

The Beaverton Review

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY AT BEA- VERTON, OREGON

J. H. Hulett Editor

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DAD'S STORY

The conference meeting through at last, We boys around the entry waited To see the girls come tripping past Like snowbirds, willing to be mated.

Not braver, he who leaps the wall Beside the levelled musket flashes litten

Than I, who stepped before them all Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm.

We let the old folks have the highway

And started towards the Maplefarm Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said, 'Twas nothing worthy song or story

But that rude path by which we sped Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

When I get to thinking of the good old times, of the singing school and the debating clubs, the ponderous discussions of such interesting questions as: "Resolved that there is more pleasure in anticipation than in participation," or "Resolved that Washington did more for this country in defending it than Columbus did in discovering it," and then "Resolved that the en is mightier than the sword."

All the training I ever got in getting along with my fellows seems to have been received in that sort of organization.

For they were highly organized. Constitution and by-laws, regularly elected officers, formal discussions, presentation of the drama, or perhaps of comedy or of tragedy made up the programs. Judges were duly appointed and deliberated as solemnly as ever did jurist on the supreme court bench.

But of course, to the young folks there was the attraction of company home. Of course I can only speak for my own experience but it seems that the young folks took life much more seriously than the present generation. We perhaps went into company sooner but the company was of those with whom we were acquainted. Often the country school teacher took an active part in the company affairs.

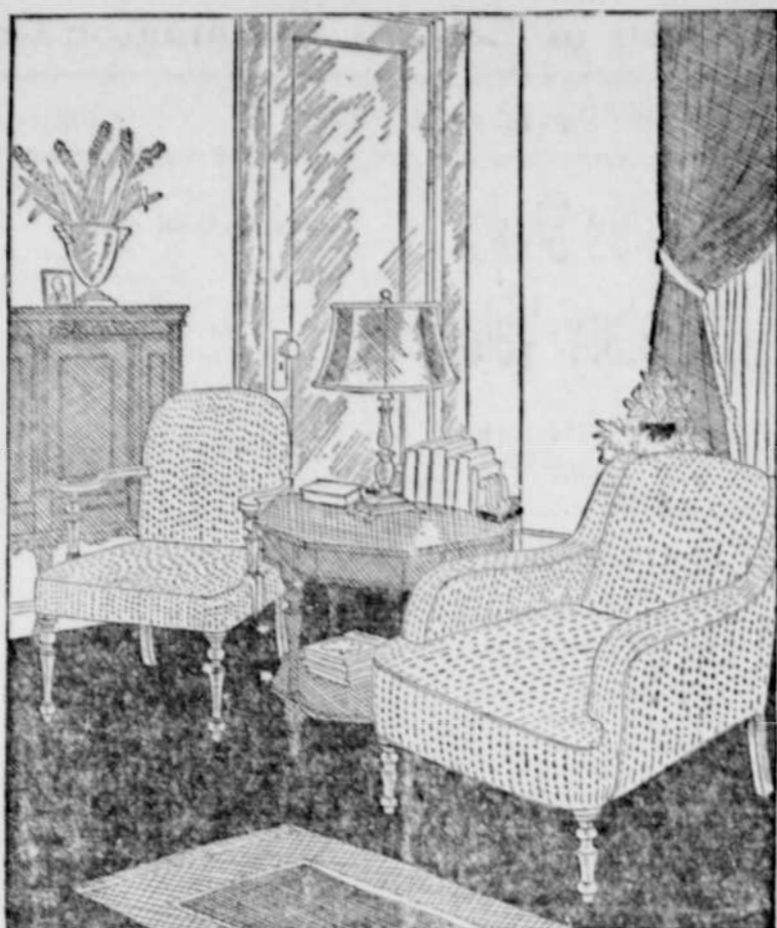
Phillip Rose was teaching in the Matchett school that winter. He was walking along with me and a party of young folks when the subject of music was mentioned. I stated that I had a fiddle and was trying to learn it. Something Phillip said intimated that he knew something of the instrument. I asked him if he had one, and he said he did but that he had given up learning as he had come to the conclusion that he never could become a master performer. The remark somehow brought out the assertion that I never expected to become a master at anything, but that I could learn the rudiments of anything to which I set my hand. His scoff at the remark stayed in my mind, but you can see the difference now between us. He the editor of an international magazine, I the editor of a village newspaper known to a very limited clientele. Phillip's magazine gets thousands of dollars a page for its advertising, the lifeblood of any publication, while I can hardly sell a page a week for a \$25 bill. Phillip knew he wanted the best. I was content with just what came my way.

I think I've spoken of Dolly Wall. She told me one time that I was smarter than Phillip. I believe she meant it and I probably at that time could have learned with less effort than Phillip would have been obliged to exert. But what are those words of Whittier's, "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, 'It might have been!'"

The next summer after Phillip taught school at Matchett's and from the back part of the room directed the activities of "The Matchett School Debating Society" there came to live with us at the farm a girl by the name of Lottie Hodge. Father had served on jury duty during the winter and for evening diversion attended the meetings of the Salvation Army. One of the converts was Lottie Hodge. How she came to know my Aunt Millie who lived then in Traverse City, I never knew. But Millie wanted a hired girl and Lottie came to work for her. She was taken sick there and people thought she was going into "Quick Consumption." She came to our home on the farm to live. Just about my age and full of life and fun when feeling herself, she fascinated me. I had been sweet on Justus

Making The Home More Livable

The Correct Living Room Table Lamp Does Its Share



By Jean Prentice

IT ISN'T that husband or wife is selfish—but sometimes when they settle down in their chairs beside the living room table for an hour or so of reading, one or the other unconsciously reaches out to pull the lamp closer.

And their mate is left out in the dark! We'll have to blame the lamp. For that doesn't happen to the persons who inhabit the living room sketched above. When the two chairs are occupied, and books or newspapers are opened, this lamp is as kind to the eyes of the one as to the other's, and serves each reader equally well. It "stays put" in the center of the table.

I wonder if the lamp on your living room table has the good traits of this one? Your tape measure or ruler will help tell you. Height of this lamp is from 23 to 26 inches and the bottom diameter of the shade (which, by the way, is of course open at the top) is between 16 and 18.

And how important are the height of the standard and the width of the shade, say lighting scientists! Upon them depend the proper spread and

softness of the light, so necessary to easy seeing. Too many table lamps are so small that at best they are only ornamental, and entirely inadequate for the major task of properly lighting two chairs. The lamp needed here, as illustrated above, should have several sockets since the spread of light is thus greater and the actual amount of light to the page is usually more. If there are two sockets they should hold 60 or 75-watt bulbs.

Particularly good for the table is one of the Better Sight Study and Reading Lamps, manufactured by many concerns in a wide variety of styles and bearing a tag of approval showing they have been built according to the wise specifications of the Illuminating Engineering Society, national lighting group.

Scientists have designed its lamp standard and shade of correct height and spread. The shade is white-lined, thus economically reflecting more light. A glass bowl holding a 100-watt bulb distributes soft and glareless light up and down.

Golden hours of reading beside a table have a good companion in a well-designed lamp like this one!

Knapp's sister, Clarissa, I think I mentioned. But though Clarissa was the brightest, most easy to learn of any of the girls in the community, she was quickly forgotten by me when under the influence of Lottie, who even though young had grown up in the city and knew the way to make goo-goo eyes and attract the attention of any male. Well, I took Lottie to parties, and to dances, for she forgot her religion when she got out on the farm. For several months we played a round, but the time came when she must return to her City home. Of course, I went to see her but soon found that I was only playing third or fourth fiddle to the accomplished city girl.

That fall I left home and tried to get work in the city, but could find nothing. At Old Mission I got a job picking and sorting apples on the old Ellis place. Bert Ellis had a saloon in Traverse City on Front street near the center of the town and he hired several boys to go out to his farm to work. I picked and sorted apples until some time in November. The apples were all taken care of and I had nothing to do. Also, what perhaps meant more to me Lottie had given me to understand that while she might play around with country boys while summer-resorting on the farm, she had no time for country hicks when she could get lots of a civilized city beau.

Youth does not take things too hard and I went home and tried to go with Clarissa. But she would not listen. However, Emma Bowers, Clipper, we called her, lived just a little east and across the road from our home and she was glad to go out with me. I did not take too kindly to Clipper but any port in a storm and I was definitely in bad, having been thrown over by a city girl, and in the minds of my associates, due to learn something. I

did. But not much.

One evening I took Clipper to a social of some sort at George Taylor's place. Clarissa, who was a niece of Mrs. Taylor was there. And it was scandalous the way Clipper and Clarissa performed. Copper teased Clarissa because she thought she had come with Clarissa's beau. And though Clarissa had refused to go anywhere with me since I had returned from Old Mission. Still she could not let Clipper get away with the thought that she, Clipper, was putting anything over on her, Clarissa. The upshot of the matter was that I took Clarissa home that evening, and we were close friends for years after that. Clipper went home with Will Hill, and later she married him but soon divorced him. It was Clarissa who talked me out of taking the phonograph out to give concerts with it.

Things were not at all to my taste that fall at home. Soon I found myself on the way south and for a time I worked husking corn in Van Wert county, Ohio. Just south of there lay Mercer County and at Rockford, my sister, Lucy, was living. She and her husband had sold their farm and were living at the edge of the village. I went there after the corn was husked and James, her husband, soon gave me to understand that it was all right for me to come for a visit, but he was not keeping a retreat for idle relatives. He took me to Ohio City one cold morning and there I took the train. I did not know where to. While at Rockford I had worked a little as a laborer helping put in a water system.

I think I'll never forget the work on that pipe line. Places where it seemed we must be digging a ditch ten feet under the surface of the ground. The ground was hard, had to be pulled apart

with a pick and then thrown up as high as possible and from there relayed to the surface. I worked in the bottom of that ditch until I thought every muscle in my body would crack apart. Peck, peck, and then hoist that black muck as high as I could heave it. I'm glad there are only sixty minutes in an hour and that the day is only 12 hours long.

When I got on the train at Ohio City, I hardly knew where I was going but I soon got off and determined to stay in that place a little longer. It must have been in Van Wert I disembarked for I found out there was a recruiting station in Columbus, Ohio.

From my informant I learned that I had to have references if I wanted to get into the United States Army. No one knew me there where I was and my closest acquaintances were at Allendale, west of Grand Rapids, in Allegan County, Michigan. Through some means, I have almost forgotten how, but some way I got north as far as the junction of the C. J. & M., the railroad I was favoring with my patronage just then, with the Grand Rapids & Indiana. I guess I must have ridden the bumpers. I really do not know. I had little money, and was stopping and working a little along, as I got a chance and boarding it out.

One day walking along the railroad I saw some fellows hauling manure. I bumped the boss for a job. It was just about dark. He took me on and I stayed there for supper and breakfast. There was no one about, no task had been assigned me and I made up my mind that mine host was a philanthropist and had just taken me in and kept me for the night out of the goodness of his heart! I donned my old gray overcoat and started down the track. After getting some rods away I heard footsteps back of me and turning around found my lat-hoist and his son pursuing me, accompanied by a rifle that looked big enough to knock the sire out of a barn. Boy, but my knees shook. No use running and I stopped. After reading a long list of expletives he had at his tongue's tip, my late host informed me that I had tried that (running away) on the wrong party, that I should accompany him back and get to work pitching manure. (He had the team out all ready to go to work when we got back. It must have been ready when he left but I had not seen it.)

I went to work all right but that afternoon it rained too hard for the old fellow to work out in. There was nothing to do but lay around, he answered my inquiry, and I told him that I preferred moving along. He asked me, did he owe me anything. Not a sou, or if he did he could keep the next bum that came along and not chase them down the road because they had not wanted to wait around idle. I felt very virtuous over that reply. I got to my Uncle Albin's at Allendale and stayed there a few days. He readily signed some recommendations I had written out and with them in my pocket I started to Columbus, Ohio, to enlist in the Army. I'll tell you about that next week.

NOTICE Beaverton Lodge No. 252 I. O. O. F. meets every Monday evening at 8 p.m. in their Hall. L. J. Foster, Secretary, J. H. Hulett, Noble Grand.

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. p-tf

Hay - Grain - Feed Rolling, Grinding Cleaning

BEAVERTON FEED Co. Berthold Building Near S. P. Depot Chas. Berthold, Mgr. Beaverton, Phone 3665

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. Hulda King of Portland spent this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Waite.

Mrs. J. F. Felsher attended the luncheon and Christmas party of the Associate Matrons of the O.E.S. of Portland and vicinity at the Heathman hotel in Portland, Saturday.

Mrs. C. C. Beach, Miss Katherine and Carl Curtis Jr. arrived from Omaha, Neb., Tuesday to visit with relatives and friends in Oregon City, Portland and Beaverton during the holidays. Mr. Beach will join his family Sunday.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE UPON FORECLOSURE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that by virtue of an execution, decree and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, on the 11th day of December, 1934, in a cause therein pending wherein The California Joint Stock Land Bank of San Francisco, a corporation, is plaintiff, and Joseph C. Hare (sometimes known as J. C. Hare), Elinor G. Hare, William B. Hare (also known as W. B. Hare), Edna A. Hare, Commercial National Bank of Hillsboro, Oregon, E. L. Johnson, Trustee, E. L. Johnson, Etta L. Johnson, Glenn H. Bigelow, Vernal Bigelow, Lloyd E. Bigelow, Etta Bigelow, Margaret Ruth Linklater, Francis W. Linklater, Margaret Linklater, Samuel Edward Linklater, Ethel Linklater Franklin, Donald Franklin, Kenneth A. Linklater, Kenneth A. Covell, Kenneth A. Covell, Jr., Thomas Edward Covell, Kenneth A. Linklater as Administrator of the Estate of Dorothy Linklater Covell, deceased, Kenneth A. Linklater as Guardian of the persons and estate of Kenneth A. Covell, Jr., and Thomas Edward Covell, Minors, Kenneth A. Linklater as Executor of the Last Will and Testament and of the Estate of Zula W. Linklater, deceased, J. E. Hattrick and Laura Hattrick, are defendants, in favor of the Plaintiffs and against the Defendants, to me directed and delivered and commanding me to make sale of the real property hereinafter described, in order to satisfy the sum of \$15,727.77, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 15th day of April, 1933; and interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum on \$230.75 from the 15th day of October, 1933; and interest on the further sum of \$230.75 at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 15th day of April, 1934; and the further sum of \$704.78 paid out by plaintiff as taxes, with interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 20th, 1934; and the further sum of \$1000.00 as attorney's fees; and also the costs and expenses of said sale, I will, on Saturday, the 12th day of January, 1935, at the hour of ten o'clock A.

M. of said day, at the East door, being the front door of the Court House in Washington County, Oregon, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, and according to law, the following described parcels of real property, situate in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

Portions of the South half (S½) of Section Seven (7) and of the Northwest quarter (NW¼) and of the East half (E½) of Section Eighteen (18), Township One (1) South, Range Two (2) West of the Willamette Meridian, particularly described as:

Commencing at a point 3.34 chains East of the Southeast Corner of the Sigler Donation Land Claim No. 42 in said Sections, Township and Range for a place of beginning, and running thence West 3.34 chains to the Southeast corner of said Sigler Donation Land Claim, thence North and along the East line of said Sigler Donation Land Claim, a distance of 40 chains, more or less, to the South line of Ivan Konigan land to east window weight, thence North 81° 35' West 2034 feet more or less to the center of the Tualatin River, thence down said river tracing the center line thereof to a point in the Northeast quarter of the Southeast quarter of said Section Eighteen (18), due South of the place of beginning, thence North 30.61 chains to the place of beginning and containing 332.27 acres more or less; together with all and singular the privileges, appurtenances, tenements, hereditaments, easements and rights of way thereunto belonging or usually enjoyed with said premises or any part thereof, and the reversion or reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof;

AND ALSO all the estate, right, title and interest, here, stand or other claim or demand, as well in law as in equity, which the mortgagors had August 2, 1920, or thereafter acquired, of, in, or to the said premises or any part thereof. And also together with all other rights of every kind and nature, however evidenced, to the use of water, ditches and canals for the irrigation of said premises to which the mortgagors of said premises had August 2, 1920, or thereafter became entitled, and also together with all shares of stock or otherwise attached to said land for the benefit thereof, then owned or thereafter acquired by said mortgagors.

Said sale made subject to redemption as per statute of the State of Oregon.

Dated the 13th day of December, 1934.

J. W. Connell, Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon. By Richard Busch, Deputy.

Francis E. Sturgis, Attorney for Plaintiff. adv c2,6

Business Places To Patronize IN BEAVERTON!

Spend Your Money in Beaverton

W. E. PEGG UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER Grange Building - - - - - Beaverton

STUDIO BARBER SHOP FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES E. D. Van METER, Prop.

BEER ON DRAUGHT 5c and 10c Glasses Express Office—Stage Depot Western Union Phone 10605 GREYHOUND COFFEE SHOP Ross Building Beaverton, Oregon

Beaverton Barber Shop C. J. STEVENS, PROPRIETOR —SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—

OPTOMETRY 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

AFTER THE HONEYMOON



By Geoff Hayes