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J. H. HULETT, EDITOR

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DAD'S STORY

We took that chap's advice at Ravalli and went across to No. 10. He described the place where we would leave Montana No. 3, which we were to travel for a certain number of miles until we came right close to a big white bridge. Then turn sharply to the left and we would not find a very good road for a little but we would save miles and miles of travel if we were to go to Spokane. We heard for the last time on that trip the familiar, "you can't miss it!" that the Treasure states take their leave with.

We didn't miss it, that is we found the turn all right, the big white bridge being altogether to big to get past without its forcing itself on one's attention. We drove into a farm yard where we had to slow down in order to let the sheep and cattle get up from their midday rest. The ducks waddled out of the way, quacking in their peculiar manner, and I'll bet they were thinking, "Old fellow, you'll drive slower than you are now before getting out at St. Regis."

Right at the farm yard we came to the bank of Clark's Fork of the Flathead river. That at first that we were in for fording the stream and was on the point of backing out when we noticed a sharp turn and down alongside the barn we crawled, just soon enough between the barn and river bank to get past. Well, that is a sample of what we endured for twenty miles. It took us two hours to drive that stretch.

At one place we headed right at the stream and stopped at what appeared to be the jumping-off-place. Well, the stream did not look too deep to ford, but getting down into it seemed to be quite a problem. We got out and looked the situation over. At last we noticed someone coming across the stream and knew that a ferry boat was going to take us across. The ferry arrived and we sized it up.

That ferry consisted of two scows fastened together with planks onto which we drove with trepidation. Seemed like any time one of those scows might take a notion to go one way and the other the other way. Parting company seemed the most likely thing for them to do. But there was one consolation, the river did not seem to be deep enough to do any more damage than getting water into the carburetor. So we go across. It was a sign of gratitude we heaved and so grateful we were to a kind Providence that we offered to pay the young chap for bringing us to that bank. But he declined with thanks, said that he was a CCC lad, that they were not permitted to take any tips and that the ferry was maintained by the state highway department in co-operation with the U.S. Forestry service.

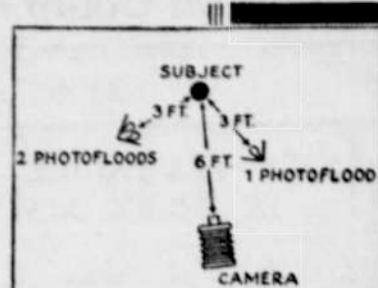
The only car we met on that trip across from Perma to St. Regis was a car drawn up at the side of the road just as we got off that ferry. There were stretches of miles (that is the way it seemed) that two cars could not possibly have passed, the rocks on one side and the river on the other would have made it impossible. Considering what that chap back at Ravalli told us of the number of trucks and cars that took this particular short cut, it is a marvel that we did not meet at least a dozen trucks. Had we done so we probably should have been obliged to one of us back up, incredibly long distances. But luck was with us, so we thought.

And we kept on thinking it as long as we were crawling along the banks of that stream but as soon as we got across the ferry and out on what promised to be a level country we noticed smoke coming up thru the floor boards. Had been smelling something for some distance but that smoke drove us out and to ripping out the floor to see what was the matter. We found that we had failed to open the emergency brake quite enough and that the smoke was coming from the brake drum, which in this car was located on the drive shaft just back of the transmission.

That was a small matter. All we had to do was shove the emergency brake lever ahead as far as it would go and we did

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

IT'S THANKSGIVING TIME



Doesn't this tell a story of a full "tummy"?



It is always open season for snapshotting but it seems that holidays and special events always bring out an army of amateur photographers. This is as it should be too for a snapshot will give you a graphic account of the occasion which otherwise might be forgotten in a few years.

Thanksgiving is not only our next holiday but also next to the last in 1935. We should take full advantage of this opportunity for taking story-telling pictures.

Customs do change as years pass by but Thanksgiving activities change but little. The family still gather around the table and eat turkey and all the "fixins" until everyone is uncomfortable, sleepy and feels like he doesn't want to see food for a month. Thanksgiving football games are still in order and many of us continue to visit our favorite aunt or grandmother who may live in the country or small town. Thanksgiving day also finds many hunters scouting the woods and fields for their favorite game.

All of these various Thanksgiving Day activities offer unlimited opportunities for interesting story-telling pictures in and outdoors. A few suggestions for such pictures should not be amiss at this time.

Of course there will be the usual number of "record" pictures, that is, the family group all lined up, facing the camera in much the same manner as prisoners facing the firing squad; Jimmy standing like a statue or baby Marie dolled up in a new dress when she appears much cuter in her rompers.

There's no denying that such pictures merit a niche in the snapshot album as a matter of record but

why not demonstrate a little personal ingenuity and snap a few real story-telling pictures?

For instance, look at the picture above. We see little Jane sinking her tiny baby teeth into the luscious, juicy "drumstick" as she does a little "darning" on the side. Isn't it a real story-telling picture?

With modern-day super sensitive panchromatic film and Photoflood or Photoflash bulbs you can take pictures indoors with any camera. To take snapshots such as the one above it is necessary to use a camera with an f.6.3 lens or faster. This is the way to do it. Place the camera, as shown in the diagram, six feet from your subject. Place two ordinary floor lamps at positions shown in diagram with shades slightly tilted so as to throw the light directly on your subject. Place two Photoflood bulbs in the lamp to the left and one in the lamp to the right.

With the diaphragm set at f.6.3 and the shutter at 1/25 of a second you are ready to shoot. With slower lenses, set the camera on a solid support and make a quick time exposure.

When shades on home lamps cannot be tilted, remove the shade. In such cases, some kind of reflector back of the lights will throw considerable more light forward.

Don't forget these important, story-telling pictures on Thanksgiving Day. Load your camera with super sensitive panchromatic film; get some Photoflood bulbs, which can be purchased from almost any store selling photographic supplies, and be ready for many pictures and a lot of fun.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

It and went on. Soon we came to the hard surface of No. 10 at St. Regis. It was already noon and we were hungry but there seemed no place to buy eats.

We drove along a ways and soon noticed the engine getting warm. We were climbing up Lookout Pass towards the top of Blue Mountains, the hardest climb that confronted us on that route. We remembered how we had been obliged to push the old flivver up the other side back in 1918. And how the big sedan had hooted us out of the way when going down the east slope on that trip. We could almost pick out the exact place where we had pulled to the side of the road to let the big thing past, almost but not quite. The road has changed too much.

At a sharp curve we noticed a pipe coming out from what appeared to be a spring and we stopped to change the water in the radiator. The water we had in was steaming something fierce. Stopped a minute and chatted with the man and woman who had a house right beside the roadside spring. Then thanked him for his water and his kindness and drove on. That dinner the woman was cooking made us doubly hungry.

Just on the west side of the top of the "Camel's Hump" as they call it, we stopped for lunch. Hot, say, the black surface of that highway was just oozing heat. Furnaces seldom get much hotter. A man sat out in front of the building as we stopped. He had a hose wetting down the steps, the pavement and the sides of the building. Some one had wet down floor inside the building.

I got an oyster stew, the others had ham sandwiches. Also I had a glass of beer. But Mr. Leonard would not taste the stuff. I thought it cleared out the thirsty condition I could feel in my throat. Perhaps it was just a notion, but it seemed to me it helped quench my thirst more than just water.

As I left I asked the man with the hose if he thought it was going to freeze soon. "Well, it got down to 28 last night and I'll bet it will be that cold tonight." Could one believe him? But going from the sun into the shade at that elevation, one notices a big difference in the temperature. Of course, the highway did not provide shade at

that time of day. Some day, when I get elected President, I'll have the highways sheltered like they shelter some bridges. Don't you think that would be a great idea?

On the way down to Mullan I tried to locate just the spots where we had pushed the flivver up in 1918 but failed utterly. The switch-back was entirely unrecognizable though I did imagine that at one place I could see the bones of an old car that had gone off the bank. There were bones in plenty when we climbed that pass on that trip.

At Mullan the mines were working and we could see just a little of what they were doing but not much. Drove under one place where two buildings were connected together by an overhead passage. Then after Mullan the road flattened out and we were in Wallace almost before we were aware of it. Got some gas there at a service station that stood in the shade. It was quite comfortable there though, out on the pavement the sun was blistering hot.

The drive to Couer d'Alene seemed exceedingly long. There was little change of scenery and no grades to speak of though when we travelled that route before there were plenty of grades. Seemed as though they had moved the road from the hills along the shore of the lake for quite a distance.

We hurried on through that country hoping to get to Dr.

Johnston's for supper. As we got into Washington and approached Spokane we had to inquire the way. There used to be only one road between these points but now there are three, all paved and in fine shape.

Got some surprise when we got to the Doctor's home. No one at home when we got there. We looked all around the place, then went to a neighbor's house and inquired. The Doctor had company from Illinois. The company had arrived the previous evening and they had all gone for a drive. Well, we thought of pulling up into the yard and camping there. But things at home were not in condition so one could stop long. Has not heard from there since leaving Michigan and we were restless so we borrowed some paper and a pencil from the Doctor's neighbor and wrote him a note, stuck it under the door and went on to Spokane where we lost our way and had to inquire the way to Wilbur though we had driven that road in years past numerous times. Finally we found the road signs, U.S. No. 10 and following them headed

for Davenport. Fellows and Wilbur. At Wilbur we stayed all night. Had quite a time getting any rooms and we finally ended up by my sleeping in the car and the passengers sleeping at a private house to which the hotel keeper took them. They told us there that lodging had been scarce since the Grand Coulee dam had been under construction.

The night cop told us that our lights were not working, and that if a state police officer caught us we might have a fine to pay. We, however, have not yet been apprehended though we have made no change in the lighting system. But you never can tell. Perhaps next time we are caught out late it might happen.

Real Estate Transfers

Mary Boy to R. J. Kaster et ux. 20 acres in Sec. 19 T1N R2W. Paul Heuschkel to Frank W. Fointer et al. 47.18 acres Sec. 2 T2N R2W. Tillie Schroeder Brumels et

RIVER CHEATED

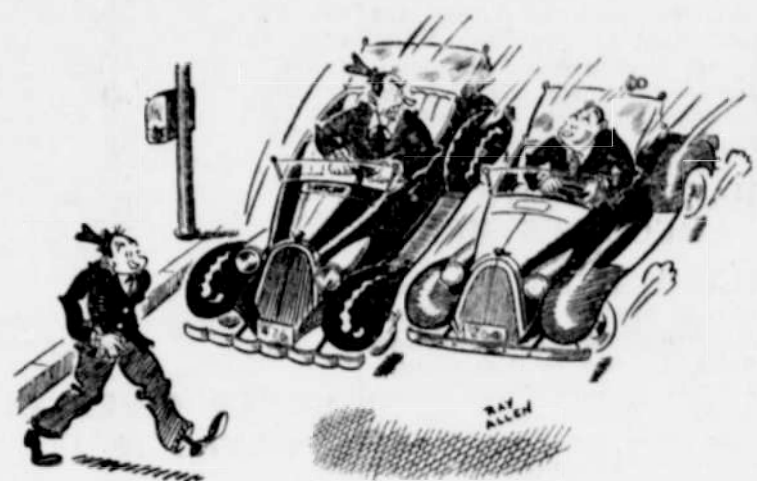
At that hour this man's body would have been in the waters of the Willamette. Instead there he was kneeling up front in the Mission hall pouring out his prayer in rich rounded tones and in no mean choice of words.

As usual in the fall, the place was crowded and under the spell of the prayer going up, the men sat in respectful awe. One of their number was confessing his deliverance from self-destructive and along with it crying for help. It was such a prayer as the Apostle Paul made behind closed doors when he laid hold on the God of mercy for deliverance from that thorn in the flesh. —Too holy and intimate was that prayer for outside ears and yet the man prayed on.

When he arose and the line began to move out from the benches and to shuffle toward the coffee, he told his story. Liquor had him and along with the curse of the thing, he felt a shame. For —Back in the old country was his father holding high office in the state church. "And I studied for the priesthood myself." Which accounted for his choice of words. There is a big swing of the pendulum from the father in high service abroad to the son in the grip of grog and about to end it all off the Burnside bridge.

"How I came in here I do not know," the man told us. But God knew and the river was cheated. And now we ask a question—Do you sleep under warm coverlets tonight? Then lift a prayer for this man and his kind who wander and sink unless we pray them through. And do you believe in Jesus Christ through whom prayers for wayward sons are answered? —Christ was a great teacher.

NUTS AND BOLTS



Pity the poor pedestrian! There's a closed season on most game, but it's always open season on him.

Most states set aside game preserves for the hunted, but where is he to take refuge?

He has neither the fleetness of the rabbit nor the cunning of the fox; he is at the mercy of any

who, with that deadly weapon known as a speeding automobile, choose to hunt him down.

His ranks were depleted by more than 16,000 last year, according to Travelers Insurance Company statistics. Something must be done to protect him, else the race may become extinct.

1-MINUTE SAFETY TALKS

By Don Herold



SPOTTED FERVOR

Automobile accident prevention improved greatly in spots in the United States in 1935, although the country as a whole was almost as bad as it was the year before.

Deaths from automobile accidents for the whole country in 1935 totaled 36,100, according to The Travelers Insurance Company—one per cent more than in 1934. But five per cent more cars were registered, so the national record was slightly improved—not much.

In certain localities, however, the toll was reduced BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF.

Exceptional records were made by Providence, R. I., Evanston, Ill., Lynn, Mass., Syracuse, N. Y., Allentown, Pa., Greensboro, N. C., Hoboken, N. J., Lansing, Mich., and Pittsfield, Mass.

This spotted improvement is something about which to be glad. If accidents can be markedly decreased in

spots, they can be equally decreased nationally . . . eventually. If they can be decreased in spots, it proves they CAN BE decreased.

As soon as the public accepts the fact that automobile accidents are a disease that can be stamped out like smallpox and are not merely a calamity that has to be TAKEN, then the battle will be half won.

Get behind the safety movement in your town. Make—or keep—your town one of the spots. Ten dollars subtracted here and there will soon add up to several thousand on a national basis.

And you, yourself, can be a safety "spot" all by yourself. You may not be able to improve on your 1935 record, but you may be able to improve on your 1936 record. Most of us have our accident and death or injury AHEAD OF US—AND THAT is the accident prevention in which we are most interested, after all.

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AFTER THE HONEYMOON

By Geoff Hayes

