

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEAVERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett . . . . . Editor

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New York State is going in for police training in a big way. Under the Advisory Council on Police Training, ten municipal police schools, exclusive of New York City, gave certificates of attendance to 1,153 policemen and 8 civilian candidates for police posts last year. According to the Council's report, practically all the various departments represented required training in the handling of weapons.

**TO MISS FLAPPER**  
Blessings on thee, little dame—  
Bareback girl with knees the same.  
With thy rolled down silken hose,  
And thy long, transparent clothes;  
With thy red lips, reddened more,  
Smear'd with lipstick from the store.  
With thy makeup on thy face,  
And thy bodded hair's jaunty grace.  
From my heart I give thee joy—  
Glad that I was born a boy.  
—Exchange

Durham, N. C., Citizens' Council, is taking the lead in a move to separate the juvenile court from the county superior court, in the interests of delinquent children. The new court opens December 1, under a specially qualified judge.

Louisville, Ky., has installed electrical "robots" to make out tax bills and pay-rolls and keep track of municipal expenditures generally—the first city in this country to try out the system on a comprehensive scale.

**DAD'S STORY**

One of the things that has stuck to me through the years is the lesson I learned at a fair held at one of the Cornell's place just west of Wexford Corners. But perhaps before I tell of that I might tell something about the geography of that section as heretofore I have told only of the two townships, Paradise, where I was born, and Mayfield, where Old Frank and Aunt Polly Taylor lived.

We lived on that town line just in the middle of the line, at the southwest corner of section 18. Wexford Corners lay to the south, west, nine miles, three miles south and six miles west or perhaps I should say it the other way around, six miles west and three miles south, for we had to go west first, for along the town line there was a road only two miles south of Father's place and then came dense forest and along the south side of Mayfield there was no road, that being also forest and quite hilly to say nothing of the sand one would encounter. Paradise and Mayfield were in the south tier of townships in Grand Traverse county and just to the south lay Wexford county.

Greenwood township lay directly south of Paradise, Hanover lay south of Mayfield and Wexford township joined Hanover on the west and was in the north row of townships in Wexford county. It was quite common there to have towns the same name as the counties. Though there was no Grand Traverse township, there was a Traverse township.

The Cornell settlement was almost wholly in Wexford township. The village of Wexford was at the corner of the four townships, Hanover and Wexford in Wexford county and Mayfield and Grand townships in Grand Traverse county. In getting to the fair grounds which were on the Let Cornell place we drove through Wexford corners.

I hardly know how it came about, though the Cornells and Father were good friends and had been for many years. They knew him for a horseman and they were also horsemen. The fair featured horses mostly though there were some other exhibits. Somehow Father was chosen a judge and of course he had to attend every day of the fair. Perhaps the promoters thought to get him into exhibiting but Father was no hand to go in for that sort of thing. He had good horses and was proud of them but I do not think it ever entered his head that he should enter the lists of exhibitors.

One day each year he would take me. I always was glad to go with him whenever and wherever he would let me accompany him. I went many times when Mother thought I should stay at home. She used to inquire why Father took me and did not take one of my sisters. But somehow I was the one who got to go.

Well, that time I had the sum of ten cents to spend on myself. Father did not believe in letting boys, or girl either, for that matter, have much money to spend. I do not suppose he had much to let us have. But at any rate, we did not get much. My ten cents looked

The SNAPSHOT GUILD  
BABY PICTURES



No doubt about it, the babies themselves "directed" these snapshots. In other words, they did as they pleased and the camera was clicked at the right instant.

THERE aren't any official statistics that we know of, so we're perfectly safe in saying that babies constitute the largest single group of snapshot subjects.

It's perfectly reasonable that this should be so; for we snapshot those things in which we are most interested. For another thing, babies make ideal subjects, because they don't pose. They're always natural.

There are baby pictures and baby pictures, of course. Some arouse spontaneous enthusiasm; others are merely records, without much appeal.

What's the essential difference between the good and the merely so-so baby pictures. Usually you'll find, the good pictures show infants doing something—crawling, chewing a doll, wrestling with toes, or even indulging in a real good cry. The merely so-so pictures give us only recognizable glimpses of babies doing nothing much at all.

Of course, it's possible to take a picture of a sleeping baby and get a charming result. But to do this, the camera work must be unusual. Very well, what about the technic of baby pictures?

First, you'll need to have light enough for action pictures. Few babies stay still long enough for time exposures. Out-of-doors, you'll have no trouble at all working in

open shade or out in the full light, providing it's not so bright that it casts unpleasantly sharp shadows or causes the baby to squint. Use the regular snapshot time and lens opening.

This time of year, of course, it may be more convenient to work indoors. One of the easiest ways to take baby pictures indoors, during the daytime, is to get the subject fairly close to a big window (not necessarily a sunny one) and then use a photofood-type lamp to light up the side of your subject that's away from the window. A photofood bulb in one of those inexpensive reflectors will be found very handy for this and other indoor shots. If there's a lot of light coming from the window, you'll be able to use a regular snapshot exposure. For surety's sake, better work with the lens at its widest opening. Wait until your subject strikes an interesting pose; then click the shutter and the picture's yours.

Don't forget that you can use supersensitive film to get beautiful action shots with much less light than other films require.

And let your baby subject "direct" his own picture. Let him do as he pleases, with only slight suggestions from you. So doing, you'll get real looking, satisfying pictures. And you'll always treasure them.

JOHN VAN GUILDER.

much bigger to me than a ten-spot would now. And I was going to get something to remember the fair with. You see, fairs were not an everyday occurrence. This fair was just starting, and if the association that was promoting it prospered, it would grow into a big affair. It never did. Like my ten cents, it soon was all over, but the lesson of the spending of that ten cents has stayed with me all these years.

Like other fairs, this one attracted some gambling devices. Had I been sticking close to Father I probably never should have been the recipient of the lesson I learned. But his duties took Father far and wide over the grounds, looking over the various exhibits and voting on which should be given first, second and third places. So I sauntered about holding fast to my dime and taking in the sights. One of them was a wheel of fortune. Six paddles with numbers on each paddle were held by the man in charge and when all six were sold he spun the wheel and when it stopped a pointer was over a number. Every time the wheel spun some one won a half a dollar. If my dime seemed large to me, just think what a whole half dollar must have looked like. But I was cautious and did not offer to invest until I had shoved up close to the man operating the wheel. Spying me, he suddenly thrust one of his paddles at me and requested my dime. Out it came. I guess he must have brought it out by mental suggestion, or perhaps he just commanded me. Anyway I bought the paddle and lo and behold, my paddle held the lucky number that won the half dollar. Well, of course, from then on it was easy. I won and then lost and then won again until I had a whole dollar for my very own. The crowd had left, no one was buying paddles any more and I took my dollar and started out to see what I could buy to remember the fair by.

Journeying around back of one of the barns there was a man with a pen of rabbits that he was selling. I forget how much he wanted

spiece for them but for only a dollar and twenty five cents I could get his whole stock! Looking them over I decided to buy him out. I did not have the extra twenty five cents but it would be easy to go back to that wheel of fortune and win enough to pay up for them. I made the man promise to wait a few minutes and not sell any more rabbits until I came back with the necessary funds. But the necessary funds never got into my possession. Lady Luck had turned a cold shoulder on me and when I went away from that wheel of fortune I had nary a dime nor a cent! I've often thought of the air castles built around that pen of rabbits that afternoon by an unsophisticated lad who thought it would be easy to get the extra quarter to buy the whole bunch of rabbits! But somehow, the lesson has stuck. And when tempted to get some easy money my mind always recalls that pen of rabbits and the lacking quarter.

One of the highly contested prizes at that fair went for the best carriage team. I have forgotten how many entries there were in that class but I do remember two or three of the contestants. Dr. Connine, family physician of Wexford Corners, and somewhat of a sport in his way had a pair of ransy, high steppers in the carriage horse contest and he was quite certain in his own mind that his team was entitled to first place. Father did not like his team but favored a pair of snug built Cleveland Bays owned by a stranger in that section. However, the other two judges voted first prize to one of the Cornell's teams. I think it was, or it may have been to Martin Stack's team and Dr. Connine came in for second place. He drove back and forth past the judges stand and put his rangy browns through their paces, showing how they could go. Then when the President of the association hung the blue ribbon on another team, was he mad! He strutted and foamed around, challenging all and sundry to any sort of a contest, from

walking to running, including trotting, pacing, reining, obeying verbal orders or anything, only excepting the horses entered in the regular racing contests.

After the races were over, Father and I got into the buggy and started home. He had a tongue, or pole in in an open buggy to which he hitched his team when just going anywhere when there was no load and not more than three people going. We had not gone far before looking back we could see a big dust coming tearing down the road. Father let his team trot along briskly not being in any special hurry and not wishing to worry his team on the way home. But he looked back and through the dust he recognized the Doctor on the side of the road and the team that had been awarded first prize in the carriage horse contest. They were in the middle of the road and both teams were running under the whip. The Doctor, not content with making himself obnoxious on the fair grounds was determined to show up the judges and let people know that he had the fastest team even though they did not get first prize.

Someway Father sort of grasped the situation at a glance. With the Doctor on the side of the road with his horses going at their best, his opponent would have to swerve and tangle with him and run the risk of getting a bad smash up, or he could slow down behind Father and get beat in the race. To turn out on the other side of the road meant that he would only have a few rods to go before overtaking a lumber wagon and having to slow down and swerve around that. In either case, the Doctor had his opponent just where he wanted him, pocketed up with little chance of getting away while he had a clear road ahead of him for half a mile or more.

Quick to act when the time came and recognizing how the Doctor being able to outrun the first prize team might put the fair judges in a sort of unfavorable light, Father loosened his reins and spoke sharply to his team. In the same breath he cautioned me to "hang on tight". It was well he did. I had no idea of what was coming. But that team actually picked that light buggy up off the ground. They jumped together and were off down the road in much less time than it takes to tell at I know not what rate of speed. Fast enough anyway for I clung to the side arms of the buggy seat while Father just reined his running horses. Soon Doctor Connine dropped behind and Father then reined out and let the other man pass. It was some race while it lasted. But Doctor Connine never forgave Father for letting the prize winners have the road. He never exhibited again at the Wexford fair, if my recollection serves me. Father was judge for three or four years. Then he could not go one year and that was the last of the Wexford fair. When a grown man I've passed the old fair grounds and the grass overgrown track bore witness to the high old times that were enjoyed while the fair was in progress. Probably it is just a field now. Wexford Corners is no more, and the fair only a memory in some gray-headed mind. Tempus fugit.

**HUMOR**

There was a dense summer fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge trying to pierce the gloom he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked. "What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared. "Don't you know the rules of the sea?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice; "this 'ere's a lighthouse."

**Not So Dumb!**

In a small town in the South, there was a lad who had the reputation of not being very bright.

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.

People there had fun with him several times a day by placing a dime and a nickel on the palm of his hand and telling him to take his pick of the two. In each case the lad would pick the nickel, and then the crowd would laugh and guffaw.

A kind-hearted woman asked him one day, "Don't you know the difference between a dime and a nickel? Don't you know the dime, though smaller, is worth more?" "Sure I know it," he answered, "but they wouldn't try me out on it any more if I took the dime."

"Have a cigar?" said the man with the smiling face. "Don't mind if I do," said his friend. "But what's the occasion? Why this lavish display?" "Oh, I've got an addition to the family."

"You don't say so! Congratulations!" said the other man, enthusiastically, as he put a match to his cigar. After a few puffs he observed, "About the fifth child, I should say."

Lecturer (in village hall): "Now you all know about the stratosphere—"

Chairman (interrupting): "Most of us do. But perhaps you'd better explain for the benefit of those who have never been up in one."

The President's board of mediation for the textile strike was handed many tough problems to solve. The toughest of these, in our bigoted opinion, is how to support a family on \$10 a week.

**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT**  
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry E. Hunt, Deceased  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, duly appointed Administratrix of the above named deceased, has filed in the above entitled court and cause her final account and report as such and the court has fixed the 5th day of January, 1935, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M., of said day and the court room of the above entitled court in Hillsboro, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing objections to said Final Account, and for the final settlement of said estate.

Dated this 7th day of December, 1934.  
Elizabeth C. Masters, Elsie M. Olsin, Administratrices of the Estate of Henry E. Hunt, Deceased.  
Hare, McAlear & Peters, Attorneys for Administratrices. adv1-5

**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, Kathrine Laux, sometimes known as Kathrine Laux, single, J. H. Farley and Martha A. Farley, his wife, defendants, for the sum of \$18.40 cost and the further sum of \$37.57 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 herebefore 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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By Sam Iger