

The Beaverton Review

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J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Sports of our grandfather's days may be the topic of a best seller some day, but it is not my intention to write it just now. Possibly I should tell you about the calf loves that came to me while I was yet a stripling. I have told some thing of that school ma'am who said she was asked to wait until I was twenty one that I might wed her. Well, I suppose that in every boy's life, there are others. A la Kipling, "I learned about women from her. Well, one was a big girl, weighing probably a hundred eighty pounds and not bad looking.

Her name was Elva Hill, the oldest child of Mr. and Mrs. William Hill, the Hill who bought the Peter Knapp place when Peter quarrelled with his brother. Elva was one of the Junoesque type, big but handsome, stately, proud, haughty, her features were quite regular, her cheeks red with the bloom of health. Alas, I was a lad of some ten or twelve years old, while she was a young lady, seventeen or eighteen, the belle of the community. But I could worship from afar, and I proceeded to do so.

In the little old log school house the back seat was one continuous bench that extended the width of the room, though the desks were separated as they were in the front row. Elva and her sister Emma sat in one of the back seats and by hook or crook I'd get to sit in the seat next to them, on the side where Elva usually sat.

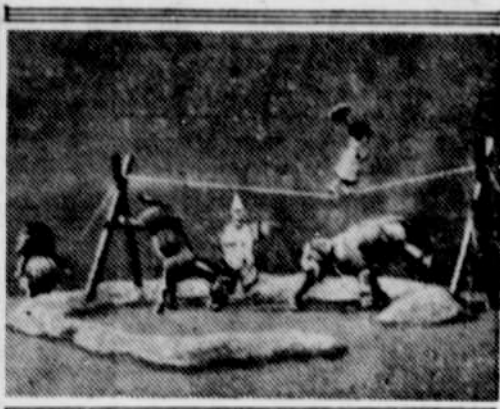
As the bench was continuous Elva used to sit out in the aisle quite a lot with her book in her lap and thus study her lessons. When she had become settled and her attention centred on her lessons I used to slide out close and run my arm along the edge of the back of the bench and thus would get my arm, if not around her, along the back of the seat behind her. And quite a thrill I got from being that close. The other kids (the villains) used to giggle right out loud when they saw me, but if the teacher noticed, she never let on.

One time a whole wagon load of us went to Summit City to attend a revival meeting. Of course, there was little thought to saving souls but a lot of thought given to having a good time on the trip. Summit City was about four miles from our home. The wagon was well loaded, with four spring seats and three in a seat.

I sat in the front seat with Elva (of course) and the driver—I think he was Johnnie Taylor. John was not Elva's regular beau but his girl was sitting in a seat back a little way with some other fellow. Whether that had anything to do with his getting off the road or not I never knew, and Johnnie never told. But Mary Meng was Johnnie's girl and was sitting with Sam Hulett in the second seat back. They say that Johnnie turned around to see what Sam and Mary were doing. Anyway, the team got so close to the end of the logs of the corduroy that we just then were crossing that the two wheels of the wagon dropped off the end of the logs and the spring seats disgorged their burden into the mud and slime of the swamp. Ugh!

The team, old and gentle, stopped on the instant that Johnnie hollered "Whoa!" but the damage had already been done to the young ladies' go to meeting clothes. Of course it was quite dark and we could not form any correct estimate of the damage. Elva went out first as it was to the left that we went off the corduroy. I landed on top of her and Johnnie on top of both of us. But Elva's clothes were dark colored and did not suffer much. Two of my sisters were along. The whole bunch made it up that no one would say anything of what had happened for some parents would be so unkind as to criticize their offspring in those days for starting out to church and not showing up at the meeting. We decided what text the preacher must have spoken from and a lot of things during the conference held there in the dark when it was discovered that some of the party were wet to the skin and that their clothes felt sort of slimy when a hand was run over them.

We had the story all fixed up. No one was to say a word about tipping over out of the wagon box. It was a day or two before Mother calmly inquired where the girls spent the time they were supposed to have put in at the revival. Those two sisters looked at me in a way that is hard to forget, but never said a word. "Oh," said Mother, "You needn't look at Henry. He never told. It was Emma Hill whose

The SNAPSHOT GUILD
"TABLE-TOP" PICTURES

Two table-top pictures. At left, is a tiny cork-and-paper ship given a "Flying Dutchman" aspect by placing it on a pane of glass and shooting from underneath. Above, a circus scene made with familiar dolls and toys.

ONE of the most interesting of camera stunts is the making of "table-top" pictures. As the term indicates, you assemble your picture material on some convenient table or bench, and shoot it from any desired angle.

"Table-top" pictures are, usually, very much like model stage settings. You may use dolls, toys, statuettes, model airplanes, miniature trains, boats—anything at all that appeals to you. The point of the whole thing is to arrange your subjects in an interesting, realistic, or fantastic fashion, and to light this arrangement so that it makes a good picture.

Usually, these pictures are taken at close range. If your camera cannot be focused for close-ups, use a portrait attachment—a simple, inexpensive, and highly useful little gadget.

There's no limit to the effects you can achieve. And there's nothing much more fascinating than working them out. Here are some pointers that may save you time and trouble:

Remember that the only point of view that matters is the point of view of your camera's lens. Your set-up may appear charming from above or from the side. But don't let it mislead you. The camera must be pleased.

Working at close range, the depth of focus of your lens is not likely to be great. So keep the elements within as short a distance, front to back, as possible. And the most important feature should be at the point of exact focus.

If you want to give an effect of deep distance, as in a miniature landscape set-up, place various figures (trees, houses, fences, etc.) in receding planes. The focus will become less exact as the distance from the camera increases. A piece of dark cardboard, cut with an irregular edge, laid across the back of the set, will become a range of distant hills. And a big piece of light cardboard, set up well back of the rest of the set-up, gives you a good "sky."

Remember that the camera's outlook is wedge-shaped—narrow close to the lens and widening out as it goes into the distance.

The greatest fun in this work is playing with light. Sometimes a single strong flood of light will give you what you want. Again, you may want one figure to stand out brilliantly, with everything else subdued. To do this, you will have to block off most of the light with shirtings, cardboards, books, or whatever you need.

You'll get your best effects by working with the lens at its smallest opening. Allow plenty of time—anywhere from ten seconds to a minute or two, depending on the amount of light.

Too, don't forget that most films register blue as white, and red as black or dark gray. A white figure against a blue background will tend to be lost; similarly, a red figure will not stand out against a dark background.

It's a fascinating business, all in all, and will repay you well for your patience and ingenuity.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

dress, a white lace one, was ruined, that told." Emma had got to bed that night all right but next day was wash day, and her mother insisted on getting out the lace dress that she had worn that night, in order that it might be properly laundered. Cornered and confronted with the bedraggled dress, Emma made a full confession of all that took place. And of course in a day or two the Mothers of all the girls knew all about it. That was the only time I ever took Elva anywhere!

After my experience with Elva, girls did not interest me much for a long time. Then a new German family came into the neighborhood, the Rutkofshis, with two girls, Natalie and Laura, both beauties, and not at all averse to having the boys' attentions. Natalie interested me very much and Laura became the object of my then chum, Justus Knapp, who had recently come to attend our Blackman school. This affair did not get very far because a brother to the girls, Rudolph, used to tell us such out-landish stories of how our affections were treated then the girls got home, and I'll bet that he told his sisters of terrible things that Justus and I were guilty of. Anyway, Justus began the little ditty which begins "You'd far better stay at home, with the girls who love you much, than go roaming round the country with the blank Dutch." You see, German, Hollander, Belgian, Prussian, Austrian, Bohemian, and Danish all were "Dutch".

Justus and I and Loren Duffey were about the same age. Justus was perhaps two or three months older than I and Loren three or four months younger. Justus had no brother but two sisters and

Loren had no sisters but two brothers Archie, older by a year and Harvey, younger by three or four years. We boys were at that time the liveliest, the leaders in devilment and in other pursuits as well. Bertha Blackman, I think it was, who sought to "teach you some of the things young gentlemen should do." One thing was to step aside and let the gentler sex proceed us. Another was to assist the girls get their rubbers on, help with their coats, etc.

In a big seat along side of the front space Justus, Loren and I had our seat and Augusta Wall, two or three years older than either of us had hers. Gussie, we called her then but later she became known as Dollie Wall and that is the name we now use in speaking of her. Dollie had a winning smile, was quite level headed, but her cheeks were too fat and her face too short to be really handsome. Her usual weight was about 97 pounds. We boys were getting a little growth, stood just about as tall as she, whereas I was much shorter than Elva. It became some conflict to see which of us boys could help Dollie on with her rubbers, hold her coat for her, and though I usually lost out in the preliminary skirmish, I got to carry her books and dinner pail home for her for she lived partly in my direction from the school, that is when I went west and then north instead of going north first and then west. Justus lived north of the school house and Loren lived east and then a little north. Even after the new school house was built we used to contend for the honor of her favors.

When we grew to manhood and womanhood, Dollie became, for a

time, my steady, though I don't think I was ever hers but I knew she thought a lot of me and I was close in her confidence. She would tell me things that Mother or sisters should have told me, and when I came in for commendation, it was Dollie who pronounced the welcome plaudit, "Well done, Kiddo!" It must have been comical for I know my shoulders squared and my chest swelled whenever she praised me for some little act or deed. 'Tis an old saying at the schools that "flattery's the food of fools."

Poor old Dollie, she married Charley Crapo. You French students should know what the name signifies. He brought her to Idaho and there her ashes lie. Her two daughters are with cousins in Michigan where their father sent them when Dollie was unable to look after them any longer. And what memories a daughter aroused in my mind when I saw her there on the last trip back home. She resembles her sainted mother so much.

Trust the alert cartoonist to grasp every opportunity for punning when a point needs driving home. A recently published cartoon depicts the party in power as a cross between a donkey and a kangaroo, and labels it, "the KangaRoosevelt party, lightly jumping from one policy to another."—Newberg Scribe.

HOMETOWN LOYALTY

Probably no other agency in a small town is so consistent in advocating the buy at home practice as the home-town newspaper, and the editor, in his limited way, is usually found practising that which he preaches.

Although an occasional reader who recognizes the need for community loyalty if all would prosper has been known to drop a word of commendation for such crusading, the home-town merchant, who stands to profit from keeping home-town dollars at home, rarely if ever gives a sign that he knows of the crusade being conducted in his behalf.

Indeed, all too frequently the harried scrivener comes home from the office where he has been cudgeling his brain for new phrases to "patronize one another" and finds his and his neighbor's front yard and porch sprinkled with handbills and dodgers, printed out of town and advertising the wares of shopkeepers who never think of patronizing his establishment. And then, yea verily, doth he cuss!

The remedy for this situation, which we solemnly assure you is not unknown in Newberg, lies in the hands of the buying public—if there are enough far-sighted folks among them. If the stores you patronize do not advertise in a local newspaper, or if you notice handbills from those stores which do not carry the name of a Newberg printing plant as having done the work, did it ever occur to you that the proprietors have probably never had any customers call their attention to their derelictions?

—The Scribe



Beaverton Rebekah Lodge No. 248 meets the first and third Tuesday evenings at 8 P.M. in the I.O.O.F. hall. Mrs. Sarah Chamberlain, secretary, and Mrs. Rose Stevens, N.G.

WAKE UP YOUR
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If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, mineral water, oil, laxative candy or chewing gum and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason for your down-and-out feeling is your liver. It should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, aches and you feel down and out. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good, old CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and out." They contain wonderful, harmless, gentle vegetable extracts, amazing when it comes to making the bile flow freely.

But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Resist a substitute. 25¢ at drug stores. ©1931 C. M. Co.

SHERIFF'S SALE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That by virtue of an Execution, Order and Decree of Sale, issued out of and under the seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Washington, dated the 6th day of November, 1934, in favor of The Union Central Life Insurance Company, a corporation, plaintiff, and against Herman Laux, single, Katharine Laux, sometimes known as Katherine Laux, single, J. H. Farley and Martha A. Farley, his wife, defendants, for the sum of \$18.40 cost and the further sum of \$377.57 with interest thereon from the 1 day of October, 1932, at the rate of ten per cent per annum, and for the further sum of \$377.57 with interest thereon from the 1 day of October, 1933, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, and for the further sum of \$3155.60 with interest thereon from the 1 day of October, 1933, at the rate of 7 per cent per annum, and for the further sum of \$320.00 attorney's fees, and for the further sum of \$10.00 continuation of abstract, to me directed and delivered, commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, I have levied upon and pursuant to said Execution, Order and Decree of Sale, I will on Monday, the 17th day of December, 1934, at the East door of the Courthouse in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of ten o'clock a.m. of said day, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all of the following described real property, lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: The Northeast Quarter of the Northeast Quarter (NE 1/4 of NE 1/4) of Section Seventeen (17), Township One (1) South, Range Three (3) West of the Willamette Meridian, containing Forty (40) acres, to satisfy the hereinbefore named sums and for the cost and expenses of sale and said writ.

Said sale will be made subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Dated at Hillsboro, Oregon, this 13th day of November, 1934.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. adv 51-3

Real Estate Transfers

Eliza A. McLeod to E. J. Hanson et ux, Lot 126 N 1/2 Lot 125 Beaverton Reedville.

Carl Utterstrom et ux to Charles Jaeger, W 1/2 of Lot 4 Aldrich Acreage.

John Ironside et ux to Raymond C. Gallup et ux, 24.17 acres, Sel. 32 TIN R2W.

J. R. Sherlock et ux to Martha McGinn, 40 acres Sec. 17 T1S R3W.

Leo W. Harbeck et al to Rose Harbeck, 55 acres Sec. 31 T1S R3W.

Esther L. Adams to Marvin Le-wallen et ux, 9.25 acres Sec. 32 T2S R1W.

Struck A Snag

Mr. Think-So is a business man; useful in community affairs, has raised a splendid family of young people and has lived a clean life. Now Mr. Think-So, if you die tonight will you go out trusting in your own good record to save you from the pit? You think so? Mr. Think-So, you are up against a snag.

Your good record! Can it clean up your life-page? What is your good record in God's holy eyes? "As filthy rags," says the Good Book. (Isa. 64:6).

But God can where we can't.

1st—God sent His Son. By raising back to life a man four days dead and by countless other miracles, Christ proved Himself to be very God of very God.

2nd—Christ lived in a real human body like ours. He had every urge to sin that wells up within us. But He was God and He said No! No! No! and came through sinless and guiltless.

3rd—He took your sin and guilt and death-sentence and died under it all to save you.

4th—God wants you that much; He sends His Son to buy you back; sends His Holy Spirit to plead with you; "Turn back, face about, come home" is the plea of the seeking God.

Right where you are now settle it. Tell God you take Christ as the one who paid it all, and that from now on you will search the Bible to learn how to love, trust and obey Him; looking to Him from moment to moment for power to live the new life.

Come on men! Let's give the truth as it is in Christ Jesus to the last unsaved soul in our county.

George N. Taylor, Beaverton, Oregon. adv



If you go East this winter, why not go through California and Southern Arizona? Ride our famous Sunset Limited or Golden State Limited through America's sunniest winter region. Stopover anywhere.

For details, see your local agent or write J. A. Ormandy, General Passenger Agent, 705 Pacific Building, Portland, Ore.

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