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DEMOCRACY OR REPUBLIC

In these days we hear a lot a-
bout our Democratic form of gov-
ernment. Perhaps it may be in or-
der to inquire just what constitutes
a democracy and a republic.

In the days when we went to
the little old log school house they
taught civil government as one of
the branches that were necessary
to have some knowledge of be-
fore one could become a good citi-
zen. That civil government con-
tained the Constitution of the U-
nited States of America with a
few questions and answers. There
were no long theses of the growth
of government or of the relation
of the citizen to his government
but there was the Declaration of
Independence and The Constitution.

One of the first requirements
when we took up the study of
civil government was to repeat the
Preamble of the Constitution. "We
the People of the United States,
in order to form a more perfect
union, establish justice, insure
domestic tranquility, provide for
the common defence, promote the
general welfare and secure the bless-
ings of liberty to ourselves and our
posterity, do ordain and establish
this Constitution for the United
States of America."

Then in studying Article LV,
Section 4, we learned that "The
United States shall guarantee to
every State in this Union a Repub-
lican form of government." Not a
word about a democratic form of
government. Had the framers of
the Constitution meant a democ-
ratic form of government they
quite likely had the vocabulary to
have said what they meant and
put right there "a Democratic form
of government."

Having studied through the Con-
stitution we were asked such ques-
tions as, "What is a Republican
form of government", and the an-
swer was, "A government where
there are representatives elected to
make the laws." Following that
found a question something like
this, "What is a democratic form
of government?" and the answer
was, "A government where the
people meet together and make
the laws that govern them."

Now, these definitions are borne
out by the modern dictionaries.
These dictionaries however say that
there never was a true democracy,
but that republics have been es-
tablished from time to time in dif-
ferent parts of the world, notably
in Italy, Greece, France, Switzer-
land, United States of America,
etc.

Is it that our Democratic friends
have stolen a march on us and re-
named this country a "Democracy"
or why do we hear spoken of so
often and read so frequently of our
"Democratic" institutions, govern-
ment, ideals?

When we hear such remarks we
feel like raring up on our hind
legs and shouting that "This is a
Republic, our institutions are Re-
publican and we are Republicans,
whether we like it or not."

DAD'S STORY

Our arch faced the north, the di-
rection from which the prevailing
winds were likely to blow at that
season of the year. At the back or
south end there was an old oven
from a certain kind of cook stove
that was then in use, an elevated
oven. This cast from iron had a
lining in it when the stove was
used for cooking but this lining-
had been removed and the box-like
affair had been set up close to
the back end of the pan. On the
oven was a short stove pipe which
seemed to help the arch to draw.
Those who build a fire out in the
open know the beauty of having
the draft always in the right di-
rection. This was made possible in
our sugar bush by means of this
oven and stove-pipe perched on
the back end of the arch.

But one year the wind persisted
in blowing from the south. The
clearing was much closer the arch
than when it had been first built
there and we were under the nec-
essity of carrying boards from
the house and building up a tem-
porary wind break so the arch
could draw.

Those of our neighbors who
rolled two logs near each other,
placed their pan on the logs and
built their fire between the logs
had the laugh on us that year,
but not often.

Coffee made from the sap of the
maple was one of the luxuries of
those days for few people had the
means of buying white sugar and
also few had the ability to make
and keep the maple sugar from
year to year so that there was
enough of the sweet stuff to meet
all requirements.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
Maybe You're a Member Without Knowing It!



No matter how good a likeness a picture may be, "sparkle" adds charm. There is life in the left hand picture with the light streaming down over the boy's shoulder; the light in the other picture is "flat" and uninteresting.

If you have ever made snap-
shots, and puzzled over the
sheer magic of them—
If you've ever said, "What a
picture that would make!" and
then neglected to take it—
If you've discovered that pic-
ture making is one of the most
satisfying hobbies—

THEN you are a member, auto-
matically, of the Snapshot Guild.
Never heard of the Snapshot
Guild? Well, maybe, but the Guild
has existed, without a name, for a
long time. You can spot its mem-
bers by their alert eyes—eyes
which see striking pictures where
ordinary folks see nothing of inter-
est—their cameras and their frank
impatience while they wait for the
delivery of a new batch of finished
films and prints.

Chances are, you've been a mem-
ber for some time.
This is the first time we of the
Snapshot Guild, as such, have ever
attempted to gossip, in print, about
our mutual pleasures and problems.
Oh, yes, there are—and have been—
plenty of magazines and books and
scientific articles about photogra-
phy, but they are pretty much con-
cerned with deep technicalities.
With that sort of thing we do not
need to bother too much, because
we can get along without most of it,
and, with a little attention to simple
suggestions, get what we all want—
better, more pleasing pictures.

This time, for a starter, let's con-
sider this point. Why do some snap-
shots have life and sparkle, while
others do not?

Disregarding, for the moment, the
influence of over- or under-exposure
(the new films take care of much of
that, anyway), it simmers down to a
matter of lighting, particularly the
angle and direction of the light.
It's still a pretty good rule to shoot
with the sun over your shoulder,
but—for more striking results—try
working at angles, shooting across
the light.
For example, in the later after-
noon when, of course, light is com-
ing from the west, try aiming at your
subject from the north or south. In
this way you get strong lighting on
the side toward the sun plus definite
shadows on the other side.

Look over some of your prints.
See if the best of them don't have
this characteristic: some bits of
pure white, some of deep black and
a lot of intermediate tones. The
prints that are all gray will be the
unsatisfactory ones. Right?
Experiment with light angles.
You may even find that you can
shoot straight into the light, if you
shade the lens from the sun. In this
way, you'll get strong highlights
and very deep shadows. If that's
what you want—try it.

See you here next week. Mean-
time, happy hunting!

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

used. Often it was made a sort of
party and the young folks would
vie with each other to see who
could eat the most. Frequently this
frolic ended in one or more get-
ting deadly sick for maple sugar
taken into the human system in
too large quantities operates much
like any other delicacy that is
eaten too heavily, the eater gets
sick. But unlike the usual program
where the one amount gets stalled
or cloyed (we used to say "clyde")
and I wondered how it was spelled!)
the person getting sick from eat-
ing maple sugar never gets stalled.
As soon as the temporary sickness
has passed and the system has
been cleared of the excess sugar
the victim can eat more maple
sugar next time than ever before
and like it much better. No mat-
ter how sick one got he never
died, though he may have wished
to, the next party found him ready
to eat more of the sweet stuff.

The making of maple sugar was
practiced at the parties. A pan
was filled with ice or well-packed
snow and the boiling hot sugar
spread thinly over the surface.
This quickly cools and makes a
substance which no one ever has
found anything at all resembling.
There is no grain to it and when
you set your jaws firmly into the
wax there is no prying them loose
until the stuff melts. Try as you
will, you can't open your mouth.

It used to be considered great
sport to get a big lump of the
wax and having placed it in some-
dog's mouth force his jaws tight
on the confection. Nothing in my
experience has ever produced quite
the same effect and there is no
permanent injury done, only a lit-
tle sugar wasted.

At the time of which I write,
maple sugar brought little on the
market and the pioneers consider-
ed themselves fortunate if they
could dispose of their surplus at
all. At times some merchant would
trade white sugar for it at the
rate of one pound of the granu-
lated for two pounds of maple sug-
ar. Perhaps he used it in his own
family or perhaps he sent it to
his former home. There was no
established price and no one would
pay money for what they could
make for themselves.

Finally Father got able to se-
cure jobs in the winter and thus
earn money enough to purchase
white sugar for the use of the
family. But with the coming on
of the second generation the mak-
ing of maple sugar was revived
and so long as I lived at home
every spring we got out the buck-
ets and tapped the trees though
some of the operations were var-
ied. But we always used the same
arch though it had to be rebuilt
every spring, we never put up a
permanent camp but always stored
the buckets "overhead" in the old
log house.

One of the deviations was the
use of an auger to make the in-
cision in the tree and the pur-
chase of patented spiles which were
driven into the auger to hold the
sap. The tin buckets were sus-
pended from this patented spile but
we always had to set the wooden
pails on the ground, blocking them
up to make them sit level.
What havoc even a small herd
of cattle could make in a sugar
bush! Not a bucket in place after
they had gone through. This forced
the fencing of the sugar bush! Stealing
the barrels used for storage
became quite a pastime too. The
logging road ran through the sug-
ar bush and the wooden pails
would make quite handy things to
have around the farm so they dis-
appeared, one by one until we had
barely fifty left the last time I
tapped the bush. So to those in
the timber, the coming of civili-
zation took its toll even though
it brought compensations along in
its wake.

One of the conveniences was that
with thicker population you could
rent your sugar bush and get a
third, or perhaps a half of the run
for your share, depending on who
rented it and how, when and
where you took your rent.

It was always a sort of sad
time when the sap got buddy, or
the wind dried up the run and
we went about gathering the buck-
ets dipping them in syrup and
storing them away for the season.
Perhaps it was that it marked the
end of a jolly season, full of work,
action, sport and general good times.
Perhaps the gathering together is
harder than the scattering. At any

rate, we felt just a little sad for
with all the hard work there was
a rich reward in good times and good
things to eat. We went about the
gathering soberly, and there was
none of the enthusiasm shown that
had been so evident when we were
scattering the same buckets.

GOVERNMENT WISHES
TO CUT HOG CLAIMS

By Wm. F. Cyrus, Co. Agent

Hog contract signers of Wash-
ington County have been asking
and wondering why they have heard
no more about the application they
signed some few months ago. The
delay has been due to inability to
get a satisfactory quota set for
the State. If the state of Oregon
had accepted the original quota pro-
posed by officials who had author-
ity to set the state quota, then
Washington County farmers would
have had their claims, as to the
number of hogs produced, cut some-
where around 50%, maybe more.
The State Board of Review refused
to accept this figure feeling that
the supporting evidence turned in
by farmer applicants warranted the
claims in most instances, and that
their stand for a higher state
quota was justified.

Various conferences have been
held with representatives sent here
from other states to look into the
situation. To date nothing definite
has been accomplished although
headway has been made. A little
more than two weeks ago, repre-
sentatives of the Bureau, having
in charge this question of quotas,
visited Washington County for one
afternoon and looked over a few
contracts. The people in charge of
this group displayed a very appar-
ent lack of understanding of local
conditions. Apparently, the special
investigators work on the assump-
tion that every farmer padded his
claim and that their function here
is to cut every contract unless the
evidence is of such a nature that
it absolutely could not be shaken
in any respect. The fact that these
contracts were gone over by local
committees, neighbors of the
contract signers, that the produc-
tion figures were published in the
newspapers, and that the claims
were finally approved by the allot-
ment committee of three farmers
of this county, bears no weight.
Undoubtedly, the situation will be
settled one way or the other very
soon. Just what the outcome may

be no one can foretell at this time.
If contract signers are forced to
take the proposed cut in their
claims, as it would seem that they
may have to do, there will be a lot
of Washington County farmers
who made applications who would
be unable to comply as they made
their original reduction based upon
the claim as submitted and with a
reduced quota they would find
themselves confronted with the
problem of getting rid of, without
marketing, pigs that had been far-
rowed or are about to farrow on
these farms. As things now stand
these people are insisting that the
claims be cut as much as 20 per
cent even in those instances where
such claims are supported by high
class evidence including receipts of
purchases. Some claims would be
cut even more and some eliminated.
The Washington County committee,
as well as the State committee,
feel that claims as submitted by
farmers are generally just and re-
present hog production of this
county. They feel that slight dis-
crepancies may exist and are not
unwilling to make reasonable ad-
justments.

People in Washington County
concerned with the hog reduction
program feel that the whole situa-
tion is brought up or caused by
misunderstanding on the part of
minor bureau officials regarding
production conditions in the Pac-
ific Northwest.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Pauline Shaver accompanied
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Casto and
family to Lake Samamish near Se-
attle, Wash., Thursday, where they
will attend the annual Bible con-
ference for the next ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Wood spent
the week-end visiting with their
son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and
Mrs. Robert Wood, at Milton, Ore-
gon. They were accompanied home
by their son, Billy, who had been
visiting up there the past two weeks.

Mrs. F. J. Felsher entertained a
group of little girls at her home
Thursday afternoon, in honor of
her little daughter, Janet's, 6th
birthday. Games and refreshments
with a birthday cake delighted the
little folks present, who were as
follows, Lois and Shirley Olson,
Margaret and Jean Hanson, Val
Jean Madsen, Patsy Miller, Ida
and Janet Felsher.

Business Places To Patronize
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Most people do not like to think
of making their will. However it
is important to attend to it while
you are well and can give it plenty
of thought. Doy Gray has had
years of experience in making
wills and will be glad to help you.
His office is in the Rossi bldg.

G. A. COBB
Attorney at Law
HEDGE BUILDING, BEAVERTON

"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger