

Young Salmon Caught All Winter Near Victoria



THE "LIONS," VANCOUVER.



YOUNG B. C. SALMON

RAINBOWS NEAR ASHCROFT, B.C.

GRILSE AT VICTORIA

Vancouver Island, on the Pacific coast of Canada, is one of the few places where the angler can fish every day throughout the year. If he is wise, he goes to Victoria and makes that his headquarters, and after arming himself with the necessary local information he settles down to enjoy the grilse fishing. Grilse are the young salmon on their first return to salt water and vary in size from a foot and a half to three feet in length and in weight from three to five pounds, according to the season of the year. They are lively fish and good fighters, and grilse fishing ranks as one of the most thrilling forms of the angler's art.

In the waters around Vancouver Island, grilse fishing is popular from October to May. Many people troll with a brass, silver or nickel spoon or spinner on a light line with a few ounces of lead. Others use worms behind a four or five-inch Cowichan spoon, and some get the best of sport with a light rod and fly. Grilse fight with all the vigor and persistency of the full-grown salmon, and they are caught in all parts of the sea lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland.

One of the best localities for this sport lies between Cowichan Bay, Mill Bay and Port Hardy and Esquimalt. The best days for grilse fishing are bright sunny ones, with a temperature of from 40 to 60 degrees, and a calm sea. In order to have real good sport at grilse fishing it is essential to use very light tackle and a 100-yard line is much better than a shorter one. With heavy tackle and a stiff poker of a rod it ceases to be sport and becomes merely netting fish.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The girls of our High Schools took high honors during basketball season. The girls were given hard scheduled practices under the able supervision of Mrs. Broderson and Miss Isbister. The team lost only one game out of the eight games they played. They played some of the hardest teams in the State and one team from out of the State. The line-up was as follows:

Marie Leahy and Mabel McDonald, forwards; Myrtle Johnson, jumping center; Elsie Whitworth; side center; Lilly Leahy and Dorothy McMichael, guards.

The substitutes were Margaret Linton, Rose Eickmeyer, Anna and Hanna Young and Mary Crabtree.

The games scheduled were: Jan. 13, Beaverton, 15; Hillsboro, 27; Jan. 18, Beaverton, 31; McMinnville, 5; Jan. 21, Beaverton, 27; Newberg, 14; Feb. 1, Beaverton, 40; Hillsboro, 14; Feb. 4, Beaverton, 34; Sellwood, 6; Feb. 8, Beaverton, 28; McMinnville, 11; Feb. 11, Beaverton, 32; Battleground, 26; Feb. 18, Beaverton, 23; Newberg, 15.

Total score for Beaverton, 230 total score for opponents, 118. The average score of Beaverton, 28% to their opponents 14%.

For the past eight years, Beaverton has held the County championship. For the last two years their records have justified their claim for State Championship. No games to decide this honor is allowed in Oregon. One of the outstanding games of the year was the one with Battleground. The Battleground team claimed the championship of Washington and expected to come over here and easily take Oregon's Championship. They came to Beaverton and were defeated by a score of 32 to 26. This held them back from going East to participate in the games for the Northwest Championship. —Myrtle Johnson, Assistant Sport Editor.

Marie Leahy was a bright little thing, aged four, when her mother presented her with twin brothers, and at last she was allowed to see the new babies. Silently she inspected them as they lay in their cots, then looked in a puzzled way to her mother and asked, "Was I two when I was a baby?"

JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

The Juniors entertained the Senior class and the alumni at Prom given in Huber Hall last Friday evening.

The room was beautifully decorated carrying out a Spanish scheme of vine-covered colonnades. Soft lights played upon the scene and added a mysterious effect to it. A peppy orchestra perfected the evening's pleasure. Every one left with a jolly word for the Junior class.

Beaverton won three second places and one third place at the Oratorical Contest held in Hillsboro May 16.

Kenneth Weed led the declamation contest in delivery. His speech was very exceptional. High schools of Beaverton, Hillsboro and Forest Grove are in the first division of the contest in this county.

William McCready won first in committed orations. Mabel McNutt of Forest Grove was first in the original poetry and Robert Kelly of Hillsboro was first in committed poetry.

For the original prose, Jessie Shattuck of Hillsboro and Kenneth Wood of Beaverton tied for second place. For committed orations, Irene Stalder of Beaverton and for original poetry, Roseane Rankin of Beaverton won second.

"Rastus, what am dat thing flyin' 'round mah haid?" "Dat am a horse fly, Sambo. Dey fly 'round horses and jackasses."

"Does you-all mean to 'sinuate dat I'm a jackass, big boy?" "No, I don't mean to 'sinuate nothin' but you can't fool a horse fly, Sambo."

A worried minister published the following soliloquy in his church bulletin: "I am ten cents. I'm too small to buy a quart of oil; too small to buy one-half pound of candy. I'm too small to buy a ticket to a good movie; even too small to buy a box of undetectable rouge. But when I come to church most people consider me Some Money."

Herbert K.: "Did that man make the horse, Mummy?" Mrs. Keahn: "Certainly not, dear."

Herbert: "That's funny. I just saw him tack the feet on."

DO YOU KNOW

That failure to lubricate regularly sends more motor cars to the junk yard than any other single cause?

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This is Raymond Harrison's hard luck story:

I asked a young lady if me she would wed. And saw a cute gleam In her eye as she said, "Go ask Father."

Now she knew that I knew That her Father was dead; And she knew that I knew What a life he had led, So she knew that I knew What she meant when she said, "Go ask Father."

We wonder who the young lady is, students—don't you? There was a man from Calcutta He talked with a terrible stut He screwed up his face When he went to say Grace, And blew his false teeth in the butta.

A pompous person was telling how much he had seen and how far he had traveled. "Excuse me sir," said one of his hearers, "but have you ever had delirium tremens?" "Certainly not," indignantly replied the talker. "I've never had delirium tremens in my life."

"Then," the other declared positively, "you ain't been nowhere nor you ain't seen nowhere."

Woman In Auto—"Good gracious, son, we've just run over some poor man! Stop! Stop!" Driver—"Keep still, mother, you'll make everyone think this is the first time we were ever out in a car."

IT SEEMS TO ME

That the father of a family always tries to bring up his children in the way he should have gone.

That a smile strikes in as well as out.

That a knacker is a mortgage on his home town, and every other citizen is paying interest on him.

That the guilty conscience needs no press agent.

That all things are more apt to come to those who do not just wait for them.

That a right minded man has at least as many excuses for the faults of his wife as he has for his car.

That if some people didn't talk about what they were going to do, they wouldn't have anything to talk about.

That chronic kidders are usually kids mentally.

That ability is important. So is Stay-bility.

Mrs. Broderson: "Lilly, how do you know that Evangeline was the first wicked poem in America?"

Lilly L.: "Why, doesn't Longfellow say, 'This is the first (wicked) prime evil. (prime-val?)'"

Tis said Peaches made a peachy d8. What cause had she 2 care? She'd love him at a fearful 88. He was a 1,022,000aire.

"Clarence," she called. He stopped the car and looked around.

"I am not accustomed to call my chauffeurs by their first names. Clarence, what is your surname?"

"Darling, madam."

"Drive on, Clarence."

GOIN' HOME

(Respectfully dedicated to all those who have never ridden in a "school bus.")

'Tis four o'clock and the bus arrives with a sound of screeching brakes and skidding wheels. Following a mad scramble, the crowd piles in. "Piles" suits the situation for the little ones are trampled under the feet of the incoming horde.

"This seat is saved to Virginia," she went back for her books.

"Well, she should have stayed. Snooze, make him let me sit there."

"Say! Get offa my feet! They were given to me for me to walk on, not you."

"Well, why don't you keep outa my way, ya big stiff?"

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The bus—starting with a jerk—has hit its first stride—sends us all about a foot forward.

"Hey, wait a second! Dot is—here yet."

"Well, let her wait fer Jim. We ain't got any more room."

Snooze proceeds to stop, while Dot comes flying down the walk, her arms full of books—as usual. . . . Don't be misled—I didn't say "school books" known reason, and a "Hey, we missed that one, Snooze."

Yes, the daily riders have each and every bump tabulated and know something is wrong if one is missed. We stop to let Genevieve off.

"Let's get some apples, Snooze."

"Well, hop off, you funny looking apes, we ain't got all night."

"Just take one," comes weakly from Genevieve. Two or three brazen ones get out and return with their arms full of rosy red apples, not to mention the wormy ones.

"Gimme one! Say this one is full of worm holes."

"Say, you big pig, don't you stick 'em all in yer pocket."

Snooze refuses to start un-

til at last we are off—but not to their ideas of comfort!

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quite place—around Victor. A certain number are sitting on other's laps but don't know at what minute they may be shifted to someone else's lap or to the floor.

"Did you get your geometry?"

"Criminy me! I wonder what he thinks we are."

"Don't forget to come to choir practice tonight."

"Can't. Goin' to a show."

All goes well for the distance of one mile, with an occasional yell from someone for some until he is rewarded, for waiting, with the largest apples.

Nothing is heard but crunching until Lester starts up a love ditty, to his shy Victor. Vic. responds and the rest of them groan and wish unearthly things on them.

The bus suddenly comes to a stop throwing all of them forward, and after many exclamations, and a last "Don't forget to study," they disperse each in his own direction.

—Mary Crabtree.

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AN OPPORTUNITY

The editor of a newspaper can help the community in a great many ways—if it has the confidence of the community. But if the editor has to stand on the street corner and get his impressions of the wishes of the community from what he hears on that corner, he is not very well grounded in his knowledge of what the community needs.

And in order that the editor may do his best for his community he must know where to locate the sources of information that he must have in order to express the desires, the ambitions, the ideals of the community as a whole. When he asks for information regarding this or that he must be supplied with accurate data, not with an array of suppositions or opinions.

The editor of this newspaper has never closed its columns to anything that was offered in good faith, with no axe to grind.

When this paper was first founded in 1922, there was an almost absolute ignorance of where, what or why Beaverton, so far as surrounding communities were concerned. The "Mystery House" showed to a very small house because the Review was not informed of facts. The Tunnel Election carried because of the Review's efforts and there are a lot of other matters that are a credit to this community have been done because of the Review, not to mention that Portland is looking to the Valley to the West because the Review sponsored the adoption of a slogan you have often seen, which says in part, "Let Portland Grow West." Hard money went into the contest as a result of which that slogan was written.

THE BEAVERTON REVIEW