

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Following the sugar making time
came the time for cutting and
getting in the wood for the sum-
mer. The maple and beech of that
northern clime made fuel which is
seldom surpassed for quality. There
was no burning of pine, only to
start the fire, nor of hemlock, nor
of spruce, nor fir, and not much
of elm or basswood or linden as
it is known in other parts of the
world. There was cedar in the
swamps but it was used only for
fence posts and no one thought of
gathering it for fire wood.

There came a time when the map-
le buds had started sufficiently to
give that unpleasant tang to the
sap which is known as "boddy".
Then we gathered the buckets and
hied forth into the woods to cut
wood. Perhaps the snow would be
all gone and perhaps there might
be spots of the white mantle but
the ground was not yet quite in
a condition for the plow. Then
we cut wood and got it up to the
house, with ours usually piled up
outside the kitchen door, but the
more provident of the neighbors
had wood sheds constructed in
which they housed their fuel.

At the time of which I write
the selecting of a specimen to cut
for wood called for quite a keen
judgment of what the characteris-
tics of the tree would be when
opened up. First the grain must be
straight so that it would split easi-
ly. We used only the single bit
axe for both chopping and split-
ting. Nobody used a wedge except-
ing in splitting rails and there were
few of those made for the timber
which was of such a nature
that it would rot in a couple of
years or would last not to exceed
ten years when made into rails for
a fence. Of course some farmers
made rails and laid up a fence in
the regulation snake trail fashion
but we had few rails on our farm.

The firewood was cut into stove
lengths in the woods, there being
no one who liked to buck up wood,
nor had they the time when farm-
ing operations got under way.
Eighteen, twenty, or twenty-two
inches was the regulation length
for the cutting of wood. The stoves
there all had fireboxes two feet
long or longer and the wife liked
to have a stick long enough so
that it would "not fall down in
the ashes on the hearth."

And that reminds me that the
stoves had a much differently con-
structed firebox than is found in
the modern ranges and cook stoves
now found in the modern kitchens.
The old elevated oven type of
cook stove was unique and with
my limited vocabulary I do not
think it advisable to attempt the
description. The cook stove of that
period was much more the type
of the modern kitchen range but
had several differences even from
the cook stove of recent years.
The principal difference was that
the fuel lay flat on the bottom of
the firebox, enclosed on four sides
in solid iron, on the top the stove
lids and in front two doors, or
sometimes only one with openings
and slides to cover them, called
draughts. There was no open grate
on the bottom and front. If there
was, by chance, any grate at all,
it was a supplemental arrangement
placed at the front. The pipe went
up from the middle of the back
side of the stove proper. There
may have been or there may not
have been a "reservoir" at the back
and in that case the pipe usually
ascended in front of it.

So much for the stoves that
served for cooking or baking. In
many cases in the eighties that
was all the stove there was in
the house. But when there was an-
other for heating purposes it was
the box type. The tall, round type
being called "bar-room stoves" and
of course had no place in the farm
home.

The maple held first place as a
fuel. When dry it burned with an
intense heat, made a fine bed of
coals which held the fire well and
had more "body" to it than the
lighter woods. The "body" is equiv-
alent to what is probably now
known as calories, heat units.

A cord of wood was a pile eight
feet long by four feet high with-
out any regard to the length the
wood was cut in. Two men usual-
ly cut the wood. They chose a
likely tree, cut it down, measured
it into proper lengths and proceed-
ed to cut it up. It is no snap to
cut wood. If you think it is just
try it sometime. The regulation
saw used in those times had no
"raker" teeth, just the pointed teeth
like one sees on a hand saw such
as carpenters use. By the time I
was able to drag one end of the
saw there were raker teeth insert-
ed but they did not make the tool
run any easier. Father used to
come over on my side of the log

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
FLOWER PORTRAITS



A Tree Peony portrait, made on a dull May morning, at 1/10th second
with the lens at f.22. A "portrait attachment" made the close-up possible.

THERE are few more tempting
scenes than gardens in full
bloom. About this time of year snap-
shooters by the thousand are suc-
cumbing to garden lure. They snap-
shoot avidly, long-shots, close-ups
and in-betweens. And the miracle
of it all is that so many of them get
pleasing results.

For, frankly, it's not the easiest
thing in the world to get a good
flower picture. Flowers are "tem-
peramental" subjects. Like some of
Hollywood's darlings, they make
good pictures only when the light-
ing is tailor-made to suit their spe-
cial requirements.

But don't let me discourage you.
For, after all, the trick of making
good flower portraits is not hard to
master and, once you've got it, your
results will amply repay you for the
extra care involved.

The first rule of flower portraiture
is: Avoid harsh lighting.

By this, I mean that flowers sel-
dom make good pictures under a
direct, midday sun. The light be-
tween ten and three of a summer's
day is so intense that you get an
overabundance of chalky highlights
and inky shadows. To catch the sub-
tle beauty of flowers, it is better to
work under the slanting rays of the
sun in early morning or late after-
noon.

Even better flower pictures can
be made in the shade, on bright
days, or out in the open on dull
days.

Of course, you'll have to adjust
and operate your camera according
to the light. Working in the shade,
your camera naturally needs a little
extra time to do its work, particu-
larly if—as is wise—you use a small
diaphragm opening. If your cam-
era's lens has a variable aperture,
ranging from f.6.3 down to f.32, for
example, use a very small opening,
like f.32 and an exposure of 1/5 or 1/4
second.

(By the way, don't forget that
you'll need a firm support for your
camera when the exposure time is
longer than 1/25 of a second.)

You will doubtless want to take
close-ups of some of the flowers. If
your camera will not focus closer
than ten feet, or thereabouts, get a
portrait attachment: (a simple, inex-
pensive lens that fits over the regu-
lar lens). With it you can get very
close to your subject, for striking
and beautiful shots.

Here's another trick. To make a
particular flower or plant stand out
vividly, get a big sheet of gray card-
board and stand it up back of the
flower, far enough away so that—if
you are using direct sunlight—no
shadows fall on it.

To catch the color values of flow-
ers, you'll need to use the new pan-
chromatic film for amateurs. "Pan-
chromatic" means the film is capa-
ble of recording, in monochrome of
course, a wide range of colors. Your
photo dealer will help you select the
best film for your special needs.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

at times to clear the brush away
so that it would not be so hard on
him. He would remark that it was
"hard enough for him to draw me
and shove me back and forth with-
out having brush for my toes to
get tangled up in.

Now that sort of remark may
seem irrelevant to the person who
never took hold of a saw to run
it but to the fellow who has pulled
and shoved at a cross-cut saw all
day it will have a pertinent appli-
cation. If the tool runs true and
smoothly through the kerf it han-
dles much easier than when the
end bends and one side runs tight
against the end of the log.

Getting in the summer wood was
closely followed by hauling out the
manure. This was thrown out to
the side of the barn throughout
the winter into a great pile. Some-
times we used a wheel barrow to
run it out of the stable. One of
my first regular jobs around the
barn was "cleaning out stable." This
was done not so much to save
the manure, though goodness
knows the soil in that sandy sec-
tion needed the fertilizing the man-
ure provided when spread out on
the ground. But the idea seemed to
be the same then as the farmers
practice now, get the stuff out of
the way. So through the long win-
ter the manure pile grew and in
the spring as soon as the summer
wood was in, the team was hitched
to the wagon, the regular wagon
box taken off and planks placed
in its stead, and then spread-
ing manure began.

Now such operations seem to me
quite natural, but when I see the
man or boy take hold of a fork
and attempt to give the required
flip that scatters the fertilizer o-
ver the greatest surface possible,
I am reminded that perhaps I was
as awkward at my work when
learning as the youth of today is.
"This is the way to do it," Fa-
ther would say and taking a great
gob at the end of his fork give it

a little fling and the stuff would
fall to the ground and lie evenly
spaced as though he had meticu-
lously placed each tiny morsel
carefully at accurately measured
distances. My efforts usually only
brought forth guffaws or what was
almost as bad, words of criticism
on my endeavors which conveyed
to me the idea that Father did not
think I was trying to do anything
except get the manure off the wa-
gon.

When we first started to haul
the fertilizer out Father was al-
ways very careful not to put on
a very heavy load. "There's more
horses balked at the manure pile
than in any other place" he al-
ways contended and in later years
I learned the truth of the saying.

Perhaps I am getting a little
ahead of my story chronologically
for by the time a youngster is
cutting wood, making maple sugar
and hauling manure he has usual-
ly been in school for a term or
two. You will perhaps notice the
phrase, "term or two". That is just
what it was.

As most of the older generation
know, school in the eighties was
little like what we now call by that
name. This especially applies to
the rural or country school. True
the Ordinance of 1789 had stated
that "religion, morality and know-
ledge being necessary to the hap-
piness and good government of
mankind, schools and the means of
education shall forever be encour-
aged." And the Congress of the
United States of America had set
aside certain sections of land in
every township, the proceeds from
which were to be used for public
schools. Michigan in her Consti-
tution had made the fund derived
from the sale of this land a rev-
olving school fund, the income
from which is used to hire in-
structors in various public schools,
each school district drawing its
proportion based on the school

population which is all persons
between the age of five and twen-
ty-one.

That state is divided into coun-
ties, the counties into townships,
and the townships into school dis-
tricts and road districts. The school
which my sisters first attended
was located about two and a half
miles north by northwest of our
home. The school where I received
my education was located two miles
southeast of our home. The condi-
tions in the one were much as in
the other, there being little differ-
ence in the systems of education
or methods of instruction through-
out that section.

From our home to the school
house was solid woods. The road
through the woods consisted of the
tracks left by wagons travelling
that way numerous times. The
track dodged around between trees
up hills, through valleys, across
streams, if they intervened, and
as nearly as physical objects would
permit straight for the destination.
In these instances the school house
was the destination. All roads led
to the old log school house, and
there the little chap, just as soon
as he was counted strong enough
to toddle the distance was dis-
patched, sometimes with a primer,
and oftener without.

I can't remember my first day
at school. I had been in school be-
fore I can remember. But so great
is the impression made on the
young mind by the instructor that
my first recollection of her is
when she came to Father to hire
out to teach. She was lately from
"outside" meaning a trifling eighty
or ninety miles, but to my youth-
ful mind it was from a country
that seemed much more foreign
than Soviet Russia or Lower Con-
go does now. I was out playing and
one of my sisters ran breathlessly
out to where I was and announced
that the "new teacher" was in the
house, and did I "want to see
her?" I surely did. And when I
saw her I fell madly in love with
her. No, she never became Mrs.
Hulett, she having had the bad
faith to get married long before
I was of age. But I asked her to
wait for me. Just what she said
I have forgotten but SHE never
let me forget having asked her.
Meeting her at a social gathering
or party with one of the belles of
the countryside years after when
I got to "going out with the girls"
she liked nothing better than to
get the girl aside, but not so far
that I couldn't hear the conversa-
tion, and repeat to her about my
begging her, Aida, to "wait until
he was twenty one and he was go-
ing to marry me!"

Aida, the dear girl, has gone to
her reward. A splendid teacher, a
good wife to her husband, a fine
friend and neighbor, she surely de-
serves the best that St. Peter
can provide.

Sanders' primer, which was the
first book I carried to school to
Miss Mills deserves more than
passing mention. It was small, per-
haps sixty pages, six inches by
nine. The illustrations were all
line drawings, probably made from
wood cuts. The first was a title
page, then the regular preface and
then the alphabet, arranged in four
columns; first the capital Roman
alphabet, then the small letters,
then the script capitals and on
the right the small script.

The First page consisted of one
lesson, words of not more than
two letters. "I go up." "He go
up." "I am it." "He is it." These
are fair samples of the six or
seven or eight sentences in the
lesson. Then there came lessons
with words of not more than three
letters. Just think of the pleas-
ure the young idea must have re-
ceived from this type of enter-
taining literature!

I hardly know for how long I
was obliged to read from this prim-
er. My parents thought me a pre-
cocious child as I can remember
them bragging on how well I got
along in school. If any child got
along it must have been in spite
of the character of the material
the teacher had to work with ra-
ther than on account of the qual-
ity of the material.

The long journey to school was
always a burden to me. Though
accompanied by my sisters two
miles through that forest peopled
with bear, deer, wild cats, and all
the lesser animals never did ap-
peal to me, and many's the time
I hid my dinner pail and strayed
off to play not too far from home
so that I could see the girls when

CHURCH
ANNOUNCEMENTS



KINTON CHURCH

Rev. W. E. Simpson, Pastor

Preaching service at the church,
Sunday morning at 9:45, by the
pastor, Rev. W. E. Simpson. Bible
school at 10:15. All are most cor-
dially invited to be present at these
services.

Church of the Nazarene

Rev. Willard P. Anderson, Pastor

Have you attended the TENT
MEETING on First and Washing-
ton Sts.? They close next Sunday,
Sept. 2, and this opportunity will
be gone. Rev. J. G. Bringdale is
the evangelist. Mrs. Grace Few-
less, song leader and soloist.
The meetings thus far have been
very gratifying with good attend-
ance and definite results. Services

they returned. I always felt grate-
ful to those sisters that they never
told on me for dire would the
consequences have been had Father
or Mother learned of my truancy.
One time a neighbor's wife spied
me and after a week or two told
on me. Well, there are many things
I have forgotten and forgiven that
happened in my youth, but that
woman never found any warm spot
in my affections and though she
probably thought she was doing me
a kindness and my parents too,
I cannot say that she ever awak-
ened any love in my heart.

It was late in the eighties that
the Germans began to come in and
settle on the land in that neigh-
borhood. One of the first was Matt
Geiger who purchased some agricul-
tural college land on the oppo-
site corner of the section on which
Father homesteaded. He lived there
a long time and reared a big fam-
ily, some of whom still live in
that vicinity. But it is of the old-
est that I have the most vivid re-
collections. Charley Geiger, jailbird,
juvenile delinquent, mail robber,
and yet a likeable sort after all.

every night at 8 p.m. Sundays:
Sunday school, 9:45 a.m. Morning
service, 11:00 a.m. N.Y.P.S., 7:00
p.m. Preaching 8:00 p.m.
Next week Wednesday prayer and
Bible study, 8:00 p.m.
You are cordially invited.

CATHOLIC CHURCH

Rev. J. M. O'Neil, Pastor

Sunday Mass, 7:40 and 9:40.
Weekly Mass, 8:20.
Saturday Confession, 3-5, and
7-8:30.

Methodist Church

Rev. Bruce B. Groseclose, Pastor

10:00 a.m. Church school.
11:00 a.m. Morning service.
No evening service.
Everyone welcome.

Church of Christ

G. W. Springer, minister

There will be the regular ser-
vices at the Church of Christ next
Sunday morning. The Sunday school
begins at 9:45 o'clock and the
morning church service at 11 o'-
clock. The topic of the morning
sermon will be "Atonement." The
topic of the evening sermon will
be, "There is Joy."

The young people of the Chris-
tian Endeavor will take charge of
the evening service with the ex-
ception of the sermon.

Oregon Farmers

Coquille—Trial plantings of lima
beans to determine whether this
crop will do well in Coos county
were established this summer on
the farm of Henry George of Co-
quille, in co-operation with County
Agent George Jenkins. Successive
plantings were made weekly from
June 15 to about the middle of
July, to find the proper time of
planting to have the matured beans
ready for market about the middle
of October.

W. L. KELLY
Oregon Journal

Agent
Phone Beaverton 5010.

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"MICKY" AND HIS GANG



By Sam Iger