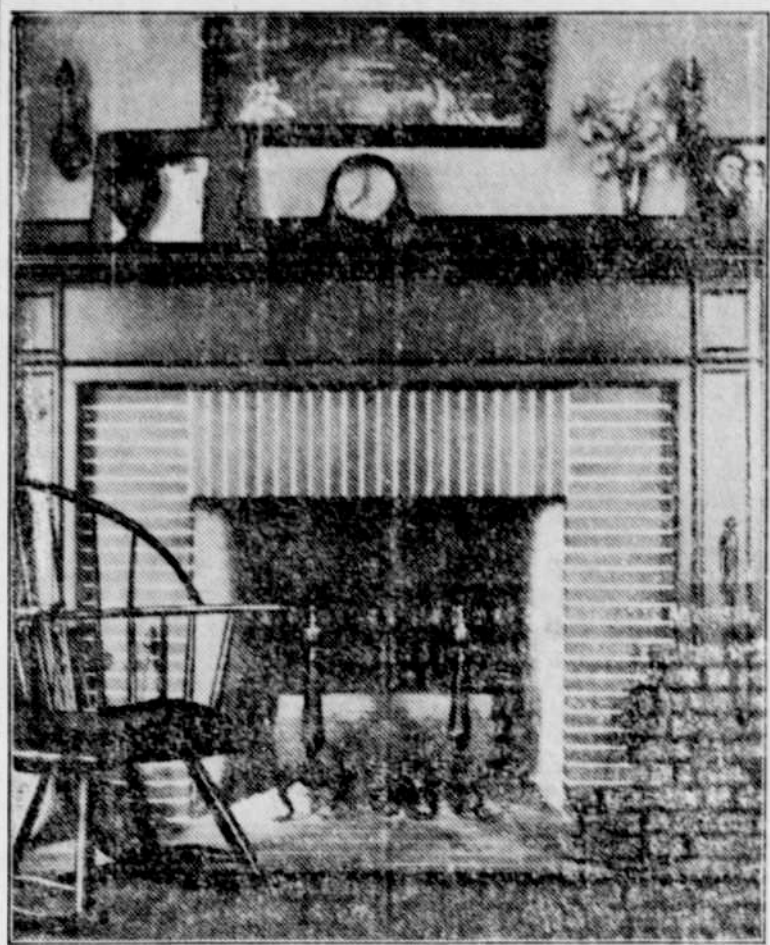
DAD'S STORY

From the Lockinglass ranch we drove via Kintyre and Milk river to Glasgow where we ate late supper and decided that we would not try to get to the dam after all. The weather being nice we drove quite late that evening and finally pulled up at Malta where I spent the night in the car while Mrs. Bush and her brother-in-law sought out a hotel and slept in beds.

Coming to Glasgow we passed a big pumping plant where the Indian Service is pumping water out of Milk river to supply water to the upper end of the Reservation. Big fumes two and a half feet across were running full. The motive power seemed to be gasoline though of that I am not sure. There

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

Memory Pictures of Home



Home "interiors" less photographed than most subjects, become precious in after years. They are easy to make if time exposure is used.

RARE is the person of middle age who retains a good memory-image of the home or homes in which he lived as a child, and who does not wish he could.

How the exterior of the house looked is not so difficult to recall, but once-familiar details of living rooms, how the furniture was arranged, what pictures were on the walls, the appearance of the fireplace, how the stairway looked, how the windows were curtained, grow vague with the passing years—unless photographs of these rooms taken at the time are available to refresh the memory.

Chances are, in the case of most grown-ups of middle age and older, no such pictures were taken. But in these days when there is a camera in almost every household, what a pity, really, to let youngsters grow up and leave home, without any pictures ever being taken of the living rooms and bedrooms in which they spent so many of their childhood hours! It is probably because such pictures can be made at almost any time that we are apt to postpone taking them. Since they can now be made easily with any camera, as well as by daylight, why, with all this time available, should we any longer neglect to take them? Here are a few hints on taking views of interiors:

Since no movement of the subject needs to be considered, time exposures are best, whether by daylight or artificial light, the time depending, of course, on the film used, the amount of light and the stop opening in the lens.

seem current enough in the river to supply power for pumping water the slight height they raised it there, some ten feet it looked like.

The country from Glasgow to Malta was not examined closely. The night was dark and we rolled along forty miles an hour. One place looked as though we were passing a big reservoir but of course I could not be sure.

In the daylight Malta looked like quite a town, but we did not stay long enough to talk to any one there. The road called and we were on our way. I think it was at Harlem that we stopped for a bite to eat and to get the car greased and the oil changed. I took it to the station when I went to eat and expected the work to be well under way when I got back but they had not touched the thing. Was I mad? But what's the use? Bawling them out would not have got us anything.

From there on to Cut Bank memory is quite hazy. But there we came to one of the many Montana oil fields. I remember Cut Bank when it was just a railroad division point. No one lived there excepting railroad men Shelby, where the big prize fight was held is just a name on the map that is before me though I remember it in 1912, a railroad junction. Now that the railroads have been sort of squeezed, they do not come in for so much attention.

We stopped at Cut Bank and looked the town over a little. It was late in the afternoon and we were in a hurry as we wanted to get through Glacier National Park that night. But what we saw of Cut Bank made us think of the stories we have read of the big oil towns. There was plenty of evidence that it was a wide open town. While we saw no gambling, there were plenty of sports on the street that looked like gamblers. Of

A small stop must usually be used in order to obtain sharp images of objects at various distances from the camera.

Leave all the furniture in its usual place, as far as possible, and take pictures from several viewpoints. Do not crowd a lot of furniture in a small space just to show it off. It will not be the natural arrangement that you want to remember. Leave clear floor space in the foreground. This may require the removal of a nearby piece of furniture for some views. Watch out for distracting reflections from mirrors or pictures.

Have the camera on a tripod or other rigid support, and placed low enough so that more of the floor than the ceiling can be seen in the finder.

If the whole area of the picture is not clear in the finder because of dark tones and walls, have someone hold a light near the wall until you have fixed the view exactly.

For interiors taken by daylight coming from only one window, a reflector (of white cloth or paper the size of a window shade) will increase the illumination of the corners of the room. Floodlight bulbs may also be used in conjunction with daylight to considerable advantage.

Interiors at night may be taken at "time" with the illumination of three or four ordinary electric light bulbs, but the inexpensive floodlight bulbs now available for indoor picture taking will serve the purpose better. Care should be taken with either kind that an unshaded bulb is not included in the picture or "fog" will result.

JOHN VAN GUILDER

course, looks are deceiving but I'll bet a penny that one could have gotten into most any sort of a game from buying oil stock to penny ante, or from rummy to faro. Anyway it looked like it.

Pine stores lined the streets that when I was there last, in 1918, were just bare lots facing jumbo streets. All the old shacks were gone and in their place stood brick, tile or cement buildings that bore every sign of heavy prosperity.

We found quite a bit of gravel road east of Cut Bank reservation from there on this way there was oil macadam all the way to Ravalli. We had no interruptions on account of roads. All across the Blackfoot reservation the roads were excellent, probably better than any we found on other reservations although through the Flathead reservation the roads were excellent.

At Browning we stopped just long enough to buy some lunch goods to take along as we thought we could eat a bite when we got over the hump in the park.

Near Glacier Park Station we left U. S. No. 2 and travelled on No. 87 to a place called St. Marys, really only a name and no settlement. There we started into the park and started climbing Logan Pass. It was still light and we could see the rugged cliffs, the snow and rocks. It is nothing like Yellowstone but I suppose one not used to mountains would get a big kick out of that trip.

Mr. Leonard seemed to get a bang out of it. He kept wishing his grandson was there to see the sights. He climbed out and felt of the snow as though he did not really believe it was really snow. We stopped a little and ate a sandwich but the sun was down and we had a long road before us before getting to any place where beds were available.

Down on the way we thought we saw fireflies but the lights proved to be electric bulbs shining through some underground. Must have been a road camp there for road improvements were under way. Down past Belton, the western entrance to the park we came to the junction with No. 2 again and followed it from there through Columbia Falls and on over one of the worst detours to Kamspel where we found a hotel and lodging. Hot, well, you can guess it was that night, and we probably noticed it the more having come so recently from among the snow on Logan pass.

It may have been at Elmo and possibly at Polson where we got breakfast. Anyway that was about the best breakfast we found on the route. Perhaps it was late, perhaps the hunger added an extra spice to the food, perhaps the pretty waitress sort of gave it the extra flavor—who knows? Anyway, we were getting back into God's country, the air was different than that back on the dusty prairies, vegetation was abundant and we felt much more at home on this side of the Rockies.

That was a wonderful drive along the west shore of Flathead lake that morning. Good road, pleasant scenery, the car running smoothly, we certainly enjoyed the morning hours. We were on our way to join up again with Route No. 10,

where we knew we should find good travelling. But we got steered off just to save a few miles. Every time that happens to us we firmly resolve that we never will be led off again. But the next time it is the same old story. We were at Ravalli. We were told there that if we were going west on No. 10 we should turn there and follow Montana State Road No. 3 almost to Parma where we should find a cut-off that would take us to St. Regis. "All the trucks go that way," "You can't miss it," and so on until we turned and followed their advice.

CEDAR MILL NEWS

By Girl Scout Troop No. 61

Russell Karan has purchased ten acres of the Clark place.

The Girl Scouts spent Armistice day studying nature in the woods.

Mr. R. R. Haskell is recovering from a severe attack of influenza.

Eleven guests were present at a birthday dinner given in honor of Art Schulz by Mrs. J. Walters Tuesday evening.

T. A. Fleckes of San Francisco and P. H. Fleckes and family formerly of Gresham are now residing in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pearson, Miss Jean Grebe, and Mr. Ray Peterson spent Sunday making a trip around Mt. Hood Loop.

Mrs. Maude Morse, who is a teacher at the University of Oregon is to speak to a group of adults at the Cedar Mills school.

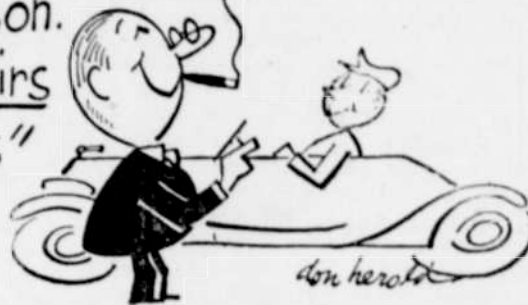
The Bethany, Cedar Mill and Phillips Churches are joining to present a performance of "Prisoner at the Bar," a "murder trial."

Members of the cast are: Judge, Rev. T. A. Leger; prosecuting attorney, Clyde Hammerly; defense attorney, Henry H. Kurath; prisoner's daughter, Marion Dickman; sheriff, George Findley; finger print expert, Arthur Gould; Court Clerk, Rev. B. M. Fresenborg; star witness, Mrs. Sam Rich; Court Bailiff,

1-MINUTE SAFETY TALKS

By Don Herold

"The makers of that car have put a lot of brains into it, Son. Match theirs with yours"



DON'T GET "OFF" THE AUTOMOBILE

The automobile is here to stay—and I'm glad of it.

There isn't a greater crank in the world than I am on the subject of careful driving, but, at the same time, there isn't a greater friend of the automobile.

The automobile puts zest into modern life. It gives the city dweller the country and it gives the country dweller the city. I thoroughly enjoy a long motor trip. And I don't need to defend the motor car as a pure transportation device for transaction of business and movements of merchandise.

Automobiles are away ahead of most of the people who drive them.

The mounting toll of automobile

killings and injuries leads some folks to say that "something will have to be done about automobiles."

I say that something will have to be done about people.

Statistics gathered by The Travelers Insurance Company show that in a relatively small percentage of accidents it is the car's fault. A car is not to blame if its owner has neglected its brakes, lamps or tires—or if he drives like a wild Indian on a rampage.

A car is not to blame if its owner abuses the power it gives him, regards it as a toy instead of a fine transportation instrument, or gets drunk on speed instead of practicing caution and discretion and moderation when he takes his wheel.

NUTS AND DOLTS



"You Always Said You Got the Breaks"

Happy is the cock-sure driver who feels that Lady Luck rides with him and that he will always get the breaks. Happy, that is, until the inevitable emergency arises and the fickle Lady ducks out on him.

At high speeds, it doesn't take much to make a car leave the roadway. A moment's inattention, a badly banked curve, a hole in the pavement, a sudden swerve—

any of these may prove fatal to the driver who depends on his luck.

Almost 3,400 persons were killed in that way last year, according to Travelers Insurance Company records. Nearly 65,000 others were injured. In nearly every case the driver had only himself to blame, for no other cars were involved.

Good drivers don't depend on luck. They depend on skill, and everlasting alertness.

Business Places To Patronise IN BEAVERTON

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes

Geoff Hayes