

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to mention some observations that seem to be impressed on my mind by conditions as they existed then and now. Take the case of the boy who went to the country school.

When I was a lad a boy was expected to do chores when he came home from school and at times help with the other work that had to be done, or was being done by the family to which he belonged. In my own case, the taking care of the cattle fell to my lot all through the winter, and in summer I had to hie to the field to help until supper time and then perhaps go for the cows which ran at large in the uncultivated land surrounding our home.

Before the new barn was built it was not so much of a job to get down the feed, place it in the mangers, clean out the stable, pump water, or perchance if the well did not give sufficient water, to drive the cattle to the pond a half mile away and see that each animal got his turn at drinking through the hole cut in the ice. Sometimes it was well after dark when finally the cattle were located and routed out from where they had seemingly prepared to spend the night. Sometimes a horse or colt was available for me to ride, and then at times I had to go on foot.

One colt, Flora, we called her, was one of those I seem to have remembered best. She was a black, bred and raised by us, but the victim of a horse distemper when only two years old from which she never did fully recover. Instead of the usual gathering on the lower jar and throat that usually accompanied that disease, her swelling formed on her side back from her ribs, and down well under but not completely under her body. For a time we despaired of her recovery, but she got better, although the swelling developed into a running sore, which never healed.

Flora was of a quiet disposition, not easily frightened, and made a safe horse for a boy to ride. She would follow along after the cows when they had been started for home at a pace that did not hurry them, and if given her head would bring the boy and the cows safe home. One night a log was across the road. The cows had crouched down and got under the log, but it was not high enough for Flora to go under. Pitch dark, and not a sign of anything could I see, but Flora wanted to turn aside and leave the path. I would not let her, and reined her back every time she attempted to go around the obstacle. At last she reared on her hind legs and made a lunge that took her over the log, but though I went over the log with her, I did not stay on her back when she landed on the other side and rolled on right over her head. I had a firm grasp on her mane, probably grabbed when I felt her raising for the jump, and that hold of her mane was all that kept us from becoming separated there in the dark. How do I know what happened? I went back there in day light to see, and found the log, the cattle tracks under, the cattle hair on the under side of the log, and the prints of the horse's hooves where she landed. I hate to think of having been obliged to spend the night there, for it is very doubtful if I could have found the way home in that stack of blackness.

Clipper was another horse that I loved to ride. She came to us later, one of a carload that was unloaded at Kingsley and sold to a German, Boskey, who could not make her work. She was a fretter, always wanting to go, and unless restrained she would go with all her might from the time you picked up the lines, until you told her to stop.

Father bought her from Herman Hyman after Boskey had taken her back and Hyman had hired a horseman to work her or break her, as they used to say. But she would not work for them because her mate would not get up and go along with her. Father got a mate for her, a half Morgan and half Hambletonian, Fred we called him, and he could go faster than Clipper so she was satisfied. They became well broken, and though always on the bit a considerable heavier than most folks liked, they suited Father, who could not tolerate a dead-head as he called the slow ones.

She was chunky, weighing about eleven hundred, and one of the most intelligent horses I ever met. She would go through my pockets if she smelled candy or apples, would shake her head, no, or nod it for yes, would shake hands and do a lot of tricks. She seemed to understand what you required of her only she could not come down and do a thing slowly. She put her

The SNAPSHOT GUILD

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



They started out as ordinary snapshots but, artfully handled, turned out to be charming greeting cards. A simple, effective and individual solution of the greeting card problem.

SNAPSHOTTERS have a great advantage over ordinary folks at Christmas time, for they can easily produce Christmas cards that are 100 per cent individual, unusual, and not at all expensive.

What's the purpose of a Christmas card, anyway? Simply to carry a message of cheer and good-will from one person to another. It is, at its best, a very personal affair.

Snapshots of yourself, your home, your family, your pets or anything else that's part of your life can be easily used in Christmas cards. The result is cards like no one else's.

There are many ways of using snapshots in greetings. The photo finishers in your town are equipped to make greetings for you, using one of your own snaps. They do some beautiful things; it will pay you, at least, to investigate them.

Or you may want to be even more individual. One of the simplest greetings consists of a card with a snapshot pasted on it and a handwritten message below. Nothing can be more personal than that!

The opportunities for unusual and beautiful cards are endless. It's a challenge to your ingenuity. But no matter how clever the scheme, the snapshot itself must be good—and appropriate.

You might use a snapshot of your family, stood up in a row, facing the camera. But is there anything

Christmasy about that? Not much. It would be far better, wouldn't it, to have a snap of the family grouped about the fireplace, hanging up their Christmas stockings? Or decorating the tree, or putting up a holly wreath on the front door? A view of your lighted home on a winter night would make a charming card.

Your camera can do just about anything you want, providing only that you give it the right kind of cooperation. For interiors and night views outdoors use a supersensitive film; equip yourself with a few of the inexpensive modern lamps of the photoflood and photo-flash types; don't forget that auto headlights can be used to light up small outdoor scenes sufficiently for brief time exposures. And so on.

But remember that now, of all times, your picture must "tell a story," must be clean-cut and vivid. The idea is the most important thing. With care you can get the picture you want.

Go into "executive session" with your family now. Discuss ideas, select the best—and get out your camera.

One word of advice, born of experience—simple ideas are best. They are easier to execute and, nine times out of ten, they "click" more effectively than something pretentious or complicated.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

whole force into what she did. But with a rider on her back she would jog along as casually as you please. She was the first horse that I could guide by the feel of the bridle reins on her neck and would spring from a slow walk to a dead run at a word. She could walk, trot, pace, singlefoot, or run at the command of her rider. In fact, some saddle pony, and probably trained before Hyman brought her to northern Michigan.

One winter Father took the job of hauling square timbers from the woods where they were made to the railroad siding at Westminster, not a town, but where Hadley Bros. had put in a mill and the railroad had provided a siding so the lumber could be loaded out.

Square timbers are such as used to be used in building ships, for keel and beam, for ribs and knees. They are made just as big as the tree will make, and are measured in cubic feet instead of the usual board measure. A hundred feet weighs as much as twelve hundred feet of board measure, though of course if cut into boards would not cut out that much for the saw takes out a quarter of an inch for the kerf.

These timbers are sometimes a hundred feet long, and sometimes too big for one team to handle. The sleds are lengthened out and the hind sled guided by chains crossed and arranged so the hind sled with follow the track made by the front one. Getting these timbers out from where the tree is felled, onto sleighs and to the siding, then decked up in piles twenty, thirty, and sometimes fifty feet high is some job. It is one sort of logging that requires a different type of workman than the usual logging

operations.

That winter I had, for chores, eight cattle to take care of, and stables to clean and hay to get in for four teams. These animals were quartered in the new barn, some 24 feet by 40 feet, but the feed, was kept in the old log barn which, stood in front of and to one side of the horse barn, as we called the new building. A few of the young cattle were kept in the old barn, but for the most part, the animals were in the new barn. If you think it a lot of fun, try carrying on your back feed for fourteen animals and cleaning out the stable from behind them. And on the same day, walk to school and back two miles, four miles 'n all. It might be a good thing for some of the present generation to do a little work of this sort. There would be less need for football and other games to absorb youthful energies. I must have been about twelve at the time for it was a couple of years after that when Frank Davenport taught school and I finished the eighth grade.

That last winter in school I took bookkeeping, from the text Bryant & Stratton double entry system, and I wrote up the whole book that winter. Mary Ellen Newmarch was our next teacher, but I did not go to school much to her. Ora O'Brien taught about that time and my sister, Laura took her first term under her. She was a daughter of Jim O'Brien who had the dog that chewed Spring's foot so badly.

Mother had a large number of boards that winter when Father took the square timber job. Four of the men were "making timber" and some were teasers working for Father. One other was the timber scaler who scaled for four gangs

of four each.

Leon Laecross was the liner's name, the boss of the gang with us. He and Big Jim Erskine had a fight one day in the woods. It was a great mystery what the fight was about. We never found out. Leon never would tell a thing. Jim who carried a beautiful shiner as a result of the scrap, was even more reticent than Leon. Ben Freshette said he was away when it started and Albert Martel told a different story every time the fight was mentioned, and sometimes he would tell two or three stories at the same time when asked what they were fighting about.

Leon was a little fellow, sort of sweet on my sister Alma and Jim fancied my next older sister, Irene, so that could not have been any cause. Jim was a big fellow, six feet four, and slim, agile, active. Leon was active, too, and he surely did give Jim a shiner. Joe, the scaler, kindly and politely told any inquirer that it was nobody's business what the scrap was over, and that was that. But I'd like to know.

LOCAL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ide of Hillsboro, were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Fisher Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Louie Hughson and children spent the week-end at the Evans cottage at Lake Lytle.

Frank B. Waite who is now making his home in Portland, called on Beaverton friends Monday. He was formerly in business here with G. A. Cobb.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Banford and family moved into the Erickson Addition, from Portland, last week. Mr. Banford is employed at the Safeway store.

Mrs. Emma Keen of Reedville is enjoying the convenience of a new Kalamazoo Electric water system which was installed in her home last week by the Richey Hardware Company.

Mrs. Miller Starr Farrell (Mildred Watts) was the honor guest at a tea Saturday afternoon at the home of her mother in law, Mrs. Thomas G. Farrell, in Portland. Mrs. John O. Baker assisted her mother. Mrs. Miller Starr Farrell was a bride in September.

Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Talbert, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Carr, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Janssen, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Livermore, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Byfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of Portland attended the social entertainment at the Masonic Temple in Portland, Saturday evening.

Mrs. J. H. Garrett of Hillsboro and Wm. Bowman of Multnomah visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bowman, Sunday. Later they drove to Portland for dinner and also visited with Mrs. Garrett's



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.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless 2 pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated and 4% of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't use a mouthwash or take a laxative. Get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill, which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the rectum in many people. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—25¢. ©1934, C.M.Co.

daughter, Mrs. L. C. Kramien, who is recovering from an operation at the St. Vincent's hospital.

ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that on the fourth day of December, 1934, at the City Hall on First Street between Angel and Main streets, an election will be held for the Town of Beaverton, in Washington County, State of Oregon, for the purpose of electing the following named officers:

One Mayor—to serve one year.
Three Councilmen—to serve two years.

One Recorder-Treasurer—to serve one year.

Said election will be held at one o'clock P. M. and will continue until seven o'clock P. M. of the same day.

Homer L. Wilson, Recorder-Treasurer.

Dated this sixteenth day of November, 1934. adv c52-53 (SEAL)

NOTICE OF PAYMENT OF DIVIDEND

Case No. 10304
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington

In the Matter of the Liquidation of the Bank of Beaverton, Beaverton, Oregon.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That an order has been entered by the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, authorizing, empowering and directing the Superintendent of Banks to distribute a first dividend of 10% on all ordinary deposit claims filed and approved against the Commercial Department and a first dividend of 25% on all ordinary deposit claims filed and approved against the Savings Department of the Bank of Beaverton, up to and including October 16, 1934, said dividend to be paid on and after Friday, November 30, 1934.

That in consideration of the assistance given by the First Security Bank, Beaverton, Oregon, in the financing certain assets to make immediate payment of said dividend possible, said order directed that the said dividend checks be held and presented to the proper claimants by the First Security Bank at its regular banking quarters in Beaverton for a period of five days after which time all of the remaining checks to be mailed to the proper claimants in the usual manner.

That said order directed that this notice be given by publication thereof in one issue of a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in Washington County, Oregon. That the date of the publication thereof is November 23, 1934.

A. A. SCHRAMM
Superintendent of Banks,
In charge of the liquidation
of the Bank of Beaverton. adv

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 5th 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

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