

# The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA-  
VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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Arrangements have been made  
whereby the Review is to publish  
several articles dealing with the  
water department of Beaverton.  
That topic in former years occu-  
pied a lot of space in our columns  
but of late not so much has been  
said. This time the articles are to  
be prepared by others who will try  
to tell the Beavertonians interested  
in reading these columns something  
of the aims and objects sought at  
this time.

The first article appears this  
week, and is sort of an introduction  
to the subject in general. In the  
following weeks articles dealing  
with different phases coming in  
contact with the water department  
will be dealt with separately. Then  
at least one of the people who ex-  
pect to supply this material will  
branch out and explain some of the  
things that can be done to beauti-  
fy the Town and its surroundings.

Beaverton as a "City of Homes"  
is well and favorably known in  
most sections of the great Pacific  
Northwest. And yet, some of the  
reactions the traveler experiences  
as he approaches and even as he  
looks over and surveys with his  
eyes our valley, are not complimen-  
tary to us who know the place  
from having lived here. We who  
live here know there is no better  
place to live, that nowhere are there  
better neighbors, a more equable  
climate, a richer soil, a more hon-  
est and industrious people, brighter  
flowers, more luxuriant foliage, or  
a happier and more contented pop-  
ulation. Perhaps we are too con-  
tented. Perhaps we need some one  
to wake us up to our own opportu-  
nities. It is just possible that an  
annual campaign to "Sell Beaverton  
to Beavertonians" might pay  
bigger dividends than too much  
patronage of stagecoaches or pound-  
ing the concrete. Who knows? We  
hope you enjoy the coming articles  
as much as we will enjoy printing  
them.

## Good News—But Don't Cheer Yet

The National Board of Fire Un-  
derwriters reports that the total  
estimated fire loss for the first  
nine months of this year was  
\$213,405,000. For the same period  
last year, the loss was \$245,351,000  
—almost \$32,000,000 more.

That decrease, of approximately  
15 per cent, in fire waste, is good  
news. But it doesn't give us cause  
to pat ourselves on the back and  
praise our care, caution and com-  
petence. The fact that over two  
hundred million dollars worth  
of property went up in smoke in  
nine months, amounts to a national  
disgrace. Americans are still the  
most wasteful of all peoples when  
it comes to fire—and by a wide  
margin.

What caused the destruction of  
the two hundred million—and, in  
addition, many hundreds of irre-  
placeable lives? The answer is  
easy. People took chances with old  
or damaged heating plants. They  
allowed electric wiring to go unat-  
tended—or "repaired" it themselves.  
They tossed cigarettes and matches  
away blindly, letting them fall  
where they might. They allowed  
dry grass to grow jungle-like on  
property. And they did a thousand  
and one similar things close to  
the heart of the fire demon.

If the present trend continues,  
total fire loss for the year will  
be in the neighborhood of \$285,  
600,000. Almost every dollar of that  
waste can be laid to someone's  
carelessness or ignorance—the un-  
preventable fire is a very rare ar-  
ticle indeed. Are you going to do  
your small part to make 1935 show  
a better record?

## DAD'S STORY

Whether the fact that modern  
meetings enjoy (? less fights than  
former ones of the same character  
is any evidence that the world is  
getting better, I leave to your es-  
timation. It however is a fact that  
now you seldom hear of a fight at  
a dance and that in the nineties  
and previously, almost any dance  
or public gathering had at least one  
fight. There are worse things than  
to fight for what one considers to  
be the right. But nowadays we leave  
the fighting to the football teams,  
to the trained pugilists, to the ar-  
mies and navies.

One or two fights that happened  
when I was a boy come to mind.  
Once at a dance at Rufus Barrett's  
place (he was the one who married  
Alda Mills) Sam Hulett, an uncle,  
more strictly speaking an half un-  
cle or he was Father's half brother,  
and Harry Workman tangled in the  
famous catch as catch can. Sam was  
standing near a hat which was hang-  
ing on the floor, dancing. Sam hap-  
pened to make some disparaging re-  
mark about the hat. Harry rather  
uncertainly overheard what Sam said

# The SNAPSHOT GUILD

More About Photo-Greetings



(Left)—"The family is on the march to greet you." That, or something of  
the sort, serves to complete a greeting like this, made in the easy silhouette  
manner. (Right)—A little "dime store" reindeer made of glass, a toy  
Christmas tree and some sugar—that's all this table-top Christmas scene  
required.

A WEEK or so ago we talked  
about snapshot Christmas  
cards, but no one short discussion  
could possibly cover the subject  
adequately. A book could be written  
about it—but not by us. Instead we'll  
devote today's space to it.

As we said before, the most impor-  
tant factor in the success of a photo-  
greeting is an idea—an easily under-  
stood, cheerful idea, worked out in  
terms of a simple picture.

The subjects referred to in our  
first talk of Christmas cards were  
deliberately selected from among  
the more obvious ones—families,  
holly wreaths, winter scenes of the  
home, and so on. Obvious though  
they are, any of them is capable of  
fresh, new interpretation—as indi-  
vidual as your own personality.

And, as you become more familiar  
with your camera and its capabili-  
ties, you'll discover many different  
approaches to any one idea.

You can use, for example, story-  
telling silhouettes to give novel  
twists to otherwise "ordinary" pic-  
ture ideas. A good silhouette can  
be made of a young lady hanging up  
a bit of mistletoe, or of a little boy  
reaching for a Christmas tree orna-  
ment. Silhouettes, as you recall, are  
made with the help of a sheet, a  
doorway and a strong light.

Table-top photography (discussed  
recently) has endless Christmas  
possibilities. A little figure of Santa  
Claus, some white cotton sprinkled  
with sugar for snow—and you've got  
the suggestion for a variety of good  
pictures.

You'll find plenty of Christmas  
materials—little reindeer, gnomes,  
sleighs, bells and a hundred other  
seasonable "props" in any "five-and-  
ten-cent" store. But guard against  
over-elaborate set-ups. The simpler  
the better.

Whatever you do, be careful to  
keep it in key with your own per-  
sonality. If you are musical, a  
glimpse of your hands on the piano  
keyboard plus the score for a Chris-  
mas carol on the rack, would be  
much more appropriate than, say, a  
shot of your snow-covered home. Or,  
a pose with your head lifted, sing-  
ing, if you find you look well that  
way.

A baby in the family, of course,  
offers plenty of opportunity for  
greeting snapshots. If this is the  
baby's first Christmas, so much the  
better. A semi-close-up of mother  
and dad, indoors or out, with the  
baby perched on dad's shoulders and  
all three waving cheerfully at the  
camera, should make a greeting of  
more than ordinary charm.

Christmas isn't far away now.  
You'll be wanting to send out your  
greetings soon. So don't delay!

By the way, don't let good oppor-  
tunities slip by for taking unusual  
snow scenes. Maybe you won't use  
them this year, but there will be  
other Christmases when they'll  
come in handy.

For snow scenes in bright sun-  
light, remember to use a very small  
lens aperture. Otherwise, the in-  
tense brilliance of the scene will  
give you an over-exposed negative.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

and thought Sam was speaking of  
him. Accordingly he seated his part-  
ner and politely invited Sam to step  
outside. Sam preceded him out the  
door and as they faced each other,  
Harry inquired what was wanted.  
Harry cut loose with one of those  
haymakers which would have given  
even the famous Dempsey something  
to think about, coming unexpectedly  
to Sam right in the eye. Well, Sam  
staggered and Harry clinched him  
thinking to upset him onto his back  
and there pummed him until he took  
back, or offered an apology for  
what he had said. But Sam, who  
by that time realized what Harry  
wanted, fell on his face, and shield-  
ing his head, got inside Harry's arm  
and grabbing Harry by the throat  
began to shut down and hang on  
like the proverbial bulldog. Bystan-  
ders soon parted them and just as  
I appeared on the scene Harry cried  
out, "Don't hit me, Sam, they are  
holding my hands." They were also  
holding Sam's hands but of course  
Harry did not know that.

Well, the upshot of the whole mat-  
ter was that when things had been  
talked over and explained, Sam was  
not talking about Harry at all and  
so it was Harry who did the apolo-  
gizing.

Shanty boys and river drivers of-  
ten tangled but they were more like  
battles than like fist fights. Of-  
ten there were a dozen or more and  
when the smoke had cleared, there  
would be a trip to the hospital to  
be made or perhaps an undertaker  
had to be called. But the men were  
hardy, they could run as well as  
fight and though it was no uncom-  
mon thing for teeth to be used, the  
gouging out of eyes was strictly ta-  
bo, at least in our country.

A lad moving from one school to

another had to show his prowess  
before he would be let alone in the  
new location. Just so, a youth com-  
ing to a dance in a strange neigh-  
borhood had to be initiated. Some  
of the stories might make good  
reading but I hardly feel able to  
do justice to them. Perhaps this one  
may not come amiss. It is by no  
means the best fight I ever heard  
about, but it was short and to the  
point.

Never having heard the names of  
the parties, I will just call them  
the river driver and the shanty boy.  
This shanty boy had been the bully  
of his camp. He made trouble for  
all with whom he worked and some-  
times for the foreman who was glad  
when he left. He went to town, Wal-  
ton, it was, and having whiskeyed  
up a little began to brag about his  
prowess and taunt the crowd to  
send some one out to see who was  
the best man. Just for a little fun,  
of course. There was no personal  
grudge but if there should be any  
river driver in the bunch he would  
just like to show him what could  
be done with any of the lousy bunch  
of lads who followed the river.

One little chap, weighing not over  
a hundred thirty was a river  
driver and a pretty good sort. He  
did not want any trouble but some-  
nobody told the big bully that the  
little fellow was the only river driver  
in the crowd. Well, nothing would  
do but that the little fellow should  
come out and take a licking, such a  
one as all those in his class de-  
served. Finally the bully got hold  
of the little fellow and dragged him  
out and began to slap his face. The  
others would not stand to see a  
small man abused too much and  
thinking the big fellow altogether  
too much for the little chap, they

grabbed hold of both of them and  
pushed one to one end of the room  
and the other to the other and ad-  
vised the little fellow to leave.

Mr. River Driver had no stomach  
for that sort of procedure so he  
insisted that they take the big bully  
to one end of the room, and he to  
the other end and then turn them  
both loose. He was not afraid, he  
said. He could look out for himself.  
Accordingly the two were turned  
loose, one in each end of the room.  
The big fellow started with a rush  
but the little fellow, sizing up the  
distance and timing his action just  
right turned a quick hand spring,  
striking his caked heels full in the  
pit of the crushing bully's stomach.  
The battle was over. The bully  
crumpled up like a jack knife and  
was out for several times the count.  
Before he got up he was glad to of-  
fer an abject apology for his offen-  
sive behaviour. Such is the story.  
It was vouched for to me and I be-  
lieved it at the time, and now I sup-  
pose it must have been true or the  
teller would never have related it  
for he used names, and dates.

None of our family were very  
pugnacious with one exception, Ho-  
mer, Father's half brother who used  
to fight about as often as the most  
of them. He just could not get a-  
long without fighting. He was often  
licked good and proper but recover-  
ing from the effects of one he was  
right into another. Byron, on the  
other hand, had to be driven into a  
fight but when cornered, and all  
avenues of escape shut off, he could  
fight, and how. I had only intended  
to tell of the one but Byron's clas-  
sic seems to deserve at least pass-  
ing notice.

In these days it was quite the  
custom for one class to be pitted a-  
gainst another, as the Yankees a-  
gainst the Irish, the Canadians a-  
gainst the people from the states,  
and on this one occasion a rather  
large delegation of negroes had set-  
tled in Kingsley and had got the  
notion that they were going to run  
the town. But they were stopped  
short.

A series of dancing parties were  
being held at Dr. M. S. Brownson's  
new sanatorium and every Saturday  
evening a big crowd would gather  
to trip the light fantastic. Negroes  
began coming and the white women  
almost unanimously refused to dance  
with them. But they persisted. Frigh-  
t and the possible consequences fin-  
ally intimidated most of the women  
but others still held out and refused.  
These were mostly the wives of the  
better men, and by that I mean the  
physical men. These women were  
not afraid of the negroes and they  
knew that their husbands were not,  
either. One or two of the husbands  
had been beat up because their wives  
had refused certain of the colored  
gentlemen their company or the  
dancing and so it stood.

The negroes hatched up a plot to  
import a pugilistic negro and have  
him beat up on the better white  
men whose wives still held out. It  
just so happened that Byron's wife  
refused first to dance with the big  
buck. He immediately sought out By-  
ron and insisted on his forcing his  
wife to dance with him (the negro).  
Byron tried to worm out of it. He  
had not told his wife not to dance  
with the negro. He did not need to.  
Four or five of the colored race be-  
gan to gather round and of course,  
loud voices or the movement of sev-  
eral in one direction always called  
the crowd's attention that way. The  
buck made a pass at Byron and By-  
ron dodged and turned to get away.  
But he was hedged in as per ar-  
rangement and then the melee start-  
ed. Too much happened in too short  
a time and we have only Byron's  
word for the immediate start but  
Will Platt saw the big cast iron  
frying pan in the big buck's hand.  
He also saw Byron take it on the  
head and he expected to see the  
white man out. But not so. Byron  
had hardly got warmed up. When  
the fight was over the big buck left  
town on the run and he never came  
back. Someone met him at Hopkin's  
bridge and he was then 11 miles  
from the scene of the fight and it  
was early dawn. When told that  
another Hulett lived on the hill right  
there by the bridge he broke into



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, secre-  
tary, and Mrs. Rose Stevens,  
N. G.

a run for the south. The blacks  
never tried to break into white so-  
ciety in that section again.

In those times, election year was  
always a season of heavy strife.  
The partisans were always out in  
force and there was no question  
in any man's mind who his neigh-  
(Cont'd on Correspondents' Page)

## 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 Coun-  
ty, State of Oregon, for the pur-  
pose of electing the following named  
officers:

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

One Recorder-Treasurer—to serve  
one year.

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

Homer L. Wilson, Recorder-Trea-  
surer.

Dated this sixteenth day of No-  
vember, 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, au-  
thorizing, empowering and directing  
the Superintendent of Banks to dis-  
tribute a first dividend of 10% on  
all ordinary deposit claims filed and  
approved against the Commercial De-  
partment and a first dividend of  
25% on all ordinary deposit claims  
filed and approved against the Sav-  
ings Department of the Bank of  
Beaverton, up to and including Oc-  
tober 18, 1934, said dividend to be  
paid on and after Friday, November  
30, 1934.

That in consideration of the as-  
sistance given by the First Secu-  
rity Bank, Beaverton, Oregon, in re-  
financing certain assets to make im-  
mediate 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 Beav-  
erton 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 there-  
of in one issue of a newspaper of  
general circulation printed and pub-  
lished in Washington County, Ore-  
gon. That the date of the publica-  
tion 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 Ore-  
gon, for the County of Washing-  
ton, dated the 5th day of November,  
1934, in favor of The Union Cen-  
tral Life Insurance Company, a  
corporation, plaintiff, and against

Herman Laux, single, Kathrine  
Laux, sometimes known as Kath-  
erine Laux, single, J. H. Farley and  
Martha A. Farley, his wife, defen-  
dants, 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 in-  
terest thereon from the 1 day of  
October, 1933, at the rate of 7 per  
cent per annum, and for the fur-  
ther sum of \$320.00 attorney's fees,  
and for the further sum of \$10.00  
continuation of abstract, to me di-  
rected and delivered, commanding  
me to make sale of the real prop-  
erty 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, Ore-  
gon, 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, be-  
ing and situate in Washington  
County, Oregon, and more particu-  
larly described as follows, to-wit:  
The Northeast Quarter of the North-  
east Quarter (NE¼ of NE¼) 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 Wash-  
ington County, Oregon. adv 51-3



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.

## Southern Pacific

## Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

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UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER  
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FIRST CLASS WORK  
AT REASONABLE PRICES  
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BEER ON DRAUGHT  
5¢ and 10¢ Glasses  
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Ross Building Beaverton, Oregon

Beaverton Barber Shop  
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Glasses, Fitted or Repaired  
Our Specialty  
DR. A. E. WILSON  
Beaverton - - - - - Oregon

Alt Heidelberg Beer  
On Draught  
Try us for Chicken Dinners and  
Barbecue Sandwiches  
FREE DANCING  
OLD HEIDELBERG PARK

By Geoff Hayes

## AFTER THE HONEYMOON

